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THE ARENA

A Twentieth-Century Review of Opinion

B. O. FLOWER: EDITOR



OCT 8, 1904

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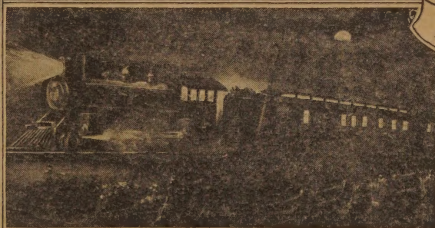
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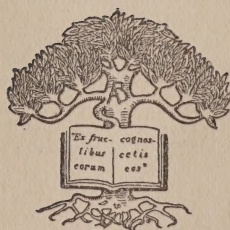
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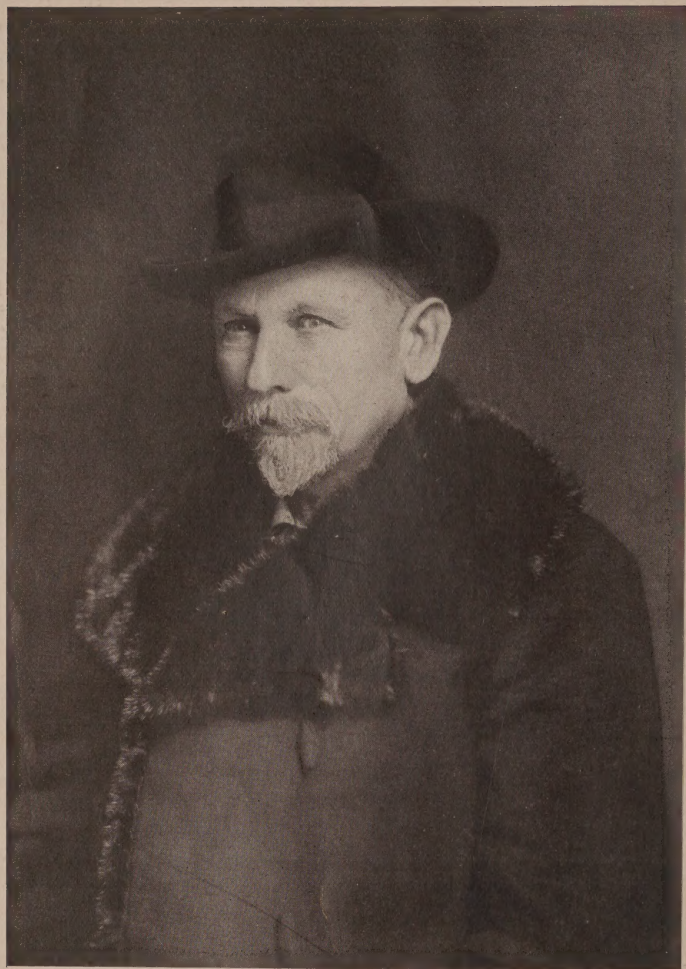


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DAN. BEARD

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

VOL. XXXII

JULY, 1904

No. 176

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DIPSOMANIAC.

EDITED BY WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M.D.

"**W**AS I insane during these attacks?" Yes, but it was a strange and weird insanity. I knew I was myself, but had no power to be myself. This appears paradoxical, but it is not. I was myself merely in the gross body-form; my ego was, for the time being, *non est*. I was rational and lucid in act and speech, but it was not the rationality and lucidity of my real self; it was always the conduct of a personality the antithesis of my own. I would be stopped in the midst of important studies or professional work—life work—and plunged into quite a different life which was taken up with enthusiasm and continued to the day when I became myself again, when I returned—and here is an astonishing fact—with freshened mental powers for the work I had been forced to leave. That is the word which expresses it, *forced* by my other powerful personality.

Some one says: "Religion is the life of God in the soul of man"; well, what is this life that enters my soul and drags me down to the level of the beast? When it leaves I suddenly rise up to that intellectual and moral plane which is my birthright. Is it my birthright? Sometimes I think not, for in my dipsomaniacal periods I am so comfortable, so mind free, so joyous and active, aimlessly moving from place to place, town to town, saloon

to saloon, dive to dive. During these periods this slothful indolence seems natural to me. I know I am not *I*, yet I am content to be what I am, for there is a hazy remembrance that when I am myself I have hard mental work, responsibilities, anxieties; all of which my second personality is free from, and which all the wealth of the city could not tempt it to assume again.

I have been free from these periodical attacks of dipsomania for several years—cursed by an understanding of the cause—and now the memory of these ruinous periods is vivid in patches, yet as I write there remain lacunæ throughout the horrible ten years which memory never has filled. My thoughts now are free from remorse or fear, for in my final rise from the cavernous depths of despair to the beautiful light of hope and the possession of an unshackled mind, I can convey to the world my experiences, and to the silent and secret sufferer give hope and encouragement.

I shall have to be a little retrospective, to go back to the early symptoms of uncontrollable impulses, which, had they been recognized by parents and physicians as forerunners of worse—ruinous in most cases—outbreaks of temporary insanity, would have saved me a life of disgraceful

periods, of lost friends, alienated relatives, and the horror, the fear, of self. That this condition was not recognized was due to that curse of Puritanism which makes so many individuals see nothing in certain acts—in reality the objective symptoms of disease—but vice and sin, and in the acts of a religious ascetic and hysteric—also the symptoms of disease—the influence of a mysterious power; the acts of a religious maniac being governed by God; those of the dipsomaniac by the Devil.

But, I forgot; I said I was now sane, and yet this latter paragraph sounds something like those repeated when volubly giving philosophic orations in some dark dive to a lot of dirty parasites who obsequiously listened for the sake of the "Come on, fellows, have another one," which they knew would be the peroration of every philippic delivered hourly throughout the days and nights.

I was bright at school; too bright for my own good, for I did not have to spend much time in studying, and this left me hours of idleness; for I could not even at that age, thirteen, apply my mind more than an hour to any one subject. After this short period any attempt at further studious application started my heart bounding upward with big, vigorous leaps. I grew nervous, would fidget about, have to slam down a book or desktop, and end in leaving the room even against the teacher's orders. The impulse to get away was so powerful that if I were restrained I would strike with any weapon handy. *Now* I know I was always insane during these periods—not legally (what a farce of learning and insult to science is the lawyers' idea of insanity), but medically insane, for I knew that what I was doing was wrong, but no power but death could stop that impulse to get away from restraint. Nothing could check the force of those impulses during childhood; nothing could check the wild rushes for alcohol after I grew to manhood and had a wife, children, financial and moral responsibilities. No, not even on the eve

of some great event which meant honor and riches, for when the dissolution of my first personality set in, I would be pushed, dragged away, by the displacing personality. Desiring only to elude reason, I would gleefully become submerged by this other self which cared naught but for moral palsy and mental dissociation.

Do n't misunderstand me. I did have moral suasion, kind appreciation by one dear, good, old man—many of my readers have a warm spot for him in their hearts—and I also once had a beating from a man whose impulses were not under much better control than mine. But this was the first and last attempt any teacher made to whip me, for I broke a quart bottle of ink over his head; was dismissed as incorrigible, and it was then that I fell into the hands of the good, old man. I think he had an idea of the true state of affairs—that I needed medical attendance, not corporeal punishment. For a year or so I was allowed to have my own way; I would study at short intervals—keeping well up in my class—then with gun or rod roam the woods and pastures in solitude. Oh! how I did enjoy those solitary walks. I loved the solitude for the sense of non-irritation it gave me. I was only lonesome when with the boys.

Approaching adolescence the second phase in my psychic life began. At this period I began to realize that of the psychic side of life, even of those psychic conditions whose basic causes were physical, most physicians were ignorant. Had the doctors given a little thought to this side of human life, I might have been saved from much misery and disgrace.

Every month or so a fit of morbid despondency came over me, when I would roam the town and country for hours, and upon my return tell the most marvelous stories of deeds and sights. I was a hero; a philanthropist. O, what did I not say! Good people were accused of being bad; bad of being good; and all the statements, everything, were told with such marvelous detail of facts and ingenious methods that they would be believed

until they were proven false. Three or four days of such conduct would end in headaches and depression, followed by attacks of wretched sickness and profuse vomiting of bile, after which I would recover with oblivion of all I had told and acted previous to the attacks of vomiting. Fear of self, remorse, agony, only came when I realized that teachers and scholars pronounced me a liar, and when I was my real self, my heart's statements of the simplest facts would not be believed. This feeling of being misunderstood, or being considered a wilful falsifier, made my days a series of misery and shame.

Conditions did not improve, and my erratic conduct at school became intolerable to me and subversive to the best interest of the scholars. I was placed under tutors and finally fitted for college. It was there I first realized what relief from my horrible periods of restlessness and fear of self could be obtained by drinking liquor.

One day the old feeling of mental and physical weakness; the clouded brain, the wavering will, the cowering timidity, all, all were forcing me to get away from myself. Then the suggestion of a medical student, an acquaintance—for I had few, if any, intimate friends—that I needed a stimulant, was acted upon, and the glory of Heaven, the waters of Lethe, the peace and mental rest of the garden of the Hesperides, were all mine, all mine!

What joy; what æstatic relief, what a curse, what a benefit, was this discovery! How, you will ask, could it have been both a curse and a benefit? Curse, because when these periodical attacks of insanity came on, the secondary psychic self cried, shrieked for alcohol—alcohol in any form; and it was literally poured down my throat in quantities sufficient to stupefy and deaden the senses of most men, but only kept active the physical energies of my secondary self. There were no more headaches, no more wretched, nauseous vomiting: no more mental restlessness throughout fearful days and sleepless nights; but a roaming

and purposeless period devoid of care during which I was bright, but irresponsible, in speech, yet appearing sober and sane in conversation to a stranger to my other self, the true self.

As will be readily seen, such attacks broke up studies, engagements, positions and friendships. Its curse was the blackest ever placed on man. It was the stone of Sisyphus; for just as I had reached through a studious and calm period some point upward in progress, this damnable incubus would, in its insatiable and uncontrollable demand for its alcoholic pabulum, roll its blacky mass against me, and hurl me again, bruised and torn, to the bottom of the hill.

But in what lay the benefit of these horrible attacks of insanity? The discovery I made, which I hope will rebound to the future happiness and welfare of my fellow men.

Dipsomania is a symptom of disease, not the disease itself, and the disease being understood, the symptoms—which have ruined many a happy home, blighted many a brilliant brain, and placed the stigma of drunkenness on the undeserved—may be kept under control, and finally entirely suppressed, as the disease yields to modern scientific treatment. However, that is the medical side of the story, and this is not a place for a treatise on therapeutics.

For a time matters went on systematically; that is, I accepted my condition of alternating personalities as a case of *damnosa hæreditas*, and when I felt the oncoming of an attack, disappeared from my residence, or wherever my normal self was occupied; and as we shall see, conditions made these places numerous. At first the periods would last but a few days, hence I easily accounted for my absence; but as the years rolled on the periods became lengthened until they began to lap over onto to those of the normal self, and I became a useless, happy vagabond, with but dim memory for my other self and no inclination to stimulate that memory.

At college I managed to keep my con-

dition a secret until the senior year. This is readily understood when it is remembered that the dipsomaniac never drinks except during the attacks of insanity, and it is the insanity that causes him to drink, and not the drink that causes the insanity. So I was known as a teetotaler, for I had had but two attacks each college year, and managed to get out of the town before any attack held me in its fearful grasp; though I had some narrow escapes.

I was working hard for examination; had almost finished an article for senior competition which I believe had every qualification for success, when the cursed uncontrollable impulse came suddenly over me. It was the hour when the nervous system had reached one of its lowest points of daily resistance, between three and four o'clock P. M., that I rose from my desk with bounding pulse, flushed cheeks and weakening limbs and the most horrible fear of self, and locked the door. The strange and fearful dissolution of self was about to take place. "O, I knew it!" I cried. I *would* fight it out; my work had to be done in a week; I would not go out, for I realized my great danger if I once went onto the street. O, how I paced the floor, arguing with my other self! We cursed each other; debated the matter in a scientific manner. I said: "No, I will stay here and work, I must stay here. I *must* finish this work."

My secondary self said: "True, but your nerve-cells are exhausted; they must have rest. Go; go out for a walk and get something to eat and drink; then come home, and after a night's rest you will be able to work again."

"But will you let me come back?" piteously cried my fast-failing first personality. "Won't you persuade me, force me, by all the pleasurable promises of an unworried mind, of a dream of the opium-paradise without the hellish after-effects of the drug? Won't you show me that life is joy, happiness, and free from this horrible restlessness and feverish anxiety which penetrates every nerve in my body, which paralyzes every action of my soul?

Yes, yes, that's it, I am soul-sick; I can no longer apply my mind to my subject. What's the use? I can do no more work. It only means a hot skin, dry lips, sessile tongue, and mental misery. It's useless, hopeless. O, God! why should I suffer the tortures of Hell which mental work brings, when I can have the pleasures of Heaven with mental rest? I cannot stand it. Kill myself? I will, unless I can escape consciousness, elude reason."

"Rest, peace, oblivion," were sounded in my ears; the words came rolling into a struggling memory, hovering over fighting thoughts; my limbs trembled, and my parched lips had their skin torn as I tried to utter words of self-reproach and curses to those who gave me life. I remember rushing down the stairs and onto the street where I was at once forced by this other horrible self which took possession of my trembling body, to the end of the town, thence up an evil-smelling alley and into a dark, opprobrious den of shame.

The low-ceiled room was dimly lighted by a smoking lamp; the cheap, wet and foul bar over which fouler alcoholic drinks were served; the beetle-browed barkeeper, the mephitic atmosphere—the bi-product of diseased beings—were conditions which made for me an impression of a distant view of Paradise, while the poisonous liquors were the nectars and ambrosias of the gods, and the fear of self ceased; restlessness of body disappeared, and I stood at that bar in sweet content, elbows and arms wallowing in the wet filth, until the rays of the sun could be slightly discerned through the ragged slits in the black curtains.

So passed the second and third day; without sleep, without food, the one desire, passion, impulse controlling me, being *drink*. Not drink for its taste, not alcohol for the exhilaration it gives to the normal person, not for its intoxicating effects, but because it brought me mental rest, freedom from fear of others; a peculiar fear that was neither physical nor moral, but of something uncertain, yet threatening me, of some past existence,

which I could not drive from my vacillating memory.

Was I not justified in believing that these were periods when the soul or life of a past personality entered my somatic entity and used it as a vehicle while enjoying its vile pleasures? Here, in this vermin-infected hole, unwashed, unhungered, I was as familiar as though born and bred in the place. Every thief, bum, drunkard and opium-smoker seemed to be an acquaintance, and I soon knew the history of each and every one; held the secrets of many a robbery and "knock-out" escapade; understood the "lingo" of my companions and entered body and soul into their lives.

Remember, I had never before been in the place; had not known such a place existed, and although I have at present a vivid memory of the dive, I have no memory of its location.

How long I remained in the place I cannot tell within a few days. The second personality left me—as it always did in subsequent attacks—at once, after a deep sleep, and this sleep would follow after a few hours' abstinence from liquor; but not until every tissue in my body had been soaked, steeped, for days, and later on for weeks, in the vilest spirits. I write these details to show the great difference between my periods of alternating personalities and drunken sprees. When I awoke in the dark, little room off the bar-room, I felt fresh, strong and young. Dissolution had been replaced by rejuvenescence. I was myself, and with an impulse to get away from the place equally as powerful as was the other to get there, I glided out by the rear unnoticed, and hurried into the country. Once there, I sat and pondered and waited for the night, meanwhile trying by constant bathing in a stream to rid myself of the stench and vermin carried away from the lupanars' hole. So suddenly and clearly had my first personality returned that I found myself appropriately repeating Juvenal's saying regarding Messalina: "*Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ*

foeda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem."

Night coming on, I secretly reached my room and got some money I had left there; packed a bag and left town and college with all it meant to me. I was uncertain at that time of almost everything that had occurred, but I knew some explanation would have to be given for my absence, and that I could not give a coherent one, I realized. But what I was in the most fear of was that some of my dive companions would recognize me on the street and greet me as the individual *they* knew; that other, horrible, disgusting, personality.

I readily secured a position upon a metropolitan paper where I worked industriously and successfully for eight months. I was myself during this time, and my rise to a responsible position was rapid. Fear of the recrudescence of my second personality had somewhat abated, and I began to see a joyous future, a creditable career, and had marked out my work for the next few years. One morning the managing editor called me to his room and said he had decided to intrust me with a very important and delicate mission. This involved a long journey, but if I were successful the position of the London office was mine. Could anything have been more hopeful? Could I have had any better evidence of ability to get along in life? O, how merry and light-hearted I was when I went to our little flat and told the boys!

I was to leave the next afternoon on an ocean steamer. I had been paid my salary before leaving the office and was to call in the morning for my letter of credit.

I remember how light-spirited I was during dinner, and how bright the world seemed to me as we all chatted until the boys had to go to their assignments.*

*One marked peculiarity in cases of dipsomania is the height of mental and physical content just before the psychic explosion. It is always a symptom to be watched for in dealing with these cases. [The editor of these notes is Dr. WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, of Baltimore. The "Confessions" were intrusted to his supervision, and the psychologic facts are from his pen.—Editor THE ARENA.]

I sat up studying foreign maps until about midnight, when suddenly, O, horror! that old familiar sensation passed over me. I shook, trembled, and sank into a chair. "Stop!" I cried, "Stop! No, no; you cannot, will not, take possession of me. See, I can study the maps all right," and as I said this I picked up the atlas. O, God! what is this I see. Red, red, red all over the page, with those dancing black spots scintillating by contrast. Now they are intermingled with darting flashes of blue, purple and green, each color sending a separate and intense pain through my heated brain. Yet they fascinate me; I no longer see aught save the brilliant colors; the darting, happy fairy-spots. My skin feels drawn like parchment; my eyes burn, my lips are glued together and my hair feels dry and bristly. With a start I looked into the glass. It is not myself I see, for grinning in the mirror is a face upon which are the lineaments of age, the glaring eyes of fright, the yellow, dry skin of the debauchée and the interchanging appearances of fear, joy; joy, fear, and gradually horror recedes from the burning eyes and stuporous joy and maudlin content takes its place.

I do not remember how great a struggle I made to remain in the room; not much probably, for there was little left of my first personality; hence there were no opposing forces. My true ego was gone, driven out, submerged, poisoned to deep stupor, and my poor body was driven whither this viperous second personality willed.

The story of the next nine months is not pleasant reading. I remember the tramp's camp, the hut on the mountains—which I think were in New Jersey—and the days and nights in a cellar, where the dregs—black and white—of unfortunate humanity existed and were happy. Yes, in their slothful indolence happy as far as I could understand; and even my soul was content as long as my secondary ego controlled it. There were no perception or idea of time, such belongs to the worker, not to the happy vagabond. It was not

with the lewd or distinctly criminal classes that my body possessor consorted; but with the dirty, lazy bum. Where the liquor I drank came from, I do n't know. I must, of course, have used the money I had in my clothes, but as nothing but the rankest and vilest spirits satisfied us, a few dollars went a long way.

What were my thoughts and memories during these periods? Did I realize that I had lost all? That from a respected and brilliant man I had sunk beneath the level of beasts, who at least wash; that never again could I regain the confidence of my employers whom I had so disgracefully deceived? Did I realize in any manner that my prospects were gone? That I was morally *dead*? Did I, you will ask, have any such knowledge of myself?

No, I did not. My second personality was almost, not quite, oblivious to the first. When I was myself, I had indifferent recollections of the life and habits of the second personality; all of which, however, I tried to drive away; for fear, discouragement and remorse several times pushed me to the point of suicide. But I did want to succeed; to try again; and I was always hopeful when governed by my first personality. The reputation in newspaper work and literature my first personality had made enabled me to always get a position, though I never applied for one in any city from which I had been driven by my cursed second personality.

On account of the peculiar conditions existing in my double personality it may interest the reader if I offer some explanation anent alternating personalities.

I believe all phenomena to be natural phenomena, and hence explainable by natural methods of observation and induction. While some phenomena are at present unexplainable, yet there is a daily increase of our knowledge, in our application of that knowledge, and a vast improvement in the development of human individuality, all of which argues for a clearer understanding of these phenomena in the future. I think I may state

without fear of contradiction that to-day the referring of any unexplainable phenomena to supernatural causes belongs to a class outside of the medical and allied scientific circles.

In speaking of double personality, I refer to a physical condition which disassociates the elements of the mind and then combines them into a distinct, separate and strange personality. During this state the individual has no true recognition of his normal state. He bears a different name, has another occupation, perhaps resides in a distant town from his own, acts rationally, and is fairly successful in his new vocation. He suddenly returns to his primary self, and goes back to home and business. During the period of time he is another individual, another personality; a period of time which may last for weeks or years, and during which he has no consciousness of the existence of his normal body, or rather, no lucid consciousness belonging to that body. Under such conditions an individual has a perfect dual existence, so far as continuity of conscious events is concerned. These cases are not as uncommon as one unfamiliar with morbid states would imagine.

It is undoubtedly true that it is some physical state which causes these interesting phenomena of double and multiple personalities; but, as we have no certain knowledge as to the manner in which physical states cause certain mental states, so we are uncertain in our knowledge as to the methods by which morbid physical factors give rise to morbid psychical events. This is true in most cases, but in dipsomania I think we can trace the change in personality to certain toxic materials, due to faulty metabolism, circulating in the brain.

Whichever way we look at the subject a throughgoing materialistic formula must provide a material accompaniment for every apparent activity of the mind. In other words, before we can reach any rational and scientific method of provisional reasoning we must set aside the idea

that the real self is an immaterial, invisible, mysterious, unfathomable something, which metaphysicians call mind, and another class of non-investigators call soul.

Self can only be considered the consciousness of effort. We recognize our entity, our existence, the current elements of our inner life, by our efforts. Consciousness, then, is the recognition of the thinking self. This is possible only through molecular activity of the brain elements. If these brain elements are added to or subtracted from, if they break up and reunite in a different form, we get a change of personality. This change of brain elements can be brought about in various ways. It can be brought about by disease, drugs, alcohol, hypnotic suggestion and a psychical state which it is at present difficult to satisfactorily explain.

One of the facts associated with self-consciousness is memory, and as this memory may be in abeyance for minutes or years, while a new or secondary memory takes its place, it is readily seen how such a state will result in an apparent second personality, the absence of memory destroying the individual's sense of his normal self.

"While it appears on a cursory glance at these alternating personalities that when there has been a new combination of the elements of personality the other character has been extinct, a close examination will disclose a connecting link of memory elements observable to the investigator, but apparently unrecognized by the consciousness of the altered self."* My case is peculiar in the fact that there is a gradual filling up of many blanks in my memory. That is, details and facts which I was not conscious of ten years ago are springing up in my mind daily, and there is nearly, though not quite, a connecting chain of past events.

After three or four years of these alternating periods of hope and despair, I found my true self depressed and discouraged to the point of giving up the

*I am indebted to Professor W. R. Newbold for many of the foregoing statements.

fight. I had been through some awful experiences of success and failure; yet every city between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans had given me opportunities to rehabilitate myself; but they were all futile. Editor after editor extended the hand of fellowship, but finally so pronounced became my unreliability that when I reached the Pacific coast I could obtain just enough space work to keep from starving. Imagine my feelings if you can, when men said to me: "Look here, if you would stick to your work, if you could be relied upon to use that brain of yours, if you would only keep your word and promises, you could have the highest position in journalism. You know it; now why do you make such a fool of yourself, and of those who are your friends?"

Yes, why? How little do you, who are born with an equitable nervous system, understand the innermost gnawings of psychic pain we cursed dipsomaniacs have to suffer! Accused of vices and habits that are symptoms of disease, is it strange that we ignore your advice when we see you pity the born cripple whose distorted limbs are evidence of his infirmity, yet will not see in our attacks of psychic epilepsy the evidence of brain distortion? Is it strange that I should have been discouraged, morbidly suspicious, at odds with the world, after these fights with this demon personality which would take possession of me at the most important crises of my life? Yes, this was the most heart-tearing part of it all. I had gotten so that I refused responsible positions, would take no big assignments for the fear, the awful dread, of the clutches of that slimy other self; for, and here entered an important factor in the discovery of my disease, the greater responsibilities I had, the greater interest I took in a subject, and the keener the ability I demonstrated in working it up, the quicker, the more degrading would be my downfall. O, the horror of it all! to live with a brilliant intellect, but, Tantalus-like, to have it always just beyond your

complete grasp—friends lost, opportunities gone forever, the stigma of drunkenness preceding and following you wherever you went, and over all hanging the fear and dread of momentary bodily degeneration.

Are there many such unfortunates? Look around, you who have had brilliant friends. Do you not recall one who would have made a great name in the musical world, "only he would go on sprees." How about another one who was fast making a name in literature, but died in a sanatorium? "Such a pity, was n't it, that he drank?" Had he been clubfooted you would have extended your sympathy, but because certain cells in his brain were twisted which brought about an uncontrollable passion, a frantic desire for relief, you all said: "Is n't it too bad he's throwing away his life through drink?" Yes, and do you not recall some men who "dropped out of sight"?

The man who leaves his happy home and family in the morning, and on the thronged street falls down in an epileptic fit, has his head held by some sympathizing friend, a carriage is called; he is taken home where physicians render their best aid and friends their sympathy. Another man, a brilliant writer, suddenly has come over him an attack of psychic epilepsy; he sinks down also, but in a different manner. Down he goes to the gutter, he is conscious of his mere physical acts, but as helpless to control them as is the epileptic—yet the public pities one and scorns the other. It is this stigma of drunkenness placed upon the blameless that has sent many a brilliant and hopeful man down; down into the dungeon of remorse, whence he emerges to the dark cellar of forgetfulness, where he breathes out his vagabond existence uttering curses to God and sneers at mankind.

The degrading associates, the unmoral atmosphere, the sad sight of the human wrecks I met and gabbled with, make up a composite picture of sadness and despair. In spite of the terrifying memory of musical genius, of scientific attain-

ments, of literary ability, of professional achievements, floating aimlessly on the scum of life's river, there breaks through a smile, forced by many humorous incidents.

I had given up the fight; my last position in Chicago had resulted in a disgusting fiasco. Unwashed and sleepless, surrounded by a zone of insipid content, I stood at the bar of one of the dirtiest dives in Chicago listening to a monologue by one of the most talented musicians in the country. It was a scholarly exposition of Wagner's *Der ring des Nibelungen*. It was forcibly and beautifully expressed, and illustrated by tonal colors from his violin. This musically-illustrated talk would have made his fortune, but only under the condition I saw him in could he be made to talk or play, for there was not that nervous force or vital energy necessary to bring about his mental activity, when the dipsomaniacal attack had passed. It was in his case the sad effects of precociousness and the ill-advised and ignorant actions of his parents, for his concert-work as a boy had used up his nervous system; he had drawn constantly on the principal, and now was a psychic bankrupt.

Then there was another genius, an organist who had held some of the best positions in the United States, but, of course, had lost them all. He was his mother's spoiled and misunderstood darling. He had just returned from a much-advertised institution for the cure of inebriety—an entirely different thing from dipsomania—and brought with him another "graduate." This organist was young, but an acknowledged genius, and as the violinist poured out his soulful agony; as the strings sang of remorse and weariness of the world suddenly to break into the staccato of recklessness and oblivion; he stood, glass in hand, enraptured. The trembling player stopped for a drink, in which we all, of course, joined; but before taking his, the organist went into the back room which was dimly lighted by one gas jet. Here were three or four

young, tired and homeless creatures sleeping off the effects of liquor. The trembling musician placed a dollar bill in the hand of each girl, and returned with a pleased expression, for well he knew the happiness that would follow the awakening. Poor fellow; he died in that very room while the wealth and culture of the city were waiting for him to play merry peals on the organ in a fashionable church as the bride walked up the aisle. The wedding ceremony had been rehearsed the day before, and weeks had been spent in perfecting the music to play at the wedding. O, but these are sad memories, not humorous!

Well, to go back to our story: The organist remained in the "Institution for the Cure of Inebriety" for six weeks. He had been promised, if he brought back a diploma certifying his complete cure, a position of great value. Upon his return he presented his credentials and was sincere, conscientiously so, in promising to never go on another spree. But unfortunately conscience has no control over a brain periodically poisoned by the bi-products of the body.

On the strength of this diploma he was given a position, and for over a year was a reliable and successful musician, and much sought by young brides who desired him to conduct the music at their weddings. I have mentioned the last wedding he did—or rather did not—take charge of. At the end of the year he disappeared and had little if any memory of his acts up to the time he found himself in the town where he had received his certificate of "cured." He seemed to have had a semi-lucid period in this attack, for he carried out semi-conscious ideas. Upon reaching the town he hung his framed diploma on his back and paraded the streets, going from saloon to saloon. It was not long before he was offered a good sum by the Institution to leave the neighborhood. Thus it was that he was able to contribute to the comfort of those unfortunate girls sleeping in the back room.

About this time certificates from this "Institution for the Cure of Inebriety" had some value, and the young writer who had come into the dive this night with the organist, had gotten some blank diplomas—he also was an alumnus of this "Institution"—and made quite an income selling them to young men who used them to satisfy anxious mothers, or as a means of securing positions.

What a merry, useless, brainy, educated, irresponsible, crazy lot we were. Not a man of mediocre talent among us;

not a man who could for ten consecutive months be depended upon to finish any allotted task. Not a man among us who in his normal state could be persuaded to take a glass of liquor or pass the portals of a saloon. For months at a time mentally, morally, and bodily clean, at intervals there swept over the brain of each and every individual a storm which carried the toxins of moral degradation and filth that neither shame nor want could subdue.

Baltimore, Md.

THE TENDENCIES OF RECENT FICTION.

BY FREDERICK W. NICOLLS.

THE first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century were the golden age of the English novel. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Eliot were the great masters of English fiction and even those of lesser rank compare favorably with the writers who preceded or have followed them. The death of Thackeray marks the close of this epoch and recent literary history embraces the period from that date until the present day, roughly speaking about twenty-five or thirty years. During this time there has been a literary flood of the most overwhelming nature and the torrent of fiction has completely overwhelmed all other forms of composition. But, unfortunately, this flood has not been the rising of a clear, pure stream, strong, deep, and beautiful, but of a muddy, shallow one, often filled with weeds, refuse, and filth. Quality has given place to quantity, story-telling to the novel with a purpose, dramatic force to theatrical sensationalism, and study of character to morbid specialization. It is hard for recent novelists that they must by the very nature of things be compared with their immediate predecessors, for otherwise, perhaps, the merits of the present might seem greater and its defects not quite so

glaring. But in literary criticism, as in every other art and science, some standard must be selected, and as the standard set by the great masters of the past is high, their successors by comparison are naturally placed upon a lower level.

The fiction of the last thirty years is instinct with the same qualities which characterize our overwrought, materialistic, and swift-moving civilization. Influences and tendencies in style and thought which in former times required a generation or more to develop, now manifest themselves in quick transitions from one form of fiction to another, with as much greater rapidity over the novelists of the past as the steam-engine outstrips the ancient stage-coach, though not with the same advantages to the reading as to the traveling public. The romantic novel on one hand and the character study on the other, were both matters of slow development, passing through many phases of style and often proceeding side by side, until they reached their highest points respectively in the works of Scott and George Eliot. Nor would there be a rush of all minor authors to the romance for some ten years and then a sudden and unaccountable rush towards realism for

another short period. The process in the past was one of evolution, in the present of constant revolution. The first tendency which appears on the stage of fiction after the disappearance of the great actors, is one of harmless sentimentality. There is a vast amount of bookish love-making, a hero and a heroine, a helper-of-the-hero and a helper-of-the-heroine, a villain and a villainess, and generally a funny man and a soubrette to add a comic touch to the situation. Mrs. Alexander is, in many ways, characteristic of this particular period, you might even say that the names of her books, such as *The Wooing O't*, and *Her Dearest Foe* represent its harmless sentimentality. William Black, in his earlier works, belongs to the same school, though the touches of real Scotch life and character, especially in his later works, raise him somewhat above his class. There are whole carloads of books published about this time which belong to the same order—paper-covered novels and those in the "Franklin Square Library," now lost to the world among the forgotten heaps of literary rubbish. The hero was always big, manly, and courageous, the heroine womanly and beautiful—given to fainting and tears, and by no means the athletic monstrosity who plays the chief role at present. This loving couple were generally separated by the barriers of wealth or social distinction, which it was the mission of the book to destroy—a mission usually accomplished by a wedding on the last few pages, though sometimes the differences between the unhappy pair were so deep-seated that marriage was not sufficient to eradicate them, and it was the problem of the author finally to bring the couple blissfully together, in spite of the proud family of the one and the vulgar relations of the other. There are descriptions of scenery thrown in by the writer to add tone to the story and usually skipped by the reader, and also pictures of social life in London or New York intended to show the author's acquaintance with high society and also generally skipped, except by young girls.

The Wooing O't fills this description of novel almost precisely, and in the *Duchess* this harmless sentimentality degenerates into the mawkish and maudlin—indeed the fact that the *Duchess* is still read, by some women at least, with interest, if not with enthusiasm, shows to what a low ebb the present taste has fallen.

With one of those sudden revolutions already mentioned, the fiction of the day changes its tone of sentimentality, in the main harmless, to one of morbidness and pruriency, which, far from being harmless, is dangerous and unhealthy in the extreme. This morbidness evidences itself in many phases, but especially and most forcibly in delving into the lowest depths of the sexual problem and examining all its details, by suggestion and insinuation or by coarseness and vulgarity, as the case may be, as far as, or farther than, decency will permit. Unfortunately this tendency has been a strong and prevailing one and has not entirely disappeared even at present, when other and healthier influences have successively held sway. One writer, a woman, takes as her subject a young girl seemingly incapable of sexual feeling, because her filial love was early quenched out by the conduct of her parents, two absent-minded scientists. She frankly avows her condition to her lover, who marries her anyhow, and, on her request, abandons her just before the birth of a child. Maternity and the death of her mother make the heroine once more "sexful," and bring her at length into the arms of her ever-loving husband. Another writer, also a woman, devotes herself to a sort of disquisition upon venereal disease and shows how in this respect the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. An actual scene of seduction is a favorite theme with these writers, Hall Caine in the *Manxman* and Thomas Hardy in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, leaving very little to the imagination. Indecency has perhaps reached its limit, however, in *Sir Richard Calmady*, a novel published very recently, after the meretricious models were generally abandoned,

and which, therefore, has not even the excuse of following the fashion. In this book a woman's husband is thrown from his horse and injured so seriously that both his legs must be amputated. His young wife is present at the operation and shortly afterwards gives birth to a son, Sir Richard Calmady, who has only thighs, but no lower legs, his feet being set in just at the knee. The book is a history of this monster, superior in mind, but so deformed as to be absolutely repulsive. Helen, his beautiful, but unscrupulous cousin, amuses herself by making this wretched dwarf fall madly in love with her and then casting him over, to take vengeance upon his mother for some injury in early girlhood. Sir Richard then plunges into the depths of dissipation, while Helen marries one man and becomes the mistress of another. She afterwards visits Richard at his Italian villa and while there feels a horrible and morbid desire for him, merely because he is physically so extraordinary and deformed. The book not only suggests this delightful passion, but the woman actually explains it in plain terms to Richard in the passage where she practically seduces him, bent on a return to virtue, by entering his library in the dead of night clad only in a transparent night-dress. The author, another woman, describes the scene in detail, until, to use her own words, "The fire of logs had burnt itself out upon the hearth, and other fires, perhaps, had pretty thoroughly burnt themselves out likewise." Yet this book has been regarded as one of the best of recent years, has had an enormous sale, and is criticised even by seemingly respectable authorities as "strong and truthful," written with "unshrinking logic and powerful imagination." The present writer does not set himself up as a prude or purist in literature or in any other form of art, nor does he object to a realistic description, if true to life and if necessary for carrying out the conception of the artist. But there are some things both repulsive and unessential for the production of any moral or

artistic thought, and when such inelegancies appear in art they are like a blot of ink or a daub of paint, which spoil any esthetic effect. There are fig-leaves in literature as well as in sculpture. And the painter whose object is to paint a festering sore, or the writer whose subject is the filth and putrefaction of a sewer, has committed a fault which no greatness of intellect or mastery of style can wholly cure. It is true that the sexual feelings are one of the strongest that influence human action and have therefore been a favorite theme of the greatest writers from Moses and Homer down to the present day. Shakespeare handles the theme without gloves and with a bluntness which makes many of his plays unreadable in mixed society. But the difference between him and the modern sybarite, is that in Shakespeare the descriptions though coarse, are never unhealthy and seldom unnecessary, while our present novelists are not only indecent, but also dwell with morbid and continuing particularity upon a theme seemingly selected especially for its impurity—they lug it in by head and shoulders, so to speak. Bluntness was natural with Shakespeare, just as looseness of manners was natural in the court of Elizabeth. It was the usual thing there to eat with your fingers and to go for months without bathing. But style of speech, as well as of eating and of washing, has become more refined with advancing civilization, and it is just as unnatural for a modern author to adopt the indelicate language of the Elizabethan poets as for a modern gentleman to assume their filthy methods of eating and living. For this reason indelicacy of subject or method among recent novelists is a literary affectation, and, like most affectations in life and manners, the affecter never becomes so habituated as to do it naturally, but it remains forever an affectation, artificial in the writer and unpleasant to the reader.

Delving into the sexual problem is but one, though by far the most important, phase of this morbid tendency. A book

which represents the same trend though in a totally different aspect is *Ships that Pass in the Night*. Many people would raise their hands in horror at the idea of this "sweet, little tale," a Sunday-school book fit for the purest mind, being classed with the moral degenerates. But, in point of fact, its tone is equally unhealthy. It is the story of two consumptives living at a health-resort together and as one critic puts it "coughing out their woes upon each other's shoulders." Dwelling at length upon such a theme is as great a violation of artistic decorum and leaves almost as bad a taste in the mouth, even though the moral may be good, as the baldness of Hardy or the innuendo of George Meredith, nor is there the excuse that *Ships that Pass in the Night* displays the ability of the two latter novelists. How much healthier do we feel on reading the stirring tales of Scott or the engrossing pages of Eliot, than listening to the dreary lucubrations of two wretched tuberculars ending their lives at a sanitarium! Sometimes, again, this morbidness is instinct in the whole novel without one's being able to lay the finger upon any particular point where it is especially visible. This is the case with much of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work, excellent as she often is in depicting character. There is seldom any fun or humor about her, and the underlying tone of novels like *Marcella*, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* and *Eleanor* is abnormal, to say the least. Mrs. Ward represents in a remarkable degree the differences between present writers and their immediate predecessors. She is a little George Eliot, built on the same lines and evidently copying the models of that great psychologist, but petty and inferior in every respect "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." It is true that Mrs. Ward often draws her characters with studious care and with an insight into the inner workings of the human heart worthy at times of her great exemplar. Robert Elsmere, *Marcella*, and *Julie* are some of the best creations of recent fiction, interesting, life-like, and consistent in them-

selves. But while George Eliot took the description of character as her main subject, and made the rest of the book a mere background, Mrs. Ward usually selects some topic of present, but probably not of lasting, interest and "writes it up," so to speak, constructing a philosophical dissertation and making her characters merely subservient. Modern agnosticism, socialism, catholicism, communism, and every other sort of popularism are treated with varying success, and the characters and story hop about the principal theme, as the ballet circles round the *première danseuse*. In short, Mrs. Ward is a leading exponent of that modern abomination "the novel with a purpose," but though her readers feel that they are being preached at, it is often difficult to determine exactly what is the text of the sermon.

Though even now not entirely extinct, the prevailing tendency towards morbidness of one kind or another came to an unlamented conclusion some years ago, and the novel took a natural and complete reaction in a totally different direction. Suddenly and without any warning the apotheosized swashbuckler leaps with a shout upon the literary stage and from that time until the close of the century plays the most important part in the now exciting drama. He is a good eater, a deep drinker, a devoted lover, and a fierce, insatiable, and unconquerable fighter, though his enemies always find him a chivalrous foe and a generous victor. His particular speciality is fighting single-handed with any number of opponents from one to twenty, and though frequently wounded, he is seldom killed and almost invariably triumphant in the end. His historical surroundings—for they are always supposed to be historical—are magnificent and glittering in the extreme, and, wherever we find him, he is always a frequenter of courts, hobnobbing with royalty, playing ducks and drakes with the nobility, pulling down or setting up the greatest statesmen of his day, and being the prime mover or chief suppressor

of every popular or political movement. He is often exiled, and frequently prefers to spend the declining years of his life in pastoral pursuits surrounded by his children and wife—formerly the favorite of courts and leader of society—or perhaps hewing the unbroken forests in the trackless wilderness of the Western Continent. No age, country, or people is too remote for his grand sphere. He sits at the feast of Belshazzar, reads the mystic writing on the wall, and avenges his Hebrew fathers by feats of prowess at the fall of Babylon. He is a frequenter of Rome, especially of the Arena, where he has been known to take a savage bull by the horns and twist them till the beast's neck broke. The Thirty Years' war is another favorite resort of his. Here he usually takes the Protestant side, though in love with a Catholic girl, saves Heidelberg from destruction and helps Gustavus Adolphus to win most of his victories. In England he is generally a bitter enemy of Cromwell, whom he often manages to outwit, and a faithful adherent of King Charles, whom he almost rescues from captivity and whose death he avenges in the blood of countless Puritans. In America we always find him fighting under the standard of freedom, when not languishing in the loathsome prison-hulks, capturing and killing the hated British by the dozens, and vainly pleading with Washington for the life of Major André, though the "Father of his Country" takes his advice in most other affairs of state. But the swashbuckler's favorite spot, the one, indeed, best suited to his peculiar genius, is France. He is at home here, recognized, appreciated, and thoroughly in touch with the character and institutions of the people. All French history is his province from Vercingetorix to Napoleon Bonaparte; but his particular speciality is the period from Charles IX. to the French Revolution, inclusive; for here romantic incident, court intrigue, battle, murder, and sudden death give him a chance to display those great qualities of mind and body with which nature

has especially endowed him. Though familiar with all these scenes of turbulence and blood, his favorite above all, the one with which he is most familiar, and whose every intricacy he understands, is the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. We seldom hear of his being a Catholic, but always a brave and intrepid Huguenot, particularly selected for slaughter by the Duke of Guise; but, after despatching every hired bravo sent to slay him, saving countless Huguenots by various ingenious schemes, and meeting with one hair-breath escape after another, each more startling than the last, our hero finally leaps into the Seine amid the flying bullets of his bloodthirsty pursuers, and in spite of his wounds swims five miles to safety—some years later to return to Paris in triumph the savior and honored adviser of Henry of Navarre.

The above account may sound somewhat exaggerated, yet in point of fact, every incident there mentioned is taken from various so-called historical novels published during the fierce flood of that literature which has swept over us during the last few years. To call the mass of such stuff history is "giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," for it is as far removed from the true historical spirit as darkness from light. Some journalist, gifted perhaps with fatal fluency, exclaims: "Go to! I will write a historical novel!" He then selects a period as remote as possible from the present, reads a couple of popular histories about it, and proceeds with ease and alacrity to dash off his tale, which if popular, is followed by another and another with increasing speed, with decreasing preparation, and with the natural result. When we consider what infinite pains are required to compose the true historical novel, how Thackeray before writing *Henry Esmond* literally soaked himself in eighteenth-century literature, so that he was not only familiar with every historical personage, but able to assume the language and style of the period so completely that it was impossible to tell that the writer lived in an-

other age—is it wonderful that the recent historical novel has been a flat failure! Here and there novelists have attempted to follow the pathway blazed by Thackeray. Winston Churchill in *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis* has made an honest effort in this direction. His description of Colonial life in Maryland is evidently based upon actual knowledge of the country and people as they now exist, and upon studious reading of original documents in local as well as in general American history. The same may be said of his description of life in St. Louis at the outbreak of and during the Civil war, for here again, instead of “writing up” Rome at the time of Nero or some such far-away epoch, with which even a historian does not pretend an intimate acquaintance, he selects a locality where he has lived and a period not yet forgotten. Even his picture of London under George III. is drawn only after careful analysis of the subject, and, though more faulty than that of American life, is far superior to the trash ground out by Churchill’s contemporaries. But his work has the defects of its species. *Richard Carvel* is the characteristic apotheosized swashbuckler of recent fiction. He is strong, faithful, manly, and even lovable, but rather weak on intellectual qualities. This fearless hero while in London falls into a controversy with Charles James Fox upon the state of the Colonies and after a brief set-to the redoubtable Charles James is completely worsted by his youthful and untrained antagonist—indeed it is intimated that the great Whig statesman’s subsequent adoption of the American cause was occasioned by this discussion with *Richard Carvel*.

Perhaps the best representative of this style in fiction is Stanley J. Weyman, who at least has the excuse of being a professor in history and therefore better acquainted with his subject than the vast majority of his fellows. His hero is generally a swashbuckler without much idealization, whose favorite haunt, as usual, is France. At least two of his novels are laid at the time of St. Bartholomew and there are

probably more to come. Character and historical diction are matters of very little importance. The aristocratic hero with popular sympathies fighting on various sides in the French Revolution, as shown in the *Red Cockade*, could very well be transformed into the *Gentleman of France*, guarding the stairway against some dozen or more opponents, and with change of clothes, scene, and surroundings, nobody would know the difference, for the two individuals talk and act about alike, though living some hundred years or more apart. But with all its very palpable faults the historical novel of Weyman and his school is not without decided merits. Admitting that the history is generally superficial, it is better than no knowledge of history at all, for unfortunately the reading public refuse to spend their time upon any other. Sometimes, indeed, the interest which a bright, rapidly-moving story of this kind awakens in a reader, actually induces him to plunge deeper into the subject and what he formerly regarded as dry and tiresome history acquires new life and color. This effect is certainly true with multitudes whom Scott’s absorbing romances have led to study the true sources of history, and this result is also attained to a lesser degree by Scott’s present imitators. Moreover, the characters, though colorless, are entertaining and not unpleasant, the sort of people we should not mind meeting in real life, and the plot of the story, unless the author is utterly incompetent, is so full of dash and incident that we find difficulty in laying the book aside. But, above all, the reaction from the morbidness of the preceding period is a blessed relief. We are no longer afraid to discuss current fiction with women, nor ashamed to leave certain books lying on our table. The tone of the historical novel, though sensational and improbable, is healthy and spirited, we do not lay the book aside with a feeling of depression and gloom, that the times are out of joint and that human nature is diseased, but, on the contrary, we say farewell to our swash-

buckler friend with regret, wish him a happy journey, and rise from his society with a pleasant taste in our mouths.

I have said that we often see the last of the apotheosized swashbuckler enjoying pastoral life or felling the trackless forest. Strange to say, these very themes represent the next tendency in fiction, for at the present day we are swimming in the current of the "nature-book." Its appearance dates just about the time when the historical novel was on the decline and it has been steadily gaining in prevalence ever since, until now we are in the midst of a popular fad. This present cult embraces all forms of nature from stocks and stones to the higher grades of animal life, but distinctly subordinates human beings, the "man of wrath," to use the expression of one writer. Flowers and wild animals are the favorites, and the garden or the wilderness the chosen spot. There are German gardens and English gardens, Tuscan gardens and gardens of commuters' wives—indeed there is every kind of garden which the mind of woman can conceive. A favorite description of these female authors is the manner in which their treasures are planted, for instance: "Two (of the beds) are filled with Marie van Houtte roses, two with Viscountess Folkstone, two with Laurette Messimy, one with Souvenir de la Malmaison, one with Adam and Devoniensis, two with Persian Yellow and Bicolor, and one big bed behind the sun-dial with three sorts of red roses (seventy two in all), Duke of Teck, Cheshut Scarlet, and Prefet de Limburg." Then, after a breathing space of a few lines, an equally long list follows on the next page, Marie van Houtte, Madame Lambard, Madame de Watteville, and Countess Riza du Parc being succeeded by Rubens, Madame Joseph Swartz, and the Hon. Edith Hiford. Now this sort of thing may, perhaps, interest some enthusiastic amateur gardener, though even then, if a man of taste, he probably prefers his manual of plants to appear in the florist's advertisement, rather than upon the pages of his

novel. To thrust this sort of cataloguing and specialization into so-called literature is debasing the noble qualities of that art. But the nature-novel is by no means totally bad. Even the very one from which I have just quoted, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, technical and tiresome as it may be in certain parts, and light and unassuming in tone, is written in a charming style, displays a genuine love of nature, and has many bright and clever passages, especially when touching upon human character. We cannot help wishing that the author had devoted herself to the study of mankind, rather than to cataloguing and sentimentalizing over plants. One of the best and most characteristic of this rather trifling type of fiction is J. P. Mowbray's *Journey to Nature*. A Wall-street broker comes face to face with sudden death from overwork and is told by his doctor that his only chance is to "stop living for a year." Accordingly he drops business completely, rents a hut in the country, and lives there alone with his eight-year-old boy. There is a good deal of true philosophy back of this story. Unlike most of his school the author does not pretend that a man can acquire a love for nature in a day and become contented with a solitary existence without effort. To use his own words: "It is all very well and quite natural for us to talk about nature and obedience and simple living if we are sportsmen, or naturalists or even poets. But if one is a stock-broker, who has been communing with the money-market for eight years, it comes pretty tough at first. Nothing but the grim alternative of sudden death could have made me so determined a bridge-burner." The exile is uneasy and restless at first, and longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt. He has no particular love for stream, flower, and tree, prefers books to nature, and cannot accustom himself to living what he terms "a vegetable life." It is only by dint of the greatest determination and in order to prove his strength of will to himself and to his doctor, that he manages to stick it out. Slowly, however,

almost imperceptibly at first, the tired wayfarer begins to learn how to rest. He busies himself with the most trivial pursuits, attends to his own wants, helps his boy build dams in the brook or plays with him about the woods, and gradually acquires an interest in the dumb creatures which frequent the place and in the great works of nature which he drinks in on his lonely rambles. There are periods of reaction and of depression, but his course is generally in the right direction, until at length he becomes able to endure with equanimity the dull monotony of winter when snowed up in his little cottage. The lesson of this philosophy is that a man who suspends an "aggressive egotism" comes into contact "with new harmonies which he never before suspected. If he walk in the cordial but silent woods, he finds that the defiance goes out of his vertebræ, and he is acquiring the bowed head," which whether of the "savant or the saint are tokens of a similar humility." It is in such "sequestered moments" that the kinship of all life, animate and inanimate, beats upon the ear of our heart—"whisperings of origins and outcomes, never before heard, in the soft procession of the universes; faint, kindly voices reaching up from the lowliest processes, trying to speak of kinship and fatherhood. There are new and tiny links far down the inscrutable depths, and they glitter in the gloom with threads of promise, forever weaving the continuity and indestructibility of life in a majestic synthesis." "I came to Nature," he continues, "very much as a recreant son is carried on a litter to his old mother. I had a generous contempt for the old woman who did not know as much as I did. But her homely balms put me on my feet. I grew insensibly to perceive that some bereavements are not blows, but benisons; and as my physical system readjusted itself, my moral apprehension took on a keener edge. That is all."

Such is the high keynote of the present "return to Nature." But there is a spirit of exaggerated sentimentality instinct in

most of this work, which crops out even in the book just cited, as well as in Ernest Seton-Thompson's stories of wild animals, which are among the best of this particular school. To show what might be termed naturalism run riot, let me quote a few passages from *Chanticleer*, the tale of a young married couple whose house has burned down, and who, like all good people in the nature-books, go to live in a rustic cottage. A woman, writing in the first person, is, as usual, the author: "The undulating fields sank back from high knolls, deeply rosy, into delicate hollows of soft waxen glory, only pink-flushed. The esthetic intemperance made my soul reel. Whether I was drunken or mad it would be hard to say." After sleeping a night in the barn the pair awake: "The sun touched the flower-crowned orchard, the fragrance arose in gusts that made me cry out rapturously. Then my eyes looked off upon the brilliantly green meadows sparkling with dew. I was giddy and faint. We both staggered when we tried to dress." Again, they both run down into an old pasture "faintly blue with the fairy snow of bluets. As far as our wondering eyes could reach that tender color stretched out before us. Behind us arose the rich morning song of that stranger bird, the hermit thrush. . . . After a brief silence I said weakly: 'Take me home, I can stand no more to-day.'" It is such sentimental bosh and twaddle which makes us turn with disgust from the nature-novelists, with the thought that they, too, like the "morbid analysis" and "swashbuckler" group, have failed to reanimate the wasting powers of the present novel.

In brief, then, decadence is the groundwork of recent fiction. The tendencies here sketched have not been the result of slow and logical development, but ephemeral and inconsistent, beginning without reason and ending without result. Indeed these tendencies are merely the strongest currents of the stream, for there are so many eddies and undercurrents, pools and shallows, that it is often impossible

to see whither the principal course flows. It must not be imagined that our own times have furnished no great names in fiction. Kipling, Stevenson, Hardy, Howells, and perhaps a few others will probably live in future generations, though they can be placed on a par only with the second-rank novelists of the past, like Charles Kingsley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen. The greatest of the present barely come within the circle of the immortals and none approach that inner sphere where glisten the brightest stars of English fiction. But

this decadence is merely a transitory reaction. Our race is the same which has given birth to the great novelists of the past, and imagination and poetic feeling are still at the bottom of our nature. Steeped though we seem to be in stupefying commercialism, "ancient founts of inspiration well through all our fancy yet," and in the appointed time will burst forth in literary expression with all that strength and beauty which is inherent in English fiction.

FREDERICK W. NICOLLS.

Reading, Pa.

THE LITTLE BROWN MEN OF NIPPON.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE JAPANESE, or more properly the Nipponese, are the only entirely temperate people I ever knew, and travel has been my trade since a lad. True, there are English, American, French, German hotels at Nagasaki, Kobe, Tokio, and like large cities, where the tourist can have "all the comforts of a home" and disport himself much as at Newport or Saratoga. And here the little brown man often brings his venerable parent and others of his house to dine, observe foreigners, and listen to the music; but they all eat sparingly and drink not at all, in the sense that the white man drinks. His wildest dissipation is cold tea.

On almost every corner of the great thoroughfares is set a great earthen jar with dippers, ice and tea. Here old and young, mostly the children to and from school, help themselves. I know nothing more beautiful than a group of these little flower-pots tip-toeing up to the big decorated and highly-colored jar of iced tea to help one another, the biggest little boy, cap in one hand and dipper in the other, helping the lesser ones. He bows twice to each one. And if a little sister in sandals and flower-like silk wrapper is of the

party, he gives her an extra bow and a smile of pleasure that is as beautiful as it is sincere.

The city appoints the place for these tea-jars, but they are kept replenished by venerable parties, mostly kindly old women, who remain entirely unknown save to the authorities. When the kindly old party dies, the next applicant for the privilege takes the place, and there are stacks of these on hand all the time for every one of the thousands and thousands of unpublished little benefactions. This giving secretly and not letting the one hand know what the other does obtains in other things strictly.

The most delightful of so many delightful things in Tokio is the morning and evening devotional service in the ancient Buddhist Temple. You pass in through the thronged Gate of the Unicorns—think of copper unicorns older, perhaps, than the one-horned beast in the Bible—certainly older than the rampant beast that fronts the English lion on the British coin—and such incense and such sounds! indescribable utterly! The melody is from the sacred Gong-Gongs, bowls or drums. The tradition is that ages ago

when discord came upon the earth Guatemala had these bowls fashioned out of copper and silver shot with gold, for the retreat and safety of all sweet sounds. They may be here called forth even by the hand of a child. These melodies rise and rise as the priests burn away the written sins of the penitents. They seem to pass out, to go away, to get lost at sea, and at last come softly back to hide in the sacred vessels from the winds. Meantime people kneel before the altar, put down an offering in a little slip of paper, then rise and go to give place to others. I was so grateful, intoxicated the first time, that I really wanted to pay for this joy, and put down a piece of gold. An attending priest took it up and leading me to one side and in perfect English, and with gentlest grace, quoted the words of Christ. Then he explained that these devotees were very poor people on their way home from work and would feel hurt at not being able to give gold also. I might put down what I pleased in a piece of paper, but no one but myself must know what or how much.

The Buddha priests are dependent entirely on charity now. They have their temples, as a rule, left to them. But they are on the same footing with the Jew, Catholic, or Protestant.

Nippon is a land of water, a Venice of a thousand miles; three long islands, with such wondrous inland seas, surrounded by more than three thousand other islands, some of them bristling with armament like the turrets of a battle-ship. Impregnable? Absolutely impregnable. For to say nothing of the guns on these bastioned steeps climbing to the clouds, the narrow water-passes are honey-combed with mines. In fact, were it not for the light thrown on this subject by events of the pending war one could hardly venture to say how wonderfully this bee-hive of sober brownies has wrought to meet the Muscovite. Of course Russia, too, is impregnable with the North Pole to lean upon, as Napoleon who met his real Waterloo at Moscow found out; but she

is not more impregnable than these temperate, strenuous, and most polite new Venetians.

The English merchants have named these busy human bees the Oriental Yankees. If shrewdness and ingenuity are meant by the term, it may fit, for he can manufacture anything,—anything from a tooth-brush to a battle-ship, and do it in almost no time; but he is not a trickster, not a nutmeg Yankee. It is pointed out that all the banks, even all the Japanese banks, employ Chinese cashiers. This is because the Chinaman is a natural accountant, and willing to be a clerk. The Nippon Oriental has higher purposes.

Even here in California, where the monstrous and unchristian Exclusion Act shuts out the Chinaman and admits his neighbor, it is hard to get a Japanese to serve you, unless it be for personal regard coupled with a desire to learn; while you can get all the Chinamen you want if you are only willing to outbid other men for their services. Anyhow, you never hear of failures and defalcations in Japan as with the Yankees.

It is to be doubted if he is imitative as the Yankee is imitative, but it is safe to say he is the most adaptive creature alive. The first day's fighting out from Tien Tsin up the Peiho river towards Peking, was, after the first few hours in which the Japanese led the charge, supported by the British, Americans, and Russians, a running fight. The hot July sun fell on the backs of the pursuing Japanese from ten o'clock until darkness. This was their first fighting in leather shoes and little gold-rimmed caps in a hot country and season, and their last. So many collapsed from sunstroke that the Emperor telegraphed: "Use the American hat." The Japanese had carried the telegraph right along with them all day, three constructors and operators being shot by random bullets from the Boxers. My duties as assistant to General Bennett, head of the Red Cross, kept me to the front—kept me on the firing-line all day, and later begging, borrowing, and picking

up the American hat for suffering little brown soldiers. At bivouac it was found that the little ball of cooked rice, which each soldier carried on his back between his shoulders, had soured. This soured rice and the muddy water of the Peiho, specked with the floating bodies of the dead Boxers, made hundreds ill. Then another telegram: "Use American bread!" The King of Corea sent ten thousand sacks of flour, that came with incredible swiftness, and the adaptive little brownie was the next morning, as a rule, again on his feet, with his little black head half buried in the American hat. No, he is not an imitative Yankee, merely adaptive. And yet he has some very original methods in the trade of killing. For instance, he never flourishes his sword in battle, and he rarely points a gun. His short, black gun is across his back, strapped across his breast, his left hand clutching the pendant muzzle, as he dashes forward right in the face of the firing enemy. His right arm is in the air. Suddenly, when right in the face of his foe, his hand is to his side, and his sword leaps out, swift and sudden as a snake, and lunges upward. It is small, short, and black, and sharp as a serpent's tooth, and has a double edge. It is never seen in battle, only felt. He may adopt, may even now have adopted, the heavy, showy sword made to flourish in the air to frighten with, but not likely. He has also a small blade down by his left leg with which to kill himself, for he never surrenders. The Japanese soldier does not carry a blanket in a campaign. He carries a book; a book and a ball of rice—bread now. His thirst for knowledge is insatiate. That is the Japanese gentleman. And every Japanese gentleman is a soldier. He is also a poet, without exception.

Being greatly interested in these remarkable students from having had the pleasure of their company at my California home for years past, I said to the President of the Imperial University: "Tell me, please, what are the cardinal virtues taught here?" He said: "Bravery,

loyalty, honesty, simplicity, politeness." "And you all speak English?" "We try to speak English, German, French." He pointed to the several magazines of the university printed in these various languages. Then hastily snatching up a newspaper he eagerly said: "You see! Five, six hundred newspapers! You see one-third English, one-third German, one-third French; the other half Nipponese!" He was so earnest and enthusiastic that I did not even venture to smile at his little Irish bull.

Their many newspapers are mainly but small affairs, but they are all within the decencies of life. Yellow journalism is not of their crimes. The truth is the little Pagan is far in advance of many boastful Christian lands in some few things, and I count it a compliment to the more civilized world that it so heartily takes sides with the sober, civil, and daring little brownie. We might well imitate him in some of the higher walks of life as well as in many of the lowly and pastoral pursuits; particularly in agriculture, horticulture, fish-culture, and forestry. The fishers of Japan feed all the Orient; hundreds of millions. Even the seals of Alaska feed on the sea-mosses and grasses of Japan, as do our cod-fish in the Bahamas. There is not a fish, not a bird to be seen all the way down the dreary Yellow sea, from Taku to far below Shanghai. Why? Because the Chinese destroyed their forests, and the mountains melted away into the seas and destroyed the sea-grasses and mosses.

A tree is something sacred to Japan. Every tree there belongs to the Emperor; that is, to the people. If you want to cut down a tree, no matter where it stands, no matter if it has been in your family for centuries, you must first make written application, and then, may be, two officers will come, one to mark when and where it shall be cut down, the other to mark where you must plant and make grow for one year two other trees to take its place before it is felled.

"And the Lord God planted a garden

eastward in Eden, wherein He caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." Observe that the trees pleasant to the sight come first. The trees good for food were considered last. I heard a loud-talking tourist say, not long ago, that she did hope she would get to Japan in cherry-time, for she had

missed cherry-time in California. The truth is, of all the thousands of famous cherry-trees there, there is not one that bears a cherry that even a bird would eat. The famous Japan cherry-trees are only "pleasant to the sight."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Hights, Dimond, Cal.

THE CHICAGO ELECTION.

BY DANIEL L. CRUICE.

THE MOST important matter determined by the people of Chicago, in the recent votes taken upon the traction and other questions, is the manifest determination of the people to have not alone Municipal Ownership of Street-Railways, etc., but also Municipal Ownership of the government of our city and in view of the fact that the city government has been owned and operated by political machines more or less corrupt, the importance of this manifest determination of the voters is most significant.

To understand the present situation of Chicago, with reference to its traction lines, a glance in retrospect is necessary.

In 1858 the first ordinance granting a franchise to a street-railway company was passed by the City Council of Chicago, and neither the grantee nor grantor had a conception of the value of such a grant, as the city had but a small population and the motive-power (horses) was rather expensive.

It required but a few months for the grantees to discover how valuable was the privilege they had obtained, and with the discovery began an era of corruption, by the possessors of the franchise to make secure their hold upon it and to obtain still further concessions, and this era of corruption is still with us and will remain until the plants are municipalized.

The first grant was for "twenty-five years or until the city takes over." The

question being raised as to the power of the City Council to pass an ordinance granting a franchise under the then State Constitution, bills were introduced into the State Legislature in 1859 and 1861 giving validity to the Council's acts of 1858.

It was at this time that the possessors of the franchise, the citizens and the legislators began to awaken to a realization of the value of the franchise and it was at this time that the struggle for possession of Chicago's streets began.

In 1865 the street-car companies went to the State Legislature for further concessions. Appreciating what a good thing they had, they desired to extend the life of their franchises beyond the twenty-five-year period which the City Council had granted. Accordingly a bill was introduced intended to extend their life for "ninety-nine years," and after a most shameful debauching of the legislature and in the face of a vigorous protest from pulpit, press and public it was passed.

Vigorous as had been the protest against the legislature enacting the measure, still more so was that lodged with the Governor. A committee of eminent Chicagoans called upon him, the Board of Trade passed a resolution saying that the bill not only sacrificed the rights of the present, "but of our children and our children's children, also." The Governor vetoed the measure in a trenchant veto-

message in which he exposed the manifest sacrifice of the city's rights.

A series of great public meetings were held to support the Governor in his veto; resolutions were adopted denouncing the "ninety-nine-year act"; those who voted for it were accused of accepting bribes and it was urged that they be only recognized "as persons capable of public robbery"; but the bill was passed over the Governor's veto.

So great an indignation had been aroused, however, that the legislature repealed it, but the damage was done and whatever was conferred by the "ninety-nine-year act" became a "vested" right. Just what it did confer will soon be adjudicated, if not waived by the companies.

Just what the companies received by the "ninety-nine-year act" is still in dispute. The stock-holders and paid agents of the company claim "a growing grant" not only covering the lines in existence at the time of the grant, but also those subsequently granted up to the twenty-year limitation placed on grants by the legislature in 1873; that it not alone extends the right to use the motive-(horse)-power then in existence, but also extends to and gives the right to use electric and cable-power (utterly unknown at the time of the grant).

By all other persons, the "act" is held to be of little value, for one reason or another; by some because it is held to be unconstitutional for the reasons set forth in the Governor's veto; by others, because if assumed valid, it is of necessity limited to the streets and the motive-power occupied and in use at the time of the grant. By others it is held that only the life of the company was extended and not its right to use the streets; and by still others, that it is in derogation of justice and against common-honesty and public welfare. This latter view is best presented by the late Henry D. Lloyd, who after summing up the opposition to the grant used this language:

"A grant made by a legislature, of a

monopoly, against public policy, in perpetuity, for bribes, to the destruction of the individual and social rights, morals, and property of a whole people, is not a contract. There is no law that says it is. Nothing is law that is inconsistent with reason and justice, and the love of God and man."

The varying views were advanced in 1883 when the "twenty-five years" mentioned in the grant of 1858 had elapsed and there was a clamor for Municipal Ownership. After a prolonged and somewhat acrimonious discussion a truce was entered into between the city and the traction companies by which the companies' right to use the streets was extended twenty years (to 1903), without prejudice to the then-existing rights or privileges of the companies.

This arrangement was entered into for reasons advanced by the city authorities that are good or not, dependent upon the view-point of the person investigating.

The main reason advanced was that the city had no money with which to take over the lines, and in view of the fact that the city had been consistently and persistently plundered by the public-service corporations it is probable that the reason advanced was a valid one.

The city had no funds because the public-service corporations had inaugurated a system of bribing the taxing bodies by which they escaped the payment of their taxes and made it possible for the "eminent financiers" of our city to add to their wealth by the same process and thus Chicago did not receive taxes from those with the ability to pay taxes.

Another reason why Chicago did not have money enough to take over the lines was because of the squandering of the money it did receive in payment of political debts. The streets may be dirty, broken and insufficiently lighted, its police and fire department inadequate, its bridges decaying and fallen, because of lack of funds; but the "grafter" who merely draws pay for political services, the

contractor who contributes time and money to the success of the incumbent at the polls, the political heeler with animated bone-yards, called teams, do not feel the shortage of funds. Indeed, to them, the era of prosperity is unmarred by haunting fears of lack of money to pay them.

So that for one reason or another the excuse that Chicago had no funds with which to take over the lines was sufficient for the purpose of those who urged it, and the truce was entered into as described.

Still the companies were not satisfied. They continued the corrupting and bribing inseparable from private ownership of public-service utilities. Franchise rights, first in one and then in another street were purchased from corrupt city councils, the city councilmen becoming so debauched and so shameless in their debauchery as to flaunt their vice to the world.

This corruption culminated in 1897 when the traction companies sent their emissaries to the state capital to obtain a grant of franchise beyond the power of the city council to give them. The legislature had by the "cities and villages act" of 1873 limited the duration of a grant of franchise by a city council to twenty years; hence their move on the state capital to obtain the longer grants the legislature could give.

The evil genius of the Chicago traction situation went himself to Springfield, big and boisterous, arrogant and opulent, with the cynicism of wealth, the contemptuousness of experience, the cunning of necessity; his trade bribery, his reward the fruits of bribery, his God the dollar, his religion the way to get it. He was indeed the most sinister figure at the state capitol; he brought with him as retainers and bondmen all of the political bosses, large and small that the state afforded, and he was impartial in his selection as the off-scourings of Democracy jostled and crowded the off-scourings of Republicanism in the effort to feed at the corruption swill-trough.

He opened headquarters, and then

began an orgie of corruption and vice seldom equaled since Nero's time. Every influence that could be brought to bear was put in motion to induce a legislator to betray his constituents; every base passion of a legislator was pandered to satiety that he might be sufficiently debased and degraded to do the dirty work expected from him on roll-call. Few escaped the infection. The Governor of the state, state officers and legislators were involved in the maelstrom that for a time threatened to draw into it the entire official force of the state. Press, public, and pulpit in Chicago protested, but in vain; committees of citizens went to the state capitol, and when not treated with ribald jest, received but insolent contempt from their servants; others and less patient of our citizens sent extensively-signed protests to their representatives and went so far as to threaten them with lynching did they but dare vote for the measures extending the life of the franchises; but in vain, as the legislature passed and the Governor signed a measure permitting the city councils of the state to grant to transportation companies fifty-year franchises.

Here were witnessed scenes that could be used with effect by any opponent of representative government; here was argument on argument, and illustration on illustration, manufactured for the Socialist and Anarchist propaganda; here the people through their representatives were sold like slaves in the slave-markets; the right to plunder and exploit men, women, and children through a franchise-monopoly was bargained and bartered for like a cargo of fish at the wharfside; here the commonweal was a tangible asset, a gem in rich setting, worth a king's ransom, and a king's ransom was paid for it; the buyer was as keen in offering, and the seller as keen in demanding a price as any horse-buyer or horse-seller that ever "jockeyed" for position in a deal.

The Socialists said the trouble was that the transportation lines in private hands should be the property of the government; the Anarchists said that government and

laws were for those who could buy them; the great mass of our citizens who had been exploited by the companies for years and who were compelled to stand idly by while the money of which they had been plundered was being used to obtain from their representatives further opportunities of plundering them, in sheer exasperation contented themselves with wondering "What next?"

An attempt was made by virtue of this law to pass through the Chicago City Council a grant of franchise of fifty years' duration which was vetoed by the Mayor, and on the vote recurring on his veto, he was sustained; the grant lacking one vote of the necessary two-thirds to pass it over his veto; and this in the face of the united opposition of press and pulpit, and with 25,000 of Chicago's citizens massed in the streets around the City Hall, vociferous in their protests against the attempted crime.

Public indignation was aroused to such a pitch and so many of those who had voted for the measures in legislature and council had been defeated that the next legislature repealed the fifty-year law and left us with the old twenty-year limitation on franchise-grants.

A lull in traction matter ensued; committees composed of aldermen elected to succeed the "gansters" were appointed to investigate the traction situation and report. One committee after another reported, and after a time negotiations were put on foot looking to further grants of franchise in place of the then-existing grants of franchise that expired, some at one time and some at another, but the most important of them expiring on July 30, 1903. The answer to the attempts to extend the franchise was a movement for Municipal Ownership by many believers in it; the labor and kindred organizations were in favor of it, but just how general was the sentiment was not known.

In May, 1901, the Referendum League was formed having for its object the submission of questions of public policy. One of the first questions submitted at

the election held April 1, 1902, was "For Ownership by the City of Chicago of all street-car lines within said city." This was carried by a vote of "142,826 For" to "27,998 Against." The significance of the vote will be better appreciated when it is understood that every one of the thirty-five wards and every election precinct, comprising some twelve hundred, declared affirmatively on the questions, whether the aristocratic twenty-fifth ward or the University ward (the seventh), or the sedate wards of home-owners, such as the twenty-sixth, thirty-fourth, and thirty-fifth, or River wards like the first, nineteenth, and twenty-first, containing as they do many lodging and tenement houses; the results were the same except that the more exclusive the ward the more emphatic the affirmative vote. The exclusive residents of the election precincts like the Lake-Shore drive and Prairie avenue cast heavier majorities in favor of Municipal Ownership than did lodging-house precincts; majorities for Municipal Ownership were larger in precincts in the twenty-fifth ward, inhabited by mercantile and professional men, than they were in precincts inhabited by laboring men, which was a revelation to the friends and foes of the reform.

There had been some agitation of the subject of Municipal Ownership, but not enough to account for the heavy affirmative vote, as the agitation had neither the time nor had it obtained momentum enough to carry it into quarters of the city where it had received its heaviest support. The vote is only explainable on two theories:

1. That the people of Chicago were tired of the intolerable transportation service and the disclosures regarding the methods of the companies.
2. That the people are a long way in advance of their leaders.

The second reason is perhaps the most probable one, as the American people are naturally progressive; they are studious and reflective, and when the opportunity

presented itself they simply demonstrated that they are an intelligent, self-reliant people who need, not leaders or masters, but only servants, to carry into effect their wishes.

They have awakened to the realization of the fact that any industry requiring a franchise or license from a body-politic as a prerequisite to operation by a private person or company should be operated by the body-politic itself; in other words, they have drawn the line between Democracy and Socialism, the one insisting that government shall exercise only the functions naturally devolving upon it, and that a function of government is the operation of utilities that require a franchise or license from the government to operate it; the other insisting that a function of government is to own all industries and divide the profits among those engaged in them.

To many of our voters was brought home with much force the fact that the modern franchise-grant is simply a form of slavery; human slavery was but a method of obtaining the wealth that others created; in the crude and coarse methods of our ancestors it was necessary to own a man, woman, or child to get the wealth created by him, her or it; and then there was so much money invested in human flesh that great responsibility devolved upon the slave-owner in protecting his "investments"; he must protect their health, keep them in hygienic surroundings, employ physicians, and not *over-work* them, as their market-value would be impaired. All this involved expense and care, so that many countries gave up human slavery, not from humanitarian or altruistic motives, but purely as a business proposition; as those who thrive at the expense of others found easier and much more direct methods of getting the wealth others created than by owning the creators; and one of the most efficient methods *was* and *is* the franchise-grant. By it the possessor has no worry over the health or well-being of those who work for him, no original investment of money (a lot of cheek and a criminal talent supplying the place of

money); no need to guard the victim against over-work, in fact nothing to do but to extort his money, with the body-politic granting the franchise aiding in the extortion by holding a metaphorical gun (a franchise) to the victims' heads while the franchise magnate goes through their pockets.

For the first reason it may be said that the many disclosures of corruption by the companies and the results of many investigations disgusted and angered the people. Various reform organizations and committees that have investigated the Chicago Traction companies in their reports disclose the fact that these corporations in addition to plundering the people of this city have also plundered their own stockholders through construction companies organized by a few on the inside and doing the construction work of the companies at exorbitant figures. These reports also disclose the fact that the stock of the companies contains much water. The most flagrant example of stock-watering is that exhibited by the Chicago Union Traction company. According to the statement of the General Counsel for that company, the entire value of the tangible property of the company, including as he said, "the last spike in the scrap-pile," was less than \$12,000,000, yet that company has a bond and stock issue of upwards of \$80,000,000.

The methods pursued by the traction companies in connection with legislation as recounted herein has been and is employed by them in other departments of government. For instance, there is a law in our state requiring the taxation of the capital-stock of certain corporations; the members of the State Board of Equalization for over twenty years violated their oath of office in failing to assess the capital-stock as the law required; a mandamus suit was instituted, and the Supreme Court finally directed them to assess it, which they did. The reason for their failure to assess is easily comprehended.

Perhaps the "last straw" to the people of our city was the detection of a wholesale system of jury-bribing by agents of the

transportation companies. A bailiff in one of our courts who had been detected in bribing a juror was arrested and when released on bail fled the city. After some time his whereabouts was discovered and he came back to Chicago and testified that he had been sent out of the city by the agent of the company who had bribed him to bribe juries. He confessed to a system of jury-bribing that had prevailed for some time and that involved the bailiffs of several courts. The disclosures were astounding and resulted in several sensational trials. The publicity given the trials informed almost every citizen of our city of the prevalence and ramifications of corruption. When the campaign for Municipal Ownership was undertaken, all of these matters were presented to the voters.

In the campaign that led up to the vote taken upon April 5, 1904, many local conditions were urged as reasons for voting for Municipal Ownership, and the following propositions were advanced as fundamental reasons for an affirmative vote for Municipal Ownership and against any franchise-grants:

"1. That there never had been and never will be occasion to grant a franchise to a corporation or individual, as men simply interested in earning returns on money invested would accept a revocable license with an agreement by the municipality to pay for the tangible property of the companies on taking over the lines.

"2. That franchise-grants are against service to the public and the well-being of the employees; as the moment a franchise (amounting to a monopoly of the streets) is granted, it is capitalized (stock issued against it) for its full value; the mere granting of the franchise does not add to the number of passengers carried nor to the income in any way, but the holders of the new stock must have dividends and the only sums from which dividends can be obtained is from the amount expended in service and the amount expended in wages with a consequent deterioration in service and reduction in the amount expended in

wages and increase in the hours of labor.

"3. In private hands the roads (or other utilities) are run with an eye single to dividends; for stockholders elect and only retain managements that will produce dividends, service to the public and comfort of patrons being mere incidents to the question of dividends, with the result that the cheapest and most antiquated cars that the people will stand for are run, and these are poorly heated, poorly lighted and ill-ventilated, and only enough of them run to carry passengers crowded in to the capacity of the cars at the expense of the health, self-respect, and morals of those compelled to ride.

"4. The only way to get the transportation lines out of politics is for the municipality to own them, as with the Civil-Service law, poorly enforced as it is, the corrupt politician is unable to place his henchmen on the municipal pay-rolls and perforce has recourse to placing them on the pay-rolls of the public-service corporations; and in return for favors thus received he grants them still further valuable favors in the people's streets. These corporations are also heavy contributors to the campaign-funds of the dominant parties; indeed, the only source of revenue they have are these contributions, as owing to the Civil-Service law, municipal employees can no longer be compelled to contribute, so that the only way to get them out of politics is for the municipality to own them.

"5. In private hands, these companies are ever engaged in making more valuable the privileges they enjoy and in reducing amounts expended in other than dividends. This is done in at least four ways:

"(a) By obtaining new concessions. This is done by bribing the legislative bodies.

"(b) By obtaining exemptions from compliance with ordinances regarding compensation, rails, switch-tracks, wires, etc. This is done by bribing execution-officers.

"(c) By minimizing the amounts expended in damage-suits, etc. This is done

by bribing juries and electing favorites to the bench.

"(d) By reducing the amounts paid in taxes. This is done by bribing taxing bodies."

The knowledge of this corruption of every branch of public service shakes the confidence of the people in their government and its institutions.

"6. These companies in private hands maintain the worst element of the people in control of the party-organizations, and retain in our legislative-halls the most vicious and venal in the parties."

The fact that the public-service corporations are ever seeking legislative grants and are ready to pay for them induces expenditures by the corporations of heavy sums to enable those who are "pliant" to gain control of the party machinery, and induces those who will sell their votes to seek legislative honors for the purpose of selling them, as they know that in public-service corporations in private hands they will ever find cash "purchasers."

"7. The kind of men nominated for, and elected to, office by the money of public-service corporations in private hands not alone sell their votes to the companies, but they also prevent any decent legislation passing at all; they maintain themselves by preventing any reform in primary or election laws that would enable the people to protect themselves, and they vote down almost every measure for which they are not paid, as in time they seem to attain the belief that selling their vote is the only business they have in a legislative gathering.

"8. The fact that if it is the duty and function of the government to carry a letter for a person from one part of the country to another, it is a higher duty and a truer function to carry a person also; and by analogy, if it is the duty and function of a municipality to maintain sewers to safeguard the public health, to maintain and clean streets for the public's convenience and comfort, to maintain parks for the

people's pleasure; it is a higher duty and a truer function for the municipality to maintain well-lighted, well-heated and well-ventilated cars for the public health, to maintain sightly, uncrowded and clean cars for the people's conveniences and comfort; and cars enough on enough streets to enable the people to enjoy themselves."

These and other reasons were urged to the people, or understood by them without urging, and had their effect upon the vote.

They realized when some of our newspapers were using "Fraternalism" and "Socialism" and kindred expressions, that everything the government wants well done, it does itself. For instance, if the Pinkertons offered to supply and maintain the standing army for a less figure than it costs the government to do it, would these apoplectic editors urge the government to "go out of the army business"? or if the North German Lloyds offered to supply and maintain a navy for less than it costs the government would they urge the government to "go out of the naval business"?

Despite the fact that the army and navy are more expensive as conducted by the government than would be an army or a navy conducted by a private corporation with the known methods of wringing out the dollars, yet there is hardly a man who believes in armies or navies who would urge the government to change the method; still there is no more reason why the government should maintain an army, navy, or post-office, than it should railroads and telegraphs, and no more reason why cities should maintain police, fire, health, and school-departments than they should street cars, telephones, etc.

Our people have awakened to these facts and the results were in the totals.

The mayor of the city, the political machines and all of the daily newspapers in our city printed in English, except one, urged their readers to vote against Immediate Municipal Ownership. Some of

them pretended to favor Municipal Ownership and for local reasons urged readers to vote "No"; some of them attempted to show insurmountable local obstacles in the way of Municipal Ownership and urged their readers to vote "No"; some of them printed sample ballots marked as the voters should mark them; and opposite "Immediate Municipal Ownership" there was a cross in the square "No."

Much printers' ink, much valuable advertising space and many labored editorials, all begged the voters to vote "No" on Immediate Municipal Ownership.

One paper "stuck" with us, printed arguments, interviews and editorials, and enabled the progressive citizens to get in touch with each other, and on election day, April 5, 1904, the following was the result!

"Shall the City Council upon the adoption of the Mueller Law, proceed without delay to acquire Ownership of the Street Railways, under the powers conferred by the Mueller Law? *Yes*, 129,957; *No*, 50,807."

The people of Chicago had been patient, they had borne with the many afflictions put upon them by the traction companies, they had accepted promise

after promise and pledge after pledge, only to be deceived and betrayed. Patience ceased to be a virtue; and when the opportunity came to vote they could not forget that these were the companies that had corrupted the legislature to pass the "ninety-nine-year act"; that these were the companies that had corrupted a governor and a legislature for the Allen and Humphrey bills; that these were the companies that had bribed the taxing bodies; that had bribed aldermen, that had bribed juries; in fact, that these were the companies that had corrupted every branch of public service from the jury in a justice court to the Governor at Springfield, and had covered our state with the slime of the most contemptible creatures Almighty God ever afflicted our earth with,—the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker; and the press, no matter what animated it, was unable to turn the people from the facts.

Out of the wreck of municipal misrule, the cesspool of politics and the hell of corruption, a people have arisen triumphant, and Democracy, the ultimate of civilization, is a gainer thereby.

DANIEL L. CRUCE.

Chicago, Ill.

TIBET, RUSSIA AND ENGLAND ON THE INTERNATIONAL CHESSBOARD.

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.DIP., LL.D.

Of the Law Department in the University of West Virginia.

THE expedition of Colonel Young-husband into Tibet is a matter of importance not simply to the immediate partners to the transaction, but through its bearings upon the world-movements it becomes a matter of international importance. If I mistake not, it marks the end of Tibetan exclusion and, in connection with other events, the end of Russia's ascendancy in Eastern Asia. It is therefore fitting that we study, first, the situa-

tion in itself, and second, in its bearings upon world-politics.

Tibet is a country about which very little is known. Surrounded by mountain ranges, the Tibetans have attempted to live "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." The area of Tibet is variously estimated at from 650,000 to 700,000 square miles, and its population at from 3,000,000 to 6,000,000. It is the most elevated table-land in the world, having an

altitude of from two to three and one-half miles. Only the southern part is settled, the northern part being uninhabited save by nomadic tribes. It is the source of the Brahmapootra, Mekong and Indus rivers. It is a land of great but undeveloped mineral wealth. Among the minerals to be found in abundance are gold, iron, salt and borax. The Chumbi valley, where the present expedition now is, produces in abundance such fruits as apples, pomegranates, peaches, plums, apricots and grapes, and the ordinary cereals of the temperate zone can be raised there without difficulty.

The great need of the country is means of communication. At present it has no railroads and but two roads suitable for caravans; neither has it any navigable waters connecting it with the ocean. Until roads are built the resources of the country will remain undeveloped.

Politically, Tibet is a theocracy and has been, nominally at least, since the convention of Kang-hsi, in 1720, a dependency of China. At the head of the theocratic government is the Dalai-Lama who is to Buddhism what the Pope is to Roman-Catholicism. His court is at Lhasa, a sealed and sacred city, the capital of Tibet. One third of the population of Lhasa is Lamas or priests, who also act as pawnbrokers. With so large a part of the population belonging to the non-producing class it is not surprising that the country has made no progress. A priest-ridden people can never progress.

The excuse for the present expedition is the violation by Tibet of the provisions of the Sitkin treaty. This treaty, entered into in 1892, gave to British India certain commercial rights in Tibet. As these rights were not respected, Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, sent a commission last year to negotiate with the Dalai-Lama concerning his failure to respect British treaty-rights. This commission was refused a hearing and was not even permitted to enter the interior of the country. Such an unfriendly reception of his representatives was by no means pleasing to

Lord Curzon and he immediately resolved upon harsher measures.

The methods resorted to by China and Tibet in the negotiations are typical of Oriental diplomacy. The Chinese representative would spin out negotiations as long as he could and then suddenly make the discovery that he had no authority to act in the matter and that negotiations would have to be entered into with Tibet. The Tibetan representative would use about an equal amount of time and then find out, to his deep chagrin, that China's suzerainty over Tibet made it illegal for his country to act without the consent of China. Each in turn was very anxious to accede to the British requests but neither had power to do so. This game of Spenlow and Jorkin might have gone on indefinitely had not the restless Viceroy of India become convinced of its futility and ordered a column under Colonel McDonald to reinforce the troops already in Tibet, in the hope that their presence would increase the confidence of the negotiators upon both sides, as it no doubt will.

The real purpose of the expedition is not however to seek redress for the violations of the terms of the Sitkin treaty, but to force the hand of Russia. In order for us, therefore, to understand the real meaning of the present British invasion of Tibetan territory it will be necessary for us to study Russia's position in Tibet.

It has for several years been known to those who have watched carefully the situation that Russia was intriguing for a foothold in Tibet. The "Kingdom of Snow" would be valuable to Russia not so much because of the additional territory it would give her as because of its strategical position, flanking China and India, and also by reason of its being the headquarters of Buddhism. Her first moves were apparently very innocent, consisting of scientific and literary expeditions. Yet it seemed a very remarkable coincidence that all of her most learned men should belong to the General Staff. In case of any other nation this would be

looked upon as a suspicious circumstance, but in the case of Russia it would be unkind to so interpret it.

The significance of these expeditions is accentuated by a reference to the contemporary accounts of them in the Russian press. In commenting upon one of these expeditions the *Novoe Vremya* says: "It has supplied us with one more proof that everywhere, even in those outlying districts of Asia which are the most isolated and the furthest removed from civilization, the name of Russia is held in greater honor than that of any other country. When our expedition entered Tibetan territory and drew near Chando it met with a hostile reception from the native population. Afterwards it turned out that the inhabitants had taken our travelers for Englishmen. No sooner was it known that they were Russians than the attitude of the people changed from enmity to friendship. Already quite a number of stations have sprung up, so to speak, of themselves, in Central Asia, at which our tourists are sure of a hearty reception. One of these stations is the temple of Chortenten, where Prjevalski sojourned and whither Kozloff has turned his steps in order to rest for a time to arrange his first depot. Elsewhere we find that although foreigners are driven away from the mysterious 'God-governed State,' Russians are to be treated not as foreigners but as 'one of ourselves' and permitted to act just as in China." When we remember the relation existing between the Russian government and the press, especially the *Novoe Vremya*, these comments become intensely significant.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of these expeditions, certain it is that they gradually shaded off into political embassies, so that their conversations with the priests and the Dalai-Lama came to include not only discussions of the teachings of Buddha, the universality of natural law, the close relation between Russian and Tibetan literature, but also propositions for railway-concessions, the lamentable failure of China to fulfil her duties

and responsibilities as suzerain, especially in 1892, and finally the disinterested love of Russia for Oriental peoples, her supreme desire to maintain the peace of the world and, in order to attain this end, her willingness to throw her protecting arms about weaker nations and gather them unto her bosom. Naturally enough the Dalai-Lama was not irresponsible and so in return for the honor of these visits and the assurances of the deep interest which the Czar felt in his welfare he conferred upon him the title of "Guardian of the Gifts of Faith," *i. e.*, made of the White Czar the protector of the Buddhist world. The significance of this position as an aid toward attaining Russian ascendancy in Asia can scarcely be over-estimated.

Tangible evidence of the relation thus brought about between Russia and Tibet is not wanting, it is to be found in the Russo-Chinese treaty of 1902, the main provision of which reads as follows:

"Tibet being a country situated between Central Asia and Western Siberia, Russia and China are mutually obliged to care for the maintenance of peace in that country. In case trouble should arise in Tibet, China in order to preserve this district, and Russia in order to protect her frontiers, shall despatch thither military forces on mutual notification."

It will be seen from this article that Russian intervention would be solely for the purpose of self-preservation. Though the fruits of this joint action are to inure to the benefit of China she is not even required to furnish half the fighting force, and probably would not. While nothing is said as to the withdrawing of the Russian military forces after the "troubles in Tibet" are ended, it is fair to presume that when once in the country they will remain "just as in China." The next article is equally indicative of Russia's disposition not to be exacting with her Oriental ally.

Article 2. "In case of a third power's contriving directly or indirectly, troubles in Tibet, Russia and China oblige them-

selves to concur in taking such measures as may seem advisable for repressing such troubles."

This article was evidently aimed at England and will soon be put to a very severe test. A failure to comply with its provisions will go a long way towards destroying Russian influence in Tibet. But, so far as can be seen at the present time, Russia has foolishly put herself in a position which makes it impossible for her to keep her promise to protect Tibet against third powers.

According to Article 3:

"Entire liberty in what concerns Russian orthodox as well as Lamist worship will be introduced in Tibet, but all other religions will be absolutely prohibited."

This is of interest as indicating Russia's broad views with reference to religious tolerance. Such an advanced position upon the question of freedom of religious thought and worship appeals to us with great force and places Russia in the very fore-front of evangelistic nations.

By Article 4 it is provided that:

"Tibet shall be made gradually a country with an independent inner administration. In order to accomplish this task, Russia and China are to be sharers of the work. Russia takes upon herself the reorganization of the Tibetan military forces on the European model and obliges herself to carry into effect this reform in a good spirit and without incurring blame from the native population. China for her part is to take care of the development of the economic situation in Tibet, and especially her progress abroad."

When we recall the industrial development of China and her influence abroad we are forced to doubt somewhat the certainty of an early fulfilment of China's part of the task, though we might have supreme confidence that the military reorganization would not be unreasonably delayed. To a person of blunt vision it might seem more important to the welfare of Tibet that her

"industrial development" and "progress abroad" be rapidly promoted than that her military reorganization receive early attention and hence they would reach the conclusion that the former rather than the latter should have been intrusted to the nation which was at the time the treaty was entered into in the better position to render industrial and diplomatic assistance. But no such sordid view could ever be taken by a Russian statesman.

The presence of a British armed force within her borders gives Tibet ample excuse for calling upon Russia to fulfil the pledges made in the treaty, and it is difficult to see what explanation Russia can offer for her refusal or failure to keep the promises contained therein. She can hardly argue that the treaty was entered into upon her part under duress, and hence is not ethically binding upon her. If she pleads inability to keep her voluntary and solemn promises, then her prestige is at an end. She will then be placed by the Dalai-Lama upon the same basis as China, *i. e.*, will be considered as unworthy of the title and position of "Guardian of the Gifts of Faith," and will be thrown overboard as China was a decade ago.

Under all the circumstances, the present move upon the part of Lord Curzon seems to be a brilliant and well-timed one; it will force Russia to show her hand and bids fair to prove that despite the great reputation of the Russians for shrewd and farsighted diplomacy they have blundered with reference to Tibet. They either went too far or not far enough. Had they either refrained from meddling in Tibetan affairs or openly declared a Russian protectorate over the country they would very likely have saved themselves the unpleasantness of the present dilemma for it is unlikely that England would have taken advantage of Russia's preoccupation in order to invade one of her dependencies, as such would have been an act of war.

The situation proves, or at least tends to prove, that even in diplomacy "honesty is the best policy." EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

A SOCIALISM IN OUR MIDST.

BY CAPTAIN W. E. P. FRENCH, U.S.A.

THERE exists to-day in our country a practical, working model of a socialism on a small, but by no means minute, scale, backed by a paternal government, and differing superficially only, except in one important but readily modified particular, from an almost ideal commune. It has been running smoothly for over a century, comprises about sixty thousand people in its regular establishment and, perhaps, twenty or thirty thousand that are of it but not in it, although enjoying many of its privileges; and, at one time, it had a membership of over two millions.

That it has not sooner attracted observation and written comment, as an object-lesson, has been due, I think, to three causes; first, its nearness and every-day, familiar aspect; second, to ignorance and misapprehension on the part of the public of its economic conditions; and, third, to the fact above referred to as the important difference, that it is partially only industrial and self-supporting, being, as at present managed, a somewhat costly but very serviceable edged-tool. In its major features I believe it to be the prototype and forerunner of the coming collectivist commonwealth. By-the-way, the change from our present wasteful, destructive system of industrial competition to a rational, kindly coöperation is not, I feel assured, many years distant; for all signs point to a closer community of interest, a wider brotherhood, than the world has ever known; and, although evolution is slow and gradual in its processes, the final transition from the lower to the higher form is always cataclysmic or revolutionary, though not, necessarily, violent.

This socialism has its being in an organization that is popularly supposed to be, and, in some respects is, a despotism; a case of the lion lying down with the lamb

inside, or of "out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," the lion, in this instance, being the United States Army.

My instinct as an humble inventor leads me to claim priority of invention and discovery for this idea, and I assign the year 1880 (the year after I entered the service) as the one in which I first became "seized or possessed" of the notion.

So much for the theorem. Now, to the proof, or, if the captious critic choose, to the reduction to absurdity.

The United States is our employer, taskmaster, paymaster and most kind and considerate public parent. We live on government land and in government houses, the use of both being part of our perquisites, and both being kept in order free of expense. Our pay is generous, our work (in time of peace) not arduous, and each is supposed to be proportioned to our respective abilities and to age and length of service. There is an increase on pay of grade every five years until a maximum is reached; the actual increase, however, is much greater (owing to regular promotion), averaging, in the case of officers, not less than ten per cent. a year in the long run. We are allowed, gratuitously, the use of land and water (all the natural opportunities, in fact), but are not permitted to employ them for purposes of speculation, extortion or monopoly, nor nor must we use them to exploit labor or the public. We enjoy, *free*, certain other valuable allowances: comfortable, artistic, modern shelter; medical and surgical attendance, including nurses, appliances and drugs; transportation when traveling on duty, with a fair baggage allowance and sufficient mileage to cover all extra expenses; ice, where it can be harvested (at cost where manufactured); ordinary household repairs; access to tools and machinery; music of a high

grade; a fairly comprehensive library; golf-links, tennis-courts and ball-grounds; toboggan-slides, skating-rinks and swimming-pools; a chapel with a salaried chaplain and no pew-rent; and an amusement-hall, which is always a fair ball-room and, frequently, a tolerable theater. We may buy of the government, at net wholesale rates, food, fuel, light, clothing (all free to the enlisted man, being a portion of his ration and allowance), weapons and certain articles of furniture. We are furnished with stoves, furnaces, ranges and cooking-utensils; provided with feed for horses when on mounted service; allowed commutation of quarters (house-rent) when on duty outside of a garrison; and given one month's holiday, or leave-of-absence, every year, which vacation may be accumulated for four (practically, five) years, the cumulative leave being on full-pay, additional on half. During illness, or while on what we call "sick-leave" (no matter if it be for years), we are on full-pay.

At the age of sixty-four, after thirty years' service (discretionary with the President), after forty years' service (obligatory, if application be made), or when injured, mentally or physically, in the line of duty, an officer is retired on three-quarters' pay, an enlisted man after serving twenty-five years.

It is to be plainly seen that rent, fire and endowment-insurance, taxes, water-rates, repairs, competition, mutability of employment, ill-health, portionless old age, strike, lock-out and injunction, or most of the cares and troubles that shorten the life of the average human being, are not factors in our military lives.

Our administrators, executives and leaders of the larger subdivisions, our surgeons, engineers, quartermasters (heads of the departments of land, shelter, clothing, fuel, ice, transportation and repairs), commissaries-of-subsistence (retail grocers that sell the necessary articles of food at cost), judges-advocate (trained attorneys who have no pecuniary interest in the causes they prosecute or defend,

whose practice is unhampered by fear or favor, and whose aim is to administer justice, not to earn through legal subterfuge a big retainer or contingent fee), paymasters (whose disbursements of salaries and wages are fixed by law and not left to their discretion), inspectors, dentists and chaplains (this last held to be an unconstitutional office) are all commissioned officers (in the service for life or during good behavior).

Within the limits of every military reservation are three government stores, coöperative in nature and selling at net cost (excepting the last, which makes a small profit and divides it among the companies for the benefit of the soldiers' dietary). They are, first, the Quartermaster's Department, which supplies clothing and equipment, fuel, oil, horse-feed, bedding, barrack-furniture and transportation; builds, repairs, takes care of houses and grounds and runs the necessary shops; harvests, stores and distributes ice, and manages the water-works; second, the Commissary Department, wherein are sold all the necessities of life (and many of its luxuries) that come under the head of food, and a variety of household and toilet accessories; and third, the Post Exchange, which partakes of the character of a general shop, a lunch-counter, a billiard-hall, a reading-room, a barber-shop and a post-office.

Here is a partial list of the functions exercised by the general government in the army socialism:

Employer-in-general, producer, distributor, land-owner, middleman, capitalist, householder, banker, paymaster, accountant, insurer, clerk, farmer, stock-raiser, lumberman, grocer, baker, butcher, doctor, architect, engineer, professor, school-master, machinist, carpenter, wheelwright, blacksmith, cook, clothier, druggist, shoemaker, tailor, saloon-keeper, lawyer, priest, undertaker, and pretty much every other vocation and avocation under the sun. Besides these things, the government builds houses, offices, shops, saw-mills, roads, baths, telegraph and telephone-

lines, bridges and boats; manufactures guns, ammunition and a host of articles in wood, leather and metal, and, in brief, does a general manufacturing and jobbing business, eliminating profits. Remember, too, that during the Civil war the United States built and operated hundreds of miles of railroads and telegraphs with enlisted labor, and that to-day the state has its own great navy-yards and machine-shops, wherein it makes, under an eight-hour-day system and by labor at honest wages, some of the highest-finished products of modern times and skill—its vessels-of-war, rifled cannon and small arms.

The army has its own system of jurisprudence and its own courts of criminal jurisdiction, five in number, and varying in scope and power from the field-officer's court for the trial of minor offences, courts-of-inquiry and courts "for the doing of justice," to a supreme tribunal with the power of life and death, capable of arraigning, for military crimes, the commander-in-chief of the army, and from whose decision there is no appeal. Of course, we do not have cases in equity, our public ownership of the natural monopolies and opportunities precluding them; but if we did we could decide them with far greater celerity, certainty and cheapness than the civil tribunals with their crowded dockets, red-tape, eternal precedents, possibilities of bribery, and clumsy jury-system; for when we have too many cases for a court in session, we assemble another; red-tape and precedents do not bother us, our object being the ascertainment of innocence or guilt and the awarding of justice, rather than the obfuscation of twelve more or less fat-witted men by *ex parte* reasoning, special pleading and the purposely-involved subtleties of the common-law; and our higher courts consist of thirteen experts, sufficiently "learned in the law" of war and the comity of nations, who are both judges and jurors, whose oath is backed by the honor of "an officer and gentleman," and who, upon the completion of their legal work,

return to the performance of their military duties.

Besides our courts, we have boards to examine candidates for commission and promotion, to ascertain and fix responsibility for loss or damage, to administer the various funds, to arbitrate prices, and to exercise general investigating functions.

The analogy to a socialism is even closer at the National Academy, at West Point, for there a cadet handles no money, there being a general store, consolidated mess, central heat and light-plants, and a common-sense credit and individual-account-book system. An army officer, usually, has his pay deposited for him in a bank, and disburses by check to the officers in charge of the government stores and for outside accounts, rarely seeing the paymaster's draft for his month's salary. The West Point method is better and simpler, as it omits the paymaster, the bank and the checks, and the treasurer merely charges up the months' expenses, deducts the amount from the balance on hand, adds the pay, and notifies the cadet (all in a ten-cent blank-book) that he has such a sum to his credit or has overdrawn so much.

In order to attain the benefits of this system we do not have to abjure our citizenship, we do not give up our rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and we sacrifice none of our individuality or initiative, special abilities, on the contrary, being fostered, encouraged and rewarded. So far as I remember, our sole limitations and inhibitions are that we must not "speak contemptuous or disrespectful words of the President of the United States, the Congress, or the chief executive of the territory in which we may be serving," that we may not convey censure or commendation of our immediate commanders for official action (we have, however, ample power to arraign a superior for any form of tyranny or misconduct; it is, in fact, our duty to do so), and we are forbidden to publish injurious statements about one another in the public press. These curtailments of

freedom of speech and action are not onerous; indeed, they might be applied to the entire body-politic with beneficial results. To keep one's mouth at the safety-notch is not a bad rule for either soldier or civilian: it makes for self-respect, good order and kind feeling. We of the service may criticise to any extent the Chief Executive, but, so long as he is commander-in-chief of the army, we are enjoined to speak of him with the respect due to his exalted rank as the first citizen of the republic. There are other amenities of military life which might be copied to advantage by the business and social world, such as official courtesy, kindness to inferiors, and a sense of responsibility for the comfort and welfare of the rank and file; these decencies being the natural results of homogeneous organization, firm but just discipline, technical training and community of interest.

I trust I have demonstrated my proposition, if it needed demonstration; to my mind, it is axiomatic. But there are corollaries.

That, as a nation, we are drifting rapidly into a plutocracy, if, indeed, the ship of state is not already at anchor in that foul harbor, hardly admits of a doubt. That there is a steadily augmenting current setting toward socialism in Australasia (most markedly in New Zealand), in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in France and in the United States may hardly be denied. This current (on the surface, at least) is not, as yet, so strong or so swift with us as it is with our neighbors over-sea; for, as a people, we are the most hide-bound conservatives on earth; but it has strength and swiftness enough to make us drag that anchor and, eventually, carry us into fairer waters. For, after all is said, we are Americans and not tolerant of oppression or injustice when once we have apprehended that it exists; and, though we have wandered somewhat far afield to bow down before the little gold disk called a dollar, in our hearts, I think, I hope, I believe, we still worship the god-

dess whose home is said to be at the bottom of a well; her of the scales, the sword and the blindfolded eyes and her of liberty. And the people whose household gods are Truth, Justice and Liberty will never, in the long run, be defrauded of their birth-right. It is a significant fact that the nations that have led the van of human progress toward democracy, self-government and freedom are the Teutonic and the Anglo-Saxon, and it is doubly significant that the strongest trend toward collectivism is found among these two splendid races from whom we descend and whose ethnic traits will lead us by similar paths to the end to which they are hastening.

The whole world is full of object-lessons of the comfort and common-sense of co-operation as opposed to competition, and some day we will understand and apply them.

There is enough for all, for, even under our present iniquitous mismanagement which gives far too much to the few and far too little to the many, nearly every man, woman and child of our seventy-odd millions manage to exist (to say nothing of the vast hoards of wealth uselessly withdrawn from the public purse by a handful of multi-million misers who can neither spend it nor take it with them to the other world of the rich man); and there would be plenty and to spare if our motto were "From each according to ability, to each according to need"; for in a socialist community many of the factors that make for poverty in our present unjust economic conditions would disappear. Some of these factors are ruinous competition, over-production, the strike, the boycott and the lockout; the expenses of labor organizations, of boards of arbitration and of courts for the issuance of restraining injunctions; the unproductive classes (idle capitalists, politicians, corporation counsel, bankers, brokers, insurance-agents, landlords, franchise-holders, middlemen, speculators, promoters, employees of the land and pension offices, the hangers-on of the equity courts, patent-medicine pro-

prietors, advertisers, the vast clerical force whose sole duty, to-day, is the counting of and accounting for money, and the professional soldier (who, under a collectivism, would be replaced by a self-supporting, equally well-trained man, serving for a few years only, after which he would be transferred to the civil service); and the huge army of tramps, dudes and idlespend-thrifts (congeners, every one of them). Be it known unto you, "my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards," my "right reverends and wrong reverends," my dwellers-in-the-tents-of-"vested-rights"-and-special-privilege, that, roughly speaking, mankind is divided into three classes which may be more or less aptly catalogued as follows:

Inheritors, administrators, testators (unwilling ones).

Those that get much and give little, those that help the getter and are fairly well paid, and those that give four-fifths of what they create and own.

Receivers (in all that the word implies), go-betweens, and laborers.

Parasites, panders, and producers.

Knaves, tools, and fools.

Knowingly or unknowingly, wilfully or weakly, from choice or through necessity, by fault or misfortune, every one of us bears openly or in secret the label of one of these classes, or, it may be, of two or all of them. Personally, I plead guilty to the entire indictment; for, while I have done a fair share of work with and for my brother-fools, and, like them, been mulcted by tariff and trust and monopoly, I have, directly and indirectly (by speculation, rent, interest and inheritance), aided in the exploitation of my fellows; and in privilege, opportunity and exemption I have enjoyed far more than my just share, which should have been the same as that of every other child of the great common mother born on my natal day. And I am sorry and ashamed. And when the day shall dawn that most of the beneficiaries of unjust legislation shall be sorry and ashamed to dance to the piping of those

that toil and weep, or when a majority of the fools and tools shall understand and get together we shall see envy replaced by emulation, competition by coöperation, poverty by plenty, greed by altruism, and the lion, the jackal and the prey by humanity in glorious brotherhood striving to uplift itself and to give to each and all a white-man's chance. It is worth hoping for, working for, living for; it is an ideal as far ahead of our sordid, criminal commercialism as the twentieth century is ahead of the dark ages; as the liberty, tolerance and education of our time is ahead of feudalism, the inquisition and all the ghastly, cruel, ignorant crimes of kingcraft, priestcraft, statecraft and individualism gone stark, staring mad.

By the way, what *is* a socialism? This is my definition:

A socialism is a trust "of the people, for the people and by the people"; a trust whose unwatered stock will be the brains and brawn of the whole people; a trust which will produce enough for ourselves and for a neighbor in trouble; a trust whose policy will be honesty, whose wages will be the normal earnings of the co-partnership of intelligence and industry, whose hours of toil will be the shortest compatible with doing the needful work for the community; a trust that will seek to rob neither employees nor consumers; a trust of open books and open doors; a trust amenable to the laws of the land; a trust managed by men and women of the highest integrity, not by gamblers, promoters and wreckers; a trust not at the mercy of a clique of bankers and underwriters; a trust not affected by inflation, depreciation and liquidation; a trust unimpered by "undigested securities"; a trust backed by the credit of the nation; a trust without lobbies, bribery, corporate counsel or the corrupting influence of the stock-market, and without oily saints, anthracite angels, kings of high finance or million-dollar presidents; a trust managed for the benefit of the public, not for either capital or labor; a trust "with malice toward none,

with charity for all"; a trust to ensure the greatest good to the greatest number; a trust that shall require "from each according to ability" and give "to each according to need"; a trust that will make for "liberty, equality, fraternity"; a trust that will put wrong on the scaffold and right on the throne; a trust that will ensure to every child, woman and man peace, plenty and play-time; and a trust that will make of this weary, toil-wrung, poverty-stricken old world a fit habitation for human beings too long cheated of their rightful heritage of hope, happiness and brotherhood.

Let us admit that the socialistic state, in common with every device of mankind to better existing conditions, will be full of flaws and imperfections, will not achieve all that we wish and expect, and will, probably, injuriously affect a few people for a time. But there are a good many things it would not do that would be better left undone. And there are quite a number of things it would do that we do not do now, but that we should be the better for the doing.

A socialism would not condemn little children to be stunted, crippled and ruined, mentally, morally and physically, in factories, sweat-shops and slums; it would give them schools, play-grounds, decent environment and the chance to become good citizens.

A socialism would not crush the lives out of women (the mothers of the race) in cruel, underpaid labor that drives thousands of them to shame and suicide; it would give them the lighter, pleasanter duties of life to perform; it would pay them equal wages for equal service, and it would ensure them equality before the law.

A socialism would not sentence men to spend half their lives delving under ground out of the sunshine and free air and thrust immature boys into coal-breakers, nor would it permit "Christian gentlemen" to distill great fortunes out of the life-blood of the poor; it would recognize, as we do in the army, that certain forms

of labor are extra-hazardous and fatiguing, and it would shorten hours, put on more shifts and vary the employment.

A socialism would not breed paupers, prostitutes, criminals, loafers or plutocrats (all, and about equally, factors in the dangerous classes); it would breed citizens to whom it would extend the same rights and obligations—equal opportunities to all, special privileges and immunities to none.

An alleged fear has been expressed that a socialism would have a deterrent effect upon "initiative" and "individual enterprise."

Well, what of it? They have had their turn, and they have, surely, paid themselves most generously for what they have done. Besides, these two expressions have come to have rather an unsavory meaning to thinking people, inasmuch as, in the final analysis, they stand for franchise-grabbing, railroad-wrecking, land-grants, over-capitalized plants, syndicates, mergers, "gentlemanly agreements," get-rich-quickly schemes and (in two words) legalized theft. Real invention, discovery, reform, improvement, original ideas or anything in the nature of betterment would be encouraged and rewarded. The individual that *gave* most in splendid effort of heart and brain and hand would receive the plaudits and the prizes, not the greedy animal that *took* most—the sordid, selfish, soulless money-grubber and miser to whose "success" we now bow our mammon-worshipping heads.

Under a socialism there would be no mortgages, no foreclosures, no business failures, no bank-wreckings, no losses of life-time savings, no debts, no duns, no panics, no slumps in stocks, no equity suits, no taxes, no unemployed problem, no premiums on insurance, no interest on loans, no evictions, no portionless old age, no haunting fear of to-morrow, no need to do the other fellow before he can do you. These changes might work temporary hardship to the usurer, the money-lender, the landlord, the rack-renter, the lawyer, the politician, the sinecurist, the

industrial slave-driver, the so-called captain-of-industry and a good many other non-producers; for they would be obliged to do productive work, unless past the age-limit of sixty or physically or mentally unfit, in any one of which cases they would be pensioned. In the long run, they would benefit by the changes as much as any of us.

Under a collectivism the office would seek the citizen, not several men hunt the office. There would be fewer to support in the prisons, and those few could be made self-sustaining without fear of the cry against "convict-labor"; for the temptation to theft, forgery, breach-of-trust and all other crimes by which men seek to gain the property of their fellows would cease. It is submitted, also, that capital offences would materially lessen, with the golden motive left out of the problem, to say nothing of the probable effects of compulsory and universal education. Let me observe here, that I neither hope for nor expect any immediate, radical or miraculous changes in human nature or in human greed, selfishness and injustice. The race of man, or a good portion of it, will, indubitably, prefer to loaf, lie, steal, cheat and bully for many a long year; but if work be the *sine qua non* of a comfortable existence, if falsehood be unnecessary for business and social success, if subterfuge and chicanery be useless and readily discovered and punished, if there be no necessity for theft and the gain not worth the risk, and if there be no one for the truculent bully to browbeat, I respectfully suggest that such little preferences would have scant scope for their exercise and might, in ages to come, even atrophy through disuse.

By-the-by, the predatory ones among us whether they be the looters of millions and respectable or the lifters of "unconsidered trifles" and disreputable, are not altogether blameworthy; they err through ignorance or vicious training; they are natural products of our blind and brutal system; and you or I, or indeed any of us

except bishops, would look at a million very lovingly, and, if no one was looking, might take it home—and, if the matter did not escape our minds, advertise for the owner. We need protection against our impulses sometimes, and nobody is quite good enough to decide what constitutes a just and reasonable share or to be master of another's destiny. If for no other reasons than these two, a collectivist system analogous to the army-socialism would be a far better and more humanizing governing medium for society than our present method of "catch as catch can," "every man for himself" and "the devil take the hindmost"; for we should be led into but little temptation and delivered from much evil, were there well-defined limits to the amount of wealth we might roll in and to our power over the weak, helpless and needy.

We may not—we cannot, with safety—we would best not, let us say, attempt to jump to this "consummation devoutly to be wished for," but, surely, we may, can, and ought to, accelerate evolution, without prefixing an "R" to it; for revolution is destructive rather than constructive, its cost in human life and energy is fearful, its aftermath of hatred, distrust and apprehension hardly fades in a century, and it leaves mankind advanced, it is true, and in possession of vast acreage from which the weeds and underbrush have been cleared, but prostrate, exhausted by its herculean task, and unfit until after long repose to cultivate the still unbroken sod.

Suppose a man homesteads a hundred acres in a wooded country. Does he attempt to clear it in the first year? No. He selects a convenient patch of the best land contiguous to the spot where he purposes to build his cabin, removes such trees only as are necessary (preferably, those that will be of use for building, fencing and fuel), grubs up the weeds and plants a crop—destruction and construction going hand-in-hand,—working with calmness, with discretion, with patience, seeking to clear no more than he can plow, discriminating between rank undergrowth

and the tree or vine that is "beautiful to the eye and good for food," tearing away the poisoned ivy, but letting the grand oak it clings upon stand, untouched by his axe, to fling its grateful benison of shade upon him that spared its life. That man is an evolutionist.

He that strikes down a wrong, even though it be by the infliction of a lesser one, is a hero, a benefactor, a patriot, a soldier fighting for the common good. But he that plucks up the weed Falsehood and plants in its place the flower Truth, he that strangles a wrong that a right may live, he that disintegrates with one hand the walls of oppression and injustice to

build with the other, from the same material, homes for the oppressed and wronged,—that man is a creator, a god working in harmony with the eternal law of evolution.

It seems to me that the hour is at hand when all men and women that are not knaves, cowards, fools or sloths should have the courage of their convictions and face the issues of our day and generation fairly, honestly, humanly, leaving policy, self-interest and fear of social or other consequences to take care of their pitiful selves.

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

THE PROBLEM.

I.

BY CHARLES MALLOY,

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OLIVER Wendell Holmes thought that "The Problem" should have been placed first in Mr. Emerson's book of poems, and it is thought by others that "The Sphinx" should not have been first, as it frightens away readers. But we do not read the first poem first unless we please to; and as to "The Sphinx," it probably never occurred to Emerson that there was anything difficult or obscure about it. It was plain and clear to him, and, with the illusion common to authors, why should it not be plain and clear to all attentive readers? I think Mr. Emerson was wise in placing "The Sphinx" first, as its doctrines or fundamental conceptions lie at the foundation of his religion and philosophy. But this is not the time for a discussion of reasons somewhat contrary to the popular estimate. We find "The Problem" third in the series, where Mr. Holmes would have located "The Sphinx." But "The Problem" is

a sphinx,—that is to say, an unanswered question—which is the definition Mr. Emerson gives of "sphinx," in the poem "The Sphinx." And while "The Sphinx" is called "*The Sphinx*," "The Problem" might be called *a sphinx*. This will suggest the difference in classification between the two poems and help to show the wisdom of Mr. Emerson's arrangement. In "The Sphinx" we have the generic sphinx. In "The Problem" we have a specific sphinx. "The Sphinx" appears in ten thousand sphinxes.

"Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head."

In short, the Sphinx appears in all

things where a question may be asked.

"Ask on, thou clothed eternity,"

gives us the Intellect as the sphinx of all the sphinxes. "The Problem" is one of them.

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowléd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?"

The problem is in these last two lines. In the preceding lines the poet expresses his intelligence and appreciation of the good things commanded by the cowléd churchman. He loves them as part of the condition and environment belonging to another. He does not want them for himself. Now, why? That is the unanswered question, the particular sphinx. Some fine psychology enters into a discussion of this verse.

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul."

How should one reject what he "likes"
or "loves"?

"And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles."

In these two lines we have phenomena standing against two separate senses. Monastic "aisles" and pensive "smiles" are optical phenomena and address the eye. "Sweet strains" are acoustic phenomena and address the ear. And because these two orders of phenomena cannot be subsumed under either the eye or the ear, therefore the logic of the poem makes them fall upon the heart, which is equally hospitable to both.

"And on my *heart* monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles."

Now we know that expressions given by two neighboring senses are entirely dispa-

rate and irreducible one into the other. The eye and the ear cannot mix their accumulations into a compound or common quantity. Sight and sound cannot be stirred up together as sensations into a third, and be used by the mind in this united form. It is only by another power that they become useful for further combination. Sight and sound—totally discrete and unlike in themselves and totally unfit for mixture into anything else as a mental substitute,—how can they become "like"? By "Falling on the heart" says Emerson, building "better than he knew," perhaps, for psychology in his day had hardly reached these refinements.

What do we mean, then, by "falling on the heart"? The heart, in a former and prescientific terminology, was used to denote, roughly, what are called the feelings; and under the term "feelings" were classified the more specific mental forms of consciousness that we call emotions. We are compelled to regard sensations, especially as given by the eye and the ear, as closely connected with certain of our emotions. We would not say that they turn into emotions. This temporal connection, this fact of immediate succession, would thus justify the language of the poem. They "fall on the heart"—the events given by the eye and the ear respectively, and in that trysting-place achieve a happy union, thus reaching emotion, out of sensation, and reappearing as love, or beauty, or some of the finer forms of a spiritual experience. In this we have an analogy in the physical phenomenon of different kinds of food, when digested, coming into one blood. This exegesis will be found useful in dealing with some problems both in Emerson and Browning, and perhaps Shakespeare.

What is identity? When we speak of a spiritual experience we have names for only a few of these wonderful events, and good definition is only partially achieved for these few. The following quotation, rather long, from Professor James will clear the ground for a few words pertinent to an inquiry at this point:

"Consciousness is in constant change. I do not mean by this to say that no one state of mind has any duration. Even if true, that would be hard to establish. What I wish to lay stress on is this, that no state once gone can recur and be identical with what it was before. Now we are seeing; now hearing; now reasoning; now willing; now recollecting; now expecting; now loving; now hating; and in a hundred other ways we know our minds to be alternately engaged. But all these are complex states, it may be said, produced by combination of simple ones:—do not the simpler ones follow a different law? Are not the sensations which we get from the same object, for example, always the same? Does not the same piano-key, struck with the same force, make us hear in the same way? Does not the same grass give us the same feeling of green, the same sky the same feeling of blue, and do we not get the same olfactory sensation, no matter how many times we put our nose to the same flask of cologne? It seems a piece of metaphysical sophistry to say that we do not; and yet a close attention to the matter shows that there is no proof that an incoming current ever gives us just the same bodily sensation twice.

"What is got twice is the same object. We hear the same note over and over again; we see the same quality of green, or smell the same objective perfume, or experience the same species of pain. The realities, concrete and abstract, physical and ideal, whose permanent existence we believe in, seem to be constantly coming up again before our thought and lead us, in our carelessness, to suppose that our *ideas* of them are the same. When we come, some time later, to the chapter on Perception, we shall see how inveterate is our habit of simply using our sensible impressions as stepping-stones to pass over to the recognition of the realities whose presence they reveal. The grass out of the window now looks to me the same grass in the sun as in the shade, and yet a painter would have to paint one part of it

dark brown, another part of it bright yellow, to give its real sensational effect. We take no heed, as a rule, of the different way in which the same things look and sound and smell at different distances and under different circumstances. The sameness of the things is what we are concerned to ascertain; and any sensations which assure us of that will probably be considered in a rough way to be the same with each other. This is what makes off-hand testimony about the objective identity of different sensations well-nigh worthless as a proof of the fact. The entire history of what is called sensation is a commentary on our inability to tell whether two sensible qualities received apart are exactly alike. What appeals to our attention far more than the absolute quality of an impression is its ratio to whatever other impressions we may have at the same time. When everything is dark, a somewhat less dark sensation makes us see an object as white. Helmholtz calculates that the white marble painted in a picture representing an architectural view by moonlight, is, when seen by daylight, from ten to twenty thousand times brighter than the real moonlit marble would be. Such a difference as this could never have been sensibly learned; it had to be inferred from a series of indirect considerations. These make us believe that our sensibility is altering all the time, so that the same object cannot easily give us the same sensation over again. We feel things differently accordingly as we are sleepy or awake, hungry or full, fresh or tired; differently at night and in the morning; differently in summer and in winter; and above all, differently in childhood, manhood and old age. And yet we never doubt that our feelings reveal the same world, with the same sensible qualities and the same sensible things accompanying it. The difference of the sensibility is shown best by the difference of our *emotion* about the things from one age to another, or when we are in different organic moods. What was bright and exciting becomes weary, flat and unprofit-

able. The bird's song is tedious, the breeze is mournful, the sky is sad.

"To these indirect presumptions that our sensations, following the mutations of our capacity for feeling, are always undergoing an essential change, must be added another presumption, based on what may happen in the brain.

"Every sensation corresponds to some cerebral action. For an identical sensation to recur it would have to occur the second time in an unmodified brain. But as this, strictly speaking, is a physiological impossibility, so is an unmodified feeling an impossibility; for to every brain-modification, however small, we suppose that there must correspond a change of equal amount in the consciousness which the brain subserves.

"But if the assumption of simple sensations recurring in immediate shape is so easily shown to be baseless, how much more baseless is the assumption of immutability in the larger masses of our thought.

"For it is obvious and palpable that our state of mind is never precisely the same. Every thought we have of a given fact is, strictly speaking, unique and only bears a resemblance of kind with our other thoughts of the same fact. When the identical fact recurs, we must think of it in a fresh manner, see it under a somewhat different angle, apprehend it in different relations from those in which it last appeared. And the thought by which we cognize it is the thought of it in those relations, a thought suffused with consciousness of all that dim context. Often we are struck with the strange differences in our successive views of the same thing. We wonder how we ever could have opined as we did last month about a certain matter. We have outgrown the possibility of that state of mind, we know not how. From one year to another we see things in new lights. What was unreal has grown real, and what was exciting is insipid. The friends we used to care the world for are shrunk to shadows; the women once so divine, the stars, the woods,

the waters, how now so dull and common! —the young girls that brought an aura of infinity, at present hardly distinguishable existences; the pictures so empty, and as for the books, what was there to find so mysteriously significant in Goethe, or in John Mill so full of insight? Instead of all this, more zestful than ever is the work, the work; and fuller and deeper the import of common duties and common goods.

"I am sure that this concrete and total manner of regarding the mind's changes is the only manner, difficult as it may be to carry it out in detail. If anything seems obscure about it, it will grow clear as we advance. Meanwhile if it be true, it is certainly also true that no two ideas are ever exactly the same, which is the proposition we started to prove. The proposition is more important theoretically than it at first sight seems. For it makes it already impossible for us to follow obediently in the footprints of either the Lockean or the Herbertian schools, schools which have had almost unlimited influence in Germany and among ourselves. No doubt it is often convenient to formulate the mental facts in an atomistic way, and to treat the higher states of consciousness as if they were all built out of unchanging simple ideas which 'pass and turn again.' It is convenient often to treat curves as if they were composed of small straight lines, and electricity and nerve-force as if they were fluids. But in the one case as in the other we must never forget that we are talking symbolically and that there is nothing in nature to answer to our words. A permanently-existing idea which makes its appearance before the footlights of consciousness at periodical intervals is as mythological an entity as the Jack of Spades."

We may not refer explicitly to much of this long extract from Professor James. We need not say that emotion is not made out of sensations, especially the emotions expressed by the words "like" and "love"

in the above lines. These mental events lie farther on in a spiritual process. The dog or the horse could have the sensations in a way which stand in corollation with eye and ear, but not the emotions "like" and "love" as used in this poem. But when these meanings are realized, then the sensations have a common and perhaps equal value. Incomparable as directly contrasted, they are coördinate as antecedents to states of consciousness which immediately follow them.

. "Monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles."

They produce the same *pleasure* in the mind of the poet.

This subtle identity, when carried on to a real value in human experience, herein disclosed in diverse forms, furnishes a law, as we have intimated, which may help us in some difficult interpretations. Music and wine are one, for example, in Emerson's "Bacchus," where it is the effect and not the form about which identity may be affirmed, Emerson meaning neither literal music nor literal wine, but certain passages in the history of the soul. The same need of the law if it be valid will be found in "Abt Vogler" in Browning, in at least two instances, only one of which will be given in this place:

"Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I
reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises
that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say
that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone
thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the
kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your
comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling
with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same
God: ay, what was, shall be."

Music is a combination of events collectively considered and a stream in con-

sciousness while it lasts considered in its subjective forms. In the light of Professor James' remarks, as quoted, we certainly could not have the same again. We cannot have any experience again the same as before. We change even if the objective transaction could be repeated. Something like intellectual parallax takes place,—the things, if the same, do not find us the same, as Professor James has so well expressed it. We must say sadly of a thousand delightful hours, we cannot have them again. The attempt to repeat, though frequently with great pains and labor, is always a disappointment. Our music the second time is something else. The identity is not in the form or content of another experience, but in its value. Browning finds this value in three separate forms in "Abt Vogler": First, in the beautiful music; secondly, in the building "transparent as glass"; and thirdly, in the poem he writes. These three events were of equal value, and so identical. Things have value, says Lotze, only when they come to feeling. The good thing to Browning will not be his music again. Music is an event, or a collection of events; and as we have seen in the quotations from Professor James, we can never repeat events, so few of the included factors remain constant. Browning found his music again many times, no doubt, symbolically, or in other things, but not in music or not in the experience given in "Abt Vogler." He found it in poems perhaps, but music was metonymy for it all. "The Ring and the Book" was another beautiful building "transparent as glass." We none of us ever have our music back again as really the same. We may have an equivalent so far as pleasure is concerned. A psychological parallax takes place. Much remains the same, but the mind moves on and stands in new relations. This effects both intellectual and esthetic results, even if the physical conditions are intact.

"Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?"

This, as we have said, is the "problem." It does not appear to the casual reader that the poem solves this problem. Thus far at least it is still a sphinx. It would seem the first purpose of the poem, logically and structurally, to say fine things of the "vest," and so by singing the praises of the rejected estate thereby enhance the value of a transcendental and better estate.

The movement essential to a disposition and rationale of what follows lies right here in a proper connotation for this word "vest." It must receive a vastly expanded meaning, one large enough to take in the whole life, environment and personality of the churchman—all he is and all he commands as such. By this bold synecdoche, working the figure to its highest power, the total phenomenon—the man, his possessions, his work, his honors, his pleasures, his means, functions and prospects for the future—are condensed into this word; and the question of the poet is, Would I be the subject and recipient of all this, because in many of its particulars and details it is beautiful and so "allures" me? Why, thus excellent and attractive, is it repulsive after all? This is the paradox. The churchman has won these good things by a life of strenuous efforts. The world looks upon him as fortunate, and perhaps with envy. He is happy. Beauty, power, wealth, love, are given him. These are his "vest," his coat of many colors.

"Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?"

There is much in the "vest" which is beautiful and excellent, and which might well prove alluring if one could have it without too great cost in the form of a compensating loss. Who could speak of these beautiful and excellent things in words so generous, so extravagant even, as Emerson has done? Art had given her best treasures to make the "vest," and the great works of art were within easy reach of the higher dignitaries of the church. "The awful Jove of Phidias"

was something better than a "stone doll," as Newton would call it. "Not from a vain or shallow thought" did such things come. In the days of their production they were offerings at the bidding of sentiments then felt to be worship. They should be received in the spirit which inspired them. So all the objects of religious veneration, cherished and called holy by the church. The poet is no iconoclast, but a lover of art for its own sake even, and willing to go a little farther and give it the luster of old and so-called sacred associations,—put himself in the place of old worshipers.

"Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle."

Even something of sincerity and honest faith is conceded to old forms, past and gone forever. Men once believed in them. Like the "vest" of the churchman, he liked them as vestment for another, even if not for himself.

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

He would leave the churchman all his reverence for the Bible. This, too, was nature and had its origin in what was real. It was not the work of idle men, but of earnest and honest men. It came from the heart and spoke to the heart. It was natural to give it, natural to receive it. The churchman had good cause for his reverence.

"The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe."

These forms were wanted when made, and the demand of the heart for them was tender and profound. They were the best of all forms at the time, and the people never suspected them to be hollow and without meaning.

"The canticles of love and woe."

They were for joy and sorrow; for the

sense of guilt and for the sense of forgiveness. They accused and then excused, and gave peace at last to uncounted millions.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The last two lines are often quoted. Emerson seems to have "builded better than he knew" in writing them.

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old,"

and

"Himself from God he could not free."

In these lines Emerson uses nature and God as synonymous terms. The argument for this identification we cannot give in this place. Besides, the constant reader of Emerson will not need the argument. Goethe says: "If a man does not see that God and nature are one, he does not understand either of them."

In all the above exemplars the poet praises the "vest" of the churchman. Why should he see so much to "allure" in the "vest" of the churchman and yet not want it for himself? He would say still more in praise of the "vest":

"Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's
nest

Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles."

The work of the woodbird and of the fish was nature's work. So nature, which made the artist, made *his* work. It was nature at a little farther remove than in the case of the bird and the fish. When did man ultimately get any art which nature did not give him?

"The arts have their origin always in some enthusiasm, as love, patriotism, or religion. Who carved marble? The believing men who wished to symbolize their gods to the waiting Greeks."

"The Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshiped. Tragedy was instituted for a like purpose, and the miracles of music: all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm and never out of dilettanteism and holy days. Now they languish because their purpose is merely exhibition."

"In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading-room, the telegraph, the post-office, the exchange, the insurance-company, and the immense harvest of economical inventions are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants, and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for finer flowers and fruits of another age. For beauty, truth and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man. They are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair."

"Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things. The *Iliad* of Homer, the Songs of David, the Odes of Pindar, the Tragedies of Æschylus, the Doric temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakespeare, all

were made, not for sport, but in grave earnest, in tears and smiles of suffering and loving men. Viewed from this point the history of art becomes intelligible and one of the most agreeable of studies. We see how each work of art sprang from necessity, and, moreover, took its form from the broad hint of Nature."

"We feel, in seeing a noble building, which rhymes well, as we do in hearing a perfect song, that it is spiritually organic; that is, had a necessity in nature for being; was one of the possible forms in the Divine mind, and is now only discovered and executed by the artist, not arbitrarily composed by him."

"The reference of all production at last to an aboriginal Power explains the traits common to all works of the highest art, that they are universally intelligible."

"In happy hours nature appears to us with art: art perfected,—the work of genius."

"A study of admirable works of art sharpens our perceptions of the beauty of nature. A certain analogy runs throughout the wonders of both. The contemplation of a great work of art draws into the state of mind which may be called religious. It conspires with all exalted sentiments."

"The difference between men is in their principle of association. Some men classify objects by color and size and other accidents of appearance; others by intrinsic likeness, or by the relation of cause and effect. The progress of the intellect consists in the clearer vision of causes, which overlooks surface differences. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life and slights the circumstance."

The grand thought in the above quotations from Emerson is the identity of man and nature. Of course man means art, man's work, which thus shares the identification. These thoughts in the

poem and suggested by the poem are all in praise of the "vest."

Pertinent to this metaphor of "vest" we may quote a few words from Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*, "vest" being the great central-thought of that wonderful poem in prose:

"All visible things are emblems: what thou seest is not there on its own account: strictly taken, it is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually and to represent some Idea and body it forth. Hence clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the king's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning victory over want. On the other hand, all emblematic things are properly clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our reason are like spirits, revealed and first become all-powerful,—the rather if, as we often see, the hand too aid her and—by wool clothes or otherwise—reveal such even to the outward eye? Men are properly said to be clothed with authority, clothed with beauty, with curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is man himself and his whole terrestrial life but an emblem; a clothing or garment for that divine Me of his, cast hither, like a light particle, down from heaven? Thus he is said, also, to be clothed with a body.

"Language is called the Garment of Thought: however, it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the Body of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment, and does she not? Metaphors are her stuffs: examine language: what, if you except a few primitive elements—of natural sand—what is it all but metaphors, recognized or no longer recognized; still fluid and florid or now solid grown and colorless? If those same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures in the Flesh-Garment, Language, then are Metaphors its muscles and tissues and living integuments. An unmeta-

phorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not your very attention a stretching-to? The difference lies here: Some styles are lean, adust, wirey, the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten and dead-looking; while others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous self-growth, sometimes as in my own case not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham Metaphors, which, overhanging that Thought's body, best naked, and deceptively bedizening or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-cloaks, and tawdry woollen rags, whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole hampers—and burn them."

"Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles."

Love and terror do not now build churches. Other emotions furnish the motive. This does not imply spiritual retrogression. If there is not love of God, there is often love of art; and fear as a religious impulse we cannot be rid of too soon and too much. The following lines of this verse are a farther expression of the friendship between nature and art:

"These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within."

There seems an inadvertency in writing "Master" with a capital. That distinction obviously should have been given to "vast soul"—the "same power" that "reared the shrine," and that "bestrode the tribes." The passive Master who lent his hand was the technical builder or architect.

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host."

The mysterious effect of numbers in the experience of intellectual or emotional excitation is well known and is so sure that it may be taken for granted on all

occasions. It is a kind of natural sympathy and is not confined to religious congregations. This very common effect often is mistaken for a supernatural or divine influence. People generally are willing to enjoy the intoxication and are not too philosophical about its source.

"The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken,"—

was somehow "writ" on human hearts, and thus on "tables yet unbroken." There is no use any longer, when such tables are gone, for prophets. Their occupation has expired. The religion which is science and to which Mr. Emerson's later writings introduce us, notably his "Essay on the Preacher," does not ask for prophets save in a metaphorical sense, and of much in these lines we can only say, *It is poetry.*

"The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

This expresses Mr. Emerson's great reverence for the religious sentiment and for the traditional spirit and language of the churchman. But "the religions of the world," he says, "are the ejaculations of a few imaginative minds." And he would treat these ejaculations in the scrutiny and logic of a religion which is science, making intellect the last court of appeal. He still praises the "vest":

"I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowléd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be."

"Golden Lips" were ascribed in love and enthusiasm to Chrysostom, as the name implies; and Taylor, "the younger

Golden Lips," he would think still more entitled to this fine name. But "The Shakespeare of divines" he would think a still finer name. Was Taylor relatively to divines what Shakespeare was compared with poets? Emerson would give him this supremacy in his own class; "Golden Lips" or "golden mines," a yet richer estate, as the metaphor would imply.

The poem has now given us the church, the cowl, the prophet of the soul, the charm of monastic aisles, the sweet and solemn music, the pensive smiles of devotees, the Bible, the litany, the canticles, the grand architecture of the church, and all the great works of art commanded by the churchmen. Then we have the spectacle of earnest worshipers; their love and reverence, their child-like, unquestioning faith and obedience; then the inspirations and raptures of the rich church-service, and the great joy of standing as father, priest and king among a loving people; then the literature of the church and its beliefs, its hopes of heaven and "immortal glory," and all the good things of this

world besides, with the fame of Taylor, this "Shakespeare of divines." But with all this he can say:

"I would not the good bishop be."

Now the "problem" again:

"Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?"

This question leads us to consider the awful fact of subjectiveness or personality, the one transcendent distinction in the complex concept of life.

"Alone with the alone" is a sentence or a phrase given us by Emerson and intended as an expression for extreme solitude. But in our profounder thought we ask for an abridgment, and retain only "alone" as the only predicate for the soul. The second term is objective; the subject would absorb all. Let us quote Emerson in his "Essay on Experience" as pertinent to our present thought.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

A NATIONAL ART THEATER FOR AMERICA.

A SYMPOSIUM

BY F. F. MACKAY, F. EDWIN ELWELL AND EDWIN MARKHAM.

I.

FRRIENDS of the movement which seeks to establish a great National Art Theater in New York which shall accomplish for America all and more than the Theatre Français has achieved for the art and culture of France, are constantly met with objections. This is to be expected. No forward movement, however sane and practical, has escaped the opposition of pessimists and chronic objectors; and perhaps they serve a good purpose by affording the friends of a movement an opportunity to test the soundness of all objections that can be urged. I think it

is safe to say that our movement has been benefited rather than injured by Mr. Carnegie's objections, as they have been so effectively met and answered and the untenability of his position has been so clearly proven.

But there are other objections advanced. One that is frequently heard in New York is that there are not in our great metropolis patrons or lovers of art in sufficient numbers to support a theater that might attempt to present only dramas which are good literature and which represent the life and manners of the present time.

This view I believe to be eminently superficial, and I think it can be clearly pointed out that there has always been a large proportion of our people who have loved and keenly appreciated good literature and whose tastes enable them to enjoy fine acting. As bearing on this point let me quote verbatim from *The Post-Boy*, published in New York in 1750:

"Thursday evening the tragedy of *Cato*, wrote by Mr. Addison, was played at the theater in this city before a very numerous audience, the greatest part of whom were of the opinion that it was pretty well performed. As it was the fullest assembly that has ever appeared in that house it may serve to prove that the taste of this place is not so much vitiated or lost to a sense of liberty but that they can prefer a representation of virtue to one of a loose character."*

Here we find the journalist recording the notable fact that Addison's *Cato* drew the largest audience of New Yorkers that had ever been attracted to the theater, and this play, as the readers know, belongs to the classic drama of England. If, then, in those remote days when the population of New York was less than ten thousand there were enough people of refinement and taste to sustain a drama presenting the virtues instead of the vices of life, is it not altogether probable that in the New York of to-day, with its three million five hundred thousand inhabitants, there may be found a sufficiently large class of people with refined taste to support a higher range of plays than have been in general presented, even in the best theaters of the city, during the past decade? New York is a city of wealth and is by no means devoid of public spirit, as is amply attested by her many noble public buildings, her beautiful parks and her magnificent museums, zoölogical gardens and other public institutions. The presence of these things speaks not only of civic pride and municipal wealth, but also (when we remember the munificent gifts

from individuals from time to time) indicate that in our great metropolis there are rich men of refinement and culture who could be easily interested in the work of building and endowing a National Art Theater such as would prove a crowning glory to the Empire City.

In all that pertains to the presentation of the drama great improvement has been made during the past thirty years. Improvement in the construction of theaters, harmoniousness in scenery, correctness in costumes, and in all the details of stage-setting have reached a point that seems to limit further progress. But the art of acting has failed to keep pace with the improved mechanical environment. It has been laggard at a time when great acting and great dramas were urgently demanded to add to the culture and intellectual activity of a great and growing nation. Is this failure due to the absence of writers capable of producing great plays—works that are literature and that are vibrant with life and not wanting in fine ideals? I cannot think so. Is it because the great human amalgam called the American People is no longer able to give us able representatives of histrionism? Certainly not. The failure lies elsewhere. Given the opportunity, there are no people more capable of meeting the highest demands of the dramatic art than the men and women of our republic. The American dramatist has not had an opportunity untrammelled by financial conditions; and the actor has not developed because opportunity in the higher planes of human emotions has not been presented as a field of action. Nor is the reason difficult to find.

With the development of internecine troubles in 1861, the congregation of thousands of men in the cities or near them in camps for training or drilling in the art of war, made a great and unexpected increase in the patrons of the theaters. The playhouses were filled to overflowing night after night through the entire season. Managers who had been content to close their season of forty weeks with a few hundred dollars ahead, soon found them-

*Ireland's *Records of the New York Stage*.

selves with thousands. They grew rich. Speculators saw the "open door" and rushed into the field to gather a harvest of dollars, without thought or care for the art of acting and with no knowledge of dramatic literature beyond that which they had acquired as spectators sitting in front of the stage. Behind the curtain was a mysterious mass of canvas and ropes. They bought plays as they might buy tea or coffee—after they had been tried. The actor-manager always retains some love of his art. The speculator loves only the poster and the box-office.

In former days when the manager was about to produce a play, his first care was to find actors who could properly represent the author's mental conceptions. He deemed a certain amount of brain-force necessary. The speculator thinks only of the spectacular effect. Muscle and adipose matter, with him, count for more than cultivated nerve-force. The "leading lady" must be, to use a colloquial term, a "good-looker," with an unlimited wardrobe. She may mumble her words with bad articulation, so that half of them are not understood by the audience. She may murder her author's intention and smother his *dramatis personæ* if her silks and furs are only rich enough to make some frivolous one in the audience say: "How elegantly she is gowned."

The actor-manager formerly required the artist to adapt himself to the character in the play. The speculator requires the author to adapt the "character" to the actor. Sameness of personality must result in tiresome monotony, and finally in death to the art of impersonation.

The financial manager buys a play at the lowest figure. That's business. If there are fifteen characters in the play he cuts out five, then puts down a certain amount of money against each part as the weekly salary, sits in his office-chair, and invites the professional actors to call "on business." A group of twenty actors may be assembled in the ante-room. The office-boy admits them one at a time.

"Good morning, Mr. B.," says the man-

ager. "I've a great part here for you; and you are just the man for the part. Let me see, what is your salary?"

"Fifty dollars a week," replies the actor.

"Fifty dollars a week!" repeats the manager with assumed astonishment. "O, I'm sorry for that. I thought I could arrange with you, but this 'part' is worth only thirty dollars."

And when the actor ventures to argue that he cannot afford to give four weeks' rehearsals for an engagement of two weeks (all contracts have a clause in them that enables the manager to close out with a two weeks' notice), the manager says: "Well, I do n't know, now. That's not so bad. My leading woman gets only thirty, and she has to buy fine, new gowns for the play."

"Well, sir," says the actor, "make it forty per week, and I'll try it."

"Sorry," says the manager, "but can't do it. You see the part is worth only thirty per week."

The actor walks out, and another is called, and another, till a man is found who just fits the salary offered. Thus the financial manager rates the characters in the play exactly, but he chances the actor. The public, by this method of dealing with art, get the skeleton of the author's intention through the strangled impersonation of undeveloped actors.

Seven-tenths of the plays that fail fail through ignorant direction and bad acting. There are a few authors who have been able to have good actors in their plays; and their plays are in nine cases in ten entirely successful.

Formerly the actor had an engagement for forty weeks. This period was called a theatrical season; and all of the holidays there were, except three, brought the actor an extra salary. Now there are ten holidays, and the actor must play them all without any compensation. If the government continues to make new holidays, the actor may finally play the entire year without compensation.

Is it not time for the brain and heart of

America to call a halt on the abuses that have through financial scheming crept into the dramatic profession? The way to arrest these wrongs is by presenting an example of right. Let New York have a National Art Theater which shall become a standard of excellence for dramatic authors—a theater where the author's play shall be accepted, not because it tickles the fancy of the vulgar in taste, but because it presents literature, drama and philosophy that should be perpetuated, because it affords an opportunity for the aspiring artist to find a standard in his art at which he may aim—a standard of excellence in acting which when achieved shall entitle him to a place of honor among the highest of the fine arts. The work of the dramatist, I think, comes nearer being a creation than that of any other author. His aim is to array human emotions in such juxtaposition that when they are properly presented the audience discerns at once the true semblance of human beings. But without the actor to illustrate, plays are unreadable and they climb to the upper shelves of the library, to be buried and forgotten under accumulated dust.

The author and the actor are necessary to each other, and both are necessary to the public. Art has ever been the limiting power of the highest civilization. Our civilization calls for all the real aid that can be brought to bear upon modern life, that it may express its highest and best; and among those real present-day needs is a great National Art Theater in our Metropolis that shall set a high standard and give new impetus to the genius of dramatist and of actor alike.

F. F. MACKAY.

New York City.

II.

The most prominent reasons for an endowed theater are, first, the bald fact that the theater has fallen into the hands of greedy commercialists who have no refinement of ideals,—in fact, apparently no ideals at all; second, the degradation

of theatrical genius to fit this depraved condition.

The theater is not only a pleasure but a vital necessity which we cannot well do without. It is the great school of the masses who have been deprived of the opportunity of a university education. It is even a great school for those who have been so fortunate as to have a higher education. It is the proper place to have those nobler emotions of the human heart so stirred that one is obliged to forget the mundane things of life. These emotions exist in the human make-up and must be satisfied, either with high, noble presentations of the deeds of noble men and women, or be constantly degraded by low ideals and ingenuous stupidities.

If the public will permit the parallel between the church and the theater, it will enable us better to understand how important is the position occupied by the theater in the life of a people. We can make the comparison without in the least detracting from the holy office of the church in the lives of men. All religious presentation is in the form of pictures enacted as a symbol drama, representing to the mortal eye immortal ideals which have done so much to bring peace on earth and a good understanding between men. The noble pictures of the suffering and death of our blessed Lord and the great drama played in the church on Sabbath and Feast-days would be sadly missed out of our lives. But suppose for one moment that the church should conclude to lower the character of these presentations and make them more popular,—meaning, of course, presenting them in a form so that they would make more money for the church, do we suppose for a moment that the great mass of the intelligent public would tolerate such a change? Has not the Holy Father set his hand against the debasing of the Mass by the introduction of what we know as "popular church-music" for a reason very similar to that which prompts us Americans to demand a National Art Theater? He would preserve the noble

and elevating sacred music as an exalting influence in the services; and we are demanding an Art Theater that a noble drama may be fostered and preserved. This reverend and wise ruler of the Church of Rome has foreseen the great danger to the Church of Christ in the introduction of so-called "popular effects." If it seemed wise for the Holy Father to try to help humanity back to a larger appreciation of the value of the great dignity of the Gregorian Chants, have we not the same reason in this country to attempt to place the drama on a more dignified and lasting footing? It is perfectly reasonable that we should desire to turn the theater back to a wholesome condition where we can enjoy those finer attributes of human emotion, as normal and right as they are necessary to the best development of the race.

Why an Endowed Art Theater? Because we wish to preserve intellectual refinement, picture noble life and action, reestablish poetic feeling to replace the criminality of sordid greed. Why? Because we cannot enjoy the theater to-day with our children. We never see a classic play or feel that what we do see will add to our own or our childrens' education. We avoid the theater that we may not contaminate our children with the commonplace trash of the ordinary "all-continuous performance," in tinsel theatrical surroundings, where cheap notoriety is fostered and splendid minds are degraded.

The great genius in the art of acting has no proper place in which to develop a God-given ability in America. He is pushed to the wall or is forced through circumstances to lower his just pride in his profession to meet the desires of the grasping manager.

Is it possible to conceive that a race taught to regard art as idolatry will ever see in the theater anything but an opportunity for a "get-rich-quick" concern?

A National Art Theater is a necessity as great as good government.

Civilization is dependent upon whole-

some entertainment, more especially a nation like our own, where every nerve is stretched to its limit in the mad rush after the almighty dollar.

A National Endowed Theater would satisfy a long-felt want, and we could go with our children to this temple of Art and not feel that we had left our respectable and refined selves outside in the lobby.

F. EDWIN ELWELL.

New York City.

III.

There can be no real dramatic art while the question of house-packing instead of the simple problem of writing a good play is the thing that must control the playwright's mind.

But the playwright alone can not project and sustain a noble drama. The drama must educate and delight the people; the people must appreciate and demand the drama at its best. There must be reciprocity between play and audience.

In Shakespeare's time the public ear was keenly attuned to the best. The people were singing the strong old folklore ballads. To-day the ordinary theater-goer is flabby of mental muscle. Musical comedies with horse-play and rag-time take the place of the old, robust melodies.

I saw a group of Italian laborers last year, going home from the completion of a piece of track-laying for a new street-car line, and they were lifting loud rejoicings; not coon-songs nor any other vaudeville echoes. No. Instead they sent out splendid strains of a grand, old opera that filled the street with harmony.

The Germans and Italians are fed on good music from the cradle up, and thus know and ask the best. Our people must in like manner be nourished on good dramatic art, and then they will call for that only.

The endowed theater would be a powerful means of encouraging good dramatic art. Here the best classic plays could be produced independently of paying qual-

ities. Here also modern plays, written with an eye single to good art, could be put on the boards to test their quality. The rising young dramatists of our country, those representing the class of Stephen Phillips in England—Vaughn Moody, Charles Leonard Moore and Josephine Preston Peabody—these writers might have their plays produced and be encouraged to do larger things. A drama like *El Dorado*, by Ridgeley Torrence, of New York, a play just published by John Lane, might be given to the public in the wider publication of the boards. Mr. Torrence's play is particularly worthy of attention, as he is a young American who has chosen for his drama one of our splendid, long-waiting American themes—the search of Coronado for the fabled seven cities of Cibola. Mr. Torrence is a poet commended to us already by his book, *The House of a Hundred Lights*, and this play, *El Dorado*, is full of fine poetic diction. The girl Beatrix, disguised to follow the explorers, would be a fine leading

part for an actress of spirit. Perth, the discharged prisoner, just emerged from thirty years of living death underground, a man broken and crumbled in years but bearing still the heart of a youth, not realizing his age, could by some new Joseph Jefferson be made an ideal creation. Coronado is a hero's figure for a leading man. This play now will perhaps never see the footlights. With an endowed theater its faults and virtues might be tested. It would give an evening infinitely superior to those made possible by dozens of cheap, characterless plays now in vogue.

This endowed theater, a National Art Theater, would serve as a standard of taste and as a ceaseless inspiration to all other theaters of the nation. This idea is worth the serious attention of everyone who wishes to plant a seed of the ideal in the hard materialism of our commercial age.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

West New Brighton, N. Y.

DAN. BEARD: THE MAN AND HIS ART.

By B. O. FLOWER.

I.

AMONG the group of able, earnest and thoughtful artists and writers who are at once giving strength, virility, moral force and distinction to our art and literature and who are also loyal to the ideals of democracy, I know of no one more thoroughly American in every fiber of his moral and mental make-up than Daniel Carter Beard. And in using the word American, I employ it as the embodiment of the theory of government enunciated by the Declaration of Independence—that new ideal of human rights, of emancipation and the dawn with which Jefferson and the fathers startled age-long despotism and class-rule, making the new republic the antipodes of all other govern-

ments and the moral leader in the commonwealth of nations.

II.

The life of Mr. Beard suggests those fascinating questions about which there is so much argument: How much does heredity have to do in dyeing the threads that form the warp and woof of individual character, and to what extent do the ideals of ancestors that are constantly before the minds of the young give bent to natural tendencies? That heredity is frequently a positive factor in shaping the destiny of life I think is reasonably well established. Yet I incline to believe that an impressionable mind, and especially one that is



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

A COLD SNAP IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GAY LIFE OF THE PRIVILEGED CLASSES
IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"The Court took a day off when the red ball was up."—From XV. Century MS. in the British Museum.

(See Editorial.)

morally sensitive, is frequently far more powerfully influenced by the deeds, lives and thoughts of sturdy ancestors than by the more obscure and subtle potency of heredity.

Mr. Beard comes of Puritan and Quaker ancestry, a combination one would hardly expect to produce an artist with a strong sense of humor. On his maternal side all his ancestors were from Massachusetts and Rhode Island. They were among the earliest and sturdiest settlers of the then bleak and inhospitable shores of New England. On his paternal side he descended from Widow Beard, who arrived in Connecticut with a family of sons in 1637. "This," said the artist dryly and with a suggestion of humor lurking in his eye, "is the latest importation of foreign blood in my veins." Consequently he is not only an American in thought, feeling and aspiration, but also probably comes as near being a native American as any white man in the land. His forefathers fought in all the great wars that called for the defence of home and native land and the ideal of freedom and fraternity that have been waged on our soil. As a lad, when reading of the Boston Tea-Party, it was with a thrill of boyish pride that he learned that his ancestors were among the men who dared the power of British might on that memorable occasion, the one cause for regret, and to the boy a humiliating circumstance, being the fact that they disguised themselves.

Two incidents in the lives of his grandparents are interesting as illustrating the stern, rugged character of those whose lives, deeds and thoughts were cherished by the boy until they became influencing factors in giving direction to his intellectual bent.

Captain James Beard, his grandfather, when a stripling in New England, learned that a Tory relative over-sea, one Sir James Beard, was arranging to send for his American namesake that he might educate him in England. Now it happened that this English gentleman was on excellent terms with King George, who to

the American was the incarnation of despotism. Young Beard had long since repudiated this relative who chose to associate with the enemies of the colonies, and to escape being sent to England he ran away and went to sea, where he was able to preserve his integrity of soul and not become in any way a beneficiary of those who were against the cause of freedom and the larger life demanded by the American colonies.

Colonel Carter, the grandfather on the mother's side, was an early settler in Ohio. He was one of those rugged, upright, hard-working men who lay the foundations for noble commonwealths and make nations great. On one occasion this early settler was *en route* for New Orleans on his flat-boat, when he was hailed by a man on shore. He sent a skiff to land which brought the stranger to the boat.

"What is your name?" asked Colonel Carter, as the skiff ran alongside the larger vessel.

"I am the King of France," exclaimed the stranger.

But the American was not unduly impressed. He was no flunkey. He lived in the days when the statesmanship of Jefferson was influencing the rank and file in American life. All heaven-aspiring souls who sought to live truly and act nobly were noble. Artificial rank had no place in the recognition of the true republican. Besides, he set little faith in the political pretensions of the pilgrim; but he was a man, and a man in need of assistance, and that was enough.

"Well, tumble aboard, King, and be quick about it," was the not unkindly but unceremonious response. "Now take the sweep and get to work."

The stranger complied. Years later the same pilgrim, as Louis Philippe, ascended the throne of France. When Colonel Carter read the news he pondered for a moment while his memory wandered back to the old days. Then in the simple and direct manner that was his wont he exclaimed: *So he was a real king!* Well," and the old man shook his head,



"IT IS ONLY FIDO!"

From "Harper's Bazar." By courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

Drawn by Dan. Beard.

for the reminiscent mood was on him, "I hope he will prove a better king than he was a flat-boatman."

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the ancestry of Mr. Beard because in his life we find one of the many impressive illustrations of the potency over the imagination of the young of the sturdy, robust and conscience-guided lives of ancestors. One of the most important lessons for parents, and I might add for all of us, to learn is that our lives, deeds and thoughts are bound to leave an indelible impress on posterity. Our children and the other young who come within the sphere of our influence, through the story of our lives that may be told or the written message which we may leave, will be consciously or unconsciously impressed and influenced—will be inspired and made finer, truer, braver and more just, or more callous, cynical, materialistic and opportunistic because of the emanations of life or death that go forth from us. It is not only profoundly true that none of us live unto ourselves, but it is equally true that we are all stamping for weal or woe the thought and life of the oncoming genera-



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"THE SOIL OF COMMON-SENSE."

From Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. By courtesy of Harper & Bros.

tions which are to give direction to the current of national life.

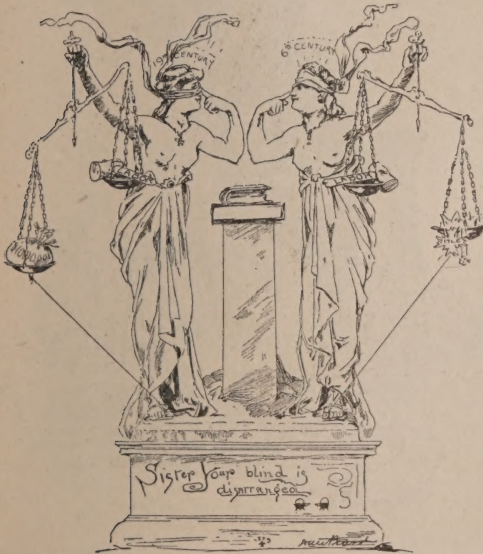
While being justly proud of the fact that his ancestors proved themselves fearless, conscience-guided and true-hearted defenders of democracy and human rights, Mr. Beard is the last man in the world to be a "pensioner on the dead." He holds the views which Bulwer puts into the mouth of one of his characters:

"Not to the Past but to the Future looks
true nobility,
And finds its blazon in posterity."

A man who seeks power or advancement on account of what some ancestors have done he holds to be "a moral dead-beat who seeks personal benefits from honors won by others."

III.

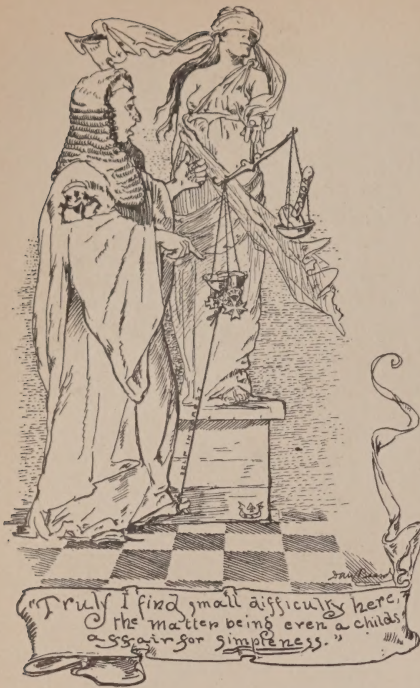
Mr. Beard was born in Cincinnati, June 21, 1850. His childhood and youth



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"SISTER, YOUR BLIND IS DISARRANGED!!"

From Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. By courtesy of Harper & Bros.



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"TRULY, I FIND SMALL DIFFICULTY HERE."

From Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. By courtesy of Harper & Bros.

fell in profoundly stirring times. Never since the close of the Revolution had the nation witnessed such excitement nor had the moral and passional energies of our people been so aroused. Especially did excitement run high in the border-states, where Slavery and Freedom frowned upon each other. During his early years, all along the Ohio river slavery was the one all-engrossing subject of heated discussion and acrimonious controversy. Young Beard's father was a staunch Whig, and his mother was a cousin of Stephen A. Douglas, then popularly known as "The Little Giant" of Illinois and the recognized leader of the northern Democracy. None of the family were abolitionists, though in common with a large number of our people of the north and south they regarded slavery as an evil carrying with it the gravest perils, and after the war broke out all the immediate family were staunch Unionists.

When Dan. was five years old, the elder Beard moved his family to Painesville, Ohio, where they lived for three years. Here the boy entered the district-school, a little, brick house in a cool grove. At that time in the northern towns where the abolitionist sentiment prevailed the negro children were allowed to attend the free-schools with the whites, a fact not known to the little boy from Cincinnati. One day the teacher brought in a little negro lad and placed him by the side of young Dan. Beard. The white boy was amazed beyond words, and then astonishment gave place to indignation and deep resentment. Clearly here was a studied insult. He vainly ransacked his brain in quest of some grave fault that could call forth such an indignity. What heinous offence had he committed? What sin of omission or commission remained unpunished? What grudge was the teacher harboring against him that could account for such an insult? He could think of none; and all the time indignation and resentment were swelling in his breast. At last, act-



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"STARVING, EH? WHY DON'T YOU GROW A NOSE LIKE MINE?"

From Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. By courtesy of Harper & Bros.

ing on a sudden impulse, he seized his slate and brought it down with all the force at his command upon the luckless negro's head. The slate was shattered into fragments, while probably the little black boy was more amazed than physically injured, thanks to nature's thoughtful provision for his race. But if the negro escaped with a single welt on his cranium, little Beard was less fortunate, for the teacher was either a thorough-going abolitionist or a stern disciplinarian, as he promptly acted on the sage advice of Solomon in such a manner as to leave an indelible impress on the boy's mind. This was Dan.'s first but by no means his last thrashing. "I have often thought about that slate episode," observed Mr. Beard a short time since. "My resentment was not unnatural, as I had recently come from Cincinnati; but from one point of view it was curious, for in the abstract



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"INHERITED IDEAS ARE A CURIOUS THING."

From Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. By courtesy of Harper & Bros.

I wanted to see the negro free. Small as I was, I remember in my early childhood each night I prayed as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
O God, set the niggers free. Amen."

Long ere this he must have learned that he was not alone in his inconsistency. How many of us are sure-footed in theory, but lamentably lame in practice!

When the boy was eight years of age the father returned to Cincinnati, and from thence a few years later removed across the river to Covington, Kentucky.

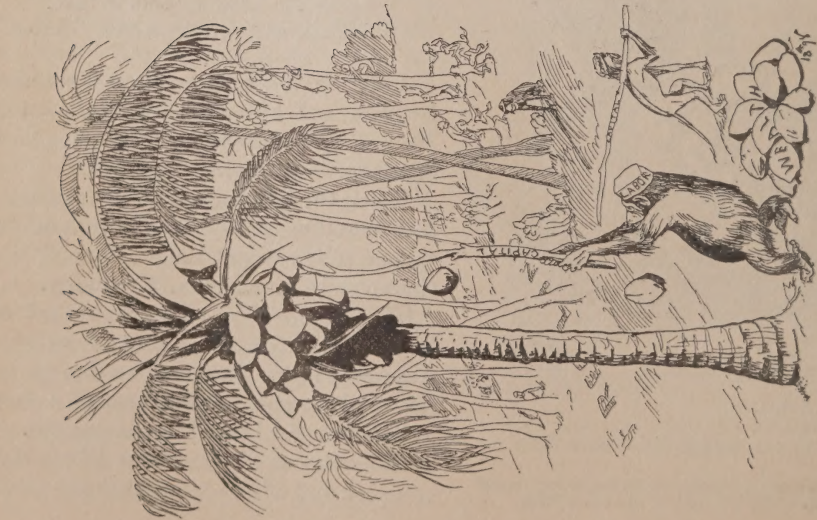
The boyhood of Dan. was that of a healthy, normal, fun-loving, free-hearted American lad. He lived in a day far more favorable to the development of a sturdy, wholesome boyhood than is our time, especially in our cities, where life is highly complex and where conservatism and Old-



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO THEIR VIEW."

From Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. By courtesy of Harper & Bros.



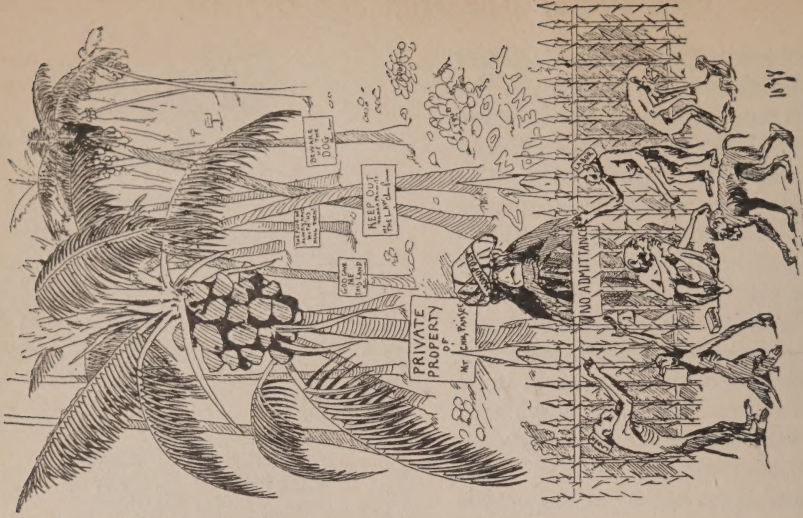
FREE LAND AND THE RESULT IN MONKEYDOM.

From an unpublished drawing by Dan. Beard.



AS IT IS TO-DAY IN AMERICA.

From an unpublished drawing by Dan. Beard.



MONOPOLY IN LAND AND THE RESULT IN MONKEYDOM.

From an unpublished drawing by Dan. Beard.

World conventions on the one hand and soul-deadening madness for gain on the other are destroying genius-developing independence, robust conscience and that virile element of youth that dares to think outside of ancient channels and which has the courage to be an initiator. His boyhood was not unlike that of Tom Sawyer. Indeed, one might almost imagine that Mark Twain had taken Beard as a model for his famous creation, if we did not know that he himself had enjoyed a similar childhood in the broad, free West. From his earliest recollections insects, birds, animals and fishes held for Dan. Beard a greater fascination than boyish sports or gingerbread. He would spend hours watching them, following them to their retreats, and later in catching them and placing them in his private menagerie, where in time he collected a rare assortment of wild-life, among which were two foxes, coons, squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, crows, wild pigeons, robins, catbirds, owls, snakes, bullfrogs, and his chief attraction, a five-legged toad. This freak he turned to good account, manifesting some of the thrift of his Yankee ancestors by charging five pins to see it. From that time forth the family was bountifully supplied with pins.

Many are the interesting facts which the boy learned from his close study of animal life, and interesting as well as delightful are the stories of his experiences with his pets, especially to lovers of natural history. I am tempted to give one of these stories, because beyond its interest it adds to the growing volume of evidence from trustworthy observers that would seem to prove the presence of rationality in the lower animals.

Among the numerous pets found in young Beard's menagerie were two young foxes, "Faust" and "Mar-

guerite." The boy had taken the side and top off of a large box, and after sinking it partially in the ground of his father's back yard had thrown the earth on the sides and top until it became an improvised den. The foxes were chained to a staple inside of their darkened retreat, but the chain admitted of their coming a few feet outside of the box. For a time all went well, but one morning a neighbor called. "Your foxes," he began, "have been robbing my hen-roost."

"T ain't so," retorted the indignant proprietor. "They are chained, and I'll prove it."



From Dan. Beard's "Moonlight." Copyright, 1904, by Albert Brandt. Entered at Stationers' Hall.

"I hold, if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, he would have made them with mouths only, and no hands; and if he had ever made another class that he had intended should do all the work and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and with all hands."—A. LINCOLN.

Accordingly they repaired to the back yard. Dan. called his pets, which promptly came out toward him as far as the worn earth marking the limit of their freedom.

"There! You see it is just as I said. They're chained."

The neighbor could not gain-say him, though from the doubtful and perplexed expression of his face the boy felt he was but half convinced. A few days later another neighbor called with a similar charge, which was resented with asperity; and again the neighbor and the youth repaired to the back yard, where the foxes substan-



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

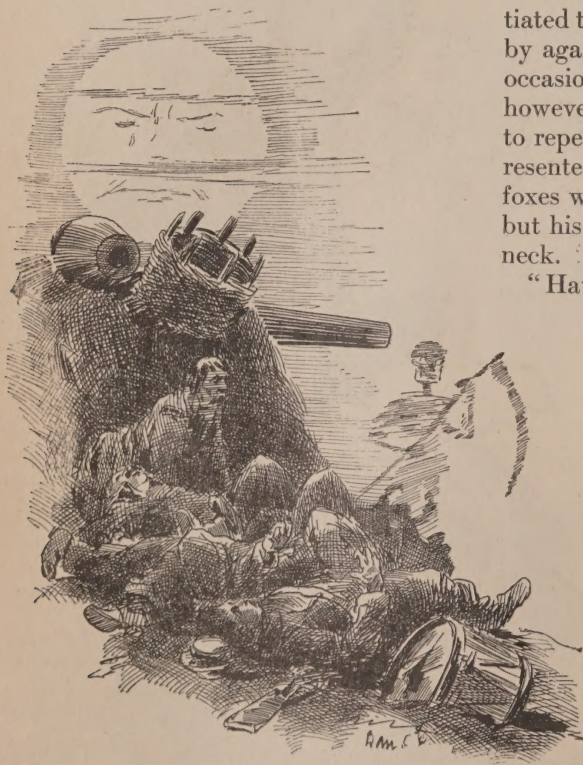
"NOW, MISTER, WHAT DOES THET MEAN?"

From *Moonblight*.

tiated the truth of their master's assertions by again coming out as on the preceding occasion. On the following morning, however, the first gentleman again called to repeat his charge, only to have it again resented. On this occasion one of the foxes was lying on the outside of his den, but his chain was securely attached to his neck.

"Have you been stealing chickens, sir?"

demanded the boy. But the fox on this occasion did not take any notice of the boy's question, though on a previous occasion he had promptly gotten up and walked around to show that he was chained, when he had been similarly interrogated. His present action or rather lack of action and a certain sly expression on his face somewhat disturbed young Beard, and as soon as the neighbor left he went to the fox and moved him. Then he discovered why he did not get up when spoken to. He was hiding a large chicken-feather under him. Further investigation showed the trail of a dragged chain leading from the fox's den



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

"THE OLD, WHITE-FACED MOON SAW THIS."

From *Moonblight*.

toward the neighbor's chicken-house. Then the boy made a thorough investigation only to find that the foxes had worked the chain loose from the staple, but knowing that they would be again fastened if it were discovered they had deliberately practiced the deception by coming out when called, but only to the limit marked by the earth which they had worn smooth while chained. In the soft earth which covered the bottom of their den the boy found buried several of the neighbors' chickens.

Inheriting from his father a passion for drawing and painting, young Beard, long before he had learned his alphabet, could draw animal life with which he was intim-

I was the youngest son and I had always to wear the cast-off neckties of my brothers, and now that I had money of my own I determined to dissipate according to my own sweet fancy. I therefore spent my entire week's salary on neckties."

In a short time, however, he secured a position in the city-engineer's office at a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. This position he left to accept a place with the Sanborn Map and Publishing company, of New York, where he worked traveling and surveying for the company for five years. In the course of his rounds in factories and great mills he came into close contact with the workmen. Here he first learned of the labor problem.



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

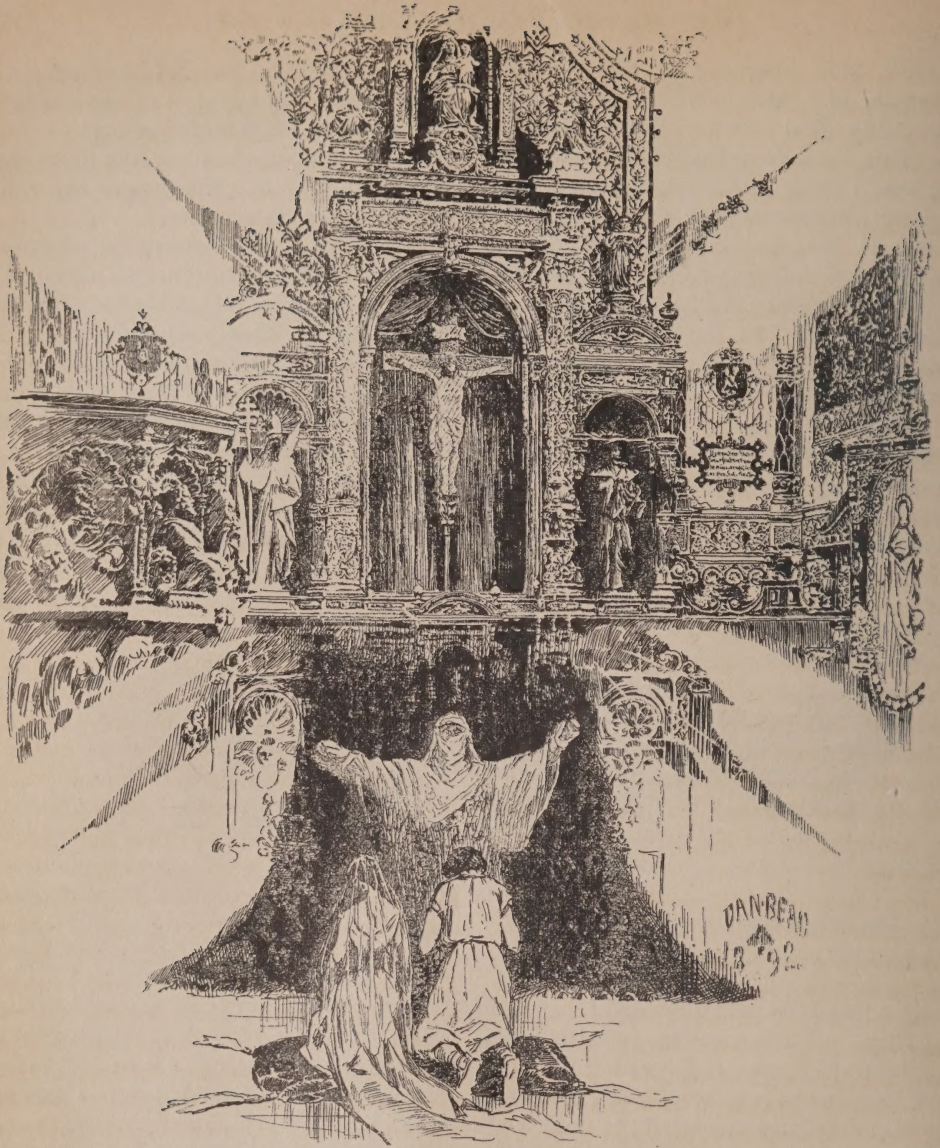
THE FAIRY COACH.

From "Godey's."

ately acquainted with wonderful spirit and accuracy. To him drawing and painting were always a source of untiring pleasure, and long before he finished his schooling his artistic ability indicated the field of activity for which he by nature was specially qualified; but at first he did not think of seeking a livelihood by brush and pencil. After graduating from the free-schools of Cincinnati he entered the Worrall academy in Covington, Kentucky, where he distinguished himself by proficiency in the higher mathematics. After finishing his schooling he did some apprentice work as a civil-engineer and later was hired at the munificent salary of four dollars a week. "And how do you suppose I spent the first four dollars I earned?" asked Mr. Beard recently with a twinkle in his eye. "You see

The men told him their side of the story, and later, when going over the plans of the buildings with the officers of the various companies he discussed the labor issue and thus obtained their side of the controversy, after which he was accustomed to think the whole question over in the light of the democratic ideal and theory; and thus unconsciously he became more and more radical in his views, because he was always a passionate lover of the fundamental principles which differentiate our government from class-ruled lands.

In his youth he enjoyed the advantages of a home of culture and refinement. His father, James Henry Beard, was a member of the National Academy of Design and one of the best artists of his time and section. He was a man of liberal education



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

THE ALTAR IN THE CAVE.

From "Godey's." Illustration for Julian Hawthorne's *Brabazon Waring*.

and broad ideals, and in his genial home many of the most eminent men of the day were wont to gather from time to time. Among this number may be mentioned Gen. Lew. Wallace, Hiram Powers, the sculptor, Thomas Buchanan Read, and Salmon P. Chase. When Charles Dickens and Capt. Marryat visited this country they were guests at the home of Mr. Beard.

And thus enjoying a rare degree of wholesome freedom on the one side, with the subtle influence of art, culture and refinement ever exerted in the home, and with the sturdy conduct and loyalty to the ideals of freedom and democracy which marked the lives of his ancestors ever before his imagination, he grew into a healthy, manly, whole-souled American,

a true democrat, hating injustice, Toryism, reaction and artificiality.

After he had worked for the Sanborn company for five years he went to New York for a vacation. While there he chanced to meet Mr. Drake of the Century company, who happening to see some of his drawings which he had made for his own pleasure at odd times, asked permission to use some of them in their publications. Mr. Beard consented, feeling a secret delight at the high compliment offered to his fugitive work; but a little later the artist was astonished to receive a communication from the Century company containing a goodly-sized cheque for the use of his pictures. When the silence which a great surprise usually inspires had passed, Mr. Beard characteristically exclaimed: "Gee whiz! if they pay a fellow like this for fun, I am not going to work any more." And so his vacation has been extended indefinitely, for he has never resigned his position or been discharged from the Sanborn company, though for years he has devoted his time to drawing, painting, teaching, and the writing of books.

He is the author of several books on outdoor sport, written especially for boys, that have proved immensely popular, the sales amounting to hundreds of thousands of copies. Chief among these works are *American Boys' Handy-Book*, *Out-Door Handy-Book*, and *Jack of All Trades*. He is also the author of that powerful social study, *Moonblight*, just issued by Mr. Brandt. He has illustrated several of Mark Twain's more important works, and his striking and spirited drawings in Mr. Clemens' *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* (several of which we reproduce in this paper, through the kind permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers) added immensely to the effectiveness and moral worth of that extremely suggestive volume. He also illustrated John Jacob Astor's book, and has illustrated or written for most of the leading American periodicals. For several years he was instructor in animal painting and drawing at the

Woman's School of Applied Design of New York, and for six years he was a member of the Board of Education. He has always manifested a readiness to engage in and aid works that make for freedom, a wider meed of justice, a broader culture and a truer manhood than has yet obtained.

IV.

The work of Mr. Beard is marked by imagination and conviction. Here is the poet, and there the well-poised man of moral stamina; here the idealist, and there the apostle of social justice. Other artists may be more faultless in technique and their work more finished, when judged by the schoolman's rules; but whether it be a simple outline drawing, such as are many of the strikingly effective illustrations in *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, a telling cartoon, or a more finished and ambitious drawing or painting, in every instance we instinctively feel the presence of a man behind the pencil or the brush. It may be the apostle of freedom, justice and peace; it may be the keen satirist, incisively exposing hoary injustice, superstition and oppression, or the crying evils, wrongs and hypocrisies of our day; it may be the idealistic philosopher with mind tinged with noble but practical mysticism; it may be the humorist who mentally sees a keenly amusing situation and forthwith transfers the image to paper that others may enjoy an incident as comical as it is natural; or it may be the poet who from the laboratory of the brain calls forth some new ideal conceit. In every instance when we meet his work we feel the presence of imagination which lifts all artistic work from the dead level of mediocrity; and in the case of Mr. Beard there is also present more frequently than otherwise that moral quality that speaks of the man of large faith and warm heart—the true humanitarian philosopher and prophet of social progress. Our illustrations show Mr. Beard chiefly as the earnest social philosopher who "sees things as they really are" and as they should be.

Such examples of his work were selected because we felt that these highly thought-provoking pictures would more thoroughly interest our readers than his more elaborate and finished but purely imaginative drawings, and also because many of these sketches are so pregnant with vital lessons for America to-day that we feel it a privilege and a duty to give them the widest circulation.

v.

The stealthily-passing years have only served to mature our artist's brain and to more and more develop the ethical side of his nature. Of his literary work, though the books for the young have proved immensely popular and have served their purpose admirably, his masterpiece is of course his new social study, *Moonblight*, a book that is characteristic of the man—frank, fearless and unconventional in its presentation of the social question. And yet the subject is treated in such a way that it must appeal to thousands of persons who would not read a bald statement of the grim and disquieting truths presented. The whole treatment is as artistic as it is unconventional and apparently wanting in art. It is at once idealistic and fanciful, yet it is terribly realistic and sternly true to conditions as they exist. Though it depresses, it is instinct with moral uplift and cannot fail to prove nobly optimistic in its influence on men and women of faith and conviction. It is a prophet's call to the conscience of the twentieth century,—a call so clear and so impregnated with the spirit of justice (which is the spirit of God) that it cannot fail to prove a positive factor in the educational campaign which is now under way and which we believe will ere long carry our nation to a nobler vantage-ground than that upon which it stands to-day.

It is not strange that a man so simple, sincere and genuinely democratic as Mr. Beard—one who hates injustice and all things that smack of privilege or caste—should be drawn to the political philosophy of Jefferson and Lincoln and the eco-

nomie theories of Henry George. All these high-priests of human emancipation and permanent progress placed principle above policy, expediency or any narrow partisan, political or national considerations that conflicted with the larger interests of the race. After Mr. Beard had come into intimate relations with employer and employee, after he had exhaustively studied the rapidly-growing struggle between the masters of the bread and the bread-winning masses, he became profoundly desirous of finding some solution in harmony with the fundamental principles of justice and in alignment with the genius of democracy. At this juncture he read *Progress and Poverty*. Here he found the same passion for justice and human rights which he felt; the same devotion to the high ideals of free institutions, the same insistence on viewing social problems in a fundamental manner which he had ever felt must be a cardinal point in any solution that should offer permanency. This wonderful book enthralled his imagination, convinced his reason and awakened his enthusiasm. Henceforth he was a convert to the land theories of Mr. George.

vi.

As a man Mr. Beard is simple, unaffected, genuine, sincere. He impresses one as having the candor and enthusiasm of youth blended with the intellectual maturity of well-developed manhood, that in turn is dominated by high standards of right. He loves nature, he loves his art, but most of all he loves humanity. And this passion for that justice that spells equality of opportunities and of rights for all the people gives virility to his work and is a source of power only less potent than his imaginative genius. No truer brief description could be given of Mr. Beard than to say that he is a fine type of a true democrat—such an American as his sturdy ancestors would have been proud to own.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

“MOONBLIGHT”: APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, IRVING BACHELLER, HAMLIN GARLAND, HENRY GEORGE, JR.
AND BOLTON HALL.

I.

AS AN ex-suburbanite resident, who has been through a coal-strike, when coal ranged anywhere from twelve to twenty dollars per ton, I fear I lack that perfect sympathy with the ethical side of Mr. Beard's *Moonblight* which marked my first reading of this fascinating story. After all, man is a selfish beast and the purse is a vital spot.

Nor will Mr. Beard contend with me over such a statement, for it is to just that proposition his book is dedicated: the greed and grasp of the man who, having much, is determined to get more. It is a human, or inhuman, instinct, as old as time; and all the books ever written, or to be written, will not change the ancient law of "To Have, To Hoard and To Hold," which became a statutory force when our first honorable and hairy ancestor gathered a heap of dead and unsavory meat in a cave and stood at the door with a club to beat off his starving neighbors. Yet if such books as *Moonblight* will induce legislation that will put a handicap on the man who is wielding the club at the entrance of his coal-cave to-day, I can find whole communities who will buy Mr. Beard's book and fervently swear by it, as being doctrine without a flaw. What the suburban resident wants, on a bitter January morning, is coal,—good coal, cheap coal and plenty of it. Any book or law that gives it to him he will bless, and will recommend as a classic to his neighbor. He is not particularly concerned at that instant where the coal comes from, or as to the sweat and blood and degeneration of the poor devils who dug it.

I remember, during the strike, when I had managed to get together a few quarts of fuel—egg, chestnut and brickbats, mix-

ed—of feeling all the instincts and some of the impulses of that hyena with the club before mentioned; which brings me back to the original proposition—Mr. Beard's and mine—that we are all human, or inhuman, and that beating at the gates of brass will accomplish little, without a legislation which provides for the cage and chain.

What I like best about *Moonblight*, is not its ethics—faultless though they be—but its literary quality, and its illustrations. From the first paragraph and picture I felt the charm of the thing, just as I always do when I open a volume of Poe. More than any other writer to-day, I believe, Mr. Beard is immersed in, and saturated with, that atmosphere of universal art which finds its enjoyments and its expression in the companionship of forgotten things. The old blackletter book of Morals, and the quaint book of Magic become as real and as fascinating as if we were ourselves sitting in the gloomy room with him, poring breathlessly over their curious and long-buried pages.

Also, Mr. Beard is an analyst of character, and when he tells us how he sees one man's face become that of "a wolf with white fangs" while another is transformed to a rattlesnake, we are brought to see them with his eyes, and the impulse of the reader (the descendent of the cave-man) is to destroy these obnoxious creatures.

But I am saying too much about *Moonblight*. I did not mean to be led into these expressions, because, being a suburbanite—at intervals—I don't agree, or I don't want to agree with anything that is likely to stir up the mine-owners and advance, at least temporarily, the price of coal. Of course the millenium will come later, but then I might be dead,

"And the wight that died o' yesterday is just as dead, oh, ho!

As the craven sinner brought to pray a thousand years ago."

My desire all along has been to talk about *Six Feet of Romance*, which follows *Moonblight* in the same volume—a sort of dessert, after meat.

In *Six Feet of Romance* we have Mr. Beard altogether in his atmosphere of art and antiquity where we feel that he so properly belongs. Old slippers, old jack-boots, old costumes of every sort, old books and old household furnishings:—these are the things he dreams over and loves best, in spite of his waking moments of altruism and generous impulses of reform. Such impulses are fine and worthy and stimulating, but whatever they are or may accomplish—whatever victories for mankind Mr. Beard may win through his hardihood in conflict, I for one must still like this author and artist better in his hours of romance and dreams.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

New York City.

II.

Moonblight is a book full of interest and stimulation. If one does not accept its philosophy, he will recognize the gravity of its problems and probably discover solutions of his own. No man may read it without gaining ground in the right direction, although Sam's view should be too radical for him. It is above all a brilliant book—brilliant in its maxims, its symbolism, its cartoons and descriptive passages; it is brilliant in its title, cover and typography, in its appeal to the eye and the intellect. It has pictures in which one may find volumes of information at a glance; it has sentences any of which may well give one a day of reflection.

IRVING BACHELLER.

Sound Beach, Conn.

III.

The sturdy Americanism which Dan. Beard loves is in this book, both in text and illustration, and its effect cannot fail

to be of great value to the reader. The touch of the fantastic which serves to give title to the book is also Dan. Beard, for he has a fondness which is by no means sneaking for the old and the occult in human affairs. In this present case the introduction of the "black art" serves to make the grim ferocity of the toil he depicts the more impressive.

The appendix is likely to be as carefully studied as the main body of the book, and yet the author has taken care not to seem extreme at any point.

Long live Dan. Beard and his unconquerable soul! His pen as well as his pencil is always on the side of right.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

West Salem, Wis.

IV.

Dan. Beard's *Moonblight* is the fanciful name of a Pennsylvania coal-strike story and fancy lightens up the easy-flowing discourse; but underneath the light vein is a serious purpose—that of revealing the malignant fruits of monopoly, with an indication of what might follow a recognition of equal rights to land, the destruction of monopoly and the throwing open of the locked-up mining-lands.

Beard has drawn pen-pictures true to the life in anthracite Pennsylvania. He speaks as if he had at some time in his career actually lived among those people and as if his body bore those dark blue ineffacable scars that testify to labor in coal-mines. His narrative tells of the real conditions; yet as if to reinforce it, he publishes in an appendix a collection of authoritative matter invitingly digested and arranged.

As I turn the pages of this admirable little piece of fiction based upon truth, I am vividly reminded of a night during the summer of 1900, when I went with Rev. Thomas A. Ducey of St. Leo's Catholic Church, New York, to hear John Mitchell, strike-leader, address a meeting of strikers in the outskirts of Hazleton, one of the chief towns in the Pennsylvania hard-coal regions and the strike-center.

Father Ducey and I were in Hazleton doing some special newspaper writing on the strike.

Stumbling along in the darkness after we had left the town proper, and passing a number of frame dwellings, many of them mere wretched shanties, we came to the hall. It was a one-story frame structure, used as a sort of family beer-garden and also for dances and sociables. Lithographic advertisements and bunting adorned the rough walls.

At the farther end of the hall was a platform, from which Mitchell was speaking as we entered. In chairs behind him were the leading mine-workers of the neighborhood. Before him packed together, sitting and standing, were a mass of men and boys. They had the pale faces peculiar to miners, which seemed to intensify their look of keen interest as they hung on Mitchell's every word.

What at once caught and held Father Ducey's attention and mine was the presence, the appearance and the conduct of the boys. Most of them were small; some seemed not more than seven or eight. A good many were in front and three or four sat along the edge of the platform. They were not the rosy-cheeked, shining-faced, care-free, restless, wriggling, mischief-bent boys common to humanity; but white-faced, sedate, matured, care-worn, labor-stunted boys who had been working in the mines as drivers or in the breakers as slate-pickers. Some of them were palpably under the age-limit set by law, but parents must needs lie about such things when the help of small hands is needed to get the family subsistence.

These boys were there, for it was partly their meeting. They, too, were strikers. Unless they had suspended work the strike would have been incomplete and might have met early defeat. These little fellows, robbed of their playtime, put to men's work almost before their bones were hard and long before their bodies had had full growth, had been called upon to face the hardships and dangers of the strike side by side with the men—to face

its want and hunger and suffering, with the terrible "black-list" as a possible end. They had been accustomed to work beside the men; they were now fighting beside the men—fighting for a little justice; for a little more of the wages they really earned, but of which they were robbed through the artificial scarcity of employment induced by the monopolization, the intentional locking-up and holding out of use, of coal-bearing lands.

There those boys sat and listened—listened and understood and applauded President Mitchell's speech. Nor was Mitchell unmindful of them. As a boy he had grown up in the coal-mines of Western Pennsylvania and Illinois. The sight of those little fellows touched him deeply, for suddenly in his discourse he spoke to them direct, beginning with "my brave boys." It was as if a general on the field of battle, in the presence of the army, addressed words of praise and cheer to the drummer-lads.

As I read my friend Beard's life-like story, the vivid memory of that Hazleton scene returns. Again I see those patient, pale little faces; again come the simple, earnest words of counsel and cheer from the strike-leader—so like are Beard's pictures to this.

Moonblight is not the smoke-encircling fantasy of a study-dreamer. It is a flesh-and-blood picture of Pennsylvania, having just the kind of men and just the kind of conditions to be met with in and about the mines. Beard sets you down among these men and scenes, rivets your attention with his story and incidentally indicates the happy difference that might be if men there but followed the plain and simple laws of natural justice. I am persuaded that *Moonblight* is prophetic of the new day that must before long dawn in mining Pennsylvania.

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

New York City.

v.

I have re-read *Moonblight* with pleasure.

To teach by amusing is the natural method; the method of children in teaching one another, of advertisers, kindergartners, yellow journals, and other wise persons. The man who laughs is like the man who loves,—we have no defense against his shafts.

Who can make an argument against this? "A chaplain attached to a regiment," says Dan. Beard's Professor, "is like a temperance-pledge attached to a gin-mill counter."

Never read any book, not even *Moon-blight*, if it does not amuse or interest you; it is a waste of time as far as there can be a waste of anything of which we have an infinite supply. Our normal appetites are our normal guides, and we need not fear to trust them. To read or to eat from a sense of duty is a sure method of getting mental or physical indigestion, and we are saved from fatal consequences of these habits only because the body and the mind reject the ill-timed food.

Dan. Beard's imagination, which has become familiar to the public in his

drawings, shows to as much advantage in his writing, and his spiritual insight shows that it would have appeared to equal advantage had it been turned to sermons.

The perception of this poet-teacher makes it clear through the eyes of the man who learned "to see things as they really are," that bad as is the system under which we live, the men who made it are not bad. To one's surprise the new thought, that we are compelled to wrong by our ridiculous and stupid system, which turns even parental love into a new incentive to the plunder of the poor, is set forth so plainly as to amount to a demonstration.

The *Six Feet of Romance* (really Six Romantic Feet) is as pretty a short story as we have, but it has nothing to do with the case, except that perhaps it throws into bold relief the terribly serious array of facts about the ogreish coal-combine with which the book concludes.

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

UNCLE NED'S CHRISTMAS.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

A LOG cabin that had once gloried in the bright red of its cedar, the best of chinking and daubing, and a chimney of gray limestone, up whose wide throat many a Christmas-blaze had roared, stood just on the outskirts of Murfreesboro. The surrounding strip of land had once been, according to the cabins' owner, the "tip aidge ob de ole plantation." And it belonged, by deed of gift properly attested and registered in the court-house whose western windows had overlooked one of the bravest battles ever fought, to Uncle Ned, at that moment entertaining within its humble walls the Judge of the Rutherford County Court.

His Honor had come on business of a delicate nature—it was n't easy to approach the old man on the subject in hand; for the Judge knew, as all the town knew, there was n't a deeper-dyed aristocrat within the county's limits than old, weather-beaten, time-tried, age-bent, poverty-stricken Uncle Ned.

Yet, despite age and war and time the old eyes had a sparkle in them to-day before which the Judge's own fell, in a sort of silent apology. Yet, he had meant his mission kindly—and he determined before coming to be quite firm and to do that which all human charity told him was best for the suffering old man. But he had not

reckoned upon the pride of the owner of the cabin.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Ned, "hit am jist as you say: I *is* po'ly; *might* po'ly. En 'de times *am* hard,' en de cold some pinchin'; en I's been tolerble feeble all de fall. But, please God, ole Ned aint blees to go dar *yit*; *no*, sah."

He lifted himself slowly, a hand on either arm of his big chair, that seemed as old and feeble as its owner, and stood up, straight and tall and spare as an Indian, and resting an elbow on the high, smoked mantel-shelf stood looking down in silence upon his guest.

The position, both physical and otherwise, commanded his Honor's respect. The little, round, fat Judge of the county's wrangles felt that he had been the unintentional bearer of an insult. A tiny red blaze was licking an armful of dry twigs in the big, black fire-place, beyond which Uncle Ned's white head seemed to rise so high the Judge wondered vaguely it did not bump itself among the spider-festooned rafters. "Sit down, Uncle Ned," said he, "I can talk to you better when you do n't seem so—far away. Now then, to business."

And his Honor got back to that biting, business air which the negro felt so intensely that for awhile it disconcerted him.

"Now, Uncle Ned," the Judge went on in a voice which showed kindness was not lacking in the proposition he had brought. "You had better be governed by reason. The old times, when we could exercise sentiment, *and* *pride*, are gone. Your people are gone, scattered or dead. You are old, feeble, alone. You have no wood, winter is coming, your clothes are ready to drop to pieces in spite of all your care. And this was the suit you were saving to be buried in, I'll be bound. Ah! I caught you that time. Well, you did n't take that suit out until your body needed covering, I know *well*. The county will care for you through the winter, *cheerfully*—and in the spring you may come back to your cabin. You have earned your keep by a long and industrious life.

My wife sent me here—says she can't sleep o' nights for thinking of you. Now, you'd better let us send you to the Farm."

The negro laughed, and ducked his head; it was well he did so, since it hid his face and the terrible fear there.

"Now, Marster," said he, chuckling as though he might be the perpetrator of some rare joke; "you's all ob you wrong; mighty wrong. Yes, sah, you's 'way off yonner in yer s'mises, I got plenty ob clothes—whole chist full. When my ole Marster gimme dis cabin en acre o' groun' he *did* gimme dis suit ter be buried in. I aint denyin' ob dat. Fer I rickerlict what he said dat mawnin' when he call me in de house en handed me de deed ter de place. Sez he, 'Ned, dese am troublesome times, en I dunno what gwine happ'n. But,' sez he, 'I want ter make sure you's allus got a shelter ter lib in, en de clothes ter be buried in,' en den he gimme dese. 'Becase,' says he, 'you's allus libed a ginileman, en please God, you shall be buried lack un.' But sakes, Marster"—and again the chuckle drowned the sob in his throat—"clothes goes out o' style so; I know ole Marster aint gwine want me buried in dese here tings ef he 'uz libin'; *no*, sah."

The Judge leaned over and felt the texture of the worn, old sleeve—it was of the softest, finest broadcloth. But sharp Uncle Ned, wrestling for his tottering respectability had steered away from the clothes already. "En, sah," he was saying, "Soon ez I git ober dis little tetch ob de influency I'll be about, ez perk ez a young colt, sah. Dat I will. I can take keer ob ole Ned, sah; dat I can. Let de county keep its keer fur dem what's needin' ob it."

The Judge lifted his eyes to the wall—here and there the daubing had fallen away; bits of chinking were gone; into the cracks of the old logs heaps of dead leaves had drifted down from the ancient oaks outside the cabin-door. They rustled drearily whenever the Autumn wind stirred among the crevices. The Judge pointed to these cracks:

"Look at that," said he. "And that: and that. They'll find you stiff, frozen, here in your bed, one of these bleak mornings."

Uncle Ned laughed softly. He understood the hopelessness of his pleadings quite as well as the learned gentleman before him understood his make-believe mirth and maneuverings. But the negro understood one thing his well-informed visitor did not dream of: he had fully resolved never to set foot in the county poor-house.

"Laws, Marster," said he, "I'll be out ag'in about day after ter-morrer, barrin' o' accerdints."

"Tut! tut!" said the Judge, "you are sick enough to have a doctor this minute. No, Uncle Ned, some of your friends, and myself, have arranged to get you away from here until Spring—"

Uncle Ned was on his feet again in an instant. "En leabe my cabin ter ole tramps ter burn down?" said he, angrily, "Marster, do n't talk dat no mo' ter me. I's allers tried ter lib respectable, en I aim ter die so. Ole Marster would n't own me ef he heeard about dis. En my folks would all think mighty hard ob me ef dey knowed yous-all had drug me off ter de po'-house. Dey'd think I wuz n't treat'n' ob 'em wid de proper respect ef I went dar, sah. I can't go dar, sah. Dey'd be mightily disappointed ef I war ter. I can't disappoint my folks, sah. Why, sah, dey allus use' ter say 'Unc' Ned's lack one ob de fambly. We can allus trus' Unc' Ned ter hol' up his haid lack a Buford ought ter do.' En now you whi' folks come long down here en talk 'bout sendin' me ter de po'-house. Jest bowin' ob my ole, gray haid ter de dust, sah."

He turned his furrowed, old face away, but the Judge's quick eye had seen the glistening drop rolling slowly down his cheek. But it was nonsense, cruelty indeed to talk about leaving the old man there.

"Uncle Ned," said the Judge, "I am Judge of the Court."

"Yes, sah."

"I have some power."

"Yes, sah."

"And better than that I have a heart in my bosom—"

The old negro stood erect, and lifted his hand. There was that in the attitude, the face, the voice, that must have touched the "heart" of which the visitor had boasted—for his eyes filled and fell before the old man's pleading.

"Then, Marster," he was saying, "let dat heart beat fur a po' ole nigger dis day. Let it beat fur de ole man alone en he'pless what aint got notin', neither kin nor money, notin' but a ramblin', little, ole shanty en a mite ob pride fur de good name his whi' folks gib him when he wa' n't so ole ez he am now; let it beat; let it beat, good Marster. O my God—" he lifted his eyes upward; the tears fell unchecked now—"let dis good man's heart beat wid a human char'ty dis day: let it beat Lord, let it beat. Open his eyes, good Lord. Let him see de chariots en de horses in de air, en de angels camped 'roun' about dem dat fears dy name, en 'roun' about ole Ned. Yes, Lord, good Lord, eben me. Let his eyes see, en his heart beat; let it beat; let it beat. He say dey'll fin' me daid in my col' baid some o' dese mawnin's; maybe so, Lord; maybe so; but let him see wid de eye ob understandin' dat it am mo' better ter be foun' daid wrapped 'roun' wid de white garment ob a good name dan what it am ter lib on ter de end ob time widout de comp'ny ob yo' self-respect. Lord, let his heart beat ter de troof; let it beat; let it beat. Let it beat ter de mis'ry ob a ole man's fear, let it beat. Let it beat ter de pain ob its he'plessness, let it beat. Let it beat ter de sorrers ob dem what's too ole ter work much; too ole ter *try* much, but jist waits fur de comin' ob de mawnin'; let it beat. Let it beat ter de good works; ter de long life; en when his feets retch de dark ribber let it beat ter de trus' in de Frien' ob de frien'less; let it beat; let it beat. En when his feets is foun' de foad, en de angels waitin' dar ter set him ober ter de bright udder side, let dat heart

still beat; let it beat frou all de ages ob eternity, ter de glory ob de Lord, let it beat; ter de hummin' ob de harps' welcome ob him home; en let de chune be 'Inesmuch ez you done it ter leas', yo' is done it onter me.' Let it beat. Amen."

The Judge blew his nose and said nothing—that prayer, half spoken, half chanted, full of pathetic trust, had stirred his soul to its very depths. Never would he allow Uncle Ned to be removed from his home without his own full and free consent. But *something* must be done—he could not be left to suffer through a changeful southern winter. The cabin must be repaired, fuel and food provided. And withal it must be delicately done else the old aristocrat would have none of it. He was no beggar, this ancient land-mark of a decayed time. The people of the present generation were hard-working people, with no time for sentiment such as Uncle Ned's. What was to be done? Suddenly the Judge hit upon an idea. Those to whom he was indebted for his proud, old notions would appreciate them, if any of them could be found.

"Uncle Ned," said he, "are any of your people living?"

"Lor'; yes, sah. All de children mos' am libin'. Dar's a letter up dar behin' de clock from Miss Marion, en hit's got de name en entitlemints ob all de rest in it. Now, Marster, I's got a favor ter ax ob you. You'll 'scuse me, sah, ef I set down; I's considerbil upsot wid so much argefyn'. Now, den, sah; I wuz jist about ter ax yer ter write ter some o' my folks fur me, ef yer please, sah."

"To *all* of them," exclaimed the Judge; "to one and all. Quick—tell me who and where they are."

"Wait, Marster," said Ned; "fust you must promise not ter say no mo' 'bout dis here po'-house schemin' ontill I hab tim' to hear from de chil'en."

The Judge promised cheerfully; and prepared to take down the names and addresses before going back to his office to write the letters. But when Uncle Ned began to dictate with his own quaintly

reminiscent interpolations, he concluded to take it down just as he said it, and make one letter a model for all.

"For," he told himself, "there was no language ever spoken that held such a soul of poetry and of pathos as breathes through the broken speech of the old negro slave.

"Dar wuz seben on 'em," the dictator was saying, "countin' little Miss Lillian what died endurin' ob de war. Dese ole hands dug her grabe; out in de orchard, close by de gate. Beca's'n her Ma could n't bear ter think ob de baby bein' way off yonner in de grabeyard. En dar wuz n't nobody else ter dig de grabe. I cyard de little box out in my arms; dese same arms."

"Den dar wuz Marse Jeems; he went ter Texas, en Marse Will, at Memphis, en Miss Marion what married 'Squire Peterses ol'es' son en wint ter C'lumbia ter lib. En dar wuz Marse Dick, what got killed in de war, en Miss Emmy, what married en died the nex' year. En den dar wuz my young Marster Neddy, me en him allus had the same name: I reckin dat's huccome I rickermembers him de bes'. Now, lemmy see, he wint ter—ter—laws-a-mussy! whar *did* Marse Neddy go ter? It wuz n't Knoxville, en it wuz n't Nashville. Well, sah! ef it ain't done slipped my 'membunce whar dat chil' wint. But dey wuz a ribber dar, en a mount'n, en I have heeard tell dey wuz a battle nigh dar onec't, en dat hit wuz fit 'way up in de clouds lack."

"Chattanooga?" ventured the Judge, almost afraid of breaking the thread of the old man's thought.

"Dat's it," he cried. "My young Marster wint dar. Now git 'em down straight, Marster, beca'se it wont noways do fur dem boys ter think Unc' Ned done got 'em mixed up in 'is mind. Tell 'em I know you-alls aint fugit Unc' Ned, what us' ter dribe yer Pa's ca'ige: en what yer own Pa use' ter say dey wuz n't money 'nough in Tennessee ter buy him. Ole Unc' Ned, what staid long's yo' Ma, long after dey wuz n't no ca'ige ter dribe, en de

horses done bleached deyse'ves white at de bone-yard, 'stid o' trampin' in dey stalls lack dey use' ter wuz. Tell 'em I knows yous-all rickermembers I helped along de bes' I could, beca'se ole Marster allus said we mus' put de bes' foot forrard en keep up de 'spectability ob de Buford name."

"I's gittin sort o' ole now; en de cabin he gimme hit's leakin' some; en de fire hit's low lack in de fireplace. En I 'spec' yous-all gwine ter sen' Unc' Ned a Chris'mus gif'. Hit's the fus' baiggin' I ever is done yit; en ob co'se, I is come ter de fambly *fus'* fur sich ez I need. En den—den—"

"Anything about the Farm?" said the Judge.

"*Naw, sah!* Naw, sah!" he cried. "Do n't yer say one word 'bout dat po'-house. Do n't yer do it. Dey-all's gint'-min en ladies, sah. Do n't yer let on ter 'em dat ole Ned's done los' his standin' en disgraced de whole ob 'em. Naw, sah; yer jist say 'Chris'mus gif!' en den 'de Lord bless 'em'; en dat's enough. I rec-kin I knows my own folks, sah."

Perhaps he did: at any rate he had entrusted his honor to him and the Judge resolved to strictly follow his instructions. He added but one line to Uncle Ned's; the answers were to be sent to his care; and before sending those he had written upon their several missions Uncle Ned had instructed him to read the replies and treat them as his own.

"Beca'se," said he, "dey might need tendin' ter right away."

He wished very much to add an earnest line in appeal for the needy old man, but shrank from exposing that which his honor held a sacred secret.

"People forget so easily," he told himself, as the days passed and it lacked but three until Christmas. "We forget so easily, and this is merely an old, worn out negro." The next morning something of Uncle Ned's faith came to *him* when two letters were handed him. They were from William and James, "the boys," old men now, with grandchildren. Each letter contained a five-dollar bill, and each writer said "Let us know when you need

more," and "a happy Christmas," and "be sure we never can forget Uncle Ned." The next mail brought the "young Master Neddy's" reply. Another five, another "happy Christmas," and again instructions to ask for more when needed, and "You were quite right to call upon us first; we do not forget the long years of service."

The Judge did not carry the letters out at once—he waited hoping to hear from the girl Marion. Moreover, he had a fancy that the letters should make Christmas day a bright one for the old negro.

There was but one mail now, unless it should come in that, it would not be in time. Christmas morning brought it, and he tucked it into his pocket unopened and drove out to the cabin.

"Hello, Uncle Ned," he called from the door-step. "'Christmas gift!' I've brought it in my pocket, and you need n't go to the Farm to-day, Uncle Ned."

The negro rose from his seat before the fire: his old, black face shone like a star—

"You done heeard from *my* folks?" said he.

"Yes: *all* of them!" and the Judge of the court was as happy as Uncle Ned himself as the two sat down to enjoy the letters. No words were spoken, only a satisfactory "Eh—heh!" from Uncle Ned now and then, which meant "I knew it." "Just what I told you."

He was not in the least surprised at the responses: the same could hardly be said of the Judge. But it was Marion's letter that brought the proud tears to the old man's eyes.

"I send you," said Marion, "one doliar each for every child I have. That makes seven. Three dollars for the Mother, make ten. Five more for the little Lillian you buried years and years ago. And then, dear Uncle Ned, there are ten more for the Mother whose burden you helped to bear those sad, dark days, and for which 'Miss Marion,' at least, will never forget old Uncle Ned."

But that which pleased him best, brought him more real happiness than

even the money of which he was in such sore need, was the closing sentence of Marion's letter:

"Your begging was so delicately done; Uncle Ned, you always *were* a gentleman." The old negro straightened himself to his full height, his white head again seeming to reach the rafters:

"An', sah," said he. "You talk about sendin' o' *me* ter de po'-house?"

"No," roared the little, fat Judge, laughing until his short, round body fairly shook, "I should as soon think of sending the Governor of Tennessee!"

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Estill Springs, Tenn.

A KING LAY DYING: A PROSE-ETCHING FROM HISTORY.

[ANONYMOUS.]

ON THE nineteenth of June, 1837, a King of England lay ill in Windsor Castle. The successor of Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror and Richard of the Lion Heart was not a great man, nor even an impressive ruler; yet it can be said to his credit that he was wiser and better as a king than he had been as a prince, and what was more, his closing days were the most dignified and noble of his whole life. Unlike Nero and the long line of similar rulers, whose reigns stain history with a trail of blood and crime, William IV. was made better by the responsibility of power, and as man, master and ruler had steadily improved as he faced the mystic vale that screens the land of Everlasting Day. Death is always solemn, and there is a peculiar dignity and solemnity about the death of an old man, who is also a king, when his closing days have been his best days.

On this particular June morning the joy of nature in the month of roses contrasted strangely with the solemn silence that pervaded the royal chamber. The attendants, friends and ministers moved to and fro with softened tread. Behind the arras stood a silent figure intent upon the few remaining sands then hurrying through the glass. All seemed to feel the presence which they could not see. The spell of death was over the palace; the mystery of the tomb stood before the royal household; the king was dying. He talked freely of the great change. His love seemed to go out for his land in a flood of passion as he

felt the evening shades steal over his brow. He had even striven to transact some business; and in keeping with a life that grew nobler as he approached the grave, his last official act lit up his closing hours. It was the signing of a pardon for one who had been condemned.

William IV. stood in and represented the gray dawn which came between the long night of personal government and the oncoming day of constitutional rule which has since prevailed in England. Compared with his predecessor he was liberal, but viewed in the light of his illustrious successor he appears at a distinct disadvantage. Perhaps, as Justin McCarthy holds, he lived up to his best light, but it is certain that he did not strive to hasten the day. His education, prejudices and habits of thought were against the spirit of the new time which since the stirring days of the great Reform Act had been rife in England.

The angry roar of popular discontent, largely due to the king's lack of harmony with the spirit of the hour, was hushed on the nineteenth of June, when the grave news from the palace, despite all attempts to hide the facts, spread like wild-fire over London. The clock had sounded midnight, and the king still breathed; but ere two hours had fled his heart had ceased its tireless throbbing. The king was dead, and the messengers were hurrying to Kensington Palace where the young Princess Victoria lay wrapped in the deep slumber of healthful youth.

EDITORIALS.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY POSITIVISM AND THE COMING IDEALISTIC REACTION.

FOR Aladdin-like revelations in physical science, for wonderful utilitarian discoveries, and for marvelous victories of inventive genius, the nineteenth century stands alone in proud preëminence. It was a time when positivism and practicality reached their apogee. But unhappily the mighty currents that changed at once the face of western civilization and the face of society, shifted the center of gravity in the thought-world from the lofty idealism and the splendid altruism that wrought the great moral, mental and political revolutions of the last half of the eighteenth and the early decades of the nineteenth centuries to materialistic egoism, in which the mastership of moral principles and reverence for lofty spiritual ideals more and more gave way to the worship of externals—wealth, power and personal ease. The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life transformed men and nations into mere opportunists, who half a century before had been enthusiastic idealists, engaged in movements that were sweeping civilization upward as well as onward and fostering the development and happiness of all rather than the gain or advancement of a few at the expense of the many.

The ascent of human life is marked by periods of positivism and of idealism, of egoism and of altruism, of materialistic ascendancy and of spiritual domination. This ebb and flow, this going and coming, this systole and diastole, is quite as apparent in the ascent of human life as elsewhere in nature.

While, however, life is ever ascending, nations, races and civilizations rise, sweep onward and continue as mighty upward-impelling forces only so long as the current of national or collective life holds vital relation with cosmic or universal life. This secret of longevity in nations, races and civilizations is the most profoundly important fact of history—the capital lesson of true philosophy. No race or civilization can become senile or decadent so long as it is dominated by idealism, because it is vitally

related to the Source of Life. Spiritual domination is dependent on the supremacy of the moral order or the great fundamental ethical verities.

In periods of spiritual awakening nations, races and civilizations that respond to the moral quickening advance in a positive way toward the divine ideal toward which all life is slowly moving. The victories won in these divine days register the advance in life, but they are followed by periods of reaction or positivism, in which gross materialistic concepts and sordid egoism gain great hold on the public imagination. These reactionary periods are always marked by the same phenomena.

Physical force is exalted over moral courage. The war-spirit is fostered; wealth, personal power and influence, the desire for display and domination, take precedence over the welfare of the nation or the people as a whole. Simplicity gives place to luxury. That which is true, profound and real yields more and more to that which is showy, superficial and artificial. On every hand rise splendid churches, temples and palaces. But the spirit of true religion, the essence of the Golden Rule, declines. Duty is an unpopular term. The question, Is it right? is seldom asked; while Will it succeed? or Will it benefit me? is heard on every hand. Materialism or positivism scouts the claims of idealism, much as the bushman might ridicule the idea of electricity being able to transmit thought around the world. Egoism exhibits the same contempt for altruism that the noted negro preacher showed for those who were so dense that they refused to accept the dictum that to his eye was so palpably true—"De sun do move" around the earth. As faith wanes in the heart of man, egoism becomes more and more aggressive and callous in spirit. These are the critical hours in the history of national or racial life. They are the moments when the prophets become the saviors of the day, if the decline of spiritual vitality has not gone too far. Otherwise the

nation, race or civilization, smitten in its vitals, sinks into eternal night, as did Egypt and Chaldea, as did the civilization of the Persian empire and that of Syria; as did the old civilization of Rome.

What was it that gave life and persistent vitality to Israel during all the centuries of her wonderful history, from the days of the Egyptian Captivity to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans? Time and again that remarkable people wandered away from the ideals of justice, fraternity and righteousness, and imitated the despotic and degraded nations that hedged them round about; but at every crisis great prophets—spiritually exalted idealists—called to the conscience of the nation so eloquently and forcefully that the spell of reaction, of egoism and of sensual materialism was broken. Sometimes the prophets were stoned; usually they were persecuted; always they were ridiculed and scoffed at by the conventional priesthood and the rich and powerful ones. But such is the vitality of spiritual ideals that when once they find lodgment in an awakened brain they germinate. The prophets died or were driven forth (as was Elijah on one memorable occasion) to perish in desert places, but Israel was saved. And what is more, the messages of these same despised prophets have been one of the greatest moral forces for more than two thousand years in western civilization. They have been a veritable pillar of fire during the materialistic and egoistic night-times in the history of Christendom.

When Jesus lived, the rich and the powerful for the most part scorned, ridiculed and denounced, when they condescended to notice him. He was the greatest prophet of social righteousness, the loftiest of the idealists whose dream has vitally stirred the conscience of the world; but in his day and generation he was a poor wanderer without a place to lay his head. Had he lived in our day, he would have been denounced as a tramp and a crank. And over against him we find the powerful established church of Judea, rich, self-satisfied, ambitious, dogmatic and intolerant—the type of slothful conservatism and conventional respectability. The Sanhedrim, representing the religion and culture of Israel, and Pilate, representing the power and majesty of the Roman world, were pitted against the idealist—the dreamer, with no visible means of support.

Who living in Judea at that time would have imagined that the only claim to immortality that the members of the Sanhedrim or the

Roman ruler could hope for would be dependent upon their incidental connection with this despised wanderer? And yet the idealist who in his day boasted few followers beyond a dozen penniless and ignorant fishermen, has been for two thousand years the greatest moral force in Western civilization.

Athens is still one of the great moral capitals of the world. Her power for good is potent still. And why? Because of the lofty philosophy and the high, fine dreams and visions of her noble sons. Socrates, who wandered through her streets teaching the young to be high-minded, true and rational—Socrates who was slain by the reactionaries and conventionalists of his day, has for twenty-five hundred years been a mighty power for moral upliftment. The noble idealism of Plato is felt to-day perhaps more than at any previous period in the history of the world, and the wonderful idealistic dreams of Phidias and other masters of the marble art enriched unborn ages. Yes, Athens is great by virtue of the teachings and the dreams of her idealistic and ethical leaders.

When Savonarola, an obscure monk, entered Florence, that opulent city was famed for its number of proud names—citizens rich and esteemed noble, who would have ridiculed the idea that the simple monk would leave an impress greater, nobler and far more lasting upon civilization than any of their number. And yet, how many of these favored sons of birth and fortune are remembered to-day? And what one among their number has left an elevating or helpful influence upon posterity? Savonarola died the martyr's death, but not until he had kindled again the fires of liberty in the hearts of men and had set in motion the great moral reformatory thought-waves which were finally to touch and overmaster Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon and other master-spirits of the Reformation. And so down, through all history, it has ever been the prophet and the idealist, despised and ridiculed when not persecuted and slain, that has led nations and civilizations forth from the Belshazzar banqueting-hall of sordid and voluptuous materialism to the highlands of safety, sanity, peace, progress and spiritual exaltation.

Emerson tells us that there are periods when the priests are golden and the chalices are wooden; and that there are other times when the chalices are golden and the priests are wooden; meaning, of course, that there are times when idealism dominates and the spiritual verities sway the imagination of the leaders

and moulders of public opinion—periods when men care less for the chalices, or the externals, than for the underlying principles upon which civilization's onward march and the development and happiness of humanity depend; and that there are other epochs when the chalices are of first concern, and material things take precedence over all that is really vital—when the garment or outer drapery receives more attention than the body, and the body engrosses far more thought than the soul—periods when those who should lead the people are as wood, dead, sordid and unresponsive to high ideals; when they who should be guiding the people up the spiritual Alps are recreant to the commands of Truth and Progress, and for temporal ease and self-advancement prophecy smooth things and smile on the worshipers of the golden chalices.

When Emerson uttered those words, western civilization was rapidly passing over from the most glorious idealistic epoch known to history to an age of golden chalices. He was one of the last as well as one of the greatest of the golden priests, one of the noblest of the idealistic prophets. For almost a century idealistic and altruistic dreams had held the brain of western civilization enthralled, and during that time democracy had appeared full-statured among the children of men. Stepping forth from the primeval forests of the New World, she had sounded the clarion of progress, and in the Declaration of Independence had given humanity a new Magna Charta. Later she crossed the Atlantic and breathed the breath of life into the hearts of millions who for ages had been ground down, oppressed and enslaved in brain, spirit and body by superstition, dogmatism and despotism. She had proclaimed liberty throughout many lands and to many peoples; but beyond and above these things, she had lighted the fires of popular education on the plains and mountains of the world. She had broken the shackles of fear and had commanded man to exercise the reason God had given to him. She had touched the brain of some of the loftiest poets and philosophers of any age, and fired by luminous thoughts, they were led to see an all-pervasive Life, an age-long ascent, a universe governed by law, thrilling with life and radiant with Love.

Less than a generation after Emerson had so happily characterized eras of idealism and positivism, the age of iron, of commercial prosperity and material advancement had ushered us into one of the most pronounced periods of

materialistic reaction, prosaic utilitarianism and sordid egoism known to western civilization. Victor Hugo, one of the noblest prophets of idealism who spoke to the conscience of the nineteenth century, recognized the peril of the rising tide of reactionary egoism, and from his isle of exile wrote:

“Excessive devotion to the material is the evil of our epoch. Man at this day tends to fall into the stomach. Man must be replaced in the heart; man must be replaced in the brain. A moral lift is necessary.”

On another occasion, when referring to the tendency of the time-serving to apologize for despotic encroachments and reactionary acts and to praise those who were enemies of progress, enlightenment and human advancement, he wrote:

“We live in a time when orators are heard praising the magnanimity of white bears and the tender feelings of panthers.”

Perhaps the sudden reaction that followed so hard upon the glorious idealistic century which finished describing its circle in the meridian decades of the nineteenth century should not occasion great surprise when we call to mind the unprecedented changes wrought in the material conditions of the people by the wonderful inventions and discoveries of the century. Steam and electricity were annihilating distance, becoming the world's burden-bearers, and in the field of manufacture were doing the work of millions of men and women. Gigantic plans for material achievements, for the saving of labor and the rapid acquisition of wealth were seething in the brains of men of strong intellectual power. The mental vision was rapidly and in most cases quite unconsciously being shifted to contemplation of material advancement; and singularly enough, the wonderful discoveries in physical science in this period greatly reinforced the materialistic temper of the time.

Suddenly on every hand the evidence of moral decline was visible. Legislators were corrupted by corporate wealth; the old abhorrence for war gave way to a spirit of rampant militarism which found expression in public-school and Sunday-school drill and in the multiplication of armories. The Declaration of Independence was still read in a perfunctory way, but men began to sneer at its noble teachings. The employment of children of tender years in mines and factories spread. The

factory-laws were more and more evaded. The trusts and monopolies systematically circumvented laws or openly defied them when not able to thwart legislation. Churches vied with colleges in reaching out greedy hands for tainted gold. Pedagogues no less than the press became more and more subservient to the materialistic reaction, and the worship of the golden chalices increased. In a word, the higher, finer and most vitally essential ideals, which must dominate all progress that possesses the elements of permanency, were subordinated to the passion for the acquisition of wealth, power and material objects, regardless of the underlying principles of justice, of freedom, and of fraternity, which constitute the soul of altruism, and without which no enduring material or social progress is possible.

The discoveries of the great evolutionary scientists strengthened the agnostic attitude of thousands of the keenest thinkers. Almost as by magic we find ourselves in the midst of an era of positivism—positivism that was as dogmatic and aggressive as was orthodox theology at an earlier date. The exalted idealism of the transcendentalists in Germany and of Emerson and his followers in America was all but silenced for a time by the loud-voiced and oracular declarations of the positivists, who having discerned or perceived certain great half-truths, proceeded to build card houses, as men have done in all ages, on an inadequate basis, mistaking a partial appearance for the whole phenomenon. Thus the materialistic spirit of physical science at this time gave added emphasis to the utilitarian and opportunistic tendencies that prevailed. Such have been the predominant characteristics of recent years; such is the state of American society to-day. Happily there are everywhere signs of a change. On every side one sees evidences of a growing heart-hunger. Men are finding out that marble palaces are not necessarily homes, and that unlimited wealth, while it may give temporary power and buy flattery, does not feed the soul. Great material riches never have and never will afford other than pseudo or ephemeral pleasure to the human heart. One of the many evidences of the high origin and noble destiny of the soul of man is found in the fact that only obedience to the demands of justice and of love, only the practice of virtue, the worship of truth, and the expression of kindness yield lasting joy or unalloyed happiness. Only as we help others can we truly help ourselves.

On every hand are indications that point to the supremely important truth that as the past century revealed to an amazed world the fact that the more potent agencies of nature were imponderable and intangible, so in the higher realm of life more and more will the twentieth century reveal the supreme fact that the secrets of power, happiness, progress and victory are empearled in the mind and soul of man and are dependent on the understanding of underlying psychological laws and on the recognition and acceptance of certain basic principles of life which find their expression in the eternal ethical verities.

"We are," writes the brilliant essayist, Francis Grierson, in a recent issue of the *Westminster Review*, "at the beginning of a cycle of invisible forces. The coming age will be one of invisible action. The submarine torpedo-boat typifies the development of the century. Life as well as destruction will be dealt out by invisible forces and invisible methods. This is preëminently the age of mind, as the past century was the age of matter. So far as we know, electricity is the soul of visible form. What we call brain-waves have an analogy to electric-waves."

We are on the threshold of a new age, and in the coming idealistic advance movement science will more and more battle on the side of the spiritual verities. Already advanced psychology and psychic research have enlisted in their cause scores of the leading scientists of the world, and the assured results have already opened up new fields for profound speculation in the revelations concerning the potency of thought, the power of mind over mind, and the possibility of scientifically proving the existence and continued advance of the soul of man after the crisis called death. But while psychology promises to be the handmaid of spiritual progress, there are everywhere other signs of idealistic reaction.

Never before, not even in his lifetime, were the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson so widely read as they are to-day. The earnest efforts of some of the world's foremost scientists,—men like Sir Oliver Lodge,—to emphasize the great spiritual verities and impress vital religious ideals in such a way as to satisfy the rationalism of our time, and the advanced stand now being taken by many of the profoundest religious leaders looking toward the reinterpretation or restatement of the message of Christianity, so that it shall emphasize the moral verities and touch the heart and the finer

emotions without doing violence to the reason, are further signs of change in the world-thought which are highly significant; while the growing interest in the lives and teachings of Tolstoi, Ruskin, Mazzini and other great prophets of the past century is still another of the many indications of an ethical and idealistic reaction that we may trust will lift the

social consciousness to a nobler eminence than it has hitherto obtained, and bring to the weary and preplexed brain of the world that peace that comes only to those who, thoughtless of self, elect to live for the happiness and well-being of others, and who, consciously or unconsciously, place themselves *en rapport* with the master-law of life, of growth and of joy.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY RELIGIOUS CONCEPTS AND IDEALS.

WITH the passing of Sir Edwin Arnold from the theater of material activity the Anglo-Saxon world lost the last of the illustrious and numerous group of nineteenth-century poets and singers who owed much of their popularity to their interpretation of the larger and broader concepts, ideals and aspirations which have marked the religious thought of the past hundred years. Browning and Emerson soared to the loftiest peaks of spiritual philosophy attained by modern poets; while Whittier, Tennyson and Lowell were representatives of the newer, sweeter, and, as we believe, truer religious concepts which flowered in the heart of western civilization and which complemented the profounder statements of the two great poet-philosophers; and Sir Edwin Arnold, by nature a true cosmopolitan, owning all the world as his country and all ages as his time, swept the civilizations of the Orient and Occident with an intellectual vision keen and far-reaching enough to detect the gold in the old as well as the new, in the remote and distant civilizations as well as in Christianity, and hospitable enough to accept the true wherever found. He ministered in no small degree to the heart-hunger and spiritual aspirations of an age too great for the swaddling-clothes of medieval dogmas and superstitions or the narrow and hard creed of Geneva's master-theologian.

"The Light of Asia" proved to be one of the most remarkable poetical successes of the century. In an age when the general readers were turning from long poems and when theological and didactic themes treated at length were no longer popular, this volume of over two hundred pages, embracing a single long religious poem, appeared, and the great hungry

masses among the more thoughtful turned to it with keener interest than they were accustomed to bestow on the most popular novels. True, it was written in a manner that appealed to the popular imagination and intelligence. In it were brought together in one closely-woven fabric the most exquisite and touching legends of the mysterious Orient,—the heart-history of the Enlightened One, around whose existence had crystallized the love and faith and hope of millions.

Max Muller had wrought a splendid work in introducing the scholarly few to the wealth of India's literature, but Edwin Arnold brought to the people in a manner that appealed at once to brain and heart the great religious truths that have in a real way been the spiritual manna of a continent. "The Light of Asia" struck the popular heart-chord and appealed to the best in humanity, because *truth is one; the great ethical verities are the same in all ages and lands*, even as life is one, as man's struggles with temptation, his victories and his defeats, his aspirations and his desires, his "love of the Best" and his deathless reach for the fine, the high and the true, are one. This noble poem proved at once a revelation to many and an inspiration to millions. So with "The Light of the World" and with his minor poems. They appealed to the brain and to the feelings of the thinking masses more on account of their ministering to the spiritual hunger of the hour that could no longer be satisfied with the old concepts, and because they frequently put in beautiful phrases the truths that were convictions, beliefs and cherished ideals of the people, than because of their rank as masterpieces of literature.

A striking illustration of this fact was seen

in the immense popularity accorded that beautiful little poem of comfort popularly known as "After Death in Arabia," and which we give below because it so well pictures the changed religious concept of death which marked the nineteenth century, and also because it emphasizes the broad eclecticism of Arnold's thought, which reached out to the philosophies and the speculations of all ages and which recognized the true as instinctively as the bee recognizes the honey-laden flower.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid
stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear;
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there,
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;

Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell;
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep a while, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above:
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

As Dr. Watts reflected the popular religious ideals of the England of his day in regard to death, and as Michael Wigglesworth in his doleful "Day of Doom" appealed with compelling force to the gloomy and austere imagination of the New England Puritanism of our fathers, so did this poem express the newer concept of death, or rather the concept that was new to the modern Christian church; for it must be remembered that the thought in these verses was expressed by an Arabian poet in the twelfth century in these words:

"When I am robed in the habiliments of the grave, my friends will weep for me. Say to them that this insensible corpse is not I. It is my body, but I no longer dwell in it. I am now a life that is inextinguishable. The remains they contemplate have been my temporary abode, my clothing for a day. I am a

bird; the corpse was my cage. I have unfolded my wings, and fled my prison. I am the pearl; it was the shell, now of no value. . . . My voyage is terminated. I leave you in exile. Let the shell perish with the illusions of earth. Do not say of the dead, this is death, for it is in reality the veritable life."

Thus we find that when Europe was wrapped in superstition's night, when her millions

were under the domination of a narrow, soul-dwarfing and intellect-starving theology, the freer poet-soul of the Eastern bard anticipated by many centuries the thought which has become so general with us to-day, and which Sir Edwin Arnold recognized as the new-old truth which even before he clothed it in exquisite and rhythmic verse had become the cherished belief of millions of the more enlightened throughout Christendom.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PRIVILEGED CLASSES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN THE Middle Ages feudalism based on land-monopoly and the divine-right of the sword prevailed. Under these conditions the privileged few who arrogated to themselves the right to possess the earth—God's common gift to all His children—and who were expert in the art of blood-letting and slaughter, dignified by the name of war, held the vast masses of the wealth producers, upon whom they chiefly depended for sustenance, in vassalage. They were permitted to have access to the earth, without which they would have perished, only upon condition that they yielded the lion's share of what they produced to those who had seized and monopolized the land.

When, as was sometimes the case, the despoiled people, goaded to desperation by hunger and misery, protested, the church, dependent so largely for its power, prestige and the good things of life on privileged interests, counseled patience and submission to authority; while if this failed, the strong arm of force fell so heavily on the unorganized and ignorant masses who had asked for a larger meed of justice that soon the old condition of slavery was restored.

And thus it came to pass that there were two classes, the privileged few or parasite-class, and the slaves of toil whose life was one of hopeless drudgery from dawn till sunset.

The privileged ones, having no occupa-

tion that called for life's earnest efforts on the highest plane of expression, spent much of their time in predatory incursions against weaker neighbors or in theatrical and spectacular warfare against rival powers; and when not thus engaged much of their time was given to feasting, revelry and sport.

This month our readers will find in Mr. Dan. Beard's striking cartoon, "A Cold Snap in the Middle Ages," suggested to the artist by a passage in a fifteenth-century manuscript in the British Museum—"The court took a day off when the red ball was up"—a typical and suggestive panoramic glimpse of the life of the parasite-class which the great, ignorant and miserable masses slaved to sustain in ease and luxury. It was this monstrous condition of social inequality, borne for generations, that finally culminated in the volcanic eruption of the French Revolution.

In looking at this drawing one is reminded of the under-world of labor—the mighty millions of wealth-creators whose toil pays for the luxury of the privileged classes; and the condition of these "burdened ones," so graphically given by Victor Hugo in these words, comes before the mind:

"These burdened ones are silent; they know nothing, they can do nothing, they think nothing; they simply endure. They are hungry and cold. Their indelicate flesh appears

through their tatters. Who makes those tatters? The purple. The nakedness of virgins comes from the nudity of odalisques. From the twisted rags of the daughters of the people fall pearls for the Fontanges and the Chateaux. It is the famine that gilds Versailles. The whole of this living and dying shadow moves; these spectral forms are in the pangs of death; the mother's breast is dry, the father has no work, the brain has no light. . . . The group of the little ones is wan. This whole mass expires and creeps, not having even the power to love; and perhaps unknown to them, while they bow and submit, from all that vast unconsciousness in which Right dwells, from the inarticulate murmur of those wretched breaths mingled together proceeds an indescribable, confused voice, a mysterious fog of expression, succeeding, syllable by syllable in the darkness, in uttering wonderful words: Future, Humanity, Liberty, Equality, Progress."

The feudalism of the Middle Ages which rested on a hereditary landed aristocracy and

the fear of the sword is unknown in America; but we are in the presence of a newly-arisen commercial feudalism. A class over-powerful through the enjoyment of special privileges is to-day, through vast monopolies, trusts and public-service corporations, levying tributes from labor to pay enormous fortunes in dividends on fictitious values or watered stocks; and thus, through privilege, chicanery and gambling, a few are acquiring untold wealth earned by others. Naturally enough this condition is producing phenomena that find striking parallels in past ages. The fundamental injustice which renders possible the luxurious existence of those who enjoy that which they do not earn is present with us to-day no less than in the period depicted by Mr. Beard. So long as there is one class reaping what others have sown the ideal of democracy will remain unfulfilled. Equality of opportunities and equality of rights must be the ideal toward which all labor is directed on the part of those who understand and would advance the principles of democracy.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

SOCIAL, ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL.

NEW ZEALAND'S CONTINUED PROSPERITY:
A LATE WORD FROM PRIME
MINISTER SEDDON.

FROM time to time the great dailies which are beholden to public-service corporations and reactionary and class-interests publish statements derogatory to New Zealand. These reports almost invariably have been proved to be either pure fabrications or distorted and unwarranted conclusions based on partial truths, when not resting upon false premises. Thus, for example, some time since a number of our capitalistic dailies published long disquisitions on the enormous debt of New Zealand, carefully concealing the fact that while the debts of most countries represent largely if not chiefly money squandered or worse than squandered in war, and therefore are balanced by no assets, New Zealand's debt was almost wholly the result of the people taking over the great railways, telegraphs and other public utilities and paying investments, and therefore was balanced by enormously valuable assets that are directly or indirectly enriching the State and the citizens instead of being a perpetual drain upon the treasury with no return to the nation, as is the case with war-debts. This essentially dishonest sophistry about the debt of New Zealand was published far and wide; but few of the great dailies gave circulation to the replies which proved how misleading were the claims of the special pleaders for corporate interests. Recently two new alarmist cries have been put into circulation. One was that New Zealand was on the verge of a terrible financial panic; that the times were very hard; and that the outlook was extremely gloomy because of the social experiments which had marked recent decades of her history. The other was that the Arbitration Law was a failure. As usual, these reports which were the subject of so many long and labored editorial disquisitions and warnings, were false. Professor Frank Parsons of our Editorial

Board has handed me a personal letter which he has just received from Prime Minister Seddon, in which that statesman says:

"In reply to your questions, I beg to state that New Zealand's prosperity has been mounting steadily upward for several years, and 1903 was no exception to the general average of advance. The influence of foreign markets has been to our advantage rather than otherwise, as our products happen to be in high demand. . . .

"There has been no trouble with the Arbitration Act during the last year. In February, 1903, a good deal of attention was attracted to a furniture-trade dispute in Auckland, of which perhaps you may have heard. Much more importance was given to the dispute than it deserved, but it had the effect of getting the law amended in the direction of forbidding combinations to endeavor to defeat an award. A full description is in the Labor Report sent herewith."

Under date of March 16, 1904, Justice Cooper of the Supreme Bench of New Zealand, and formerly a Justice of the Court of Arbitration, writes Professor Parsons as follows in referring to the recent awards of the Court of Arbitration and Conciliation, as given in the latest published reports:

"You will find the awards very interesting, covering as they do most of the trades in all the chief cities of New Zealand and settling the rates of pay and conditions of work of some thousands of workers. I found the work of the Arbitration Court exceedingly interesting, but very difficult and delicate. But I am glad to say that though the past three years have been marked by considerable industrial activity and many industrial disputes, there has, in no case, been any indication that employers and employees have shown any substantial inclination to disobey the awards of the Court."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRESENT POLITICAL
CONDITIONS IN NEW ZEALAND
AND AMERICA.

IN NEW ZEALAND the electorate takes so vital an interest in the government that perhaps in that commonwealth to a greater degree than in any other land in the world the people are the government. Hence, instead of a government of the corporations, by the corporations, for the exploitation of the producing and consuming masses, as with us, by which an enormously-rich privileged class has been enabled to honeycomb the municipal, state and national governments with graft, and through party-bosses and corrupt machines to become the masters of state as well as the masters of the bread, we find the democratic ideal of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people prevailing. This was rendered possible by the agrarian population and the laboring men in urban life going into politics for the benefit of the wealth-creators instead of acting, as have our bread-winners, in the interest of corporate wealth and refusing to unite for the rescuing of the government from the mastership of privileged interests and the capitalistic classes, which long since shrewdly entered politics with the settled determination to acquire vast wealth through privilege and benefits and are preventing the government from placing the interests of the whole people before the interests of the privileged few.

Our laboring classes to-day have next to no influence in our government because the leaders (perhaps prompted only by mistaken ideas) have persuaded them not to go into politics and vote with other wealth-creators in the interest of those measures that would place corporate wealth under the mastership of the people instead of the people at the mercy of the corporations.

In New Zealand the wealth-creators banded together and won the battle for democracy, and they have placed this magnificent young commonwealth of the antipodes in the very van of liberal governments. There also, instead of departments being honeycombed with corruption and statesmen indifferent to the law-evading and criminal action of corporate wealth, the government is presided over by statesmen earnest, sincere and tireless in their efforts to increase the happiness, development and prosperity of all the people.

PROGRESSIVE IDEALS CHERISHED BY NEW
ZEALAND'S SECRETARY OF LABOR.

A FEW DAYS prior to the receipt of these letters from Prime Minister Seddon and Justice Cooper Professor Parsons received a long communication from the able and efficient Secretary of Labor, the Hon. Edward Tregear, in which are many interesting observations on the ideals and the labors which are before the progressive statesmen of this southern commonwealth. The New Zealand government has no desire to attract an exploiting or parasite-class. On the contrary the supreme aim is to make the New England of the antipodes as near a paradise for real workers—those who toil with brain and brawn—as can be realized on earth; or, to use Mr. Tregear's words, "Other than mental and manual workers we do not want. The idle wealthy had far better remain where slaves are cheap."

New Zealand, as many of our readers know, did not consider the divine right of those who had acquired the coal-lands paramount to the rights and the needs of her people; so she has recently taken over these mines as previously she took over the railroads and telegraphs. In speaking of the important work which is now absorbing the attention of the government and of the progressive programme which the electorate as well as the statesmen have at heart, Mr. Tregear says:

"We have to make the State coal-mines a success. We have to get the shipping traffic nationalized as we have the railways. We have to improve the Industrial Arbitration Act, watching carefully to keep it flexible and in touch with every movement of the ever-changing industrial position. We have to get the land back for the people, to house the poor, to train the young technically, to get the country out of debt, etc., etc."

Later in this letter Secretary Tregear in referring to the Labor Department, observes:

"Our real source of pride as a Department is that we keep in touch with the workers themselves and that if a derogatory word is spoken in public against the New Zealand Labor Department, it is instantly and fiercely resented by the Trades-Unions and other workers. . . . I am glad to find that you understand the inwardness of our progressive legislation. Really it may be condensed into the phrase, 'Public education.' It is the effort for nation-

al culture, not perhaps on lines of book-learning, but in ethics. To 'sweat' and work your people, and especially defenceless children, to death was at the beginning of the last century 'good business.' Now we have made it disgraceful. To pay a man less than his proper wage used to be smart, but if you knew the way respectable firms implore us not to bring them up for a breach of the Arbitration Award, you would recognize how they dread (not the fine) public opinion and how that public opinion has been elevated. Thousands of people here have grown to recognize that it is more disgraceful for an employer to rob his errand-boy of six-pence than for the errand-boy to take six-pence from his master's till. This is only one example of the education I mean."

These brief extracts are interesting and valuable as showing the ideals and aims of statesmen under a government dominated by the democratic ideal.

IMPORTANT REVELATIONS IN THE CASE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS *versus* THE WELLS- FARGO EXPRESS COMPANY.

ONE OF the most impressive recent illustrations of how the American people are being taxed out of millions upon millions of dollars by the public-service corporations to pay dividends on watered stock and to otherwise enrich a few privileged individuals, was brought out in the recent suit instituted in San Francisco by the authorities of Texas to put into effect the new railroad-commission tariff reducing the rates of express companies between nine and ten per cent. During the course of the trial the books of the express company were placed in evidence, and the officers of the company were compelled to testify. The examination developed the fact that the Wells-Fargo company last year made arrangements with the Southern Pacific Railroad company by which it obtained a renewal of the *exclusive* express privilege on all the lines of that railroad for the next thirteen years, by paying the company three million dollars for the monopoly, in addition to forty per cent. of the annual gross earnings. Thus the express company paid the railroad a bonus of three million dollars for a privilege which would enable them to levy extortionate freight-rates such as would be impossible if free competition obtained.

Now who ultimately pays this three million dollars that the railroad receives, and the other

millions that the express company evidently expects to acquire, by its readiness to part with this enormous bonus for the monopoly-right? The answer is of course obvious: the exploited producers and consumers. That is to say, every man and woman who has occasion to send a package over this line will help pay the millions that the express company parted with for the privilege of levying extortionate rates, and the other millions that it expects to obtain as a result of thus having the people who are dependent on the public-service corporations at its complete mercy. This illustration is as typical as it is striking. The public-service companies are annually levying taxes amounting to untold millions upon the American people, above all fair profits over money invested, by virtue of franchise-rights and privileges which place the public at the mercy of the monopolies.

ACQUISITION OF THE VERA CRUZ & PACIFIC RAILWAY BY THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT.

ONE OF the most notable of the recent politico-economic events on our continent was the purchase by the government of Mexico, the latter part of April, of the Vera Cruz & Pacific Railway. By this acquisition our sister republic secures an important railway line connecting the consolidated lines of the Mexican National, the Mexican International and Interoceanic lines with the Tehuantepec line, "making a great system of roads from the Texas border to Salina Cruz on the Pacific ocean." In this purchase Mexico follows the lead of many of the more enlightened nations where corporate interests and private ownership of public utilities have not gained such mastery over the great opinion-forming organs and over government as to prevent a thorough educational agitation of the people on the one hand, or statesmanship acting in the interests of the people on the other.

GERMANY'S CAUTIOUS ACTION ON THE QUESTION OF GOVERNMENTAL OWNERSHIP AND WHAT IT LED TO.

MEXICO's action suggests that taken by Germany. There, as in our country, there were strong influences adverse to governmental ownership. All the hackneyed objections and arguments that editors and attorneys holding

stock in railroads or briefs for public-service corporations could advance were urged for the purpose of preventing the nation from taking over the railways. The German people are by nature cautious and conservative; so the government determined to experiment by taking over certain lines and operating them by the side of private lines. After thorough and exhaustive experiments the state came to the conclusion that public ownership was far preferable to private ownership or control, so it took over the other principal lines.

ANNUAL NET EARNINGS OF STATE-OWNED RAILROADS.

ACCORDING to the *Statesman's Year-Book* for last year the annual net earnings of the government railways of Germany were \$6,383,750. Those of Austria yielded the state \$8,077,302; those of Victoria and Queensland, Australia, \$8,229,295; and those of New Zealand, \$2,943,585. But it is not the direct revenues to the state so much as the exploitation of the wealth-producers and consumers, the fostering of monopoly and trust-interests and the corruption of government, that make popular ownership of the great arteries of commerce imperatively demanded. Those who hold briefs for corporate interests have been accustomed to urge that government ownership would mean a nation-wide carnival of corruption; but on this point it has been clearly shown that the greatest factor in the debauching of governments has been the public-service corporations. They, more than all other influences, have been responsible for the scandals in the public life and legislative history of recent years. "No government railways in the world," says Professor Richard T. Ely, "are so thoroughly in politics as the American private railways. You cannot turn in any direction in American politics without discovering the railroad power. It is the power behind the throne."

The railroads first, and after the railways the other public-service corporations, more than all other influences combined are responsible for the present reign of graft in our municipal, state and national life, while the railways have been the foster-fathers of the most cruel and misery-producing trusts, as for example, the coal, the beef and the oil combinations. On this point the Interstate Commerce Commission in its report for 1899 says: "There is

probably no one thing that does so much to force out the small operator and build up trusts and monopolies as discriminations in the freight-rates." The people are slowly coming to see, in spite of the sophistry of the various agents, attorneys and special-pleaders for private ownership of public utilities, that public ownership, whether it added materially or not to the treasury, would save to the nation's wealth-creators and consumers hundreds of millions of dollars now being paid in dividends on watered stock and in fabulously large salaries to favored officials; while, what is more important, it would strike a deadly blow to the greatest corruptor of national life and business integrity in the republic. The day approaches when a slogan will be raised in the form of this query: Shall the government own the railways or the railways own the government?

MISSOURI'S GLORY.

SOME time since we had occasion to refer to Missouri's shame in discussing the appalling revelations of wholesale corruption throughout her municipal and state governments that had existed since the domination of corporate interests and machine-rule; but we noted the fact that Circuit-Attorney Folk, the intrepid, able and incorruptible young statesman, insisted that the heart of the people was sound and that they would not tolerate this reign of graft after they had been made aware of its existence. Recent events indicate that at least the heart of the Missouri democracy is sound.

From all parts of the state, where the press was not subsidized or under the control of notoriously corrupt state and municipal party-machines came urgent demands for Mr. Folk's nomination for governor. But the powerful state machines and those in the city of St. Louis and in Kansas City, backed by the alarmed and enraged corporations, which through the bosses and machines have been systematically debauching the people's representatives in Missouri as in various other commonwealths, decreed that come what might, Joseph Folk must not and should not be nominated. Then began a battle between the honest but unorganized electorate and the powerful, unscrupulous and perfectly organized machines and their wealthy allies, with the result that the people have overmastered the machine and corporate interests. It would be

difficult to overestimate the importance or significance of this victory, which has removed from the rank and file of the Democracy of Missouri the stigma which venal and immoral corporate wealth and political harlots fastened upon the dominant party in that commonwealth. The incorruptible young statesman was near enough to the people to know and understand them, and his confidence in the electorate was not misplaced. This victory will greatly hearten the friends of good government everywhere. The signs are increasing that indicate that we are on the threshold of one of those pronounced moral tidal-waves in public life that at intervals sweep over the conscience of a people, regenerating and renewing the state, and against which all the combined forces of greed, venality and corruption prove powerless.

JUDGE GAYNOR ON THE GREATEST CRIME
OF THE GENERATION.

IN THE course of a brilliant and powerful address on the trusts, delivered in Boston, on May 11th, before the American Social Science association, the Hon. William J. Gaynor of the Supreme Court of New York characterized the freight discriminations as practiced by the railroads in our republic as "the greatest crime of the generation." After noticing the trust evil at length, Judge Gaynor addressed his attention to the subject of freight-rebates, of which he said:

"I come to the greatest crime of our day and generation, namely, the favoritism in freight-rates on our public highways. I say crime, for more wrong has been done by it than by all the crimes defined by our statutes. It has crushed and beggared thousands all over the land. And I say public highways, because our railroads are our public highways. That the public highways of a country should be used to aggrandize some and destroy others, is so infamous and so heartless that we will be looked back upon as a generation lost to moral sense for having allowed it so long. From the beginning of government, everywhere in the world, the public highways have always been built and controlled by government, and every one given an equal use of them. This continued to be so until the coming of the steam-railroads. Then for the first time in the history of the world public highways were turned over to the control of private individuals, if we ex-

cept a comparatively few turnpike roads. Instead of building and controlling the railroads itself, government granted franchises to corporations to build and control them. But they were allowed to be built only as public highways, to be used like all other public highways, for every one alike and without favor or discrimination. This is the law of their being. Railroad corporations are allowed to make a profit for their stockholders, but this is only incidental. They perform a public service, and their first and paramount duty is to government and the public. Their duty to their stockholders is secondary and subordinate.

"The extent to which these corporations have violated their duty by carrying the freight of some at a lower rate than that exacted of their business rivals, and so much lower as to ruin such rivals, forms the most criminal chapter in our history. This freight favoritism is the mother of trusts. The first trust was built up wholly by it. When the oil of one man or set of men, for instance, and speaking approximately, was carried to market by the railroads for one dollar a barrel when all competitors had to pay two dollars, the latter were ruined and had to quit. They could dig wells and refine oil just as well as their rivals, but when such rivals got a reduction or rebate in freight-rates which enabled them to ruinously undersell all others, that was the end of rivalry. Can you conceive of a greater wrong than the public highways of a country being used by individuals to destroy and drive out their competitors in business? Many of the trusts have their own cars, and have them hauled at rates that make competition against them impossible.

"In the investigation of the affairs of the Boston & Albany railroad by the legislature of Massachusetts, at the time it was about to be leased to the New York Central system, it was found that one trust had its cars billed over that railroad at a capacity of 24,000 pounds, whereas on measurement their capacity was found to be 50,000 pounds. It is said rebates are no longer paid by railroads in cash, and that is doubtless true; but here was a rebate of over fifty per cent. by a simple device. And how many similar devices are there? The extent of such discrimination was shown by the fact that the total receipts for freight, compared with the total tonnage carried, was less than if all the freight had been carried at the lowest freight-rate on the published schedule, namely, that on coal."

Judge Gaynor's observations are in alignment with those of the Interstate Commerce Commission and with the views so ably advanced by Gov. LaFollette of Wisconsin. So long, however, as the President of the United States accepts courtesies for himself and his family to the extent of tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars from these same discriminators in freight-rates, who according to Judge Gaynor are the perpetrators of the greatest crime of the day, and so long as the United States senators, congressmen and state legislators accept passes and other courtesies, the people will look in vain for substantial relief. It seems almost incredible that the electorate of America should have so long remained indifferent to this most insidious form of indirect bribery, which to-day renders relief almost impossible. If there existed on our statute-books a law making it a penitentiary offense for any public servant to accept passes or other courtesies from the great corporations which have proved themselves to be the greatest corruptors of government in the republic, such abuses as freight discriminations would not be tolerated for a day.

THE TWO GREAT PARTIES.

AS THE Republican and Democratic parties have not held their conventions at this writing, we reserve extended comment on the presidential outlook until our August issue. In passing we may observe, however, that at the present time the outlook is far more favorable for the election of President Roosevelt than for that of any opposition candidate, owing chiefly to the fact that the Democratic party is apparently hopelessly divided, and the division is fundamental and radical in character. On the one hand are the conscientious and intelligent voters, who are opposed to corporate and trust aggression and the plunder of the people by predatory wealth; who believe in the ideals of Jefferson and the fathers and who are the uncompromising enemies of corruption. On the other hand are the great railways and other corporate interests that find an ideal leader in August Belmont and the corrupt party-machines and bosses. The former have sought to seduce the Democracy by promises of vast campaign funds, such as the Republicans have enjoyed in recent years. If, as now seems probable, the corporations and reactionary elements are able to nominate Judge Parker,

Grover Cleveland, Senator Gorman, ex-Senator Hill, or any other typical reactionary, there will either be a split in the party, or a large per cent. of the conscience-element will not support the nominee of a party recreant to its trust; and in either case overwhelming defeat seems inevitable.

The Democratic party this year had two great issues offered by the frank acceptance of which and the nomination of men who represent the democracy of Jefferson and of Lincoln they might have swept the country. A war on lawlessness and on law-defying and oppressive trusts and corporations and an outspoken opposition to boss-rule and corruption in public life—these were issues that could have been made the key-notes to a successful campaign. In the first place, for four years the people have been robbed and plundered by the oil-trust, coal-trust, meat-trust and other predatory bands in the most shameless manner, and the government, with a whilom trust-lawyer as Attorney-General, has done practically nothing for the people's relief. The tide of public indignation has steadily risen, and with a bold, strong and aggressive platform and a man nominated in whom the people had confidence, there is the strongest reason to believe that democracy might have waged a winning battle, especially if great emphasis had been placed on the fact that through corporate domination of politics corruption has permeated the government throughout all its ramifications. With such issues clearly defined and the nomination of a man like Joseph W. Folk, upon whom honest democrats of all shades of opinion who desire the triumph of good government instead of a reign of privilege and graft could unite, and with the party slogan, "Turn the rascals out and go up higher," the Democracy would sweep the nation, winning such a triumph as it has not known in over half a century.

MR. FOLK AND MR. ROOSEVELT.

MR. FOLK is the type of the morally-strenuous man, just as Mr. Roosevelt is the personification of the physically strenuous. Mr. Folk has proved strong where the President has proved himself weak; and what the republic calls for to-day is that kind of moral courage which has found its finest illustration in the public career of Joseph W. Folk. True, he would have the bitter opposition of all the thieves in office and out, of the great corpora-

tions, and the corrupt party-bosses and machines; but behind him would be the vast mass of honest and intelligent voters who cannot be bought, and as the Democratic electorate of Missouri has risen superior to the machines, corporations and bosses and demanded his nomination as governor, so would the American electorate rally to his support as it has not rallied around any candidate since the close of the war; for the heart of the American people is as yet sound.

THE FIRST POLITICAL CONVENTION OF THE YEAR.

THE SOCIALIST National Convention assembled the first week in May and nominated

Eugene V. Debs and Benjamin Hanford for president and vice-president. Both candidates are laboring men; both are intelligent and fluent speakers. They will undoubtedly make a vigorous and aggressive campaign; and should the railroad corporations and reactionary interests succeed in nominating Mr. Belmont's protegee,—Judge Parker, Mr. Cleveland, or any other man satisfactory to predatory wealth and reactionary and class-interests, it is probable that several hundred thousands of voters who would have supported a progressive Democratic candidate on a truly Democratic platform will cast their ballots for the Socialists, unless, of course, the progressive Democrats should have a ticket in the field.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

IS THE CZAR DIGGING THE GRAVE OF ABSOLUTISM?

THE LATTER part of April the Kings of England and Denmark sounded Russia to see if the government of the Czar would entertain a proposition looking toward the cessation of hostilities and the establishment of a permanent peace through mediation. France and Germany were also said to be anxious to tender their good offices for the same purpose. Russia's reply was characteristically arrogant, insolent and boastful: she would brook no attempt at mediation and no interference when she imposed her terms of peace on the Japanese after she had conquered her enemy.

It seems not improbable to us that when the Czar and his advisers threw away this opportunity of securing peace, the doom of absolutism in Russia was sealed, even though the Czar should ultimately conquer in the present struggle; for before the war opened the Imperial Minister of Finance warned the Emperor that the taxation of the people had reached the limit that could be imposed without danger of revolt. The cost of modern war, even under the most favorable conditions, is so great that no nation can long engage in active hostilities without the imposition of terrible burdens on the wealth creators. But in Russia's case the expenses are necessarily doubly great in that she is fighting a foe be-

tween four and six thousand miles from her basis of supplies. The greater portion of all the food as well as clothing, munitions of war, beasts of burden, and the soldiers, has to be conveyed on a single-track railway for thousands of miles. Her loss in vessels and stores already destroyed reaches a fabulous sum. Furthermore, business in many parts of Russia is already showing signs of paralysis. The vast number of wealth-producers taken from farm, factory, mill and store is causing the fatal stagnation so eloquently described by Bloch as one of the reasons why destruction or bankruptcy will overtake any great nation that attempts to war with a country of about equal strength in the future.

Dispatches from Rome on the twelfth of May declare that from secret reports received from various points in Russia, it is evident that the people are already becoming restive under the reverses experienced by the Czar's forces, and that unless the Emperor should awaken national enthusiasm by declaring for a constitutional government, not only is it probable that Russia will find it difficult to push her war measures, but revolt and revolution will seriously threaten the stability of the government. This we think doubtful at the present time, but after the war will come the real crisis for the despotism of Russia, honeycombed as she is with revolutionary elements and great bodies of people whom her cruel injustice and perse-

cutions have already alienated. We shall not be surprised if the present war writes the downfall of absolutism in the land of the Czar.

AT THE SEAT OF CONFLICT.

JEAN DE BLOCH held that in the future the nation whose soldiery was intelligent and well versed in the manual of arms would have an immense advantage over ignorant soldiers who had been merely taught to implicitly obey orders; and he proved theoretically how under present conditions this would necessarily be the case. A strong confirmation of his theory was seen in the opening land-campaign by the Japanese. The Russians obeyed orders and fought with reasonable bravery, but they were unskilled in the use of the cannon, and their marksmanship was therefore ineffective. The Japanese soldiers are remarkably intelligent and they have exhibited from the first a degree of heroism and patriotism rarely approached in the history of war. It is the rule and not the exception with the soldiers of the Mikado to place the love of country far above the value of life. Thus when the call was made for volunteers in the various efforts to block the harbor of Port Arthur, although it

was pointed out that the probability was that whoever went on board the ships would never return, thousands of soldiers pleaded for the privilege of manning the vessels. And so it has been in every engagement. The soldiers have striven to outdo each other in facing death for their country. Very characteristic of the spirit that animates the rank and file as well as the high officers were the words addressed by Vice-Admiral Kamimura to the men who had volunteered to man the fire-ships that made the final and successful effort in bottling up Port Arthur early in May. "My children," said the great warrior, "I am sending you to the most terrible spot in the fight. You are victims promised to the enemy's guns. Had I sons I should be proud to send them with you. You go to show the world the courage of the Samurai in the land of the Rising Sun."

Officers and soldiers imbued with that spirit,—men who so love their native land that they are reckless of life if by death her safety is rendered more secure, are not likely to be defeated by the ignorant soldiery of Russia, unless the Czar is able to crush them by sheer force of numbers, and even in that event he would probably bankrupt his nation before the end of the conflict and insure a revolutionary hurricane as an aftermath.

IN THE REALM OF ART.

IS AMERICAN SCULPTURE TO EMBODY THE DREAM OF DEMOCRACY?

IN THE world of American art the most significant recent happening is the revolt of a number of our leading sculptors among the younger artists against the subtle and non-progressive spirit of the National Sculpture Society and against the tendency to imitate foreign workers rather than to create great original work. There is in America to-day quite a large number of sculptors, artists and literary workers who are deeply philosophical and who are *en rapport* with the broad and just spirit of democracy. They realize that the message of Greece, splendid and inspiring as it was, is not the message for America to-day; or rather, that our message should be grander and nobler than that of the artists of twenty-five hundred years ago. Greece reached the acme of perfection in delineating the human animal or the

sensuous life of man; but the soul-quality escaped most of her greatest artists. Even her supreme masters seemed to see this subtle yet all-important attribute as through a glass darkly. Two thousand years of the humanizing influence of the teachings of the Great Nazarene, four hundred years of educational advance, more than a century of comparative free thought, and fifty years marked by marvelous strides in psychological science, have lifted humanity to a higher plane, giving to life new meanings and investing man with subtle yet very definite and important qualities which imperatively demand recognition from the man of genius who works in marble or with brush no less than from the scientific author.

Again: America was the pioneer nation to express the splendid ideas of the Declaration of Independence and to incorporate them into the body-politic. She took the first great forward step imperiously demanded of the peo-

VERESTCHAGIN.

ple who assumed to be the leaders in the world's enlightenment. She stood for democracy, for the rights of man, for justice, freedom and fraternity. She opened the door to a new world. She was the supreme innovator, bold yet sane, free yet justice-fearing and law-respecting, brave yet tender and compassionate. She was the incarnation of political light. For a century and a quarter her progress in many ways has been phenomenal. Her material advance has amazed the world; but her moral progress has not been so marked, and in art and literature she is capable of far greater achievements than she has wrought.

The sculptors who led the revolt in the National Sculpture Society and who are now organizing a new association, appreciate the importance of technique, but they insist that there can be no great work, no distinctly original or worthy art, unless the sculptor is first of all a thinker, a profound student, and a man of culture. They deprecate the spirit that is rampant in Paris and largely present with us, which works for the Salon rather than for art; that seeks something startling, unique or fanciful, or merely striking technical triumph, instead of striving to embody some grand or noble national dream, concept or ideal. And this revolt is now assuming the form of an aggressive forward movement. The new society represents an association of thinkers pledged to progress and the ideals of democracy. The movement it represents is symptomatic of the great awakening now taking place throughout the republic and which is finding expression in the dramatic, literary, economic, political and religious fields of work.

WHEN ON April twentieth, the *Petropavlosk* went down, the world lost one of her great artists, a man who more than most painters compelled people to think. But Verestchagin was far more than an artist. He was one of the great moral educators, because he pictured war as it is. It is a singular fact that out of the most despotic of so-called Christian lands there have come forth in our time three colossal personalities who by their thought or art have become major factors in fostering the peace-spirit: Jean de Bloch, the author of the most masterly utilitarian argument against war; Count Tolstoi, the austere prophet of peace, whose writings and life are influencing tens of thousands of the most thoughtful; and Verestchagin, whose pictures can never be forgotten. They seldom picture armies in combat, but they portray the essential horrors and criminality of war as do no other great canvasses. Verestchagin knew war as only seasoned soldiers know it. He had charged with the infantry, he had led in assaults, he had been wounded, and he had suffered from cold and heat, from hunger and fatigue. Hence it is not strange that his opinion was so pronounced in favor of peace. "War," he insisted, "is the antithesis of all morality and all humanity. There has never been but one kind of war since the beginning of the world—that is the war in which you endeavor to kill or inflict as much suffering upon the enemy as possible, seize as much of his property as possible, and wound, kill and take as many prisoners as possible." When Verestchagin died the world lost a great painter of war and an effective teacher of peace.

IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

ARE WE ON THE THRESHOLD OF A LIBERAL RENAISSANCE?

IN THE religious world there are many evidences that we are about to enter a period of moral and intellectual activity which will probably be more or less marked by the acrimonious spirit and intolerance that seem ever present when questions of faith are involved. Indeed, we have recently witnessed many evidences of religious intolerance and hatred appearing in various parts of Christendom, notably on the Continent of Europe. The

main current of thought, however, throughout the Protestant Christian world is becoming more and more favorably disposed to union and coöperation between bodies that fifty years ago were bitterly hostile. The general tendency is toward tolerance and liberty of thought. The binding power of creed and dogma is becoming less and less, while heresy-hunting—that old and favorite occupation of a certain class—is no longer popular, where, indeed, it is tolerated. The recent acquittal of Professor Bowne by the ecclesiastical council of the Methodist church that tried him affords a marked

illustration of the growing liberalism of the pulpit. It is safe to say that a generation ago the professor would have found far different treatment at the hands of his clerical brothers.

Perhaps even more striking as illustrating the approach of another religious awakening that shall be favorable to liberalism are the radical utterances which have recently emanated from a number of distinguished churchmen, the most prominent of which are probably Canon Hensley Henson of Westminster and Dr. Samuel D. M'Connell in this country. These profound thinkers represent a large body of scholars among orthodox churches who are demanding a restatement or a reinterpretation of the message of Christianity. In a recent issue of *The Contemporary Review* Canon Hensley Henson, writing of "The Future of the Bible," boldly challenges accepted traditions. He holds that the credulity that marked the intellectual attitude of masses in the church in former times in the presence of the "incredible, puerile, or demoralizing narratives which the Old Testament contains" has vanished; and he holds that when the untrained mind is confronted by the difficulties arising from the old teaching of plenary inspiration on the one hand and these wonder-stories on the other, it leads to "the violent and unhappy course of repudiating the Bible altogether. The transition," he tells us, "is too prompt and obvious in untutored minds from a sacred volume, too sacred for discussion, to a pack of lies, too gross for toleration. The principle of selection on the basis of what is edifying is, of course, familiar enough in the church. It is implied in the whole notion of an official lectionary. There are passages—many passages—which the church does not read in public. There is, therefore, nothing revolutionary in asking for another and a far more drastic revision."

It must not be supposed that Canon Henson holds the Bible lightly. Indeed, it is because he believes so profoundly in its inherent vitality and saving power that he insists on its being treated with a degree of rationalism that meets the demands of the age. Thus he holds that: "The Bible remains, after all the educational discussions of our time, the best manual of fundamental morality of which experience has knowledge. . . . On the one hand, in the Bible, morality is always linked with the enthusiasm of religious conviction. On the other hand, morality is constantly illustrated by famous examples."

Of its influence on the people he says:

"There is something in the social atmosphere created by a widely-diffused acquaintance with the Scriptures which moderates the acerbity of economic strife, shames the arrogant selfishness of prosperity, and mitigates the embittered resentments of want. Far better than intermittent disquisitions from a supreme ecclesiastical authority is the stamping indelibly on the public conscience of that conception of human duty which is expressed in the gospel. This great service to peace and to social reformation is rendered by the Bible in the familiar usage of the people."

Following closely upon Canon Henson's bold stand comes the eminent New York divine, Dr. Samuel M'Connell, the author of a notable work on immortality and rector of All Soul's church, who in his new work entitled *Christ* takes a stand even more advanced if possible than does Canon Henson. He holds that "the moral ideals of men have overtaken and passed beyond and above those contained in the doctrinal presentation of Christianity."

The utterances of these two eminent divines of the Episcopal church are symptomatic and typical of the change that has been in progress for many decades and that indicates a fact of which close observers have long been aware, —viz, that the creeds and dogmas of earlier days, long held as of cardinal import, no longer enthrall the popular mind, even in the church; while the more far-seeing and bolder of the clergy feel that if the essential materialism or lack of faith permeating the minds of the masses in the church is to be stayed, it must be by a restatement or reinterpretation of Christianity more in harmony with the broadening intellectual concepts that have come as a result of scientific advancement and the new world which education, research, invention and discovery have revealed during the past century.

SOME NOTABLE EXHIBITIONS OF THE REACTIONARY SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE AND THEOLOGICAL BIGOTRY IN THE OLD WORLD.

WE DEEPLY regret to note that the spirit of religious intolerance and reaction seems to be increasing in some parts of the Old World. First, in England the Education Bill was forced through Parliament by a reactionary cabinet. It has awakened more of the old religious prejudice and bitterness than has been witness-

ed in England since the days of the Oxford Movement. The non-conforming denominations have felt that a cruel and unjust law has been passed, contrary to the spirit of liberal government. So deeply, indeed, have the great leaders felt the inherent injustice of this act that they have refused to conform to what they believe to be an unrighteous law, suffering the penalties prescribed; and in so suffering they have appeared to many as the victims of unwarranted religious aggression. The overwhelming defeat of Conservative after Conservative in the by-elections, through largely due to Mr. Chamberlain's hostility to Free-Trade and the equivocal position of the Balfour cabinet, has been in no small degree aided by the popular hostility of sturdy, liberty-loving Englishmen toward the Education Bill.

In Russia the baleful spirit of fanaticism and intolerance has led to persecutions of the Jews that have sent a thrill of horror through the heart of civilization; while other manifestations of religious bigotry in the empire of the Czar indicate that the spirit of the Greek Church under its present head is perilously akin to that of the church in Western Europe during the dark and bloody days of the Inquisition.

And now Protestant Germany is deeply incensed by the appearance of the first volume of *Luther and Lutherdom*, from the pen of a scholar whom the Roman church has esteemed one of its greatest savants, P. Heinrich Denifle, custodian of the Archives of the Vatican Library. On account of the position among thinkers of the author, it was expected that this work would be a sane, able and judicial characterization from a Catholic viewpoint of one of the greatest of the master-minds of the Reformation, whose powerful intellectuality and conscience-force have so markedly shaped the current of civilization. Instead, it proves to be the most bitter and one of the most intemperate attacks yet made on Luther. How far religious prejudice and dogmatic theology may lead a scholar to abuse the facts in hand, and blind him to the solemn demands of truth, to a sense of fairness and justice as well as to all regard for his own reputation as a scholar, has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than in this book, where the so-called savant has the mendacity to characterize Luther as "empty-headed," "a man with an evil heart," and "a thoroughly superficial theologian." He gravely informs his readers that Luther and his followers "found their salvation in fleshly union with women," and that "the Lutheran God

always approved an entirely sinful life."

It seems almost incredible that the spirit of religious fanaticism could in an age like ours lead a scholar to so insult the intelligence of the world as has this author in such declarations as the above. Martin Luther's protests against the corruption and debasement of his age struck an answering chord in the heart and brain of a vast number of conscience-guided men and women, as did Erasmus' brave unmasking of the gross immorality and evils among the monks and churchmen. No man save an intellectual colossus moved by a lofty moral conviction could have achieved the mighty work wrought by the master-brain of the German Protestant movement, and for a scholar to call such an one "empty-headed" or superficial is, to say the least, a pitiful commentary upon the extremes to which dogmatic theology and religious fanaticism may lead a thinker; while the assertions that "the Lutheran God always approved an entirely sinful life" is certainly not calculated to increase respect for the veracity of the author. It is not surprising that this work has aroused the indignation of the great leaders of the Lutheran church. The appearance of such a work must be highly distasteful to the Emperor William, who has been so industriously coquetting with the Center or Catholic party in the Reichstag in the hope of finding in it a needed ally with which to stem the rising tide of social democracy and constitutional liberalism in the empire, and who has also been striving to ingratiate himself into the favor of the Pope and the Vatican, presumably in the hope that the Roman hierarchy would transfer to Germany certain churchly favors that France has enjoyed. This work necessarily runs counter to his plans, as it probably does to those of many of the more politic members of the Vatican; for according to the Catholic *Chronik*, of Leipsic, the work is strongly condemned by several Italian church-papers.

These growing manifestations of religious intolerance and fanaticism cannot fail to prove disquieting to the true friends of human progress, while they should serve to impress on the minds of the thoughtful the importance of opposing every effort looking toward the union of church and state or the injection of religious dogmas into popular education. Nothing is more important than the teaching of the highest ethics of moral conduct; nothing is more dangerous than the spirit of intolerance and unreasoning prejudice and fanaticism which follows in the wake of dogmatic theology.

"NEW LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE":

FURTHER SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE LIFE OF THE SAGE OF CHELSEA.*

A BOOK STUDY.

I.

THOUSANDS of the more thoughtful among our English-speaking people who have been inspired and morally invigorated by the writings of Thomas Carlyle will derive great pleasure from these two fair volumes of letters, written for the most part to his family and most intimate friends; for in them we come wonderfully near to Carlyle the man. Here we see him when he is entirely off guard; and here it is, if ever, that we shall see and know the true Carlyle. One may consciously or unconsciously pose and masquerade during a life-time before the world, and the majority of those who have come under his influence may know little of the real character behind the mask; but go into the home of this man, see him in all moods, win his absolute confidence on every side of his nature so that he will in words and letters reveal his every hope, aspiration and desire, his real views of life, his failings, his strength and his weakness, and then you know the real man. In much the same way the reader of these new letters of Carlyle comes *en rapport* with the man as he is in every mood, as he reveals himself to his wife, his mother, his brothers, and his dearest personal friends; and there is a peculiar interest attaching to such letters that is not present in the intimate personal correspondence of most great men, by reason of the strong sidelights they throw on the character of one whose fair fame has been cruelly darkened by one of the most brilliant word-painters and consummate special pleaders of the last century.

We have always felt that Froude's method of handling the characters of the Carlyles was a moral crime of no small proportions. That Carlyle was a life-long dyspeptic, gloomy and at times misanthropic, is freely admitted; but that he was such a man as Froude represents him to be we have never for a moment believed. And it is therefore with special pleasure that we have perused these new letters, which, as the editor truly observes, "reveal withal the

heart of their writer perhaps more than his genius; they bear evidence that the man who wrote them was not only sincere and candid, but also kindly disposed, full of sympathy and active helpfulness, ever ready with wise advice, friendly encouragement and practical beneficence to all those with whom he was brought in contact."

There is a melancholy interest attending the later letters of the great philosopher, and we are glad that the editor has had the wisdom to introduce them, for, as he observes: "Although they are as a rule perhaps of less literary merit than those of earlier date, they will, it is believed, serve to remove many prevalent misconceptions regarding Carlyle's condition during these later years,—the part of his life that has been the most seriously misunderstood or misrepresented. The mythical story that he spent his last years in penitential sorrow and remorse (for the supposed ill-treatment of his wife) is not one that can be credited by those who were intimate with him, or who have read his correspondence, during the period referred to. It rests on idle gossip or hearsay, or on certain humorously-exaggerated expressions in Mrs. Carlyle's Letters, or on mistaken inferences from isolated extracts from Carlyle's Journal which when read in its entirety and with a knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written, affords little or no evidence in justification of the allegation."

Carlyle's Journal during the sad closing years of his life was, as he wrote, "mainly a record of sorrows." It has been said by one who lived with him during these declining years that:

"When he was fairly well and in good spirits, day after day would go pleasantly past, and the Journal be allowed to lie unopened; but after a restless night, a spell of insomnia, dyspepsia, or hypochondria, the unfortunate Diary was certain to be produced and an entry made in it symptomatic of his feelings at the moment. The Journal even as a whole gives a one-sided and far too sombre a view of his condition, and

* *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. Two volumes. Illustrated. Price, \$6.00 net. New York: John Lane.

it is peculiarly liable to misinterpretation or misconstruction, especially when extracts, chosen for a purpose and detached from the context, are alone read."

In referring to his last days and the gloom that settled over him, which has been so cruelly misinterpreted, the editor points out that:

"The increase of his sadness and gloominess of mind began before the death of his wife; and the causes of it are not far to seek; he was entering the solemn valley of old-age; his health and strength were completely broken by long years of wearing toil and trouble; in 1865 (more than a year before Mrs. Carlyle died), he emerged from his last herculean task, the *Life of Friedrich*, in a state which he himself describes as one of 'gloomy collapse of mind and body,' of being 'often enough low and dreary, truly helpless, weak as a sparrow, liver and nerves deeply wrong.' And it was while still suffering under this collapse, that the great calamity of his life befell him, his loving, true-hearted and dearly loved Life-companion was suddenly snatched away from him, to be followed year after year by other losses, until as usually happens to those whose span of life has exceeded the three-score years and ten, all his early and intimate friends had gone before him. Here are the names of a few of the friends and relatives whose loss he survived to mourn: Joseph Neuberger, John Chorley, Thomas Erskine, Mr. Foxton, his half-brother, John Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Edward Twissleton, John Forster, his brother Alexander, David Laing, and his brother Dr. Carlyle. No wonder that Carlyle felt lonely in these later years, and wrote pathetically: 'The earth grows very solitary when all our loved ones are faded away to the Unseen Land!'"

II.

Thomas Carlyle was one of the greatest prophets of any age. Few among the thought-moulders of the England of the last century did more to arouse the moral sensibilities or move the conscience-element in society than did he. His voice was like a clarion-call in midnight's silent hour, that served a great purpose in arousing a people from a deadly, slothful opportunism that was permeating society, making it indifferent to the ethical verities, and at once artificial, shallow, faithless, sordid, selfish and frivolous. He was by no means the only voice that stirred the souls of men or compelled England to shake off her lethargy and

arise in moral strength and glory, for his most virile years fell in an hour when on every hand men of thought, conviction and action were ceaselessly at work. Carlyle and Mazzini were two of the mightiest conscience-forces of the thirties, forties and fifties in England; but they were nobly seconded by Kingsley, Maurice, Mackay, Massey, Elliot, Elizabeth Barrett, Thomas Hood, Dickens, Bulwer, Cobden, Bright, and others. Indeed, this period was a veritable moral renaissance for the Mother Country that contrasts most strikingly with the years of ethical torpor and reaction which preceded the accession of William IV.

We think it is safe to say that Thomas Carlyle stood preëminent among the prophets of the last century who strove to impress men with a realization of the solemn and august meaning of life and with the grave duties that devolve on every child of the Infinite. He preached the gospel of Work in such a way that men felt the meaning of his message. He exalted the ideal of Duty until it became a pillar of fire guiding those lost in a sensuous and greed-infected wilderness. To him, as to his friend, the illustrious Italian exile, Duty was divine and life was a mission. His was the evangel of Work. On one occasion he declared that:

"Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which was to me of invaluable service: '*Do the duty which lies nearest thee,*' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer. May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and when you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your 'America is here or nowhere.' The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, to be free. Fool! the

Ideal is thyself; the impediment too is in thyself; thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether the stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere.'"

And again he exclaims:

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest: before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of Eternity shine for us celestial guiding-stars."

And still again:

"Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life and do his best."

True, Carlyle had his limitations. He was the voice crying in the wilderness rather than the wide-visioned philosopher whose gospel is one that squares with the mighty laws of being, of growth and the onward sweep of civilization. He was a John the Baptist who arrested the attention, awakened the conscience, and brought men to themselves. He prepared the way for the teachers who more fully recognized the greatest truths disclosed in modern times. He was an iconoclast, an extreme individualist. The law of solidarity, the unity of life, the mutual dependence and interdependence of all the units in the human family, which the great Italian appreciated so keenly and which led him to see the orderly march of things from the dawn of time, the gradual ascent through unknown eons, and the splendid destiny that lies beyond, did not impress Carlyle in a soul-compelling way. And thus in an age when everything was making for "association," "coöperation" and "union," the mightiest ethical and economic facts which the most advanced philosophers appreciated, escaped him. Had he seen the truth as Mazzini saw it, his *French Revolution* would have been one of the most coherent and masterful pieces of literature

known to any age instead of a marvelous panorama of wonderful word-pictures, devoid of historical sense of proportion and wanting in philosophical insight. And just here we are tempted to quote from Mazzini's masterly criticism of Carlyle as the historian of the French Revolution, because we feel that the brief extracts, fragmentary though they be, will perhaps enable the reader to understand what we have long felt to be the capital defect in the works of Thomas Carlyle, and because the facts dwelt upon by the Italian philosopher are truths that we all should take to heart:

"There is but one defect in Mr. Carlyle, in my opinion, but that one is vital: it influences all he does, it determines all his views; for logic and system rule the intellect even when the latter pretends to rise the most against them. I refer to his view of the collective intelligence of our times.

"That which rules the period which is now commencing, in all its manifestations; that which makes every one at the present day complain, and seek good as well as bad remedies—that which everywhere tends to substitute, in politics, democracy for governments founded upon privilege—in social economy, association for unlimited competition—in religion, the spirit of universal tradition for the solitary inspiration of the conscience—is the work of an *idea* which not only alters the aim but changes the starting-point of human activity; it is the *collective* thought seeking to supplant the individual thought in the social organism; the spirit of *Humanity* visibly substituting itself (for it has been always silently and unperceived at work) for the spirit of *man*.

"In the past, we studied one by one the small leaves of the calix, the petals of the corolla; at the present day our attention is turned to the full expansion of the flower. . . . From the point of view of the individual we have gained the idea of right; we have worked out (were it only in thought) liberty and equality—the two great guarantees of all personality: we proceed further—we stammer out the words Duty—that is to say, something which can only be derived from the general law—and *association*—that is to say, something which requires a common object, a common belief. The prolonged plaint of millions crushed beneath the wheels of competition has warned us that freedom of labor does not suffice to render industry what it ought to be, the source of material life to the state in all its members: the intellectual

anarchy to which we are a prey has shown us that liberty of conscience does not suffice to render religion the source of moral life to the state in all its members.

"We have begun to suspect, not only that there is upon the earth something greater, more holy, more divine than the individual—namely, Humanity—the collective Being always living, learning, advancing toward God, of which we are but the instruments; but that it is alone from the summit of this collective idea, from the conception of the Universal Mind, 'of which,' as Emerson says, 'each individual man is one more incarnation,' that we can derive our mission, the rule of our life, the aim of our societies. We labor at this at the present day.

"We thirst for unity: we seek it in a new and larger expression of mutual responsibility of the men towards each other,—the indissoluble *copartnership* of all generations and all individuals in the human race. We begin to comprehend those beautiful words of St. Paul (Romans, xii., 5): 'We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' We seek the harmony and meaning of the worth of individuals in a comprehensive view of the collective whole. Such is the tendency of the present times, and whosoever does not labor in accordance with it, necessarily remains behind.

"Mr. Carlyle comprehends only the *individual*; the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. He sympathizes with all men, but it is with the separate life of each, and not with their collective life. He readily looks at every man as the representative, the incarnation in a manner, of an idea: he does not believe in a 'supreme idea, represented progressively by the development of mankind taken as a whole.' . . . He does not feel sufficiently the existence of the greater bond between the generations past, present, and future. The great religious idea, *the continued development of Humanity by a collective labor, according to an educational plan designed by Providence*, forefelt from age to age by a few rare intellects, and proclaimed in the last fifty years by the greatest European thinkers, finds but a feeble echo, or rather no echo at all, in his soul.

"Carlyle does not recognize in a people—nor, *a fortiori*, in Humanity—any collective life or collective aim. He recognizes only individuals. For him, therefore, there is not, there cannot be, any providential law—in fact every

law contemplates mankind as a whole—nor any intelligible chain of connection between cause and effect."

Here we have the secret of Carlyle's weakness—a weakness which, as Mazzini points out in these lines, renders Carlyle's *French Revolution* of negative value, if indeed its influence is not positively bad:

"When all have vanished, you rouse yourself from the whirling vortex, like one awaking from nightmare; you look around, as if for some vestige of these fleeting images, seeking if they have left aught behind them to suggest some explanation of enigma. You see naught but the void: three words alone remain as summary of the entire history—*Bastille, Constitution, Guillotine*.

"This mournful trilogy is the summing-up of the narrative of the greatest event of modern times; and whilst it makes known to us the intellectual secret of the writer, who has only seized the material and external side of that event, does it not also reveal the secret of his soul—unknown, it may be, even to himself—and the penalty he has to pay for not having searched deeper while yet able to do so? Terror and discouragement. The Constitution—the aim of every effort during that period—is placed between a prison and a scaffold: three epigrams, taken from Goethe, accompany the three words he has chosen as titles for his three volumes; and the last concludes with a menace to all those who believe in the possibility of constituting themselves apostles of liberty.

"*A Bastille, a Constitution, and a Guillotine.*"

Had Carlyle apprehended the law of solidarity and its meaning, he would have seen in the Revolution something far different from what he pictured—something, indeed, very like Mazzini's magnificent summary of the true meaning of this great cataclysm, as found in the following passage:

"The Revolution,—that is to say, the tumult and fury of the Revolution—perished; the form perished, as all forms perish when their task is accomplished, but the *idea* of the Revolution survived. That idea, freed from every temporary envelope or disguise, now reigns forever, a fixed star in the intellectual firmament; it is numbered among the conquests of Humanity.

"Every great idea is immortal; the French Revolution rekindled the sense of *Right*, of

liberty, and of equality in the human soul, never henceforth to be extinguished; it awakened France to the consciousness of the inviolability of her national life; and awakened in every people a perception of the powers of collective will, and a conviction of ultimate victory, of which none can deprive them. It summed up and concluded (in the political sphere) one epoch of Humanity, and led us to the confines of the next.

"These are results which will not pass away; they defy every protocol, constitutional theory, or *veto* of despotic power."

The failure to come into full rapport with the meaning of the most vital truth that had dawned on the age in which he lived, made Carlyle merely the forerunner or the voice in the wilderness, rather than a mighty constructive social philosopher. And yet time and again he caught fleeting glimpses of this greatest truth of the age, as many of his nobler passages attest. In these words the true prophet speaks to the conscience of his generation:

"We are here to do God's will. The only key to a right life is self-renunciation. The man who lives for self, who works for selfish ends, is a charlatan at bottom, no matter how great his powers. The man who lives for self alone has never caught a vision of the true meaning and order of the universe. Human life is a solemn thing,—an arena wherein God's purpose is to be worked out. I must, with open, spiritual vision, behold in this universe, and through it, the mighty All, its Creator, in his beauty and grandeur. . . . His purpose, not mine, shall be carried out, for to that end the universe exists. Life shall be a barren, worthless thing for me unless I seek to fall in with God's plan, and do the work he has sent me here to do. Ah, then the torturous pangs of disappointed hopes, jealousy and despair shall be at rest, and I, now in harmony with God, can sing at my work, and amid my toil find blessed rest. For, what though I fail to reach the mark I set before me; what though its immediate results have been small? The very attempt, persevered in, of working out the Divine purpose in my life has made that life a truly noble one. Now, indeed, I am independent of the world's smile or frown, since I am in harmony with God, and have his smile as the light of my life. I have got into the blessed region of the 'Everlasting Yea.' And however ill outwardly and apparently, all is going well for me inwardly and ultimately."

Though on account of the limitations to which we have referred, it is, we think, probable that Carlyle will not exert an ever-increasing influence on the brain and heart of civilization, as will Mazzini on the one hand or Emerson on the other, yet he will long be a fountain of inspiration for upward-striving souls. His words will continue to quicken life on its highest plane and fire in the heart of youth that holy moral enthusiasm that is as vital to the life of a nation or civilization as is oxygen to the physical body.

III.

Civilization has far too few Carlyles,—those fearless men of thought who break up fatal moral inertia and arrest reaction and the downward course of life. When we remember how powerfully his austere call to the brain and conscience of his age impressed the best thinkers who came under his influence, we feel a profound regret that Froude should have used his splendid natural power to paint a picture that has served to lower Carlyle in the eyes of the world and weaken the force of his message over the minds of many. For though one may hold that a true message should influence the brain, regardless of the source from which it comes, the fact remains that for a majority of us an ethical message loses much of its force if we find that the prophet or teacher was at best a sign-board pointing to the green pastures into which he failed to go. It is not denied that Carlyle was earnest, simple in life, sincere; that he hated shams and artificiality; that he was an indefatigable worker. And in the light of competent testimony, strikingly reinforced by these voluminous letters to his wife, mother, brothers and other dear friends, wherein his true self is visible if it is ever shown, we think the fact is established beyond cavil that he was by no means the man that Froude would have us believe him to be in his home and among his dearest ones. This conviction, we think, will be inevitable when one peruses these two volumes, for here speaks the true man in intimate converse with all who were nearest to him during the period of forty years (from March, 1830, to February, 1879). One comes very near to the throbbing heart and pulsating brain of this tireless worker, who reads these letters nearer, we imagine, than he can approach in any other volumes.

These letters reveal a real man of sturdy moral fiber; a conscience-guided child of the Infinite, who has made Duty the mainspring of his life, who has a message for his fellow-

men, the burden of which is that in Work—the faithful performance of life's labor, and in fidelity to high ideals is found the way to self-mastery and salvation. Here we find a man who intensely believed in the saving power of his message, and in his tireless life of labor practiced his own precepts to the limit of his physical powers. A man who by nature and early environment was rendered grave and deeply serious is nevertheless here found to be tender, generous and kindly, ever ready to aid others, ever sending little gifts of money to the needy in a quiet, unostentatious manner, ever ready to help with advice those in need of aid,—in a word, constantly extending his hand to the less fortunate ones. A man who though rarely free from the eating pains of dyspepsia and the great mental depression incident to that disorder, is yet not unfrequently cheerful and usually strong in the possession of a sublime faith. To those who would clear the reputation of Carlyle from the false impressions that have gone forth, this work will be invaluable; and the charm and interest of the content-matter will enthrall those readers who enjoy the intimate and personal correspondence of illustrious men.

Many of the letters are so good that did space permit we should quote extensively. Under the circumstances we content ourselves with a few extracts from family correspondence, concerned mainly with the departure for America of a brother and the solicitude of Carlyle especially for his mother. These delightful glimpses into a home glorified by simple yet true affection will help us to understand the loving nature of this man who in the popular imagination was lacking in tender affections.

In 1843 Thomas Carlyle's brother Alexander, after a desperate struggle to make a living for his family, found himself worsted in the conflict. Ruin stared him in the face if he remained in Scotland, and after deliberation and many family councils it was decided wisest for him to fare forth to Canada and build a new home. Below is a characteristic letter from the philosopher to his brother:

"My dear Brother—Yesterday I had a Letter from the Doctor, who had seen you as he passed thro' Ecclefechan; you need not doubt but the news he gave me was interesting. You have now finished the sale of your effects in Ecclefechan, this very day you must have been removing from your house, into some other

temporary abode; and in a short time, it appears, you are to make a much farther removal, and try the new country over the sea. My dear Brother, it is a great and painful enterprise; but, I trust in Heaven, it may be a blessed one. My thoughts have been with you constantly in these days; ever and anon the image of poor Ecclefechan, and my good Brother closing his sorrowful battle there, has risen on me strangely thro' whatever I might be looking at here. Courage, my Brother! You will get thro' all those pains and confusions; you will cut your way, like a brave man, into new battleground, and rise into victory yet, if it please God! Few sights I have looked on have been painfuller to me than that of a man with your energies and qualities struggling in such a scene, under such galling impediments, as you have long been. I have a clear hope that better times, and a more generous fight, are appointed for you in that new home. You will have no miserable Laird or other Fellow-mortal whatever, to ask leave of there; you will, at least, appeal direct to the Great powers, and ask *them* whether you deserve to prosper or not. It seems to me a most blessed change; worthy of being purchased at a very great cost of pain.

"The report John gives us of your present mood of mind is very satisfactory. He rather complains that you have not yielded to his scheme of going out to Canada first, and looking at it: this surely was kindly intended on his part, but on the whole both Jane and I are of opinion that your own resolution for your own behoof is the wise one. It will be a confused forbidding aspect that the new country offers you; but under that first look, which you will not let dishearten you, there will be a *second* look, there will lie all manner of possibilities, which to the brave man will become more and more productive. On the whole, is it not better that you buckle to it, as you mean to do, resolutely, with your whole heart, *at once*? 'There is a puddle at every town-end,' says the proverb: it is better to get *thro'* that, perhaps, without looking at it farther. I anticipate great things for you in that new way of life,—first of all far better health than you have had lately; healthy honest *field-work*, far better for the body; and then still more, the awakening of a generous manful hope in your heart and mind, such as has long been absent in these late sorrowful times.

"Your parting with us all will be painful; yes, dear Brother, it will be a cruel sorrow;

but on the whole this too must be borne. Nay, you are not to think it a *final* leave you are taking of any of us: Canada, by steam and other means, is coming daily closer to Britain; for my share, I see not but it is likelier the whole of them may have to go out to *you* if times do not mend. There is positively no existence for an industrious tiller of the soil in this country in our day; and the view I have of the days that are coming often makes me shudder! To struggle out one's own life in such a country is dreary; but to leave a quantity of children in such a scene, which grows yearly more unmanageable, is frightful. No; rather consider yourself as the harbinger and pioneer of the others, than as one cut off from them: the blessing of God *does* rest upon the brave man, who with a sincere wise heart goes forth in the name of God.

"I remember well at this moment, the last look I got of Jamie and you, as I went off, in the steamer towards this place some eight years ago. I felt that I was gone from you; but that I had been bound and compelled to go;—that, in the name of Heaven, I must now do and struggle! In the midst of pain a better feeling arises: it is good for a man that he be cast, from time to time, forth from his old refuges, and made to try what his relation with the great seen and unseen Realities is!—I hope yet to see you in Canada some day; and sit by your hearth on ground that belongs to yourself and the Maker alone!—

"Jack talks of £300 as a sum that you would have a fair chance with, were it lying ready for you on your landing on the other side. I can only say that I will right heartily go halves with him in any such sum that may be considered fittest; and it will be a true tho' small relief to my mind to do so. I know [not] whether I should have spoken to you about this at all; for perhaps he has not yet mentioned it to you, and the consultation may be still incomplete: but I could not help signifying my readiness even before the time.

"Our poor dear Mother will suffer sore; but you, of course, will do all that is in you to spare her true heart any sorrow that is not inevitable. The good old heart of a Mother! She is the saddest and tenderest sight we have in this world; one could weep floods of tears, were there not something in it of a sacredness that led one beyond tears. It was the most high God that made Mothers and the sacred affection of children's hearts: yes, it was He;—and shall it not, in the end, be *all well*; on this side

of death, or beyond death? We will pray once more from our inmost heart, if we can, 'Our Father which art in Heaven, *thy* will be done!'

"Last week you would receive a Post-Office order (or was it the beginning of this week) for two pounds. I think it was not specifically mentioned that one of the pounds was a gift to the poor little [Laddie] who has just arrived, and is lying asleep on its Mother's Knee, little conscious of all this bustle! I hope there will be something for *snaps* to Jane and Tom besides.—I expect to hear very soon from the Doctor again. I send my blessing to you all; and am ever

"Your affectionate Brother,
"T. CARLYLE."

To his mother he wrote, after hearing from his brother John of the departure of Alexander:

"My dear Mother—John's second Letter of to-day is just come. . . . He says you bore your great sorrow with the firmness we have known in you, 'like a Christian and a brave woman.' It is what I had to expect also,—thank Heaven for it. You have had much to suffer, dear Mother, and are grown old in this Valley of Tears; but you say always, as all of us should say, 'Have we not many mercies too?' Is there not above all, and in all, a *Father* watching over us; through whom all sorrows *shall* yet work together for good?—Yes, it is even so. Let us try to hold by that as an anchor both sure and steadfast."

A little over a year after his brother had moved to Canada, he writes as follows, describing a visit to the old home:

"Our dear old Mother was in waiting for me that morning Jamie brought me up from the steamer; she has run about unweariedly ever since, and nothing can prevent her from the most restless endeavor to make her guest better and better off,—far better than he has any need or wish of. She is in what one must call very good health for *her*; not much weaker than when I saw her last: her hands shake a little more, I think, and that is almost all the change one notices in her. She varies considerably, however, from day to day; has slept indifferently last night, for instance,—we cannot expect her now to be strong. She does not mourn audibly for your absence; indeed she says expressly with thankfulness, you seem for all your sadness of mind to be doing really better than

there was any clear chance of here. Good Mother! She is quite cheery yet, when moderately well in health; looks back with still resignation on many a sorrow, and forward with humble pious trust. It is beautiful to see how in the gradual decay of all other strength, the strength of her heart and affection still survives, as it were, fresher than ever;—the *soul* of Life refuses to grow old with the *body* of Life; one of the most affecting sights! We were talking last night of the death of Margaret,—that unforgettable night when you and I rode down from Craigenputtoch;—and were all again, as it were, brought together, the Dead of us and the Absent of us; in a sad but to me a very solemn and profitable manner. . . . Let us be thankful for many blessings such as fall to the lot of few. Good Parents whom you *can* honor, it is the foundation of all good for a man."

During this visit to his old home he writes his wife as follows:

"Dearest—perhaps you will be anxious if I do not write a word this night; you shall have a little bulletin, therefore,—tho' otherwise there is almost *less* than nothing to be said. For in truth I am not very well—which means first of all, that I am dreadfully lazy, indisposed for any exertion but that of breathing: . . . I go strolling out every morning; wind round generally till I intercept the Postman; if I find a Letter from you in his pocket, it is the event of the day: I return home with it glad; get into the easiest combination of chairs, with some silly Book in my hand, or without any Book, except my own foolish faculties of Memory and Anticipation; and so, with a few dawdlings out and in, to the hilltop or farther, pensively pass the day. To-morrow I hope to be brisker; to-night, not having yet had walking enough, I propose to go to Ecclefechan with this: walking under cloud of night being still much to my taste. Our weather yet continues dry; all the world has a certain mournful beauty; and sings strange unrhymed stanzas to me as I rove about in it.

.....
 "What you tell me to-day of Tennyson's Pension is very welcome indeed. Poor Alfred, may it do him good;—'a Wife to keep him unaisy,' will be attainable now, if his thoughts tend that way. . . . By the bye, was it not I that first spoke of that Pension, and set it afloat in the world! In that case it may be

defined as our *ukase* not less than Peel's. This world is a most singular place!

"My *Friedrich der Grosse* went done last night: I read it with many reflections; mean to inquire yet farther about the man. *Der Grosse Fritz*: if I had any turn for travelling, I should hold it very interesting indeed to go to Berlin, and try to make more acquaintance with him and his people. They are both of them very strange. Alas, what is the meaning of this that they call Literature? 'German Literature' should have contrived to give us some melodious image of this greatest German Man, living in very difficult circumstances, next door neighbor to it! German Literature too is but a smallish matter in comparison.

"Not a word to-night about my home-coming. This is not a night for taking resolutions: all I can say is, The time is now nigh. Total Idleness does not answer me long. *Mud* superadded would almost instantly send me off. For the rest I really am getting a little better in health,—really but very slowly. You would smile to see my *diet*: two light-boiled eggs with a cup of curds-and-cream, I have dined twice upon that.—Jamie advances rapidly in his shearing. Isabella seems to be a little better; comes up stairs almost every day. *Our Butter* was churned and put up two days ago. Is your *meal* done, or how? Adieu, dear Goody mine! I love thee very well after all, my lassie! T. C."

We close these extracts with a characteristic letter to his mother:

"My dear good Mother— . . . This morning we had again a Note from John: he is very punctual about writing; which, as well as his being near you and always within reach, is a great comfort to us. In the Note before last he told us of a *ham* you were about sending; good kind Mother! It was very wise and right that he advised you not to send it at present; but the thought of its being intended to be sent is, and will remain, a thing of real value to me. It is one of a thousand such things with which my poor life, ever since it began, has been made rich by you. Whatever other things have gone wrong with me, the love of my true Mother never went wrong; but followed me ever inseparable, in good and evil fortune, and I should be harder of heart than is suitable for man if I could ever forget the fact. And, alas, what can I do in return for you, dear Mother? Nothing, nothing! I

will try to *live* by the noble example you showed; and to hold fast for myself, and speak abroad as I can for others, the precious simple wisdom I learned from my Mother; let that be a comfort to her in her old age, in looking back upon a long life that has many sorrows in it. And let us all take Courage, courage; and look, with humble trust, for a good issue to *all* that was really *good* in us; and thro' Time and thro' Eternity, never quit that sacred hope. Oh thank you, thank you, dear pious-hearted Mother, for the precious breeding you gave me: things that I feel to be *wise*, to be God's *truth*, and fit to be spoken aloud before all mortals, and even thundered in their ears in these sad days,—how often do I find with an unspeakable tenderness of recollection, '*That is thy Mother's*, now; that thou got from thy poor Mother, long ago! May God reward her for it,—as of a surety He will and does!'—I think, the older I grow, the more entirely I feel myself my Father's and my Mother's Son; and have more and more reason to be thankful, and piously proud, that I had such parents. Courage, dear Mother, we will not fear anything, but hope till death and thro' death! The soul that has been devoutly loyal to the Highest, that soul has the eternal privilege to *hope*. For GOOD is appointed to it, and not evil, as God liveth!

" . . . Jane is going off towards you, she decides, on Saturday first, . . . Poor little Jeannie, she is greatly failed, and I think even failed since last year; but she has a wonderful spirit in her still, and fights along never yielding.— . . .

"I am ever my good old Mother's affectionate Son—with blessings and prayers,—

"T. CARLYLE."

To us the letters that hold the greatest charm are those written to his mother. The bond of affection between these two was extremely strong. Little "Tom" was from early childhood the idol of the poor, hard-working Scotch woman, who had known so little of life but incessant toil. It will be remembered that when he started to Edinburgh to attend the University, the mother, who had never learned to write, mastered that art, so difficult to acquire for one mature in years and whose hands are stiffened with toil, that she

might be able to write to her boy. One can almost see this sturdy Scotch mother, after her long hours of manual work, laboriously scratching this characteristic letter:

"Son Tom,—I received your kind and pleasant letter. Nothing is more satisfying to me than to hear of your welfare. Keep up your heart, my brave boy. You ask kindly after my health. I complain as little as possible. When the day is clear it has a great effect on me. But upon the whole I am as well as I can expect, thank God. I have sent a little butter and a few cakes, with a box to bring home your clothes. Send them all home that I may wash and sort them at once. Oh, man, could I but write! I'll tell ye a' when we meet, but I must in the meantime content myself. Do send me a long letter; it revives me greatly; and tell me honestly if you read your chapter e'en and morn, lad. You mind I hod if not your hand, I hod your foot of it. Tell me if there is anything you want in particular. I must run to pack the box, so I am,

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARGARET CARLYLE."

These extracts which we have given from the *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle* have been selected more for the purpose of showing the warm heart, the simplicity, sincerity, faith and trust of this brave and robust thinker, so rugged in soul and so sick in body. True, they may be somewhat wanting in the exuberance of emotion and the florid verbiage characteristic of warm-blooded southern peoples; and they may bear the stamp of the reserve and repression which are characteristic of the hardy Scots who for generations have been under the austere teachings of Knox; but on the other hand they reveal a truly noble soul, transparent, honest, sincere, brave, loving and tender. And what is true of these extracts is true of the correspondence that makes up the volumes. They embody the spirit that pervades the entire work and which speaks more eloquently than autobiography or biography could speak of the real Carlyle,—the brave, true man, the sturdy prophet of Duty, the apostle of Work,—the thinker who, often confused in thought because of the vantage-ground from which he viewed life, was yet true—absolutely true—to the dictates of conscience and faithful to the Ideal.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

I.

The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus is one of the very few American novels of the present year that is worthy of special notice and of a place in the libraries of those who desire to collect pure, wholesome and inspiring fiction. It is at once realistic and idealistic: realistic in the remarkable fidelity exhibited in picturing New England country life in a remote mountain region; idealistic in all else pertaining to the romance. Here the wonderful beauty of our fair land, which is so often lost on the dwellers in some of the most picturesque regions, is described by one who has seen and felt the mystic spell which the Great Mother throws over the imagination of her loved children who have eyes to see and the poet's soul to appreciate her multitudinous and ever-changing charm. Yet even truer or more absolutely faithful to detail are the pictures of the simple life of the country-folk. The homely tasks and the unlettered speech are set down so simply and convincingly that one feels himself in the presence of those with whom many of us have been at some time fortunate enough to associate. Here we find that wholesome realism, innocent of pruriency or abnormality, which so strongly marked the earlier stories of Miss Wilkins and was perhaps the chief factor in making them so popular. But beyond the more than photographic accuracy with which the country and country-life are portrayed in *The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus* the spirit of realism presumes not to go; and thenceforth the romance is dominated by a noble idealism that is as helpfully suggestive as it is restful and invigorating.

The characters, of which there is quite a number, represent persons in various stations and walks of life, and are as a rule well drawn. In the central figure, Hugh Armstrong, the

crippled wood-carver, we have an unusually fine piece of character delineation in which the author displays keen insight, especially in reflecting the inner workings of the human mind. This psychological element, though not pressed to undue lengths, adds greatly to the strength of the delineation, because the author's touch is true at every point. She enters into the inner court of the soul and beholds the workings of a mind which at the opening of the romance is shrouded in the darkness of despair, with reason tottering on the brink of the dark precipice. How such a one, bereft of hope, doomed to lie helpless through a lifetime, after he had planned a career of glorious activity, would feel is here presented with convincing power; and the author is equally happy in describing the workings of the same mind as the hero emerges from the night into the light, for the darkness gives place to the gray dawn and that in turn to the rose flush and purple splendor that herald the white light of day.

II.

The story is largely concerned with the lives of two of earth's unfortunate children, one a shut-in, the other a shut-out. The shut-in is Hugh Armstrong, an ambitious youth, who being home from the academy two years prior to the opening of the story, while helping his uncle to fell trees was struck by a falling trunk which so injured his spine that from that time his lower limbs have been absolutely helpless.

The shut-out is little Theodora, commonly called "Twiddle."

When the story opens Hugh Armstrong is represented as one of the most hopeless of earth's children. The two years of imprisonment and the constant conviction that he is worse than useless to his people have filled his soul with bitterness and dark thoughts. He daily curses God and his fate. He has reached the verge of insanity and is meditating suicide when a stranger from New York, Phillip Van-aver, chances on the little country home. He

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

is a young man of wealth and refinement, with a warm, sympathetic and generous heart that goes out in love to all earth's unfortunates. He wins the affection of the shut-in, interests him in wood-carving and in the reading of the world's best authors. Hugh Armstrong is a natural artist, a man with a poet's soul and the love of detail so necessary to those who would excel in carving. Soon he becomes an expert, for he has found a field in which his imagination and native genius can find full expression. Through his new friend orders come for his work from the city. He is enabled to earn enough to pay off the mortgage on the farm.

Three other people from the great outside world, friends of Phillip Vanever, come to Olympus and play an important part in the story. Especially is this true of beautiful Madeline Cope, of Baltimore, who later marries Phillip Vanever, and Franz Waldort, the Californian, a son of a forty-niner, and an eminent geologist, who later marries Twiddie. The characters of Phillip, Franz, and Madeline are well drawn. The first two have come up from the darkness, but their souls have risen superior to the blighting influences that came as a result of unfortunate environment and lack of early training. Madeline Cope is an ideal creation, who, if she at times impresses us as being a little too ethereal for our old world, is nevertheless a pure, inspiring and elevating influence—a noble ideal of what our twentieth-century womanhood should strive to realize.

In Twiddie, the wild-rose of the mountains, the author introduces one of those most unfortunate members of society,—the shut-out, the illegitimate, who though guiltless of any fault is shunned by the Christian world much as were the lepers of old. To us this phenomenon—the treatment by society of the illegitimate children—is one of the most hideous moral crimes that blot Christian civilization. It seems almost incredible that after two thousand years of nominal acceptance of the teachings of Jesus, this most unfortunate class should receive a treatment that is the very antithesis of the teachings inculcated by the precept, in the spirit, and by the life of the peerless Nazarene. Twiddie's history, bound up as it is in the lives of the four other principal characters of the story, touches the reader at every point; while her development in character, her progress in culture and learning, and the gladness that comes after the storm and

stress to enrich and crown her life, give the satisfaction which, thanks to the constitution of the human mind, is only present when the right comes uppermost and justice is ultimately realized.

The story is marked in a striking degree by a purity of thought and a delicacy of touch in handling subjects that in unskilled hands might easily have proved unpleasant and repulsive; and though there are skeletons in the closets, as is so frequently the case in real life, there is no villain in the story. On the other hand every character is striving consciously or unconsciously for self-development and mastery. Every face is turned toward the heights. Thus the impulsion of the story is upward.

The romance, though not strong in dramatic scenes, is deeply interesting from almost the opening page. The influence it leaves on the mind is altogether good and pleasing. It is as though we were journeying from a darkened valley onward and upward into the light, where with each mile traversed the horizon broadens and the atmosphere becomes more invigorating.

Sevastopol and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoi. Cloth. Pp. 326. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

ONE OF the most timely and important books of recent months is the new English edition of *Sevastopol* and other of Count Tolstoi's military tales, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. We say timely, because we know of no better antidote to the spirit of militarism that has been too frequently fostered by press, church and school in recent decades in the republic than this volume, containing a number of war-stories and embracing the personal experiences of the illustrious author during the most famous siege of modern times. Here we see war in its grim reality, described by one who saw all he pictures and who had the commanding genius and imagination to so reproduce his impressions as to make the reader feel and understand the essential tragedy and hideous savagery of war. Before Tolstoi and Zola had enriched literature with their wonderfully faithful portrayals of the demoralizing, disintegrating and brutalizing influence of war, or Verestchagin had horrified the civilized world by his pitilessly realistic paintings of battles and the incidents of military campaigns, the whole subject had been treated in literature, song and art in a purely romantic and pitifully

partial manner. The gold-lace and epaulettes, the martial music and the gay parade, the victories and the moments of triumph,—these and similar subjects had engrossed the poets, novelists and artists, so that their treatment had been such as to bring into bright relief only the showy, pleasing and herioc phases of military campaigns, and even these were usually highly idealized. Thus for generations, and indeed for centuries, the youths were so educated as to gain a false conception of war at almost every point.

Count Tolstoi led the movement which warred against war by compelling the intelligent to understand what it really meant. The present volume is a case in point. It was written before the apostle of renunciation had received his spiritual baptism; but it is nevertheless one of the most powerful antidotes to the military mania in literature, simply because it pictures war as it is. Here one sees the soldiers standing at their posts, or perhaps sitting in friendly converse on the battlements, and the next moment he beholds them torn and mangled almost beyond recognition. Here are arms and legs crushed or severed from bodies; here is a man with his whole breast torn open; and here is one with part of his head blown off. And these are the men one has so lately through the author come to know and in whom he has come to feel a deep interest. These are the men who a moment ago were smiling into each other's eyes, reciting incidents of home life or describing loved ones now praying for them in cottages and palaces far removed from the scenes of carnage and death. Tolstoi saw all these things during the siege of Sevastopol, where, it will be remembered, for eleven months the Russians held out against the combined forces of England, France and Sardinia.

The stories in this book gave Count Tolstoi an international reputation and placed him in the first rank of the literary men of Russia at the time when they were written. Nor is it strange, as they bear the stamp of genius; they reveal the presence of that wonderful imaginative power that marks the work of great novelists, poets and artists. Quite apart from the ethical value of the stories, the work is noteworthy as being a masterpiece of literature. Count Tolstoi is not only one of the greatest conscience-forces of our time, one of the noblest prophets of any age, but he is one of the greatest masters in contemporaneous literature,—a man of such genius and imagination that his

work will live, and no one who would appear reasonably intelligent can afford to remain ignorant of his contributions to both romance and ethical literature. The present volume is the opening work of a new uniform and complete edition of the writings of Tolstoi that is being translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. These volumes are not only faithful translations, but have the full sanction of the Count, who in a manner has coöperated with the translators. The edition when complete will be one of the most notable additions to the literature of permanent value which thoughtful men and women will desire for their libraries.

The Sign of Triumph. By Sheppard Stevens. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 338. Price, \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

The Sign of Triumph is a romantic novel dealing with one of the most amazing and tragic episodes in the history of the Middle Ages,—the "Children's Crusade." It will be remembered that during the time when credulity and religious superstition enveloped Europe, a blind and oftentimes absurd faith frequently led to a species of emotional insanity; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the public mind was as fallow soil awaiting the seed, in perfect condition to receive and act upon any positive suggestion, and became at times the victim of an idea, much as to-day many people become complete automatons in the hands of skilled hypnotists. These ideas usually sprang primarily from religious recluses,—monks, nuns or other ascetics, who after fasting, mortifying the flesh and brooding on the one all-absorbing subject of religion, to which their lives were dedicated, reached that condition of mental and religious ecstasy so well known to alienists and psychologists, in which the mind is the plaything of hallucinations and sensitive to occult or subjective influences. Such persons have in all ages been susceptible to clairvoyant and clairaudient impressions. Frequently they have been persuaded that, like Samuel of old, they have heard the voice of God delivering to them an imperative message. Unhappily these messages have too often proved disastrous to those who accepted them in good faith, as was the case in the Crusades. Throughout the Dark Ages the public mind, as at no other time in history, was susceptible to these ecstatic visions born of fasting and absorption in a

single idea, because it was a period when unlimited credulity was only exceeded by general ignorance. The story of the Children's Crusade is perhaps the most pathetic page in the history of the Middle Ages. These Crusades, for they were three in number, "lost to the homes of France and Germany nearly one hundred thousand children."

The present story is concerned with the French Crusade, which set out from St. Denys for Marseilles. It was a sad and tragic journey. Many fell by the wayside. At first their comrades buried the dead, but later the number of deaths increased so that no attempt at burial was made. At length the remnant reached the sea, glad-hearted, in the confident expectation that the Mediterranean would part, even as according to the earlier story the Red sea divided, that Moses and the Children of Israel might pass over to the farther shore. For their leader, the shepherd boy, Stephen of Cloyes, averred that he had beheld a marvellous vision in which the Christ appeared to him, saying:

"Arise, Stephen of Cloyes, leave thy flock and cast aside thy crook. Take thou my cross within thy hand, and gird thee up and go upon the highways and call my chosen ones to deliver my sepulchre from the hands of infidels. Only to the pure is it given to do this thing, therefore go call the children. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I ordained strength, that I might still the enemy and the avenger.' Take this cross," and here he had paused to pluck two reeds from the field and bind them together with a green withe, "take this and bear it before thee. It shall be, for those who follow, a sign of triumph. Gather the children together from all lands and march to the sea, and it shall be that when the water shall see this emblem of my suffering it shall fall back obedient to thy will, and dry-shod shalt thou pass over. Carry it then to the gates of the Holy City, and they will fall before it, and, at sight of it, infidels will become Christian, and my tomb will at last be free of defilement. Go, I command, and lest any impious person doubt, take this parchment and deliver it to the king, who will then know that thou art sent of God."

But the sea was obdurate. At length, however, a merchant offered the use of his vessels to carry the children to Acre, and about six thousand of them embarked, only to find that they had been betrayed, as he sold them into

slavery in the markets of Alexandria, where Frankish children were much prized by the slave-dealers.

This tragic historical episode, however, is only the setting for the story, which concerns one Noel Talbot, who at the opening of the story is a typical swashbuckling soldier of fortune. He is in the town of St. Denys when the Crusade starts out, and in the crowd which has gathered about the great cathedral he sees a beautiful woman of high rank on a restive horse which he prevents from trampling upon a little child. He is powerfully attracted to the woman and vows that they shall meet again. Later, when on his way to take service under one of the feudal lords of southern France he falls in with the army of children who are journeying to Marseilles, and as his way lies in the same direction he joins them, although not as a Crusader. Among the band is a lad of twelve years named Raoul, who bears the marks of high breeding. A strong attachment springs up between the two which completely transforms the life of the hero. Noel's heart is so moved by the sufferings of the little pilgrims that he remains with them until they reach Marseilles, watching over and caring for the sick and the feeble. Here through an old acquaintance who first binds him to secrecy, he hears that the merchant intends to sell the children into slavery, and he tries to dissuade Raoul from embarking. But the boy, with a true fanatic's zeal, declares that he must keep his vow. Noel is in despair, but finally goes on board the vessel with the lad, and through the aid of the man who has warned him of the fate of the children he drugs him and gets him safely back to the shore in a small boat. Then he starts on the journey to St. Denys, but the boy falls ill with a fever, and while caring for him in a little woodland hut Noel meets the same beautiful woman whom he had seen in the square in St. Denys. She proves to be a widow, the mother of Raoul, for whom she has been searching for many months, frantic over his disappearance, but not believing that he could be dead. The story ends happily in the restoration of Raoul to his mother's arms and in her marriage to Noel, whom she has come to love for his own sake no less than for his kindness to her boy.

The tale is well written, and those who enjoy a romantic historical novel will find in it a pleasing story dealing with a subject about which most readers know comparatively little.

Amy C. Rich.

Tristan and Isolde: A Tragedy. By Louis K. Anspacher. Boards. Deckle-edged paper. Pp. 124. Price, \$2.00 net. New York: Brentano's.

THE AUTHOR of this tragedy has produced a noble reading drama that is a real addition to the poetic literature of the present. The work deals with one of those immortal legends of the Arthurian mystic age in which lofty aspirations and noble ideals were in constant conflict with sensuous promptings of the flesh, and in which we find emphasized the ever-recurring and mysterious entanglements of the heart at war with law and convention working havoc with human happiness and presenting perplexing problems for philosophers, while making apparently purposeless wrecks of lives that seem fitted for high service and noble ends.

The play as given by Professor Anspacher is consistent throughout. It is pitched in a high key. The atmosphere is in perfect keeping with the theme. The characters move before the mind's eye clear-cut and distinct, each possessing marked individuality, each reflecting types present in all ages; while some of the personages, notably King Mark, Tristan and Isolde, are drawn with exceptional power. The play is more than a deeply-interesting reading drama; it is pregnant with the philosophy of life. At times one is strongly reminded of Shakespeare's apprehension of the interior workings of the thought-world and his happy method of epigrammatically condensing great truths into brief phrases. Take for example, these lines:

"Art thou so proof and steadfast in thy virtue,
That thou so surely canst condemn another?
Men usually condemn that vice the most
Which they half fear themselves are subject
to;
And so buttress themselves in others' praise,
Which always hesitates to join the man
With what he says is most detestable.
Complete thy virtues with some smack of
mercy;
They savour else too much of Stoic pride;
Lacking th' ennobling touch of sympathy
With what has fallen low."

And here again:

" "though oft
Calamity has turned a life-old friend
Quick into a new enemy. We know
That Time and Fate were ever alchemists,

Turning the old to new, and new to old,
By new events cast in the crucible;
And few can stand the constant test and be
Unchanged."

How often when one has clasped the ephemeral things of life under the delusive hope that they hold lasting joy, only to find ashes of roses, he has experienced sensations such as Tristan thus voices out of the night of his despair:

"Joy is a bubble blown of vanity,
That bursts when hands that clutch to
reach it, touch
Its fragile shimmering. It can live
Only by being high beyond our grasp;
Man is the Tantalus that yearns to it."

And here is a couplet that we wish might be carefully considered by the American clergy and the shallow journalists who seem incapable of looking beneath superficial effects or of considering root-causes, and who at present are so vociferously clamoring for laws against divorce which would inevitably result in an extension of legalized prostitution and a vast multitude of children cursed before they are born by being begotten in loveless homes:

"A loveless marriage is a harlotry,
Allowed by law, but sinful, low and base."

The general excellence of the poem is enhanced by the presence of many lines of strength and great beauty. We have not in months read a tragedy by a modern poet that is so satisfying in all respects as this notable poem.

The Second Reader. Standard Reader Series. Cloth. Pp. 202. Profusely illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Second Reader of the Standard Series which has just appeared, together with the Teachers' Manual which accompanies it, more than confirms our previously-expressed views that the present series of readers being brought out by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls will prove incomparably the best text-books of the kind that have ever appeared. *The Second Reader* is if possible even more admirable than the *First*, and with one exception—that of associating the flag with soldiers and war, which we took occasion to criticise in the *First Reader* and which is emphasized in the opening lesson of this second book—we have nothing but

praise for this work. Never before, we think, have educators displayed so broad a spirit, such philosophical acumen and such practical sense in the preparation of readers for the young, which are calculated to lay broad and deep the foundations for the true development of sturdy character and broad culture as have been displayed by Dr. Funk and his co-laborers. With the one exception noted the book displays at every point the finest and best present-day concepts in regard to the education of the young. It is not too much to say that these books are preëminently the Twentieth-Century series. The editors have kept certain cardinal facts in mind, such as the necessity of interesting the child. They seek to make him fall in love with his book and look forward with keen anticipation of pleasure to the coming lesson. They have not been satisfied with merely interesting the young with such trash as Old Mother Goose rhymes. On the contrary they have striven to lead the opening intellect along the royal highway of true wisdom and love. They have made the book tantalizingly suggestive. In the hands of competent teachers or parents it can be made at every point to whet the child's curiosity and stimulate his imagination so that he will be eager to know more of the multitudinous themes touched upon.

And what are these subjects so engagingly presented? Stories of great authors, statesmen and noble characters; masterpieces from American, English, Greek, Hebrew and Norse literature, often simplified to meet the comprehension of the child, but calculated not only to acquaint him with the great treasures of the world's thought, but to give him a taste for noble literature that will be strengthened as the mind develops. Nature-studies are also an attractive feature. Here are beautifully-colored plates of American birds, flowers and landscapes in various seasons, with accompanying reading matter that will familiarize the child with the common songsters, the wayside flowers and the wonder-world of beauty that lies above and all around those who have eyes to see the splendor of our earthly home.

Another strong point is found in the intelligent effort to develop the moral nature by emphasizing the good, the true and the beautiful in life. The development of character and the fostering of independent thought is one of the greatest needs of the age, and its lack has been the weakest spot in the world's educational systems of the past.

This book should find its way into all our

schools, and where other books are in use in schools it would be well for parents to secure the readers and manuals and give a portion of every day or evening to reading and explaining the books to the little ones at the fireside.

The Holy Grail. By Mary Hanford Ford. Cloth. Pp. 154. Price, \$1.00. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

THE SUCCESSFUL production of Wagner's *Parsifal* last winter has given a new interest to the one-time popular legends of the Holy Grail,—an interest which will grow rather than decline with the passing years, not merely because Americans are coming to appreciate more and more the master-creation of the greatest musical genius of the nineteenth century, but because the pendulum has at last started back from extreme materialistic commercialism toward that noble idealism that ministers to the spiritual side of life. And in the multitudinous legends of the Holy Grail are empearled some of the most important lessons that present-day civilization must learn before another great moral upward step is taken by the race.

In Mrs. Ford's *Holy Grail* we have a volume of exceptional merit. We know of no short work in which the legends of Percival or Parsifal are so interestingly and luminously treated as here; and the author is enough of a mystic to grasp the inner meaning or true significance of these remarkable legends. Thus while giving us a volume as fascinating as an absorbing romance, she unobtrusively emphasizes the ethical meaning that is the heart and life of the Grail stories. This book, though being especially attractive to students of Wagner's *Parsifal*, will, we are persuaded, appeal with compelling power to an increasing number of the more thoughtful people who are broad enough to search for and delight in truth wherever found, and yet who are too discerning to mistake the symbol for that for which it stands.

How to Live Forever. By Harry Gaze. Cloth. Pp. 206. Price, \$1.25. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

THE PUBLISHERS of this book gravely inform the public that:

"This work shows exactly how to perpetuate life in physical embodiment. By coöperation with known laws of change and growth, man

may have eternal health and immortal youth. Old age is a disease that may be prevented and cured.

"Harry Gaze is thoroughly scientific, and founds his theories on the latest biological discoveries. Through knowledge he gives *life more abundantly*. This is scientific optimism."

And the author in one place tells us that:

"The man of the future will evolve wings and flying will be as natural as walking. . . . Scientists do not deny the possibility of man evolving wings, though they think it improbable, owing to the energy that would be required to sustain them."

What is popularly known as the New-Thought movement, which in its nobler expressions is to a great extent a renaissance of the idealism or transcendentalism of earlier periods, is in our judgment greatly injured by books of the extreme character of this volume. The theories advanced are frequently based on assumptions that appear to us as unwarranted, and the work lacks the critical and scientific spirit that certainly should be present when new ideas pertaining to great subjects are discussed.

As is always the case when important old truths are rediscovered or some new apprehension of truth comes to a people, there are some who go to such extremes that many persons who would have been attracted by a moderate or reasonable presentation, are repelled. Such works, in our opinion, hurt a cause far more than attacks from its enemies. Mr. Gaze's work contains very much that is thoughtful, practical and reasonable, but we do not think his premises or conclusions sound, while statements such as the above concerning man's evolving wings cannot fail to repel rather than attract readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Effendi. By Florence Brooks Whitehouse. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 414. \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Anna the Adventuress. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 320. \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Huldah. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 316. \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An Evans of Suffolk. By Anna Fraquhar. Cloth. Pp. 408. \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

The Bright Face of Danger. By R. N. Stephens. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 322. \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

The Sign of Triumph. By Sheppard Stevens. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 338. \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 402. \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Hidalgo and Home Life at West Lawn. By R. A. McCracken. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 222. \$1.00. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Company.

Stories from Life. By Orison Swett Marden. Cloth. Pp. 240. New York: The American Book Company.

First Lessons in the New-Thought. By J. W. Winkley, M.D. Cloth. Pp. 77. 60 cents. Boston: James H. West Company.

The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena. By I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Cloth. Pp. 538. \$2.00 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Sevastopol and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoi. Cloth. Pp. 326. \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THIS month's ARENA appears in an entirely new dress, and we are able to give our subscribers about twice as much reading matter as heretofore. We believe our friends will agree with us that this issue is the strongest and most varied in its content-matter that has appeared in recent years. Yet marked as is the improvement, it is only an earnest of what we intend THE ARENA to be. Our aim will be to make each issue excel its predecessor, and we have in hand a number of attractions and strong features which will be announced from time to time and which we believe will contribute materially toward making this magazine the leading original review of opinion reflecting the highest ideals in individual conduct and national life, and therefore indispensable to men and women of conviction who dare to think.

Our readers will follow with no ordinary degree of interest the distinctly brilliant paper by a well-known American novelist and essayist, whose name for obvious reasons is withheld, as he traces the struggles of a dipsomaniac. This paper has been carefully edited by the eminent specialist and authority on dipsomania and allied morbid conditions, Dr. WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, of Baltimore, and is therefore as scientifically accurate as it is weirdly fascinating and rich in suggestive thought. The *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* of that flower among novelists and romancers, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, enthralled the fancy and measurably carried conviction; but the present paper goes beyond that most interesting psychological study in that it furnishes a key to the phenomenon that is frequently presented but which has rarely if ever before been understandingly discussed.

In "The Tendencies of Recent Fiction" FREDERICK W. NICOLLS has given the most discriminating and on the whole just and luminous discussion we have read in months. It is a paper that cannot fail to appeal to the

thoughtful, and the treatment is such that it will prove delightful reading.

In this issue the famous poet of the Sierras transports us to the Land of the Rising Sun and in "The Little Brown Men of Nippon" gives us a vivid and fascinating glimpse of Japan as he found it. Few men have traveled so widely as Mr. MILLER, and this charming sketch is written in his happiest vein. That is saying very much, as all admirers of the poet and the twentieth-century prophet of progress will admit. We say twentieth-century prophet of progress because in that rarest and most finished social vision, *The Building of the City Beautiful*, he gives the men and women of the new time one of the most suggestive as well as absorbingly-interesting pictures of an ideal social state that has ever been written. It is a prose poem, broad and wholesome in thought; deeply religious, yet wholly wanting in dogmatism; profoundly philosophical, yet unencumbered by a single dull page from cover to cover; a book that cannot fail to make for social righteousness and the advent of a happier because a juster and a nobler age.

In Mr. CRUICE's clear, succinct and altogether admirable story of the recent victory of the people in the municipality of Chicago we come face to face with one of the vital issues in the problem of free government. This victory is among the most important in the history of recent years in America. It marks the opening conflict of a mighty struggle which will be waged between the grafters and the honest citizens; between corrupt machines dominated by public-service corporations and other sinister influences and the unpurchased electorate, which is becoming more and more aroused and determined to destroy the tyranny of class-rule which has of late been so enriching the few and debauching this nation. This paper is the third discussion in our series on municipal governments in the New World—their problems, their victories and their defeats.

In "Tibet, Russia and England on the International Chess-Board" we are brought into the wide field of world-politics under the guidance of Professor EDWIN MAXEY, who, as we have before observed, is one of the comparatively few American scholars to receive the degree of Master of Diplomacy. The author is one of the closest students of international problems in the republic, and his paper this month is especially interesting, giving many important facts not generally known which throw a flood of light on the relative positions of the three nations involved. When England had the South African war on her hands, the Russian bear moved southward and eastward, strengthening his position in Persia as well as laying the foundation for a similar stronghold in Tibet. Now the tables are turned. The Japanese are entertaining the bear in the far East, and the lion is moving north.

"A Socialism in Our Midst," written by a thoughtful officer in the United States Army, is a paper of extraordinary interest and one which will, we are persuaded, occasion much discussion. Captain FRENCH has hitherto been known in literature chiefly by his verse and as one of the editors of *Waes Hael*, probably the most elaborate work devoted to toasts that has appeared in America. He is, however, a close student of social and economic conditions and events, and his studies have led him, as similar investigations led VICTOR HUGO, WILLIAM MORRIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, EDWARD BELLAMY, EMILE ZOLA, JACK LONDON, and scores of other writers and thinkers, to the conclusion that the democracy of the future will be socialistic in character, or a modified form of socialism.

Students of EMERSON who have followed Mr. MALLOY's masterly exposition of "The Sphinx" will find that luminous interpretation complemented by his discussion of "The Problem," the first half of which appears in this issue. The concluding portion will be a feature of the August ARENA.

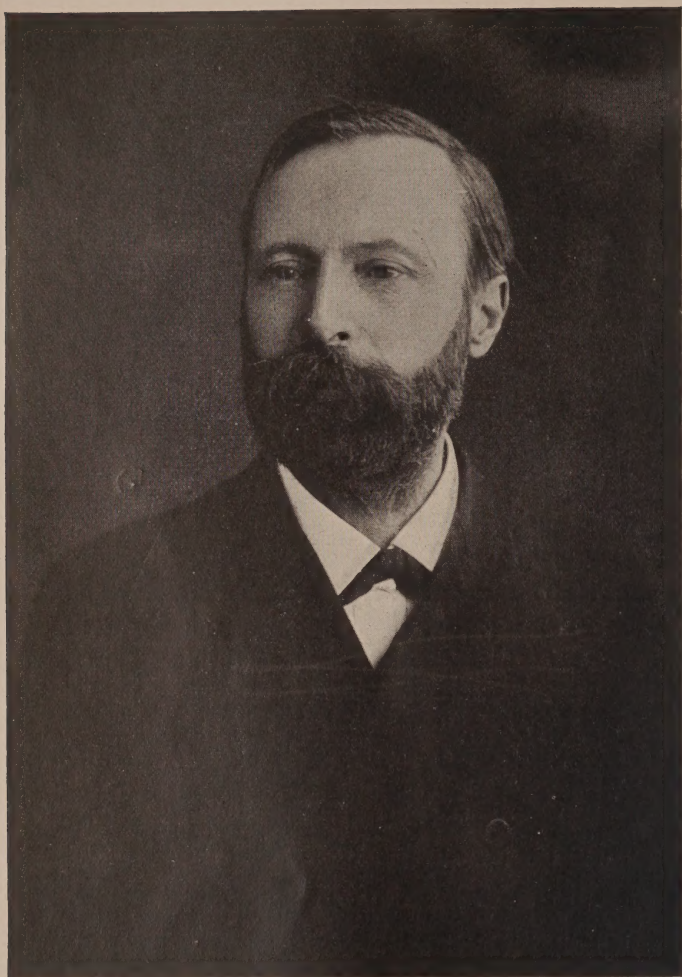
One of the many signs of the intellectual and moral awakening of the American people which promises splendid results in the near future is the vigorous movement for a great, original and distinctive America and the establishment of a theater which shall be devoted to

the highest and best that the dramatists can offer the public. In the symposium in this issue Mr. F. F. MACKAY, Director of the National Conservatory of Dramatic Art, F. EDWIN ELWELL, the eminent sculptor and Curator of the Department of Ancient and Modern Statuary in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and EDWIN MARKHAM, the poet, give our readers timely discussions on the aims and purposes of the proposed National Art Theater. Our readers will be pleased to know that the agitation of this question is being carried on with ability and spirit, and a deep and widespread interest has already been awakened.

In "Uncle Ned's Christmas," Miss DROMGOOLE gives us an exquisite and pathetic picture of a type of Southern negro that is now rapidly passing away.

We call special attention to Mr. BEARD's full-page drawing made expressly for THE ARENA. This is the first of a series of original and highly suggestive drawings which will appear each month in our magazine. Mr. BEARD has in preparation a design for the front cover-page which we had hoped to have in use on this month's ARENA, but which is unavoidably postponed until a later issue. We count ourselves extremely fortunate in securing this virile, original American artist on our staff and are confident his work will be highly appreciated by our readers. In this issue we reproduce a number of his drawings, some hitherto unpublished and others, pictures that for the most part were drawn for MARK TWAIN's *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, and are presented through the kind permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The tribute to Mr. BEARD's new book, *Moonblight*, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, IRVING BACHELLER, HAMLIN GARLAND, HENRY GEORGE, JR., and BOLTON HALL, presents the views of many of the most prominent among the younger men in American literary life.

We trust our friends will appreciate Mr. BRANDT's work in THE ARENA. Here is found a union of art and heart, and for the first time in its history THE ARENA is published by a man who is a master in the printer's art and one who loves the making of beautiful books as much as did the monks of the Middle Ages or WILLIAM MORRIS when he wrought so effectively through the Kelmscott Press.



PROF. FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

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No. 177

THE DRAGON IN AMERICA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORKINGS OF THE CHINESE SIX
COMPANIES IN AMERICA AND ITS POPULATION OF
THE UNITED STATES WITH CHINESE.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER,

Author of Life of Charles Darwin, The Pioneer Quakers, etc.

THE expiration in December, 1904, of the existing treaty with China relating to the exclusion of the Chinese, has aroused intense interest in this question, particularly as the Chinese government has resented the attitude of this government, and through Wong Kai Kah, Vice Commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition, late Secretary to Shing Suan Hwai, Secretary to the Commissioner for the Revision of Treaties and to the Embassy to the Coronation of King Edward, who accompanied Prince Pu-Lun to this country, has intimated in no uncertain terms that unless some change is made America may expect the present Chinese trade with America to be diverted to more friendly nations. In view of this attitude, and while acknowledging that there should be more discrimination between educated and uneducated Chinamen who demand admission to our ports, it is interesting to glance at the causes which have driven the United States to close her doors in so peremptory a manner to a friendly nation. There are, possibly, 80,000 Chinamen in the United States at the present time. The

largest settlement is in San Francisco, the next is Los Angeles, while every town has a small Chinatown, and the Eastern cities, as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, all have settlements. In the large cities, as San Francisco, the Chinese have a "little Canton," the quarter devoted to them being literally a Chinese city, made possible by the fact that the Chinese never change their customs or habits. They wear Chinese clothes, eat Chinese food, much of which is imported from China, and when they die they are carried back that their dust may mingle with that of their ancestors in their native land. The shops in San Francisco are mainly devoted to Chinese and Japanese goods to meet the demands of the tourist trade. There are many of these. Then come the drug-stores, butcher-shops and other trades making up a perfect Chinese town, including several papers containing the latest news from China and the *pronunciamentos* of the Emperor. In these various lines provided for their people the Chinese do not come in conflict with American labor, but they have branched out quietly, and

we find various manufactures—jute bags, cheap clothing, overalls, cheap cigars, etc., in the hands of Chinamen; and as the tendency is to produce goods at an extremely low rate it is evident that American labor could not compete with them. Ranchers on the great fruit-farms of California, the vineyardists, desire Chinese labor, as cheap labor is not only a desideratum but a necessity to enable them to realize a profit. The railroads require the Chinaman in default of being obliged to import the cheap labor of Mexicans who can withstand the intense heat of the Southwest. Another field is that of domestic labor, or as house-servants. Householders would gladly welcome thousands of them to take the places of inefficient aliens from other lands. All these classes will welcome a modification of the existing treaty, but the labor-unions will insist on the present restrictions, and as they dominate in politics no more Chinamen will come in unless the Six Companies has more influence than is generally claimed.

The charges against the Chinese by labor are manifold, and the victims retort, claiming that America has stultified herself, has repudiated her pledges, broken her word, and displayed a debased partisanship in favor of a horde of Italian, Irish, and Slav laborers who have swarmed into the country.

That the Chinaman is an undesirable personage as a citizen can not be gainsaid. He comes to America, not to aid in building up the country and its material welfare, but to get as much out of it in as short time as possible; and to understand this it is necessary to glance at the machinery by which the Chinese reach America, and how they are controlled when here.

There is in the United States to-day a Chinese trust, known as the Six Companies, about which Americans have a very vague idea; but the Six Companies is the embodiment of the dragon in America; it secures Chinese labor, brings it to America, controls it while here, bribes Americans when necessary, and is a yellow Gor-

gon's head which matches itself against the United States Government and defies it. The history of this organization, whose official head is the Emperor, is known to but few Americans, as its workers are in secret, yet its strong hand is behind every movement in America favorable to the Chinese. The Six Companies had its origin in a scheme formulated as early as 1848, by a Chinaman, to ship coolie labor to America and control it. California was opening up; long lines of pack-trains were wending their way across the country; ships were bringing thousands around the Horn to open up the mines; labor was not to be had, and there was the greatest demand for it. A few Chinamen had come over and their diligence, the low rates for which they worked and the ease with which they could be handled, suggested the bringing over of large numbers to America. An American went to China thinking to control the scheme, which he unfolded to some Chinese, but the latter saw at once that it meant a vast business, with comparatively no limitations, and forthwith discouraged the American and proceeded to organize the first Chinese trust in America. They obtained control of six labor agencies, merged them into one and then redivided them into the Six Companies though virtually it is one. The plan was very simple. It was to ship as many coolies to America as the transportation facilities would bear. The trust was to have a commission from the company for every coolie sent. It was to receive a commission of two and a half per cent. from the wages of every coolie who obtained a position for a period of years. It was to receive at stated times a certain sum as an assessment. The coolie should never make a move without the permission of the company to which he belonged. The coolie was virtually a slave to the company which agreed in return to pay his transportation to America, obtain work, pay his doctor's bills, give him legal protection, and in case of death send his remains back to China. This, in the main, was the essence of the contracts

that were signed by six "labor agencies" in six districts of Canton in 1850.

There was little difficulty in obtaining men. They were secured by hordes, and the six agencies sent agents to San Francisco with the first large shipment and established what has been known for fifty years as the "Six Companies," the plan being to have the Chinamen enrolled in the company supposed to represent his home district. Their names are Hop Wo, Kong Chow, Yan Wo, Ning Yeong and its branch, Shu Hing; the Yeong Wo, and Sam Yup. Each of these companies has a president and other officers, the former being elected by the merchant-members. They are selected from the brightest men in the country and rank with Americans in intelligence, cunning and diplomacy. The headquarters of the Six Companies is a spacious hall in the center of the Chinese section. Around it, against the wall, are magnificent carved teakwood chairs, and at the head is something which resembles an altar, which is officially the Emperor, who is, *ex-officio*, a presiding officer; on the wall is his signature framed in a rectangular frame of white.

The Six Companies has been instrumental in bringing nine out of ten Chinamen to America; in point of fact, it controls them all, as when Chinese labor began to come over independent of the trust they soon felt its influence. In some mysterious way such non-trust laborers got into trouble. Some were mysteriously killed; others found that they could not obtain work, nor did they until they joined one of the Six Companies and paid a round sum as an initiation fee whereupon work came at once. The Six Companies did not waste time. It signed up the low coolie laborers by the score. Ships were crowded, transportation facilities were doubled, quadrupled, to make room for the yellow flood that poured into California and spread up and down the coast. Some went to Mexico, but none reached beyond the zone of influence of the Six Companies, and if the company did not

hear from a man for several months it was a foregone conclusion that he was dead, so perfect was the arrangement of this gigantic scheme of human slavery. In three years it was estimated that fifteen thousand Chinamen reached America. The field of labor was becoming crowded, and it became necessary for the Six Companies to retrench or to find new fields.

To stop the migration, which can only be compared to that of the locust, was to cut off a branch of the pactolean stream, and it was not seriously considered for a moment. A new field of work must be considered so Chinese of a better grade were selected. They were taught to wash clothes, to starch and mangle after the American fashion. The Six Companies accomplished this by starting several Chinamen in business in San Francisco, the understanding being that the Six Companies was not to be mentioned. This firm hired dozens of helpers, really students, and they washed the clothes of the early San Franciscan so cheaply that the few white Irish women were in despair, gave it up, and in some instances married rich miners. Manufactures of various kinds were started, the keen imitative quality of the Chinaman making it possible for him to soon produce good work. Hundreds of others were encouraged to go into the truck-gardening business, which had been attempted by many Eastern Americans. The result was that in less than a year the Chinese controlled the laundry business, they controlled the cheap clothes output, and there was not a white man on the Pacific Slope making a living selling garden vegetables which he could raise easily in the virgin soil. In his *Memoirs* General Grant says: "I with three other officers concluded that we would raise a crop of potatoes for ourselves, and by selling the surplus realize something handsome. I bought a pair of horses that had crossed the plains that summer and were very poor. They recuperated rapidly, however, and proved a good team to break up the ground with. I performed all the labor of breaking up

the ground while the other officers planted the potatoes. Our crop was enormous. Luckily for us the Columbia river rose to a great height from the melting of the snow in the mountains in June, and overflowed and killed most of our crops. This saved digging it up, for *everybody* on the Pacific Coast seemed to have come to the conclusion at the same time that agriculture would be profitable. In 1853 more than three-quarters of the potatoes raised were permitted to rot in the ground or had to be thrown away. The only potatoes we sold were to our own mess." The reason for this remarkable over-production was not due to the Americans, but to the Chinese, who to drive out and discourage the latter, marketed their crops at so low a figure that the white man was driven out, and to this day, despite the Geary Bill and rigid restriction the Chinese still control the situation.

The State of California at this time was in need of Chinese labor, but it also needed Americans to build up the State, become citizens and lend stability to the constitution. Farmers, enticed by the stories of the richness of the soil, were pouring in. They brought their wives and children; they paid the poll-tax, State, city and county taxes, and tax for schools. They built homes, took up or bought land, and prepared to live in the land for all time. Such an immigrant could not live for less than two dollars a day and meet his requirements, and under favorable circumstances this was but a fraction of what could be made. But the New England immigrant, fresh from Vermont or New Hampshire, or perhaps New York, found himself confronted with an alien, a product of China that could live, and live well, upon two dollars' worth of rice a month. He had often lived on less than that, and thousands of his countrymen subsisted on *twenty dollars per year*. The white blacksmith in America could earn three dollars per day in the country; the Chinese blacksmith earned seven dollars a month. The American carpenter earned four dollars per day; the Chinese arti-

san eight dollars and fifty cents per month. Chinese glass-blowers received nine dollars per month; plasterers, six dollars; machinists, six dollars; while common laborers, the kind which in this country became farmers, earn in China five dollars per month. The expense of such a farmer in China, with his wife and child, would not be over ten or twelve cents per day. The following is an actual bill-of-fare of a Chinese laborer:

1½ pounds of rice, . .	3 cents.
1 ounce of meat, 1 ounce of fish, 2 ounces of shell fish,	1 cent.
1 pound of cabbage, . .	1 "
Fuel, salt and oil, . .	1 "
	6 cents.

This man's entire food-expense for the year is twenty dollars; his clothing costs two dollars. Such is the specter that confronted the white settler on the Pacific Coast years ago. The Chinamen did not live as cheaply as in China; he could not, but he existed on a few cents per day. He had no wife or children, and to save expense he bunked in with others, bought rice by the wholesale, often made a house out of oil-cans, and every dollar saved went to China after paying the tithe of the Six Companies. Such a Chinese farmer would take unto himself four or five partners, all of the same company. One would cook; some would work in the field; others would carry the vegetables to San Francisco and sell them, and by actual trial, could sell them seventy-five per cent. cheaper than the American and still make money.

At first the native-born American did not realize this, but the truth soon came home that the man with a birthright, the man whose ancestors fought for the country in 1776, the man who had a wife and children was being pushed to the wall, starved out in the garden-spot of the world. For several years the Six Companies poured the yellow stream into America. They were drawn from 400,000,000 of laborers, could live on six cents

per day. The supply was equal to the demand, and was kept up to the limit.

But as early as 1854 the remonstrance of the people was heard though it was years before action was taken to stay the human river, during which period the laboring class of the Pacific Coast was aroused and the Chinese became a political issue. The people demanded that the "Chinese should go," and a series of riots occurred that were a disgrace to the State and country. The people were being overrun and vainly endeavored to throw it off. Employers of cheap labor, and the railroads wished the Chinese, and the East, that had no conception of the situation, took up arms with them. The press, particularly of New England, the home of the abolitionist, raised a hue and cry about the equality of man; siding with the Chinese against their own countrymen. All this time the Six Companies was perniciously active. It raised large sums, kept an active lobby at the State Legislature and in Washington, and resisted in every way the development of public opinion. It was this solemn-visaged conclave, that convened every week or month in the hall of the Six Companies of San Francisco, that stopped the rational development of California, a State which should have had four or five millions to-day. No imperial government issued orders with more *aplomb* than did this directorate. The Chinese were told to stand by their rights and to resist intimidation; and when they were attacked the Six Companies saw that they had the best legal talent America could supply to defend them. Numerous claims for large sums were made and are still pending.

The years dragged on until it was estimated in 1871 there were 150,000 Chinese laborers on the Pacific Coast. Then California voted upon the question of restriction while the "hoodlums" demanded that every Chinaman should be deported or hung—it made little difference to them which. The result of this election was 54,638 against immigration and but 883 for it. The question now became of na-

tional importance, and was discussed and threshed out everywhere.

It was shown beyond doubt that the Chinese was an undesirable, indigestible factor. He was a leech fastening himself upon the vitals of the country, leaving nothing, taking everything. During the years of his peaceful occupation he sent millions of American gold to China, and the mysterious and little understood depletion of gold during this period is perhaps to be explained in this way. He bought from Chinamen, in no case patronizing Americans. He despised the latter and learned just enough of their language to enable him to work for them; and when he had accumulated one or two thousand dollars, a fortune in China, he returned to the flowery kingdom, his place being taken by others imported by the Six Companies.

Every effort was made by Americans to place the issue squarely before the country. Statistics were supplied the press, societies were organized to fight the common enemy, but so subtle, so powerful was the Six Companies that months and years passed, every plan being inoperative, the wheels of justice clogged by the Six Companies. The latter organization supplied American Chinese sympathizers with data, a virtual bureau of false and misleading information being established and maintained to which every Chinese slave on the Pacific Coast was forced to contribute.

It was claimed that the Chinese labor was essential to the continued development of the Pacific Coast. It was shown that the opening of China was forced by the English in 1840; that five ports were opened against the wishes of the Chinese; that Hong Kong was taken by the English by force; and that through the efforts of Caleb Cushing, the Envoy and Minister Extraordinary to China, the first American treaty, Wang Hiya, was negotiated giving the Americans the concession which they demanded and secured in the protected trail of the English. The Chinese gave America "extra-territorial rights" and the "favored-nation" clause.

The agents of the Six Companies pointed out through the pro-Chinese American press the course of Envoy W. B. Reed, during the administration of President Buchanan (1857), our envoy following in the path of the warring forces of England and France and obtaining "bloodless victories and concessions." It was pointed out by the Six Companies that at this time America was extremely anxious to obtain concessions in China, and that Mr. Reed negotiated a second treaty at the point of the gun literally, though veiled, permitting the United States to send a minister to the court of China and allowing America to trade in six *more* ports.

America, during all this time was, according to the Six Companies, which it should be remembered, was running the most gigantic immigration bureau in the world, demanding more Chinamen to work upon her railroads. It was pointed out that Anson Burlingame, Minister to China in 1863, exerted all his influence to induce Chinamen to go to America. The western country was depleted of its labor; the war had taken all the available men; the Pacific railroad was demanding labor.

The Six Companies pointed out that the third Chinese treaty was now negotiated and ratified by the Senate in 1868, and from it the following clause was sent broadcast over the country: "The United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent right and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance and also the mutual advantage of the free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects respectively from the one country to the other for purposes of curiosity, of trade, or as permanent residents."

In short, the Six Companies used every means to show that America and the United States had made the advance for labor, carefully concealing the fact that it had been the means of starting and developing and keeping up the immigration as a cold-blooded proposition involving millions.

The spectacle at this time of a Chinese power maintaining itself in an American city, corrupting officials, clogging the wheels of justice, is an extraordinary one, and shows how little the Chinaman is understood, how underrated are his powers and intelligence, concealed beneath the imperturbable mask which he so astutely wears. The Chinese have always been underrated. The caliber of their leading men is well shown in the selection of the president and directors of the Six Companies during these years; men in business tact, cunning and diplomacy, not to say duplicity, more than a match for many Americans, and when backed with unlimited means a power to conjure with.

The Six Companies was a cognate section of the Chinese Empire established on American soil, and still is a body representing the best intelligence of the Orientals, possessed of remarkable administrative ability, and lacking all conscientious scruples, which, when exhibited in Americans, is considered an element of weakness. Against Geary, Hayes, Blaine, McKinley and other American statesmen in the past have been matched the cunning of Chung Toul, Chun Ti Chu, Chushée, Yee Ha Chung and a score of others, who have been presidents and secretaries during the past thirty years. Despite the influence of the Six Companies and its agents, white and yellow, the hue and cry against the Chinese in America was continued. The term "the Chinese must go" became the war-cry. As a result, during the Hayes administration an embassy was sent to Peking to negotiate a modification of the existing treaty. This was the first national movement towards retraction. The members were John F. Swift, W. H. Trescott and James B. Angell.

As a result of their negotiations came the fourth treaty with China, the first article of which reads: "Whenever in the opinion of the United States the coming of the Chinese laborers to the United States, or their residence therein, affects or threatens to affect the interest of that country or to endanger the good order of that country, or

to any locality within the territory thereof, the government of China agrees that the government of the United States may repudiate, limit, or suspend such coming or residence, but may not absolutely prohibit it." The second article stipulated that: "These Chinese laborers who are now in the United States, shall be allowed to go and come of their own free will and accord, and shall be accorded all the rights, privileges of immunities and exemptions which are accorded the citizens and subjects of the most favored nation." This was known as the Angell treaty, and merely prepared the way for action, and was fought at every step by American lawyers employed by the Six Companies.

The pressure against the Chinese became so strong that in 1882 Congress, acting upon the provision of the Angell treaty, passed the first Act of Restriction, a part of which reads as follows: "That from and after the expiration of ninety days after the passage of this act, the coming of the Chinese laborers to the United States be and the same is hereby suspended for ten years and during such suspension it shall not be lawful for any Chinese laborers to come or having so come after the expiration of ninety days to remain within the United States."

It is hardly to be supposed that so powerful an organization as the Six Companies would accept a decision of the United States Congress that had the effect of depriving it of its greatest source of income. With an assurance that was characteristic, it employed the best legal talent in the United States and began a legal fight against the constitutionality of the act, and fought it with energy. All Chinamen were now obliged to obtain certificates at the Custom-House by the exhibition of which they could go and come. This operated as an "open door." The stream of immigrants was merely deflected to Canada and Mexico, and poured in over the northern and southern borders, putting this government to an enormous pecuniary outlay.

This entailed much expense to the Six

Companies which was obliged through attorneys to defend the coolies, and soon a wholesale "duplicate certificate-factory" was established in San Francisco, suggested by the Chinese and operated through them and renegade whites. The plan was to assume that all new-comers had been to China on a visit and were returning, each being supplied with a forged certificate; and so successful was this that it is believed that thousands were brought in. The records show at this time that 40,222 Chinamen left for China and 18,704 came in. The cleverness of the Chinese in this is well defined.

If the Restriction Act as passed had retained its pristine integrity all would have been well, but through their legal advisers the Six Companies became convinced that a loophole could be forced, and as a result, we find the Supreme Court permitting the landing of the Chinese "who could prove they had resided in the United States prior to the Act of 1882."

The writer does not impugn the honor of the Supreme Court at this time; he believes they acted in ignorance of the situation; but those who knew the Chinese well, saw in the dim distance the presidents of the Six Companies laughing in their sleeves at the ease with which the American were manipulated. It did not take long to discover that American labor was still being squeezed. The Chinese river was rolling on, crushing out the life of legitimate settlers. Chinese were coming in from every quarter and the government was maintaining what was virtually a civil army along the Canadian and Mexican lines. Chinese were shipped to Mexico, brought up the coast and dropped on the California islands, as San Clemente, and then brought over in junks as abalone hunters, each being provided with a forged certificate or none, in which case they were landed off San Pedro at night, soon making their way to Los Angeles where they were lost in the crowd.

The pressure of public hue and cry again arrested the attention of the national gov-

ernment in 1888, and what was termed the "Scott Exclusion Act" was passed as a move against the Six Companies, a last charge against this stronghold in the war for industrial life. By this over 20,000 suspected certificates were canceled. The act provided, moreover, that no Chinese laborer in this country at the time of its passage, October 18, 1888, or who at any time prior to that date, had ever been in this country, or who should leave the United States, or had left and not returned, should have the right to return. The act was designed to nip in the bud the whole certificate frauds, and the incoming horde was stopped and turned back.

President Cleveland signed this bill, which being a Democratic measure apparently aroused the hostility of many Republicans. We find Mr. Evarts stating: "That it was the first time in the diplomatic history of this country of an intervention by legislative action while there was a treaty negotiated by this government pending for adoption by a foreign country," while Mr. Sherman said: "If Great Britain were to act thus toward the American people he would not hesitate to vote either for a declaration of non-intercourse or war"—statements which are quoted to illustrate the exigencies of the situation. The patience of the American people had been worn to the traditional frazzle; they demanded that the power of the Six Companies be curbed, and the arm of the law fall.

There was no question but that the act was a violation of treaty stipulations; no one denied it. The people were desperate, immediate remedy was demanded. While the Six Companies fought it with the best American legal talent, it was upheld; though the Supreme Court stated that: "The act is in contradiction of the express stipulations of the treaty of 1880," and further said that while the Court did not propose to be a moral censor of the will of Congress, it would, though a plain violation of the treaty, have to be obeyed.

No such drastic measures were ever before taken by this government with any na-

tion, yet they were justified by the power of the Six Companies to still flood the country with coolie labor. That this powerful organization, this Chinese trust, became discouraged, is not to be supposed; it merely renewed its labors. More bureaux were established; agents were sent all over the country; a press-bureau was maintained to manufacture opinions favorable to the Chinese.

That this had its weight, especially in the extreme East, is shown by the antagonism with which every anti-Chinese move was met in Congress. The people of the East looked upon it as a great "brotherhood" question, one of morals and sentiment, and not as affecting the vital interests of the nation, as had unrestricted immigration been allowed, America, so far as her labor-field is concerned, would have been reduced to the condition of Germany, Italy, or any European government.

In some mysterious way the Chinese population increased, and in the Fifty-second Congress another bill was passed, and following this came the Geary Bill—one of the last acts of desperate home-makers on the Pacific Coast. It provided that all Chinamen who could not show that they had resided in America previous to the passage of the act were to be imprisoned for one year, then deported. It virtually ordered every Chinaman in America to proceed to the nearest custom-house or internal-revenue office and take out a certificate of residence upon which was a photograph of the Chinaman and a description. They were allowed one year in which to do this.

At this time hundreds of Chinamen were coming in on the Pacific steamers on forged certificates, and were stopped and held for deportation; but the Six Companies soon found means to stop this. Through their American lawyers they applied for writs of habeas corpus in every case, and in this way secured the landing of the Chinamen. Bail was at once given by the agent of the Six Companies and the case fought out; and in many instances the Company proved its case. So flagrant

were these "cases" that the Geary Bill was adapted to cover it and a clause so read that bail was refused and every man arrested for whom a writ of habeas corpus was issued. This struck consternation to the Six Companies. The jails were filled with Chinamen and hundreds were deported.

The Six Companies, however was by no means discouraged. No sooner had President Harrison signed the bill than the Six Companies began to fight it before the Supreme Court through Joseph H. Choate, the present minister to England. That this clever organization never ceased its efforts to obtain sympathy for the Chinese, is well shown by the attitude of people of influence in the East who were approached in various ways and given perverted views of the situation. Their sentiment was appealed to, while the crowded-out California farmer and his wife and children were forgotten. It was the policy of the Six Companies to confuse the issue, to encourage its army of coolies to evade the law in every way by deceit or fraud, and having absolute control of them it was in the position of a master over his slaves.

No sooner did President Harrison sign the Geary Act than two *pronunciamentos* went forth from the Six Companies. One was a request to its attorney, Mr. Choate, to test the legality of the act, and the other was an order for every Chinaman in the United States to refuse to take out certificates or permit themselves to be photographed for such purpose. The Supreme Court held that the Geary Act was constitutional, a severe blow to the Six Companies which had been led to believe by its lawyers that it could be broken, and on the strength of which belief the Companies had issued its order to disobey, offering to defend any coolie arrested. A large percentage obeyed the order, and the officials on the Pacific Coast were confronted with the proposition of wholesale imprisonment and deporting. It was, doubtless, a part of the plan of the Six Companies to insure a wholesale refu-

sal on the part of the people, and possibly fill the American prisons, and show the impossibility of carrying out the edict; but they found they could not count on their serfs. They rebelled, prison life was not to their taste, and they began to flock to the custom-houses and take out registrations.

Another danger now threatened the Six Companies. At this time the "highbinders" of San Francisco were very active. They were in many instances fugitives from justice, and to return to China meant beheading; so laying all the threatened danger of being deported to the Six Companies, they declared war upon them and all their members, and a series of murders occurred which for a time paralyzed the police of San Francisco. One of the most active and brilliant minds in the Six Companies at the time was Chun Ti Chu, President of the Sam Yup Company, which controls at least half the Chinamen in the United States to-day, and against him the highbinders turned. On the afternoon of the day the Supreme Court declared for the legality of the Geary Bill and deportation, the highbinders, between the devil and the deep sea—imprisonment in America, beheading in China—posted a statement offering three hundred dollars for his dead body, and guaranteed any one protection who would commit the crime. In this poster Chun was denounced as one of villains who had ordered the Chinamen not to register within the prescribed time, and so the cause of their arrest and deportation.

This war was carried on for some time. Chinese missionaries were attacked in China, and the Chinese threatened retaliation; but the Geary Act prevailed and has—yet there have been continual evasions of the law—prevented the incoming of the alien horde.

In December next the life of this act expires. For months the Six Companies, as strong as ever, has been creating sentiment in favor of a change. Its influence has forced the Chinese government to demand the enactment of

terms that shall not be so severe. But if there was reason for keeping out a horde of non-assimilants twenty years ago there is a thousand times more reason now. California demands a class of labor that will not compete with whites. She demands laborers that will become citizens, grow up with the country, rear their children here, invest their savings in

her products. The question is no longer one of affecting the Pacific Coast, but the entire world. The 400,000,000 Chinese, mostly laborers, living upon six cents per day, are a menace to the civilized and Christian world; they should be restricted to China.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.
Pasadena, Calif.

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.

MY DEAR President Roosevelt:— I have had for many years, and still have, a profound admiration for you and your achievements—minus the western shooting-escapades; but some things lately sorely puzzle me and others of your friends. Is it unreasonable to ask you to explain in your old, frank way, directly or through some trusted scribe, a few matters that do not seem like Roosevelt?

1. Why did you eulogize Quay, and refer to him as "ever your staunch and loyal friend?" Do you not know that to many of us who love you for your past of sturdy honesty, you might as well have referred to the devil as ever your staunch and loyal friend? It ought to have been impossible for a corruptionist like Quay to have been the staunch and loyal friend of the President. The President should be the uncompromising enemy of such men. I cannot understand even your tolerance of Platt, Quay and Company, let alone friendship. They are conspirators against our country's dearest life. Their names are synonyms for political corruption, and political corruption is treason. It changes our form of government. It substitutes government by money and trickery for government by the people.

Do you think that a man who loves his

country has a right to be politically friendly with corruptionists? Do you not know that your strength with the people lies in your record for sturdy honesty, and that you would be still stronger with the people, and infinitely stronger in the estimation and regard of future generations, if, in the high office you now hold, you would stand as clear of party machines and bosses and all unrighteous influences as you did in those early days in the New York Legislature, when your splendid stand for the right and your defiance of the machine won for you the confidence of the public?

2. Why did you nominate the notorious "Doc." Jamison of Chicago? This looked like a yielding to the dictation of the machine, in spite of the strong opposition of all the best influences of the western metropolis. Why did the champion of civil-service reform make such an appointment—an appointment one might have expected from a Tweed, or a Platt, or an Addicks, but never from a Roosevelt? You have made many excellent appointments, and we do not expect you to be free from mistakes; but how could this have been a mistake, when the character of the man was so well and widely known and when the facts were forced upon your attention by the protests of repu-

table citizens? We cannot understand it. It seems wholly inconsistent with the Roosevelt of the past. How do you harmonize it? We cannot believe that you have consciously broken with the principles for which you stood so long and to which you owe the love of your countrymen and your exalted position. We cannot believe that you have *deliberately* stooped to placate bosses and machines for the sake of winning an election even to the presidency. Your right-mindedness has shown itself so sturdy and independent, and your common-sense is so clear, that you must know that every time you turn down a boss or a machine you strengthen yourself far more than the opposition of the machine can weaken you with the people. But how in the name of honest government *did* it happen?

3. Why have you not used your great powers as President to lift the whole civil-service out of reach of the spoils idea? Years ago, when you were Civil-Service Commissioner, you fought political influence in the civil-service with splendid energy and with all the power at your command; but now that you have power many times greater, power with which you can extend and intensify the merit system immensely, and separate the civil-service from political "pull" almost entirely, as has been done already in England and some other countries,—if you had now the spirit you manifested of old, you could go far toward rooting out the spoils system forever from American politics—but what have you done? Please tell us what you have done since you became President to abolish the power of machines and bosses and to put the whole civil-service out of reach of political influences?

4. Why did you allow the Pension Bureau to issue, under the tissuey pretense of "interpreting the law," an order amounting to an act of legislation, usurping the functions of Congress, breaking the fundamental law of the land in a most

vital spot, and setting a vicious precedent of encroachment of the executive upon the legislative field. If when Congress refuses or neglects to pass a bill for any given purpose, as in this case of old-age service-pensions, the executive can step in and accomplish the said purpose by an order, we might as well proclaim this government to be an elective monarchy at once and be done with it. The thing done was not of large moment in itself—only five or ten millions involved—but the manner of doing it, the spirit and principle of it, are vital. The spirit of it is of a piece with Napoleonism, Cæsarism, Czarism, despotism,—a spirit fraught with incalculable danger to the republic. Is it not so? I believe you are an honest man and a courageous man, a man of strong will and tremendous force of character. It is hardly conceivable that such an order could be issued without your sanction,—the Department would not dare do so, and if it did you could promptly repudiate its action. Is it possible that you do not recognize the real nature of the order; that it is a violation of the Constitution you took oath to support and enforce? If service-pensions were already provided for in the old law, why was Congress asked to pass a service-pension bill? If "interpretation" of existing law were all that was needful, why appeal to the legislative, and failing there, to the executive? Interpretation is a judicial function, is it not? What right has the executive to issue orders interpreting laws so as to carry out executive wishes without either legislative or judicial sanction? The order provides that old age shall be deemed a disability within the meaning of the law of June 27, 1890. But that law provides pensions in case of disability resulting from military service during the Civil war. Is age a consequence of the war? Is this man sixty-two years old, or that one seventy years old to-day, because he served in the army? Again, is it not wholly unwarrantable to assume, as is done in the order, that a person is half incapacitated at sixty-two, two-thirds disabled at sixty-five, five-

sixths at sixty-eight, and wholly disabled at seventy? The Secretary of the Interior, who signed the order, is sixty-nine. What is the state of disability of an order signed by a man who is convicted on the face of the order of being nine-tenths disabled? The Pension Commissioner who will have to execute this order is sixty-three years old—less than half a man; so perhaps the order will be only half executed—half execution of an order, nine-tenths disabled, about one-twentieth of the real thing. The Speaker of the House is sixty-eight; the President of the Panama Canal Commission is sixty-nine; the President of the Senate is seventy-three—wholly disabled, as are also Senator Hoar, Dr. Edward Everett Hale and numbers of other men who are still living pretty strenuous lives and earning large salaries. It may be said that age is not caused by war, but age-debility is. It is true that in some cases the exposures of military service shorten the period of vigorous life, but generally those who come out with sound body and health (*i. e.*, without some injury which would itself base a claim for a pension) are toughened and the period of their vigor lengthened instead of shortened. The great mass of veterans now living and not already pensioned belong to this class. Even so far as age-debility were a disability caused by war, it would still be clear that the pensions should go only to those affected by the said debility, not to those who have simply passed a given number of years and are still in vigorous health without any disability.

Is it not clear that the wording of the order is executive fiction, and its substance executive usurpation?

5. Why did you permit Mr. Madden, in the Post-Office, to make arbitrary rulings under circumstances calling forth vigorous protests all over the country, and even subjecting postal officials to suspicion of collusion with a consanguineous attorney apparently able for a consideration to secure the reinstatement of a magazine

or other periodical that had been rejected by Mr. Madden upon grounds that many able men regard as supreme samples of the extent to which official idiocy may go?

6. Why did you take favors from the railways—the enormous favor of a continental trip, for instance? Do you not know that such favors are among the forms of quasi-bribery against which enlightened public sentiment is everywhere beginning to make vigorous protest? We pass laws to prevent judges, legislators, etc., from accepting passes. There is on the Federal Statute-book a law intended to abolish “the pass-evil”—the insidious bribery of officials by free rides—and yet the President himself violates the spirit and perhaps the letter of the law by accepting the most gigantic free ride on record. The trip itself was an excellent thing, but it should have been paid for by national funds or by contributions from towns, cities and states through which the President would journey. If the national government would insist upon paying the railways no more for carrying the mails than they get for carrying express-matter, there would be funds enough in the treasury to pay for several western trips and to establish a postal-telegraph, parcels-post and postal savings-banks besides. But if a bill were introduced to cut down the railway-mail extortions, or otherwise regulate these all-powerful corporations that are probably more in need of vigorous regulation than any other business concerns in the country—what would be your attitude toward the measure? Could you possibly look at it in the same judicial spirit as if you had not received from the railways such vast favors and come into such close, gratitude-engendering relations with the great railway managers of the United States? And if *you* could be judicial under such circumstances, are you sure that succeeding presidents for whom you have set so large a precedent of railway “pull”—are you sure *they* can be judicial under such bias? And all the little fellows, judges and legislators all over the country

—if the President may accept passes and favors from railways, may not they do likewise? And if the people do not like to have their legislators accept passes, etc., because it diminishes confidence in their impartiality and single-hearted devotion to the interests of the people whose servants they are, what must be the effect of similar conduct on the part of the President on popular confidence in the impartiality of the National Executive?

7. Why do you withhold approval from the La Follette Republicans? They stand for thorough regulation of the railways in the public interest; for direct nominations by the people to defeat the bosses and machines; for income and inheritance taxes to aid the fairer diffusion of wealth; and for other excellent things. They represent the high-water mark of Republican thought in this country. Yet you and the convention dominated by your influence repudiate them and stand in with the old fossil machine. How in the name of decency and progress, to say nothing of good politics, can a Roosevelt withhold appreciation from these gallant Wisconsin Republicans who are receiving the plaudits of good and thoughtful men of all parties throughout the country?

8. Look at the Colorado horror. Why did you not long ago use your influence to bring the contending parties to judicial methods? You forced arbitration in the coal case,—all praise to you for that; but why stop with one good deed of that sort? Is Colorado too far away to engage your good offices? Must the trouble be in the east to make it worth while to secure arbitration? It was good to settle one strike after it had been allowed to ferment for months; better to have insisted on arbitration at the start; better yet to exert your influence toward the establishment of conditions and provisions that would lead to the substitution of arbitration for conflict all along the line, and settle labor difficulties by judicial decision at the start, without any interruption of business or

industry. New Zealand has done this, and some other English colonies, and the Commonwealth of Australia is about to do the same. We cannot do it at once, but why not exert your influence definitely, strongly and steadily in that direction? Why not show as much enlightenment and progressive spirit as the statesmen of Australia?

9. What is the meaning of your trust procedure? The Department of Commerce was given large powers to secure publicity, and an excellent man was put at its head, but what has been done? The chief victory for publicity—the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Coal-Trust must show its books—was due not to the government but to the initiative and push of the owner of a lot of “yellow journals.” It is true that your administration got judgment five to four against the Northern Securities Company. But why did you select that comparatively innocent company and refuse to prosecute the Coal-Trust and other combinations that are widely believed to be wholly iniquitous? And when the really wicked trusts got nervous, in view of the Securities decision, why did the Attorney-General give Wall street notice that the Administration did not intend to “run amuck” by the prosecution of other trusts? Perhaps the Attorney-General does not think the Sherman Anti-Trust law should be enforced. It would be only natural if a famous attorney for the trusts, whose interests are largely bound up with them and whose mental attitude is the trust attitude,—it would be natural if such a man should not like to do anything that would displease the trusts, or at least those trusts in which he feels a friendly or any other sort of interest. But perhaps you also think the Sherman law unwise, aimed as it is against combinations *per se* instead of pronouncing penalties against the abuses of the power of union. That is a perfectly tenable—we think the only tenable—position; but if that is your view why do you enforce the law against a cor-

poration innocent of abuse, and refuse to enforce it against combines loaded with abuses the overwhelming evidences of which have been pressed upon you again and again? Here is the dilemma: If the law is right, it should be enforced all along the line. If the law is too broad, then it should be judiciously enforced where serious abuses exist. You have done neither of these things. You have refused to enforce it all along the line, and such enforcement as you have secured has been aimed, not at abuse, but at union for the coördination and harmonization of railway services such as has occurred in many parts of the country, many unions *substantially* similar being still untouched by your administration. Why is this? Are not justice, consistency and impartial administration of the law according to its reason and spirit parts of your Presidential policy? If so, why have you allowed the Attorney-General to defeat this rightful and necessary purpose?

10. Why do you not turn on the current and make the car of State climb the hill of Progress? You can accomplish splendid things for this country and for humanity if you will only head the car in the right direction and turn on the power with the lever that is in your hand. You have done much for good government and progress in the past; and your Presidential record has its brilliant points also; the Department of Commerce, for example; the Coal Commission; the statement favorable to Philippine independence; and the Panama Canal deal, which is an admirable achievement in spite of a lightning rapidity of action in recognizing Panama's independence, that, if we may judge by the rate of speed in other cases of recognizing independence, was something quite different from what would probably have taken place if Panama's independence had not meant a decided personal gain for Uncle Sam, or if Colombia had been as big Uncle Sam or even as big as John Bull. International law feels a little worried over the precedent, but cir-

cumstances alter cases, and on the whole it looks as though Colombia got just what she deserved.

But the point I wish to make is that, admitting the greatness of what your administration has accomplished, to the utmost of all possible claims, the fact remains that it is but the dust in the balance compared to what you might accomplish. You can lead the Republican party anywhere you choose. You can make Progress as much your debtor as did Washington or Lincoln. You have an opportunity to make a record second to none in history, if you have the will to grasp the meaning of the great movements of our age and the moral courage to lead the people. The great problem of the time is to establish industrial justice, to secure the fair distribution of wealth and industrial power, to prevent industrial inequality from swallowing up political equality.

You could not do the work with a stroke of your pen or of your sword, but you could set forces in operation that would rapidly achieve important results. You could follow Gladstone in urging the establishment of postal savings-banks. You could carry out ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker's postal-telegraph policy. You could bring the United States Post-Office abreast of the post-offices of the rest of the civilized world by securing an effective parcels-post. You could take steps toward the nationalization of the railroads and coal-mines and the conditions necessary to make public-ownership and operation successful. You could throw your great influence to the cause of direct nominations and the initiative and referendum, the vital measures needed to protect representative government from corrupt and anti-public influences. You could organize public employment-bureaux and a government loan-office, as New Zealand statesmen have done. Instead of giving a few soldiers old-age pensions by an absurd and unconstitutional order, you could urge the cause of old-age pensions for all needy veterans of industry on the plan now in operation in the leading British

colonies and advocated by millions of voters in Great Britain. You could advocate progressive taxation to place the main burdens of taxation on the rich, where they belong, and obtain funds for the purchase of railways and telegraphs, the payment of old-age pensions, etc. You could do your best to put arbitration in place of strikes and lockouts. You could use the power of the government, as Australian States are doing, to spread the knowledge and practice of profit-sharing and co-operative industry, on which more than anything else perhaps the full solution of the industrial problem depends. You could develop legislation that would guide and press even the trusts into coöperative forms.

In other words, you could do much to lift the country to a higher plane of civilization. All these things are coming, if we may judge the future by the movement of the past and the laws of growth that have been revealed by it. The question is whether you will lead in this great development and hasten it, or whether you will be indifferent to the most important tendencies of the age in which you live, and delay them. Shall your name go down to posterity as one of the greatest statesmen of history, or as one who had done and said great things in his younger days, but who when he became President buried himself in routine and in plans to carry elections, ignoring the vital work he should have done,—work, too, that would carry elections far more surely than any party scheming? If you would come out into the open and stand in earnest, manly fashion, as you know so well how to stand, for the next great steps that ought to be taken in our political and industrial development, one or two vital moves at a time, rallying the people about you by the strength of a great cause added to your personal strength,—if you would do this you could carry not only the rank and file of the Republicans, but the great mass of the progressive Democrats and Populists, who cannot mix with the conservative Democracy any more than oil can mix with water.

11. In respect to international relations, could not the head of the greatest government on earth exert a vast influence toward the abolition of war, the establishment of arbitration as the settled policy of the civilized world, agreement for gradual disarmament, closer union of the peoples, organization of a parliament of nations, and an international navy to put a definite and powerful sanction behind the arbitration court? I know that the peace movement is making encouraging progress, but much greater progress could be made if those in high positions would earnestly exert themselves. You have great power and influence, not only at home, but abroad. As a vigorous, forceful President of the United States you are respected and admired by the rulers of the world. With you more than with any other man, except perhaps the Emperor of Germany, rests the power and responsibility of winning the world for peace. I know that in spite of your propensity for killing things, you have used your influence since you became President in favor of arbitration and peace. But could you not do far more than you have done? Could you not bring about a series of international conferences to consider these great questions? Keep the discussion hot until the work is done. Could you not get Congress to take as vigorous action for peace as it does for war? If governments that spend millions every year in preparation for battle would appropriate half as much to send out literature and speakers to bring vividly to the minds of the people the cost and horrors of war and all the facts that make for peace, and put the science and philosophy of peace in strong light in the common schools, it would not be many years before a policy of disarmament would be agreed upon, and the barbarous method of settling disputes by battle would be abolished.

Neither for this nor for any of the other purposes I have mentioned is it necessary for you to expend any large amount of personal labor. A few words from you will set men and machinery and influences

at work that will accomplish wonders. I understand that you have sometimes gone so far in enforcing your ideas as to give Congress notice that you would hold up their measures till they acted on matters you deemed important. That shows what pressure you are willing to use when you are interested. It can rarely be necessary to go so far as that. The executive power of the greatest of nations is in your hands. The best ability is at your command. Multitudes are eager to follow your lead. The people are with you in any reasonably progressive move, and the more progressive it is within the limits of common-sense, the more completely they will be with you. If your powerful *interest* is directed in due measure to the purposes most worthy your attention, grand progress will follow. Will you use the vast powers at your disposal for the solution of the greatest problems of the age? Few men have ever had so splendid an opportunity; and as ex-Governor Black said at Chicago: "There is no regret so keen, in man or country, as that which follows an opportunity unembraced."

12. In spite of many things in your record that I am unable to explain; in spite of omissions and commissions that seem directly opposite to what I should expect from Theodore Roosevelt, I still believe that your conscious purpose is right, that you intend to do the just thing, the thing that is best for the country. I believe also that you are by far the most forceful President we have had within my memory, which goes back to the Civil war. And it is because I believe in your high purpose and your power that I appeal to you. If, as seems very likely, you are President for four years (or perhaps eight years) more, will you fill those years with routine and patronage and party politics and election plans, or will you make them the most brilliant period of progress in American history?

Think it over. Is the Presidency going to hold you down, swallow you, mould you; or are you going to use the Presidency for the accomplishment of great deeds?

Respectfully yours,
Boston, Mass. FRANK PARSONS.

THE OPERATION OF THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM IN OREGON.

BY W. S. U'REN.

IN JUNE, 1902, the people of Oregon by more than a two-thirds majority-vote adopted an amendment to the State Constitution providing for the Initiative and Referendum. The first noticeable effect was a large decrease in the number of paid lobbyists at the next session of the Legislative Assembly in January, 1903, and the comparative number of charges that the action of members on any bill had been influenced by money. The legislature made mistakes but no one charged it with being corrupt. It was generally con-

ceded that the absence of corrupting influences was largely due to fear that the Referendum would be demanded on any legislation obtained by such methods.

Within ninety days after the close of the session an effort was made to obtain the necessary petitions against four acts of the legislature, one appropriating five hundred thousand dollars to the Lewis and Clark Fair; another imposing a license-tax on corporations, which is now producing a revenue of about one hundred thousand dollars a year; another against an

act appropriating one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars for a state portage-railway on the Columbia river at the Celilo Falls, and another on a bill removing a tax-exemption of three hundred dollars for household goods. They all failed to get the necessary five per cent. of the voters. It was currently reported and believed that the railroad influence was behind the petition against the portage-railway, and that its promoters had the required number of signers, but did not file their petition because the Portland Chamber of Commerce declared by resolution that if such a Referendum petition was filed, that body would propose a maximum freight-rate law by Initiative petition.

The validity of the Initiative and Referendum amendment was questioned in some quarters because it was alleged that the provisions of the State Constitution for proposing amendments had not been strictly complied with, and also on the ground that it was in conflict with the Constitution of the United States. These questions were decided by our Supreme Court in favor of the amendment in the case of *Kadderly vs. City of Portland*, in a most exhaustive opinion* reversing the decision of the Circuit Court.†

The Court held that the requirements of the State Constitution in proposing the amendment had been fully complied with in every particular, and as this portion of the opinion deals only with special provisions of the Oregon Constitution it is perhaps not of general interest outside of Oregon.

But that part of the opinion dealing with the objection that the Initiative and Referendum is contrary to the Constitution of the United States is of absorbing interest to every citizen of the Union. No

more important and far-reaching decision has been rendered by any court in our country, nor any that more ably represents and sustains the American ideals of government. On this point the Court says:

"Nor do we think the amendment void because in conflict with section 4, article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing to every state a republican form of government. The purpose of this provision of the Constitution is to protect the people of the several states against aristocratic and monarchical invasions, and against insurrections and domestic violence, and to prevent them from abolishing a republican form of government. Cooley, *Const. Lim.* (7th Ed.), 45; 2 Story, *Const.* (5th Ed.), Sec. 1815. But it does not forbid them from amending or changing their Constitution in any way they may see fit, so long as none of these results is accomplished. No particular style of government is designated in the Constitution as republican, nor is its exact form in any way prescribed. A republican form of government is a government administered by representatives chosen or appointed by the people or by their authority. Mr. Madison says it is 'a government which derives all its powers directly or indirectly from the great body of the people, and is administered by persons holding their offices during pleasure, for a limited period, or during good behavior.' *The Federalist*, 302. And in discussing the section of the Constitution of the United States now under consideration, he says: 'But the authority extends no further than to a guaranty of a republican form of government, which supposes a preëxisting government of the form which is to be guaranteed. As long, therefore, as the existing republican forms are continued by the states, they are guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. Whenever the states may choose to substitute other republican forms, they have a right to do so, and to claim the Federal guaranty for the latter. The only restriction imposed

*74 Pacific Reporter, p. 710.

† This case was ably presented and argued by the attorneys appearing for the interested parties, and, in addition to their arguments, Hon. John H. Mitchell, J. B. Waldo, J. C. Moreland, J. N. Teal, Geo. E. Chamberlain, C. E. S. Wood, Tilmon Ford, George C. Brownell and the writer, by leave of the Court, filed briefs and arguments of seventy-three pages in favor of the validity of the amendment.

on them is that they shall not exchange republican for anti-republican constitutions.' *Id.*, 324. Now, the Initiative and Referendum amendment does not abolish or destroy the republican form of government. The representative character of the government still remains. The people have simply reserved to themselves a larger share of legislative power, but they have not overthrown the republican form of the government, or substituted another in its place. The government is still divided into the legislative, executive, and judicial departments, the duties of which are discharged by representatives selected by the people. Under this amendment it is true, the people may exercise a legislative power, and may, in effect, veto or defeat bills passed and approved by the Legislature and the Governor; but the legislative and executive departments are not destroyed, nor are their powers or authority materially curtailed. Laws proposed and enacted by the people under the initiative clause of the amendment are subject to the same constitutional limitations as other statutes, and may be amended or repealed by the Legislature at will. The veto-power of the Governor is not abridged in any way, except as to such laws as the Legislature may refer to the people. The provision of the amendment that 'the veto-power of the Governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people,' must necessarily be confined to the measures which the Legislature may refer, and cannot apply to acts upon which the referendum may be invoked by petition. The Governor is required, under the Constitution, to exercise his veto-power, if at all, within five days after the act shall have been presented to him, unless the general adjournment of the Legislature shall prevent its return within that time, in which case he shall exercise his right within five days after the adjournment. He must necessarily act, therefore, before the time expires within which a referendum by petition on any act of the Legislature may be invoked, and before it can be known whether it will be invoked

or not. Unless, therefore, he has a right to veto any act submitted to him, except such as the Legislature may specially refer to the people, one of the safeguards against hasty or ill-advised legislation which is everywhere regarded as essential is removed—a result manifestly not contemplated by the amendment."

The decision was rendered on December 21, 1903. In June, 1903, an effort was made to organize a League to propose a Direct Primary Nominations Law by Initiative petition, but this was stopped by the adverse decision of the Circuit Court. It was revived immediately when the Supreme Court sustained the validity of the amendment. The bill was completed and 8,500 signers obtained on the Initiative petition, which was about 1,500 more than the law required, and the petition and bill were duly filed with the Secretary of State on the fourth day of February, 1904. The bill was carefully prepared by many of our prominent lawyers, and is supported by an organization of nearly two hundred of the representative men of the State, comprising such names as Senator John H. Mitchell, Governor George E. Chamberlain, and Ex-Governor T. T. Geer; H. W. Scott, editor of the daily *Oregonian*, and C. S. Jackson, editor of the daily *Journal*, respectively the leading Republican and Democratic papers of the State; A. L. Mills, president of the First National Bank of Portland, and W. M. Ladd, of the private banking-house of Ladd & Tilton, these being the greatest financial institutions in Oregon; Circuit Judges R. P. Boise, Thomas A. McBride and Alfred F. Sears, Jr.; C. H. Gram, president and general organizer for Oregon of the American State Federation of Labor; Hon. George M. Orton, one of the leaders of organized labor in this State; W. M. Hilleary and Jacob Voorheis, Past-Masters of the State Grange; and other farmers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, laborers and business men of high standing.

This bill is proposed by Initiative peti-

tion because it is a more direct and certain method of obtaining the law than to wait for the legislative assembly, in which the party bosses have heretofore defeated all attempts to secure such a law. There is every prospect now that it will be adopted by a large majority. The vote of the people is final, and it does not require any further action by the legislative assembly or any other power.

The temperance people are also presenting by Initiative petition a Local-option Saloon-law, based on the Texas Local-option Law. The liquor men are making a very bitter fight on this measure, but the indications are that the bill will be adopted by the people.

So far as I can learn the Initiative and Referendum is more popular with all classes in Oregon than it was two years ago. Capitalists and business men re-

gard it as ample insurance against any revolutionary laws, socialistic or otherwise, which might be enacted by any political party that may obtain power, as well as affording a complete protection against any hasty, ill-advised or corrupt action of the legislative assembly. On the other hand it is now demonstrated that the Initiative gives the people power to propose and adopt or reject any reform laws that the party bosses do not want or that politicians would fear to make in the legislative assembly, as well as furnishing a safe and practical method for reformers and agitators to get a decision directly from the people on their demands in the concrete form of a proposed law.

The Initiative and Referendum is in the Oregon Constitution to stay.

W. S. U'REN.

Oregon City, Ore.

WHY WE FAVOR JAPAN IN THE PRESENT WAR.

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.DIP., LL.D.

Of the Law Department in the University of West Virginia.

OUR ATTITUDE toward the contending parties to the war now being waged in the Far East has occasioned real or feigned surprise in Russia, and is a matter of more or less wonderment to many of our own citizens. While legally speaking we occupy a position of strict neutrality toward both, the fact is well known, both inside and outside our own country, that public sentiment is far more favorable toward Japan than toward Russia. In view of the traditional friendship existing between the United States and Russia it is fitting that we study the situation carefully in order to determine whether the present attitude of our people is consistent and well-founded, or is an unconscious and unwarranted outburst of mere sentimentality.

At the beginning of the war this attitude

might have been explained upon the ground of a not unnatural sympathy for the weaker of the two contestants. In other words, the sympathy accorded to Japan might then have been accounted for as being that which is usually accorded to the "under dog." But though it has now become evident that Japan is not the "under dog" the sympathy has not changed. We still rejoice in the repeated successes of the Japanese. Hence if our present feeling which is unquestionably more favorable toward Japan than toward Russia is to be accounted for at all it must be accounted for upon some other basis.

There is a sentimental basis in the fact that modern Japan is a creature of our own making. We opened Japan to the civilization of the world. Our treaty with

her, negotiated by Townsend Harris, has been the one upon which her treaties with other powers have been modeled. We led the fight for the abolition of consular jurisdiction in Japan and succeeded in gaining for her full recognition as a member of the family of nations. Such was the opposition of other nations to this, that our victory was delayed until 1901. Our institutions have furnished an education to thousands of her brightest youths. To such an extent have our ways of thinking and acting taken root in the Japanese mind that they are known as the "Yankees of the Far East." It is therefore but natural that we should take a sentimental pride in our own handiwork.

But there is not wanting a more substantial basis upon which to rest our present desire to see the Japanese triumph over their adversary. In all ages men have been influenced in their thinking and in their conduct by a regard for their own interests. What is true of the individual is true of the nation. Hence in an age which may properly be called commercial, interests are no mean factor in determining friendship. Upon which side therefore are our own interests in the present struggle? The answer to this question will throw no small amount of light upon our present attitude. The question of our trade with the countries lying upon the farther shore of the Pacific is one which the United States cannot well afford to overlook. Neither is the attitude of Russia toward the development of this trade unknown to us. Her persistent opposition to our treaty with China for the opening of additional ports to American trade was a sufficient indication as to her real position in the matter. While Russia has thus far yielded to the masterly diplomacy of John Hay in behalf of the "open door" policy in Manchuria, no one who has studied the situation believes for a moment that in the event of Russia's triumph in the present war she would any longer adhere to that policy. If her adherence to the "open-door" policy were upon the ground of principle rather than upon the

ground of supposed necessity her opposition to the American treaty with China for the opening of Antung and Mukden is inexplicable. In reaching a conclusion upon this point we should remember that nowhere else in her acquisitions by conquest has Russia inaugurated any other policy than that of the "closed door," and should the arbitrament of the sword leave her in possession of Manchuria it is reasonable to suppose that this new possession would be no exception to the rule.

Japan, upon the other hand, occupies a different position. Like England, her interests impel her to adhere to the "open-door" policy. Nature has withheld from her the possibility of becoming a great producer of raw material. She must become the work-shop and the carrier in order to hold her position among first-class powers. It must also be borne in mind that Japan could not abandon this policy without alienating her best friends—England and the United States. Such a step she could in no wise afford to take. Her home interest and foreign affairs combine therefore to place Japan among the countries which must and will adhere to the policy of the "open door."

Not only would the triumph of Russia endanger our trade in Manchuria, which at its present rate of growth, will soon be worth \$100,000,000, but it would threaten our commercial development in Corea and, what is more, all northern China. For it is reasonably certain that a victorious Russia would not stop with the absorption of Manchuria but would, unless prevented by force, extend her dominion over a large portion of China. If the expenditures by her upon the Eastern Chinese railway gave her claim to Manchuria, as she asserts that it does, how much less than the whole of China would be necessary to compensate her for her outlay during the present war? With such a threat hanging over one of the most promising fields for the development of our trade it is not unnatural that the Russian blandishments concerning traditional

friendship should lose some of their hypnotic force.

Yet there are even stronger factors than sentimentality and commercial interest which determine our attitude toward the contestants in the present strife. There is a clear conception of what each of them stands for. In this war, Russia stands for reaction and Japan for progress. By reaction we mean a reversion to a stage in political evolution where absolutism overrides the rights of the individual; where freedom of speech and of the press are sacrificed to the whims of a bureaucracy; where the State, in its paternalism, interferes even with the cry of the soul for its God; where diplomacy means deception rather than straightforward, manly dealing of State with State; where the weak, whether individual or State, have no rights which the strong need respect. All this is the antithesis of progress. For progress means the growth of the individual along with the growth of the State; a more liberal idea of their relation to each other; freedom for the enlargement of mind and soul, that is constitutional liberty; a minimizing of brute force; a higher code of ethics as between State and State.

To convince one that political and ethical ideals appeal most forcibly to the American people, we have but to glance at American history. We fought the Revolutionary war in support of an ideal. And later, four long years of civil strife and carnage attest the attachment of the American people to ideals. Of this fact Count Cassini seems to have lost sight entirely; for in his article in the May number of the *North American Review* he pro-

ceeds upon the assumption that commercial advantage, and that alone, appeals to Americans. His article is an excellent example of an exceedingly lame defence of a weak cause.

The requisition of such bogie-men as the "yellow peril" for service can deceive no one who stops to reflect soberly upon the situation. The organization and control of the millions of Chinese by Russia is far more dangerous to the rest of the world than would be their control by the Japanese, for in case of any real danger from such a combination the geographical position of Russia would render her isolation from China far more difficult than would be the isolation of the Japanese. A resort to bogie-men is usually evidence of a weak case.

While we all sympathize with Russia in her desire for an outlet upon the unfrozen seas, we cannot sympathize with or approve of her underhanded, stealthy, deceitful, bullying method resorted to in attaining the end. Had she proceeded in a straightforward, candid manner to negotiate with China for the outlet which all admit that she needs, and given evidence of having no ulterior designs upon China or Corea, no one would have objected to her securing it in the regular way, *i. e.*, by paying for it. But her mode of procedure has been such that almost any careful observer could see that she was plotting against the safety of both China and Japan. For such conduct the American people have and should have no sympathy. It is therefore not difficult to account for our present attitude.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO: A STUDY IN THE LAST CENSUS.

BY GEORGE W. FORBES.

IN SPITE of the encouragement for despondents which the good Dean Swift would give us in "A Tale of a Tub," by his sage advice that, however dense the crowd, "over their heads there is room enough" for one wishing to speak, and which great Shakespeare himself holds out to us in his cheerful assurance as to the sphere-born melody of the planets—that

"Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear
it,"—

it is to be feared that the host of speakers already on the rostrum and in print on the race-question, and the great tendency toward acrimony in discussing it, have brought public temperament to the point of denying a further hearing to all efforts on the subject. Probably what a bewildered public most wants on this question at present is time, amid so many conflicting currents of thought, to take its bearings. And yet as no subject which pertains to the advancement of man, however disagreeable in phases it may be to contemplate, can be wholly lacking in vital interest to society, it is the duty of the observer of noiseless social forces at work for our national betterment to bid them come forth and assume their proper perspective in the gallery of permanencies which the nation has set apart for the elemental sources of its well-being. We catch renewed inspiration from new points of view on old subjects, and society from new evidence feels justified as to her measures for the upliftment of her children. The progress of the American negro, therefore, as evidenced by a study of the Twelfth Census, in adjusting himself to new social conditions by virtue of his free civic status, forms one of the most remarkable chap-

ters in the history of the nineteenth century. His achievements are without a parallel in the annals of this or of any other country. Like some vast, enchanted scene in the *Arabian Nights*, his whole transformation from abject slavery to progressive citizenship has been brought about before our eyes as with a mighty wave of some Aladdin's Lamp.

When, in 1863, President Lincoln declared his Emancipation Proclamation in force, it burst the bands from four million legal human things, without education, without homes, and without even a country. Their very marriage-ties had first to be legalized by special enactment! To-day those four million human things number more than ten million free American citizens, with more than fifty-five per cent. of their number grounded in the rudiments of education, owning and operating three-quarters of a million farms and homes, which are valued at as many billion dollars, and with callings covering the whole of the three hundred and two occupations engaged in by Americans.

From the Twelfth Census we gather that for the entire seventy-six and more million American citizens, there were on June 1, 1900, 18,178,715 homes, or a little more than one home to every five people. This ratio is about the same for every class of our people throughout the several kinds of homes. These homes are further divided into private and public residences, the latter referring to homes in hotels, boarding-houses, and the like, while the former embrace private dwellings, tenements or suites occupied by a single family. But it is the purpose of this paper to investigate into the condition of the proprietorship of American private homes alone, of which there were on June 1, 1900, 15,963,935 in all. Now according

to the census, 14,063,791 of this number were occupied by the white race, who owned 6,788,069, or 49.7 per cent. of them, and hired 6,871,057, or 50.3 per cent. The negro people occupied in all 1,832,723, of which number 372,414, or 21.8 per cent. were owned, and 1,335,276, or 78.2 per cent., were hired. The figures in the census of 1890 (which was the first to make this kind of investigation) give the number of private-owned and rented homes as to races as follows: Total white, 11,255,169, of which 5,793,660, or 51.5 per cent., were owned and 5,461,509, or 48.5 per cent., were hired; while the total negro homes at the same time were 1,410,769,—264,288, or 18.7 per cent., owned, and 1,146,481, or 81.3 per cent., hired.

From these general figures of the last two censuses it would appear that while there was a large increase in number of both kinds of homes for each race between the two census-takings, the whites lost 1.8 per cent. in general home-proprietorship and increased 1.5 per cent. in tenantry, as against the negro's gain of 3.1 per cent. in proprietorship and his decrease by 3.1 per cent. in tenantry.

If, again, we consider homes under the two separate classes of "farm homes" and "other homes" (such as city and town residences), into which the census divides them, we shall find the figures for actual ownership in each class for both races no less interesting. Taking the "farm homes" first, we have for the white race, in 1900, 4,905,853, or 70.3 per cent., as against 4,212,293, or 71.7 per cent., in 1890, a loss of 1.4 per cent.; while for the negro the "farm homes" for the same period advanced from 549,632, or 22 per cent. in 1890, to 757,427, or 25.3 per cent., a gain of 3.3 per cent. in "farm homes." Nor is there any marked change as between the races in the acquisition of "other homes." In 1900 there were for the white race 9,159,938, or 38.3 per cent., of "other homes" as against 7,042,878, or 39.4 per cent., in 1890, again a loss of 1.1 per cent. in acquisition; while for the

negro race the total number increased from 861,137, or 16.7 per cent. in 1890, to 1,075,296, or 19 per cent. in 1900, a gain of 2.3 per cent. in ownership.

Now both classes of these homes for each race, considered with respect to being free or encumbered by debt or mortgage, may prove no less instructive. Thus, of the 6,788,069 homes owned by the white race in 1900, 4,432,904, or 68 per cent., were free of debt, as against 2,089,452, or 32 per cent., encumbered; while in the previous census (1890) of the 5,793,660 then owned, 4,126,653, or 71.2 per cent., were free, and 1,667,007, or 28.8 per cent., encumbered. These figures show that in the ten years the white race lost 3.8 per cent. in absolute ownership, and increased 3.2 per cent. in mortgaged or encumbered home-owning. Of the total negro homes owned in 1900 (in all 372,414), there were 255,156, or 74.2 per cent., owned free, and 88,864, or 25.8 per cent., encumbered; while of the 264,288 owned in 1890, 234,747, or 88.8 per cent., were free, and 29,541, or 11.2 per cent., encumbered. In comparison with the former (Eleventh) census, therefore, the negro appears to have lost 14.6 per cent. in free ownership, and increased by the same amount his encumbered holding; while the white race lost only 3.8 per cent. as against an increase of 3.2 per cent. of encumbrance.

Thus it will be seen that it is only in the question of free as against encumbered ownership of homes that the negro has not gained rather than lost ground when compared with the white race in the acquisition of homes; and even in this his apparent loss is due, according to the census, more to the increased confidence of the public in his reliability to discharge obligations, and his increased readiness to take advantage of such confidence, than to any actual falling off in efforts to own unencumbered homes. On this question the last Census (Vol. V., page 105), says:

"For all geographic division, the figures show that the negro is becoming a

farm-owner along conservative lines. The per cent. of farms of part owners, however, is markedly higher than for owners, as shown in Table C 14. The negroes buy small farm homes for which they can pay, and then rent additional land. This method gives them greater assurance of keeping what they first acquire than any other that could be adopted, and argues well for the future acquisition of farm lands by that race.”

The question of the conjugal or marriage state of both races was thoroughly considered for the first time in the last two censuses; and if we confine our examination into the condition of those of adult age (above twenty years) only, (since we are assured by the Twelfth census that as regards the negro “the increased proportion of single is due to the relatively greater number of children among the negro element”) the result will be more expressive of the real conjugal status of the people. According to an article by Mr. Carroll D. Wright in *The Forum* for June, 1904: “Of the adult part of the whole sixty-two and two-thirds million population of the United States as disclosed in the Eleventh Census in 1890, the following figures show the conjugal condition in every one hundred:

GENERAL NATIVITY AND COLOR.	NUMBER IN EACH 100 PERSONS.		
	Single.	Mar- ried.	Wid- owed.
Aggregate,	26	65	9
Native whites,native parents,	24	67	9
Native whites,foreign “	42	54	4
Foreign whites,	23	67	10
Negroes,	21	67	12

Now these figures show that while there were more widows in every hundred adults of negro descent, there were quite as many marriages, and far less single than in any other class of our population.

Let us turn now to the grown people of the census of 1900. Of the adult people of the whole country in 1900 this was the condition:

GENERAL NATIVITY AND COLOR.	NUMBER IN EACH 100 PERSONS.		
	Single.	Mar- ried.	Wid- owed.
Total whites above 20 years,	25.80	64.60	8.75
Native whites,native parents,	24.03	66.13	8.94
Native whites,foreign “	37.80	44.20	5.03
Foreign whites,	20.00	67.50	10.10
People of negro descent, .	21.88	64.10	12.90

Thus, whether we take the white population as a whole or in separate classes, no great marital change as between it and the negro has taken place. There has been a slight falling off in marriage of every class excepting the foreign whites, the greatest being among the native whites of foreign parentage, with a loss of ten per cent.; while the negro follows with a loss of less than three per cent., due mostly to the large number of marriages before twenty years, which age is below our starting point here. The percentage of widows among people of negro descent continues, as in the census of 1890, to lead, with the number of twelve in a hundred, while the foreign whites are in the second place, with ten in a hundred. Now too much emphasis cannot be laid on this oneness of the negro’s marital status with that of the other classes in American citizenship; for it is to lives lived in accordance with the best standards of family relations that we must look for the attainment of high ideals in the negro’s social status. And yet, as has been abundantly shown, even here in New England, by the revelations of social defects in cities, brought out during the Haverhill mill-strike in 1895,* and by those in the Rev. Henry Hutchins’ report on decadent rural Connecticut† last year, neither birth, nor education, nor wealth, nor all combined, is always to be taken as a reliable warrant for social perfection.

As American slavery in 1619 and Russian serfdom in 1648 (the same institution under different names) were both established and both abolished in the same centuries, it may be well in this connection to

* See article in the Boston *Herald* of January 19, 1895.
† See Rev. Henry Hutchins’ *Report to the Bible Society of Connecticut*, 1903.

compare the present conditions of the two classes liberated. It is a remarkable fact that though identical social revolutions of the greatest possible nature were taking place in America and Russia, all but at the same time, little or no mention was then made by our statesmen of what was going on in Russia during the sixties. Not even in Sumner's works—the great sea of universal knowledge—will one find more than a passing reference to it,—“*Anthea si qua jactatum vento videt.*” And yet far back in the previous century Radischev's *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow*, even in 1790, was such a severe arraignment of Russian serfage that it would have ranked him with Garrison in this country half a century later, and did win for the author a long exile in Siberia. Gogol, one of Russia's greatest writers, had also in his *Dead Souls*, in 1842, wittily exposed the inhumanity of serfdom, in which, ten years before the appearance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in America, good prototypes of the rollicking Topsy and the heartless Legree might well be found in Nozdreff and the rakish Tchitchoff; while the inimitable Turgenev's* *Annals of a Sportsman* (pictures of serf-life) and letter on the spirit of Gogol, had added the final touch in schooling the Russian mind to the enormity of serfage. Through the influence of such teachers, themselves students of Diderot and the other encyclopedists on slavery and kindred subjects, Russia on the third of March, 1861, twenty-two months before Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in America, liberated without a blow the forty-six million serf-slaves in her dominion. And not only did she liberate them, but she made them, along with their former masters, full-fledged voting members of the Mir and the Zemstvo, the communal and the provincial assemblies respectively, with the power no less to be than to choose officials.

But Russia went even farther than merely endowing her serf with the full citizenship of the empire; she enabled him

“to acquire by purchase the land which, till then, he had cultivated only for another. In order to facilitate the purchase of the land which could be made either by the whole commune or by the individual householders, the Government made advances to the peasants (of amounts equal to four-fifths of the capitalized purchase-price) under an arrangement which permitted them by means of three years' rent paid down, and then by a six per cent. payment covering the interest, to extinguish their debt in forty-nine (49) years.”*

Thus the amount of money which the Russian government, already staggering under defeat and a heavy debt of seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars incurred during the then recent Crimean war, made itself responsible for, in this new adjustment of 1861 in its citizenship, is estimated at more than seven hundred million dollars in the money of that day, and it would mean twice that sum in our own time.

Thus while autocratic Russia indemnified her proprietors and enabled by loan her millions of serfs to buy their own homes, liberal, democratic America, the land of fair-play, grudgingly turned her four million slaves adrift without a cent for improvement. Not even the cry of “forty acres and a mule” for each freedman reached a more durable basis than a campaign shibboleth at the time; and about the matter not one colored man in a hundred knows now any more than that:

“Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee

There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.”

But America not only failed to give the ex-slave assistance in obtaining a home, as did Russia her ex-serfs; she made no provision for his rudimentary education. Even in after years, when such a need had been fully shown, Congress in session after session voted down the Blair Education Bill, and thereby forced the freedman more or less into the domain of charity for schooling, where the constant plight of a

* See recent translations of the last two authors by Miss Isabelle Hapgood.

* Wallace's *Russia*, and Noble's *Russia and Her People*.

beggar, coupled with his difference in race and color, encourages all too readily the latent belief in the hopeless inferiority, and therefore justification for the different civil and political treatment, of the negro. Even the British government in liberating the slaves of the West Indies a generation before showed a kindlier spirit than America; for that country forbade the turning loose of the aged and the infirm without some provision in old age, and, by her recent gigantic loans for settling the Irish and South African questions, England shows that she has adopted the Russian and not the American method as the right way to solve such difficulties.

If, however, the negro was denied proper educational assistance by the general government on the one hand, he on the other fell joint-heir to the most unexampled school-legacy in the country's philanthropy that the world has yet seen. Sensible of the nation's inability or dereliction in this regard, the philanthropic North began early in the reconstruction days that liberal contribution for the South's educational benefit which has resulted in 138 schools and colleges for negroes, with 39,419 enrollment, and has continued it during the past thirty years to the expenditure of fifty million dollars, of which the larger half has gone to the negro. But like all other sections of our common country, the South has shown wonderful recuperative powers to rise from former misfortunes by her own energy, in having collected and expended for schools alone during this time \$687,691,329, of which \$125,000,000 have gone as the negro's share. To raise this school-fund most of the former slave-states, in addition to setting apart to this end the money accruing from liquor-licenses, show-permits, etc., and the sale of public lands within their confines, levied a special school-tax on each male citizen, ranging from two dollars in Mississippi to one dollar *per capita* in South Carolina. But there is no way of knowing just how much revenue this special school-tax provision even in these largely negro-populated states yield-

ed; for unfortunately these are just the kind of states which, while they decree race-separation in everything by special laws, do not specialize the amount spent on schools for each race.

The State of Georgia, however, has in recent years begun to keep separate accounts of the receipts and expenditures for colored schools, and from this (*ab uno disce omnes*) some idea of the source, nature and amount of taxes raised to defray public-school expenses in the various Southern states may be had. According to the report of the National Commissioner of Education for 1901:

"It is estimated that the negroes of Georgia paid during 1900 \$26,347.43 in direct tax, and \$89,003 in polls, making a total of \$115,530.43 paid directly by the race for educational purposes."

But the nature of the indirect taxation of Georgia is such that the negro is without any shadow of question entitled to his due proportion:

Show-tax	\$4,692
Oil-tax	112,503
Western & Atlantic Corporation-tax	210,000
Liquor-tax	140,000
Convict-lease tax	22,900
Dividend from stock	2,043
	\$372,141

"The negro's pro rate share of the school-fund raised by indirect taxation was \$176,898.24, making a grand total of \$292,248.67. The expenditure for negro schools, including proportional cost for superintending, was \$288,128."

It would seem by this that even in Georgia, where voting is conditioned on the payment of the poll-tax, and disfranchising the negro is had through the non-collecting of it, the negro is yet paying for more than his own education. As with Georgia, so with the other Southern states, such as Alabama, Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi and North Carolina, in which the negro population is nearly equal

to or outnumbers the white and which, because of more effective means for disfranchisement, have no cause for hesitation in collecting the poll-tax. And yet, despite the apparent inequality in the distribution of school-funds, after only forty-one years, more than 55 per cent. of the adult negroes can read and write as against less than 30 per cent. of the total Russian serfs. Some, better still, have even been admitted to the high discourses and symposia amid the daring throng with Plato along the Ilissus; have been caught up into the empyrean of song by the heavenly cadence of Ionia's wandering minstrel; and finally have been elevated into a sphere quite above their own by that master Attic voice whose eulogium of Athens' dying glory has consoled with high philosophy the noblest of mankind through all these ages.

The Census Bureau has not yet published the report promised of the number and parentage of negroes engaged in the various pursuits and callings. This has nevertheless been done quite thoroughly in the office of the National Commissioner of Education, aided by the Atlanta Conference's investigation into the career of college-bred negroes. From the Commissioner's report for 1902, we learn that there are now probably nearly two hundred thousand negroes engaged as artisans and in higher professions. Of the 1,312 college-bred students replying to the query about occupation, one-sixth were in the ministry; one-ninth in law and medicine; four per cent. in business; the remainder were artisans and farmers. In fact, the Census informs us that: "49.1 per cent., or nearly one-half of the cotton-farms are operated by the negro; 37.3 per cent., or more than one-third of the rice-farms; 14.8 per cent., or nearly one-sixth of the sugar-farms." In other words, the negro does the major part of the agricultural labor of the South. Said a distinguished speaker recently on this subject: "It would have been enough a generation ago to satisfy men to predict that one-third of the land-owners in South Caro-

lina, one-sixth in Louisiana, and proportionately in other slave-states, were negroes. The negro (9,000,000) population is estimated to-day to hold some four hundred million dollars' worth of property, or two-thirds as much as was held by nine million in this country a century ago, when the population was of the same size."*

And yet the South, with eyes ever on by-gone ages, can see nothing in the negro but a problem! In this connection Arnold's lament for Oxford comes unbidden to mind: "Adorable dreamer whose heart has been so romantic! who has given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the philistines; home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties."

Such have been some of the economic, moral and educational advantages resulting from the three last amendments to the national Constitution. But there are not wanting those who hold that the amendments, especially the Fifteenth, have failed, or were unjustified, and straightway call up as proof the reconstruction period, with all its "averted" evils, alliteratively expressed as "a veritable reign of terror for the South, a carnival of crime and corruption, a saturnalia of robbery and jobbery." South Carolina's views of the period are their usual authority,—South Carolina! where even in 1740, Fiske tells us, it was thought more advantageous to work a negro to death than to accord him even a slave's justice.† And further, they hold that even Lincoln himself, and many other Northern people in the states were opposed to the last two amendments. Now this last claim as to the opposition of certain states is doubtless in a way true. Many good people were opposed to the amendments, because the whole world had been more or less on the other side, and, according to Macaulay, men are not

* See Dr. Talcott Williams' address before the A. M. A., in Philadelphia.

† See *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*, by John Fiske.

always to be blamed for going with the crowd, "any more than they are for going around with the earth in its daily rotation." But as for the immortal Lincoln's attitude, if anything more were needed at this late day to show it, these words from his very last public address, made only three days before the "deep damnation of his taking-off" and as a reason for accepting the Louisiana government of the twelve thousand, are enough: They have "adopted a Free-State Constitution, giving the benefit of public-schools equally to black and white, and empowering the Legislature to confer the elective franchise upon the colored man."

But supposing that even more states, and Lincoln himself, had opposed the Fifteenth Amendment, would that have made its adoption wrong? Was the adoption of Christianity wrong because the world had hitherto not known of its blessings, or opposed it? How much more the reconstruction "enormities" in South Carolina are due to actual facts than to mere partisan exaggerations to hide worse evils in other quarters, it is not easy to say.

It is very likely, however, that more money is made in one year in a single "boodling state" like Missouri than went to the negro heelers of all the Southern states combined during the reconstruction epoch. No one pretends to say that negroes were the chief beneficiaries or even promoters of the so-called "deals" of that time. Certainly the report of the Boutwell Senate Committee, after a careful investigation into the "charges of gross corruption," reveals very little to justify such sweeping charges; and in his recent history of *Reconstruction in Mississippi*, Mr. James Wilford Garner, himself a native of Mississippi, in which state the negro in population and power was greater compared to the white, than in any other state during the reconstruction period, says on pages 322-323: "So far as the conduct of state officials who were entrusted with the custody of public funds is concerned, it may be said that there were no

great embezzlement or other cases of misappropriation during the period of Republican rule. . . . The colored State Librarian during Alcorn's administration was charged with stealing books from the library. The only large case of embezzlement among the state officers during the *post bellum* period was that of the Democratic State Treasurer, in 1866. The amount of \$61,962." The truth is, the usual statements about the evils of the reconstruction period seem to belong rather to the province of mooted questions than to actual facts in history.

I had occasion not long since to point out through the columns of the *Springfield Republican*, that in the seven disfranchising states of Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Maryland, and Virginia, five million negroes, for whom there are twenty-five white Congressmen still holding their seats, had been disfranchised; and that this was worse than the old three-fifths-of-the-slaves-counting rule, when only fifteen of this number would be allowed. I called attention further to the fact that in these same states efforts to banish higher training from higher schools with state aid had even preceded disfranchisement; that following these efforts came the Jim-crow cars, even to the Pullman service, in state and city; that now in Virginia and Louisiana steps are being taken to restrict public-schooling for negroes to the primary grade.

Now all these things are long strides towards reducing the negro to serfdom, and they have been done against the negro in states where by his numbers, if he were allowed his vote (the citizen's sole protection), they could not be done. For an illustration, the state of Pennsylvania is a good case in point.

Possibly no one doubts to-day that the state officials of Pennsylvania would have decided, out of mere conservatism, the great coal controversy of two years ago long before it was settled, in the interest of the mine-owners, had it not been for the possible loss of the miners' vote. It was

known that there was a tremendous vote throughout the mining districts of that state, and it was the power of this that Pennsylvania's officials dreaded. Hence their unwillingness to take any stand, and the final settlement of the strike by United States authority. Now in like manner the officials in a state like Mississippi (where as already shown the colored voters greatly outnumber the white, and pay taxes to an amount probably in excess of what they are allowed for schooling) would not absolutely refuse, as did Governor Vardaman (because of some whimsical notion), a small appropriation to a colored school. They would know that the next election would mean a change in the tenure of office. It was for self-protection in just such cases that the ballot was given to the negro. And is there any one who could doubt its efficacy and result? But all this

last is quite aside from the purpose of this paper, which was to discuss the progress of the American negro as revealed by a study of the census, and which, however imperfectly done, may indicate at least where evidence of such progress can be found. In closing the covers of this vast concourse of dry and uninviting volumes, one cannot but regret the rarity with which their aid has been invoked by fellow-Americans in discussing this great issue; or if invoked at all, invoked for the most part only by those who aim to pervert rather than to illuminate truth. And yet, like some Herculaneum, or the site of Troy divine, herein lies buried the whole story of the struggle and achievements of a people about whom the world has hitherto preferred to guess rather than to delve for the secret. GEORGE W. FORBES.

Boston, Mass.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT.

BY FRANK SKURRAY.

FEW PEOPLE imagined when the six states which to-day constitute the Commonwealth of Australia were federated, that that act of union carried with it world-shaping and influencing political potentialities; yet in the light of recent events such promises to be the result. Nor did our own people as a rule begin to realize the beneficent effects of a United States of Australia. Certain it is that for us the federation has had a distinctly democratizing influence, while it has broadened our conception of nationhood and exalted our political ideals. It is, I think, no exaggeration to say that the Federal Parliament is the most democratic legislative body in the world.

As has usually been the case in the federating of adjoining states, the States'-Rights party has offered stubborn resist-

ance to important progressive movements which by right belong to the nation or the people as a whole, instead of confining its contentions to its legitimate field,—that of defending interests which preëminently and peculiarly relate to the individual state. The downfall of the Deakin Government was preëminently due to the elevation of this States'-Rights theory.

THE ARBITRATION BILL.

The Deakin Ministry introduced a Conciliation and Arbitration Bill which excluded from its protection all State employees. Mr. Deakin justified the exclusion of the civil servants from the provisions of the bill on the ground that it would be an infringement of the Constitution in regard to State rights, as the Common-

wealth Parliament had no constitutional right to impose financial obligations on the State governments. The Labor party opposed this theory as unreasonable, unjust and untenable, holding that the State had no right to discriminate between employers; that if it was just and right to compel the private employer to submit all questions that might arise between employer and employee to a Court of Arbitration, or Conciliation, the State had no right to shrink from compliance with the same measures which she imposed as right and just when they applied to the individual. They insisted that if arbitration was just and good for one body of men, it was necessarily just and good for all wage-earners; that if it was right and proper to impose certain obligations on private employers for the betterment of the condition of the employees, it was right and proper that the State should be bound by the same obligations; that if the principle was bad for the State, the Commonwealth had no right to impose it on private employers.

The Victorian railway-strike of 1903 had conclusively proved that the State employees were just as liable to be the victims of injustice as those in private employ. These railway-men submitted to having their annual holidays reduced and privilege-tickets stopped; to being compelled to work one day a week for nothing; to being deprived of their rights as citizens by disfranchisement—being given in lieu thereof separate representation, thus preventing them from even discussing politics; until at last this despotic, reactionary government peremptorily demanded that the four railway-unions should withdraw from their affiliation with the Melbourne Trades and Labor-Council. This act was the last straw that “broke the camel’s back”—hence the strike. The men had peacefully submitted to loss of pay and privileges for the sake of the State, but when their liberty of action (after their day’s work was finished) was sought to be filched from them, they could restrain themselves no longer. The men asked for settlement of the dispute by arbitration,

but the Government refused to listen to reason, and after forcing the men to strike introduced a most iniquitous Coercion Bill. This action proved to the laboring men the absolute necessity of compelling the State to comply with the same provisions which she imposed upon private individuals for the maintenance of justice and the prevention of strikes, riots and disorder.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES.

Before proceeding further it is necessary to explain the peculiar manner in which the houses are constituted. The position of the parties in both Federal Houses is unique, there being three parties of almost equal strength,—the Protectionist party, the Free-Trade party, and the Labor party. In the first Parliament the Protectionist party was kept in power at the pleasure of the third party—the Labor party; and the Free-Trade party was the Constitutional Opposition. By virtue of its position, the Labor party possessed the power of turning the scales either way, and allowed the Government to retain office so long as it did what the Labor party desired. In the first Parliament the Labor-Socialist element was instrumental in placing on the statute-books measures that had for their object the building up of a White Australia, the restriction of undesirable aliens, and the abolition of black labor on the sugar-plantations. So the labor party secured concessions in return for its support.

At the recent Federal elections the Labor party was returned in both Houses stronger than ever, to the detriment of the other parties. The strength of the parties in the House of Representatives is: the Labor party, 23; the Protectionist party, 25; the Free-Trade party, 27. In the Senate: the Labor party, 14; the Protectionist party, 8; and the Free-Trade party, 14. Thus the battle in the legislature takes the form of a triangular duel.

The Labor party’s platform is as follows:

1. Maintenance of a White Australia.
2. Compulsory arbitration to settle industrial disputes, with provision for the exclusion of the legal profession.
3. Old-age pensions.
4. Nationalization of monopolies.
5. Citizen military force and Australian-owned navy.
6. Restriction of public borrowing.
7. Navigation laws to provide (a) for the protection of Australian shipping against unfair competition; (b) registration of all vessels engaged in the coastal trade; (c) the efficient manning of vessels; (d) the proper supply of life-saving and other equipment; (e) the regulation of hours and conditions of work; (f) proper accommodation for passengers and seamen; (g) proper loading gear and inspection of same.
8. Commonwealth Bank of Deposit and Issue and Life and Fire Insurance Department, the management of each to be free from political influence.
9. Federal patent-law, providing for simplifying and cheapening the registration of payments.
10. Uniform industrial legislation; amendment of Constitution to provide for same.

THE CRISIS.

When Parliament assembled after the general elections, the ordinary business of the session was proceeded with uninterruptedly until the Arbitration Bill was reached. This measure, which had been dropped by the Barton government in the preceding Parliament, owing to an amendment being carried, had been awaited with intense interest, as it was generally believed that when it came before the House the crisis would be precipitated. So it came to pass that while the bill was being debated on the second reading, the Labor party tabled an amendment which provided for the extension of the provisions of the measure to civil servants. The Government sought to exclude State employees on the ground that it would be an un-

constitutional interference with State Rights. Now there were strong sympathizers of the amendment in both the Ministerial and Opposition parties; so when the question came to a division these parties split and several of the Government and Opposition supporters voted with the Labor party, thereby defeating the Government by 38 to 29. As Mr. Deakin was not prepared to accept this amendment to the bill, he construed this vote to be tantamount to a motion of no-confidence, and forthwith put his resignation in the hands of the Governor-General. Mr. Reid, the leader of the Official Opposition, having voted with the Government, the Premier could do naught else than advise that Mr. Watson, the leader of the Labor party, be sent for to form an administration. Although the Labor party had not intrigued for office, Mr. Watson and his followers accepted the responsibility of office as a "call to duty."

A LABOR GOVERNMENT.

Democrats are proud of the fact that the third Ministry in the Commonwealth Parliament is a Labor administration. It is the second time in the history of Australian politics that the Labor party has held office; the Dawson Ministry held office for a few days in the Queensland Legislature in 1899.

The new Cabinet is composed of men of strong character and excellent qualifications—men who challenge the respect of the thoughtful of all parties on account of their sterling merit. Although it is the first time that the new Prime Minister has held a ministerial office, he is deservedly respected and feared by all parties for his tact and unswerving loyalty to the principles that his constituency seeks to embody in the laws of the land. He is a man of undoubted administrative capacity. Messrs. Batchelor, Fisher and Dawson are the only new members of the Cabinet who have had the benefit of ministerial experience; but all the other new ministers are men of conspicuous ability, and all

have given evidence of their fitness to control the destinies of the nation. The Attorney-General, Mr. Higgins, is a prominent jurist and is the only minister who is not a pledged Labor man, but, nevertheless, he is a sterling democrat.

The new Ministry consists of the following:

Prime Minister and Treasurer: Mr. J. C. Watson, M.H.R. (N.S.W.)

Minister for External Affairs: Mr. W. M. Hughes, M.H.R. (N.S.W.)

Attorney-General: Mr. H. B. Higgins, M.H.R. (V.)

Minister for Home Affairs: Mr. E. L. Batchelor, M.H.R. (S.A.)

Minister for Trade and Customs: Mr. Andrew Fisher, M.H.R. (Q.)

Minister for Defence: Senator Dawson, (Q.)

Postmaster-General: Mr. Hugh Mahon, M.H.R. (W.A.)

Vice-President of the Executive Council: Senator McGregor, (S.A.)

In consequence of the unexpected turn events had taken, three weeks' adjournment was granted the Ministry to enable it to put before the House its policy for the session. Although the ministers intend to carry out the programme they were elected on, it was necessary for the Watson Government to rearrange its programme and attempt to put on the statute-book those measures immediately practicable. It is the intention of the Watson Ministry to give the Arbitration Bill precedence of all other legislation, as this was the measure that precipitated the crisis. As the pledged Labor members only number one-third of the House of Representatives, it was

essential that their immediate policy be one of moderation, in order to maintain the support of those democrats who supported the party's amendment on the Arbitration Bill.

THE FUTURE.

At this writing the future is a matter of uncertainty. Should the Protectionists and Free Traders coalesce, the Ministry would necessarily be short-lived and Labor would suffer a temporary defeat. On the other hand, many predict that the democrats from both the opposition parties will rally round the new Ministry and maintain it in power. Be that as it may, the time is not far distant when the battle for supremacy will be between the Labor democrats and the reactionary capitalists. The result of the last Federal election unmistakably indicated that the people are coming to realize the justice of Labor's objective—the coöperative commonwealth secured through progressive, peaceful and evolutionary steps. Should the Government meet with defeat it is the intention of Prime Minister Watson to demand a dissolution; then the whole House will have to go before the country, and it is confidently anticipated that the Labor party will be sent back with a majority strong enough to carry out the Labor platform in its entirety. The Labor party in Australia is strongly socialistic. It may be called a progressive Social-Democratic organization, demanding the benefits of the coöperative commonwealth in our own day and generation.

FRANK SKURRAY.

Broken Hill, N. S. W.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

THE PROBLEM.

II.

BY CHARLES MALLOY,

President of the Boston Emerson Society.

A LITTLE prominence in recent psychology has been given to the conception of "subjectiveness," as Emerson calls it in his *Essay on Experience*, but which Professor James and others name "subjectivism." It is, defined briefly, the special quantity in a man's thought and feeling which comes from what he is, and every man is more or less peculiar and unlike everybody else. Every man knows of himself and claims for himself something which gives him pride and pleasure in his "subjectiveness," or in himself. He would like what is objective in the estate, powers and graces of his neighbor, but he would still insist on being the owner, and have that mysterious "me" or "ego" at the center.

Browning, in his poem "Sludge the Medium," puts these words into the mouth of Sludge:

... "When I'd amuse myself,
I shut my eyes and fancy in my brain
I'm—now the President, now Jenny Lind,
Now Emerson, now the Benicia Boy—
With all the civilized world a-wondering
And worshipping."

We suspect that Browning says this quite as much for himself as for Sludge. Browning's "Sludge" was written about the time when Emerson was giving his splendid lectures in England, in 1848. Browning at this time was not so famous as his wife. People were then quoting Mrs. Browning. It was a fine praise of Emerson on the part of Browning that the "vest" of Emerson should have "allured" him. Browning was a many-sided man and susceptible to many forms of heroism. He would be for a dreamy hour the Presi-

dent, Jenny Lind, Emerson, the Benicia Boy, in turn, and of course a great many more men and women who are famous. A conspicuous example of this self-idealization is given in the poem "La Saisiaz," in which he blends in himself the gifts and the glory of Rousseau, Byron, Gibbon, and Voltaire.

Who was the "Benicia Boy"? it may be asked at this late day. It was John C. Heenan, a great prize-fighter. He was conquered by John Morrissey, in America, and that made Morrissey a member of Congress from New York. Afterwards Heenan went to England and fought Tom Sayers, the champion of England, and proved the better man, it was thought. The great men of England were all deeply interested in these spectacles,—Browning, from temperament, among the rest. Let us hope that Browning's revery in this case was but of brief duration. We do not think that Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, or Lowell ever gave much attention to the prize-fighters in America. But what wonderful histories, never known, are embraced in that word, "subjectiveness." Who has not been a "Sludge" in dreams when often he would not care to tell of it?

But in the stories we weave in our dreams it is only the object we covet and accept. "Subjectiveness" never gives up the "me"—the central reality. Lose that, and all is gone. We can understand the idealism which says that when consciousness is gone the world is gone—to us; and conversely, that the world exists to us only in consciousness.

Emerson has something better in Emerson than he would find in the good bishop, even if he should be the good bishop.

"And yet for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be."

"What!" a noted churchman is reported to have exclaimed; "not for heaven and immortal glory?" No. The churchman's ideal of heaven and immortal glory would not have been heaven to Emerson. The picture was old and faded. He had his own ideals, his own personality, which was inalienable.

Emerson in the churchman contemplates the Anglican church. This, like the good bishop's "vest" with which it is identified, is a compound of good and bad. He says hard things, as of the American church, but on the whole and in the end his criticism is generous.

Brougham, in a speech in the House of Commons on the Irish elective-franchise, said: "How will the reverend bishops of the other House be able to express their due abhorrence of the crime of perjury, who solemnly declare in the presence of God that when they are called upon to accept a living, perhaps of four thousand pounds a year, at that very instant they are moved by the Holy Ghost to accept the office and administration thereof, and for no other reason whatever?"

"The modes of inition are more damaging than custom-house oaths," adds Emerson. "The Bishop is elected by the Dean and Prebends of the cathedral. The Queen or King sends these gentlemen a *cong  d'  lire*, or leave to elect, but also sends them the name of the person whom they are to elect. They go into the cathedral, chant and pray and beseech the Holy Ghost to assist them in their choice; and after these invocations invariably find that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendations of the King or Queen."

Emerson could say "I like" a great many fine things in the "vest" of the good bishop, when the good bishop wears it; but how could he endure it for himself with the unseemly rent described above? For to be the good bishop he must take the entire person, estate, duties, dishonesties,

and conformities—the total connotation, good and bad. Emerson was willing to give up the most desirable position in the gift of his church and denomination for what seemed to his contemporaries a trifle, because he would be true to his own sense of truth and right. If it had been a hundred times more than it was, he would have given it up rather than "endure" a questionable patch upon his "vest."

Emerson in speaking of the churchman means the Anglican church, as we have said. He would allow that many good things belonged to this church, past and present.

"The power of the religious sentiment put an end to human sacrifices, checked appetites, inspired the Crusades, inspired resistance to tyrants, inspired self-respect, set bounds to serfdom and slavery, founded liberty, created religious architecture—York, Newstead, Westminster, Fountain's Abbey, Ripon, Beverly, and Dundee, works to which the key is lost, with the sentiment which created them; inspired the English Bible, the liturgy, the monkish histories, the chronicle of Richard of Devizes. The priest translated the Vulgate, and translated the sanctities of old hagiology into English virtues on English ground. Man awoke, refreshed by the sleep of ages. The violence of the northern savage exasperated Christianity into power. It lived by the love of the people. Bishop Wilfred manumitted two hundred and fifty serfs, whom he found attached to the soil. The clergy obtained respite from labor for the boor on the Sabbath and on church festivals. 'The lord who compelled his boor to labor between sunset on Saturday and sunset on Sunday forfeited him altogether.'

"The priest came out of the people and sympathized with his class. The church was the mediator, check and democratic principle in Europe. Latimer, Wycliffe, Arundel, Cobham, Anthony Parsons, Sir Harry Vane, George Fox, Penn, Bunyan, are the democrats as well as the saints of their times. The Catholic church,

thrown on this toiling, serious people, has made in fourteen centuries a massive system, close-fitted to the manners and genius of the country, at once domestical and stately. In the long time it has blended with everything in heaven above and the earth beneath.

"But the age of the Wycliffes, Cobhams, Arundels, Becketts; of the Latimers, Mores, Cranmers; of the Taylors, Leightons, Herberts; of the Sherlocks, and Butlers, is gone. Silent revolutions in opinion have made it impossible that men like these should return, or find a place in their once-sacred stalls. The spirit that dwelt in this church has glided away to animate other activities, and they who come to the old shrines find apes and players rustling the old garments.

"The religion of England is part of good breeding.

"Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. In good company you expect them to laugh at the fanaticism of the vulgar. But they do not; they are the vulgar.

"The Anglican church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is 'by taste are ye saved.' The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open.

"But the religion of England,—is it the Established church? No. Is it the sects? No; they are only perpetuations of some private man's dissent, and are to the Established church as cabs are to a coach, cheaper and more convenient, but really the same thing. Where dwells the religion? Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought, or gesture. They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity cannot be made fast, mortared up and ended, like London Monument or the Tower, so that you shall know where to find it, and keep it fixed, as the English do their things, forevermore. It is passing, glancing, gesticular; it is a traveler, a newness, a surprise, a secret, which per-

plexes them and puts them out. Yet if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame."

What would Emerson have for a religion?

"The sentiment that pervades a nation, the nation must react upon. It is resisted and corrupted by that obstinate tendency to personify and bring under the eyesight what should be the contemplation of Reason alone."

Theologians draw elaborate maps of God. A little boy of four years, here in Waltham, was the other day drawing something with his pencil on a piece of paper. "Willie," said his mother, "what are you doing?"

"I am making a picture of God," said Willie.

"O," said the mother, "you should not try to do that. No man has seen God. No one knows how He looks."

"Well, they will know," said the boy, "when I get my picture done."

The boy's picture was as good as any picture could be. "Of that ineffable essence," says Emerson, "he who thinks most will say least." The learned professor thinks everybody will know how God looks when they read his book. Berkeley thought he had got there when he threw away matter and substituted the word God in his theory of perception. He made God the first term and mind the second term in his circle. Matter was not needed. God and Mind—not matter and mind. Berkeley was an excessively pious man, and he made a fetich of a word. In sense-impressions, said Berkeley, the apparently objective factor is God. Kant said it was "Things in themselves." Schopenhauer says it is "Will." We have no intuition of either of these realities, so called. We are in hypothesis still. We have conception, but not perception.

None of these terms gives us what we can define and so make sure of. Emerson puts the whole estate into the Intellect or the Reason, and gives us the new word, "subjectiveness," as we have said. Thus all reality, to us, is in consciousness, which is another name for "subjectiveness." Subject and object are the last antithesis, and of these two terms the first swallows up the other, and leaves the subject alone. It seems against all common-sense, and as we think of it more and more, we are almost vexed to find how much truth there is in it.

"It is very unhappy, but too late to be helped, the discovery we have made that we exist." This is a somewhat humorous statement for self-consciousness and extreme idealism. In the evolution of fine psychological distinctions it is an afterthought. Only the mind exists. What we think the objective world is only a shadow or appearance cast by the mind. Heraclitus said the affections are colored mists. We do not see clearly through them. Bacon gives us the term "white light." Emerson uses the name "lens," which, being colored, deceives us as to the color of the object. The things seen are illusions. The mind is all we are sure of, and in the mind we have, not things, but only ideas of things. Nature, art, persons, letters, religions, God, are only ideas, so far as we may see. If more than this, it is belief or "faith." What is objective can never rank as truth with what is given by Reason, or the mind itself. This is Kant's "transcendentalism." The "vest" of the good bishop was only "vest" or investment, but not that which was *invested*. This last term Emerson could not give up, much as he liked the "vest." He could not wrap creeds and rituals around him. His one creed was "*no creed*." He would not bind his thoughts to any forms. He could not "endure" garments made up of forms and always changing.

"The fact I that am here shows that the soul had need of an organ here." That was his apology.

What is individuality, or, leaving the

concept as an abstraction, what is it to be a concrete individual? Professor Shaler in his admirable book, *The Individual*, taxes his fine analysis to the utmost in order that he may tell us. Emerson speaks of "the stupendous fact of personality" as a "miracle given all men." To be a person—is not this to be an individual? And Dr. Shaler does not hesitate to call things "*persons*." We have reason to believe that there are no two things alike in all the world. In the countless leaves of the forest we have unfailing variety; no duplicates allowed. We are driven by analogy to predicate differences of form and structure in every grain of sand. Even the atoms, perhaps, all differ one from another, though the mass seems homogenous. Even the theoretical ether may give us no exceptions.

Certainly no two men are alike, nor can they see alike or tell what they see alike. And is not every soul unique, an invention, a new thing, and cannot be lost without making a little void in the universe? Ah, my good bishop! If Emerson should *be* you, that would destroy you both. Emerson would cease to be, and you would cease to be. That "stupendous fact of personality" cannot be exchanged or given up, or fill the place of another.

"In our definitions we grope after the spiritual by describing it as invisible. The true meaning of *spiritual* is *real*: that law which executes itself, which works without means, and which cannot be conceived as not existing."

"Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to take care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun. Given the equality of two intellects, which will form the most reliable judgments, the good or the bad-hearted? The heart has its arguments with which the understanding is not acquainted. 'As much love, so much mind,' said the Latin proverb."

A man's position is impeached if the

universe as a whole does not endorse him. When the whole world is right, it is not safe to be wrong.

We sometimes speak of God as Law. Emerson says: "Well known but loving not a name." He has twenty names. Do we not find God in the nature of things? An old poet said: "Where can I find Him?" And a better question is: "Where can I find Him not?"

Emerson says Cause and Effect—that is, Law—are God's chancellors. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,"—that is to say, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of things when we violate and disobey them. They like to be our friends, but by disobedience we can make them terrible enemies. Try it with fire, with water, with gravitation, with life even. If we sin, we must settle it in chancery or with the chancellors, Cause and Effect. There is no forgiveness; nothing but consequences. No prayers will enable us to jump chancery and get to some "mercy-seat" beyond.

"What is called religion effeminates and demoralizes. Such as you are, the gods themselves could not help you."

"The last lesson of life, the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom. Man is made of the same atoms as the world is, he shares the same impressions, predispositions and destiny. When his mind is illuminated, when his heart is kind, he throws himself joyfully into the sublime order, and does, with knowledge, what the atoms do by structure.

"The religion which is to guide and fulfill the present and coming ages, whatever else it be, must be intellectual. The scientific mind must have a faith which is science. 'There are two things,' said Mahomet, 'which I abhor, the learned in his infidelities, and the fool in his devotions.' Our times are impatient of both, and especially of the last. Let us have nothing now which is not its own evidence. There is surely enough for the heart and

imagination in the religion itself. Let us not be pestered with assertions and half-truths, with emotions and snuffle.

"There will be a new church, founded on moral science; at first cold and naked, a babe in the manger; the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawms, or psaltery, or sackbutt; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration. It will fast enough gather beauty, music and illustration. Was never stoicism so stern and exigent as this shall be. It shall send man home to his central solitude, shame these social, supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no coöperation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the superpersonal Heart—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only his own verdict. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The laws are his counsellors; the good laws themselves are alive, they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty and an endless horizon. Honor and fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great—always feels himself in the presence of high causes."

Emerson says, in the *Essay on Experience*: "In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate, no more. I cannot get it nearer to me. The calamity does not touch me. Something which was a part of me, which could not be torn away without tearing me, nor enlarged without enriching me, falls off from me and leaves no scar."

Several years ago I had a fine class of ladies in a certain town to whom I was giving interpretations of the poems of Emerson. A member of the class, a beautiful woman, but very sad, asked liberty to present a question in regard to what Emerson had said in his *Essay on Experience*, and which I have quoted above. She said she

loved Emerson and found something in him for almost every mood, but in this passage he seemed cold and hard. She did not like to think of him as such. I went over much which I have written about Emerson's idealism, and the awful isolation and solitude of the soul, even amid objects dear and sacred. I said, This illustration from the death of his son was decisive and emphatic, because the object was dear to him, as we can see in his poem, "Threnody." But his "hard and cold" saying was in the interest of a severe truth and to show the inevitable distance and disjunction between subject and object. The soul does not know objects save as moods or states of its own solitary existence. Seeming objects are only its own ideas. Even God is an idea of the soul, and not the soul. We know only by identity and consciousness. No force of intellect or of love can make consciousness and ascription equal in force. Never can the idea of an objective God equal the consciousness of the person, "me" or "ego" or "self." "What shows God outside of me makes him a wart and a wen." "An imaginable sea washes with silent waves between us and the objects we aim at and converse with."

"The seeing of the intellect is not like the seeing of the eye, but is union with the thing seen. The object must become a state or mood of the mind before the mind can receive it. Our common psychology says this. The physical series of events in sense-organs and nerve-conductors must change into a spiritual series, in a way we do not yet understand, before we can have a completed phenomenon."

"The dearest events are summer rain, and we the Para coats that shed every drop."

"Behind us as we go all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do afar off. The soul will not know either deformity or pain. Even the tragic and terrible are comely as they take their place in the pictures of memory."

Another presentation of the thought is

in the famous lecture on the *American Scholar*, given in 1837. Speaking of the means of the scholar, he makes "Life" one of them.

"The actions of our childhood and youth are now matters of the calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our nearest actions—with the business which we have now in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet or the hand or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like ripe fruit, and becomes a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe, too, the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub-state it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub; but suddenly, without observation, the self-same thing unfurls beautiful wings and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not sooner or later lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean."

In the poem, "Bacchus," Emerson gives a beautiful statement of the transfiguration of events and the comforting truth that Nature and Time do not suffer bad things to remain bad. We have in "Bacchus" the divine fermentation, in which the acrid juice from Styx and Erebus becomes sweet at last. It

"Turns the woe of night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight."

A little talk along these lines gave my good lady a kinder view of Emerson. They told me that the special cause of her interest in Emerson's perplexing sentence about his boy lay in the fact that she had just lost her only child. I may add what

is not in my argument, but was of great esthetic value to me. Going to my class in two weeks, one of the members came to me, weeping, and said: "That beautiful woman who asked the question about Emerson is in her grave." If the common

belief may be true, the Madonna and the Child had come together again. This is another way in which joy comes in the morning, no matter how dark the night.

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

A GOLDEN DAY IN BOSTON'S HISTORY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

BOSTON, between 1825 and 1875, became one of the world's great capitals of germinal thought and action. This indeed was a golden day in the history of the Modern Athens, for then we find present a degree of mental activity, spiritual exaltation and moral enthusiasm—in a word, militant or aggressive idealism—rarely present in the brief space of a single half-century in the life of a city. Never before or since has a community of the New World, and rarely in a like period has any Old-World city, presented so numerous a company of really virile thinkers as was found in Boston and her environs during the second and third quarters of the last century.

It was a time when almost all the famous thinkers were positive moral as well as intellectual forces in the community and nation; a time when stagnant, easy-going and self-absorbed conventionalism was brought under the psychological spell of a noble discontent or an aggressive idealism, which, while broadening the intellectual concepts of society, lifted the popular vision from sordid self-seeking to the golden peaks of right and justice, of freedom and fraternity. It was a period when on every hand were found great intellectual and ethical leaders in philosophy, science, religion, literature, education, philanthropy and reform.

It was during this time that Channing, Emerson and Parker; Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes; Garrison, Phil-

lips and Sumner; James Freeman Clark, Edward Everett Hale and Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Horace Mann, Dorothy Dix and Doctor Samuel Howe, infused into the life of the community, the nation and civilization loftier, more enlightened and truer ideals than had hitherto been accepted.

Then it was that Bronson Alcott taught and lived his philosophy, which for the most part was simple and fine, though marked at times by extremes, as for example, when clad entirely in cotton clothes he sallied forth to brave the winter's cold. Then it was, also, that that other strange Concord philosopher and nature-lover, Henry Thoreau, after graduating from Harvard, turned his back on the city with its artificiality and its worry, and strove by his own example to lead men to live a simple life and to bring them into more intimate relation to nature. Our people have not yet recognized the essential greatness or sanity of Henry Thoreau. In him the human element was far stronger than the world imagines, and he intuitively recognized the great fact, which we are only beginning to appreciate, that the safety and sanity of civilization demand the return to the heart of nature. The madness of the millions bitten by gold, the artificiality and superficiality of urban life, are fatal to normal growth, to original thought and to great work. With the vision of a seer Thoreau saw all these things.

It was a time when women became a



RECENTLY-ERECTED STATUE OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

On Boston Public Garden, facing Arlington Street Unitarian Church.

more positive influence in the public life of the nation than ever before. Lucretia Mott had been more powerful than she dreamed. Her high moral enthusiasm had proved contagious, and in Boston we find Lydia Maria Child, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Dorothy Dix, and other fine, true and able women doing splendid work for the cause of justice and public morality. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" voiced most eloquently the moral sentiment of the hour.

Many were the sons and daughters of Boston who, after feeling the influence of the rising tide of moral and mental activity, had journeyed beyond her gates and were now achieving great things in various spheres of life. Among the typical representatives of this class we may mention John Lothrop Motley, a Boston boy who graduated from Harvard in the same class with Wendell Phillips. Much of his time during this period was spent in writing those magnificent histories of the struggle in the Netherlands for political and religious freedom—histories which as soon as they were issued became standards throughout civilization, running through many editions in London and being translated and published in various European countries. Charlotte Cushman, a Boston girl of great force of character and intellectual power, was adding to the dignity and educational value of the stage by her superb delineations of Shakespearian and other great dramatic roles; while Samuel F. Morse, a Charlestown boy whose early years were spent under the shadow of Bunker Hill, was inventing and perfecting electrical telegraphy, one of the most important inventions of any age.

Coming back to those who dwelt and wrought in Boston and her immediate environs during this period, we find Nathaniel Hawthorne enriching for all time the literature of the Anglo-Saxon world with his wonderful and at times weirdly fascinating romances; while in the domain of history we find the eminent historian, W. H. Prescott, who was born in Salem, rear-

ed in Boston, and after being graduated from Harvard spent most of his fruitful life within her environs. And at this time physical science was also nobly represented. Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray, both illustrious interpreters of nature's phenomena, were winning world-wide fame.

Louis Agassiz, who in 1847 accepted the chair of zoölogy and geology in Harvard University, was giving a new impetus to the study of physical science and awakening a passionate interest in natural history among the young, while leading the finest thinkers out on the promontory of scientific speculations suggested by geological and zoölogical phenomena. Of this great thinker it was said, and justly said: "Agassiz was not only a scientific thinker, but still more, a scientific force, and in his personal intercourse he invariably inspired all with the love of knowledge for the sake of knowledge." "Probably no other one man, except Hugh Miller, did more to popularize science." Agassiz loved nature quite as intensely as did Emerson or Thoreau, but in a different way. Emerson was an idealistic poet and a speculative philosopher. Thoreau was an idealist with a child's heart. He loved nature and loved to study her varying moods as a child who wishes to satisfy his curiosity and delights in new visions of beauty. But with Agassiz there was a passionate desire to know the why and wherefore, to sound the depths, to solve the riddle, to read the story of creation writ by the finger of God on the rocks and fossils of the geologic ages. Longfellow loved Agassiz with a deep and beautiful affection, and on the anniversary of the scientist's fiftieth birthday he wrote an appropriate little poem, some stanzas of which are as follows:

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee.

'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away,
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,
 Who sang to him night and day
 The Rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful song
 Or tell a more marvelous tale."

The illustrious Asa Gray filled the chair of natural history at Harvard University, and was writing so voluminously, so practically and so interestingly on botany that an unprecedented interest was awakened in plant-life, and the floral world took on new beauty and charm for tens of thousands of our people.

And there were scores of others whose fine natures responded in a manner very helpful to civilization to the psychological wave then vibrating through the commonwealth. Our interest, however, naturally centers upon the master-spirits whose germinal thought has left an indelible impress upon the civilization of the world,—those great thinkers, philosophers, prophets and apostles who rise from among their fellow-workers as the lofty peaks of a mountain-range, and whose clear moral vision, wealth of intellectual power and spiritual enthusiasm lifted the thoughts and ideals of the nation as they are only lifted in capital moments of history.

Perhaps the figure that as the years pass will loom forth as most commanding, because his thought was most cosmic and his philosophical and ethical generalizations most in harmony with the broadening concepts of advancing civilization, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. This greatest of American idealistic philosophers appealed to the intellectual, the moral and the esthetic sides of man's nature. He had sat at Plato's feet; he had delved into the wonderful philosophy of the far East; he had drunk deeply from the fountain of German transcendentalism until his soul was filled with high, fine and true ideals, and he felt impelled to summon those who loved and dared to think to ascend with

him the Nebo of the New Time and behold the Promised Land that lay beyond the dark valley, which with the prescience of a sage he divined would soon be the battlefield of warring forces—storm-swept and wreck-strewn—the Promised Land of the highest spiritual realization and desire to which the soul of man aspires.

Emerson scaled the Himalayas of philosophic thought and swept the past, present and future with his mental vision illumined by that inspiration or intuitive genius that is the high gift of the true prophet. His was the cosmic view. He was an optimist, serene and joyous, not because he did not realize the injustice and evil in evidence on every hand, for he not only recognized them, but strove manfully to better man's estate as it related to his immediate conditions; but because he was cognizant of the supreme fact in creation's story that man is rising, that the Golden Age lies before and not behind humanity. His book on *Nature* and other writings, even his poems, voiced the evolutionary theory long years before Darwin published his *Origin of Species*. On one occasion we find him saying:

"It is a long way from granite to oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides."

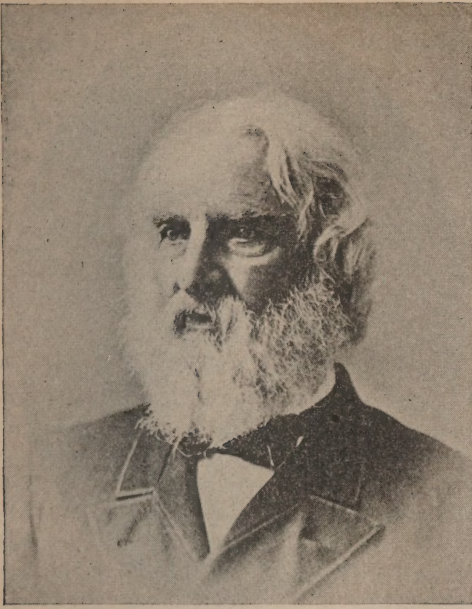
Again:

"T is a long call from the gorilla to the gentleman—from the gorilla to Plato, Newton, Shakespeare—to the sanctities of religion, to the refinements of legislation, to the summits of science, art and poetry. The beginnings are slow and infirm, but 't is an always accelerated march."

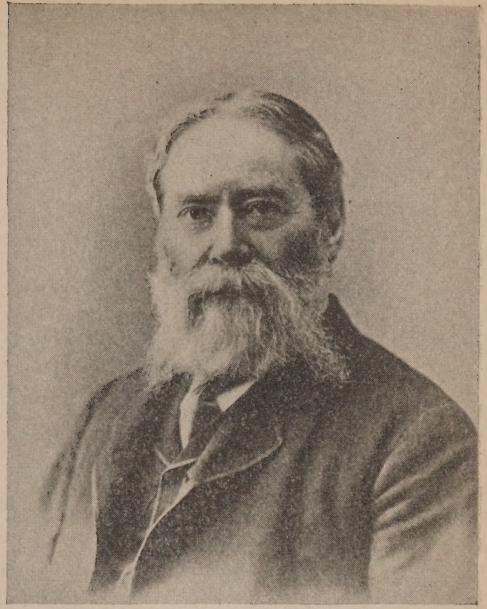
And still again

... "I, drinking this,
 Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;
 Kings unborn shall walk with me;
 And the poor grass shall plot and plan
 What it will do when it is man."

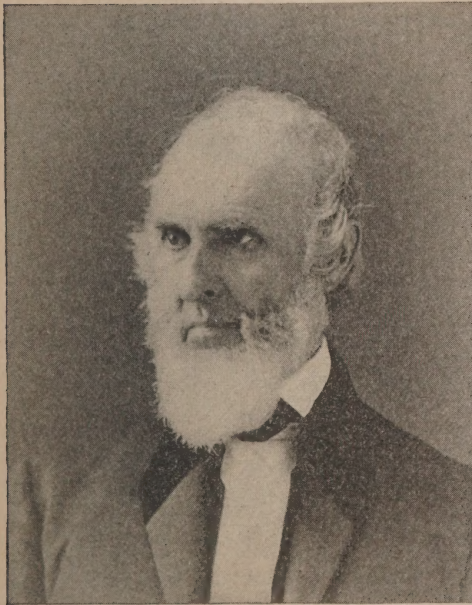
Always rising, always evolving from the lower to the higher, always advancing,—



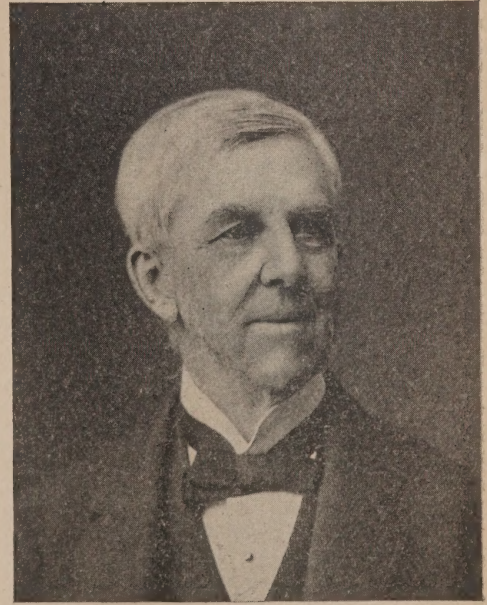
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

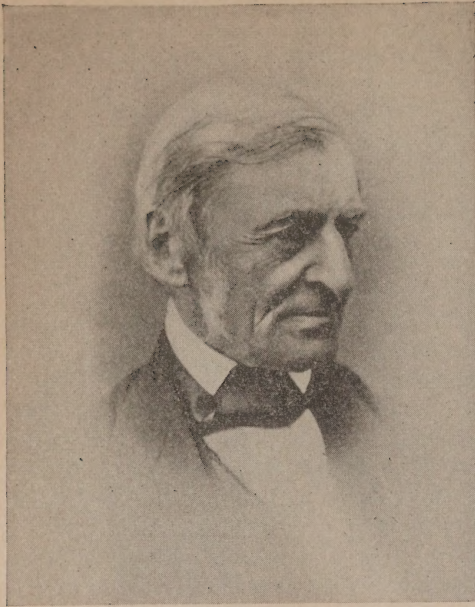


JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

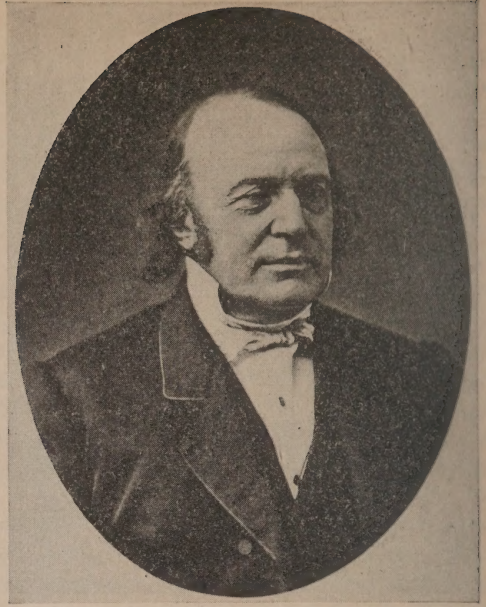


OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

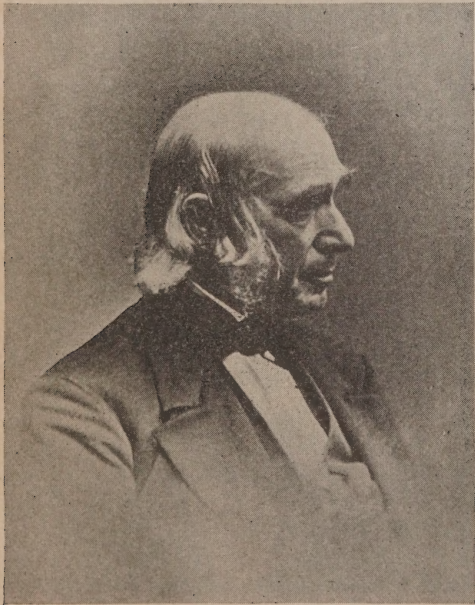
REPRESENTATIVE POETS OF THE PERIOD.



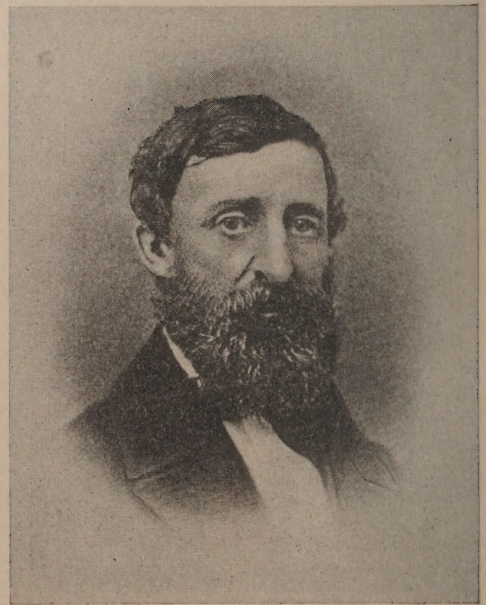
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



LOUIS AGASSIZ.



BRONSON ALCOTT.



HENRY D. THOREAU.

PHILOSOPHERS AND SCIENTISTS.

this is what Emerson beheld, and beholding this, he became serene, confident and full of joy. He spake for all time, and his thought is more prized and read to-day than ever before. But to his own day and generation he had a special message, a work of the first importance, and that was to infuse the brain of man with a loftier, nobler and deeper faith in God and in humanity; to compel man to behold the unity of life, the glory and sanity of nature, to at once break the shackles of fear welded by the old theology, and at the same time to provide man with a sure foothold upon the eternal spiritual verities after the aggressive warfare of physical science had shattered the old dogmatic and creedal theologies. It is difficult even yet for us to appreciate how great and positive was the steadying power exerted by Emerson upon the thought of the world after the promulgation of the evolutionary theory had given new impetus to the rising tide of agnosticism and materialism that finally burst with such force and fury upon the old theology. Amid the wreck and ruin of hoary superstitions and foundationless traditions, amid the overthrow of irrational dogmas and the weakening of creedal authority, there came to thousands who were confused in thought and wandering in a maze of doubt and unbelief, the calm, serene and lofty utterances of our noblest transcendental philosopher.

Emerson's large faith, grounded in sane and sound philosophy, was absolutely necessary to stem the growing current of skepticism and essential materialism that had long been manifest in the church no less than throughout society at large. No graver mistake can be made than to regard the great transcendentalists as the authors of the widespread skepticism of the nineteenth century. The doom of the old religious concepts was sounded even before the demonstrations of Copernicus, Galileo and Kepler, Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, and the successive and dazzling revelations in physical science, astronomy and archæology, that have progressed with accelerating rapidity since

the dawn of Modern Times. These great discoveries and revelations gave to humanity a new heaven and a new earth and rendered forever untenable to the ordinarily-enlightened intellect the crude and often absurd dogmas and wonder-stories which were born of the unlimited credulity of childhood ages, but which, nevertheless, were shot with golden threads of truth to such an extent that they had helped the race in many ways to higher intellectual altitudes—had been, in fact, schoolmasters preparing the children of the great Father for a recognition of the large, sane and more exalting revelations of divine Beauty, Wisdom and Love, which are even now purpling the mental horizon of all those who dare to fearlessly face life's problems and think for themselves.

That he recognized the crying evils of his day was seen in his strong stand for freedom during the anti-slavery agitation, and in his brave utterances on the subject of education and kindred reforms. That he was absolutely fearless and at all times loyal to his highest convictions was illustrated time and again, but never more clearly than when he took his bold stand on religious questions—a stand which he knew full well would alienate even many of his best friends and blight, so far as immediate success was concerned, a career that promised great things. He was at all times absolutely loyal to the truth as he saw it, and his faith never wavered, because he discerned the fact that life was ever rising. He saw that humanity was companioned by the angels of lofty aspiration and divine discontent. In his great poem, "The Sphinx," which imparts so much deep philosophy of life, he exclaims:

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best."

And he realized man's divine kinship as evinced in his clinging to the eternal moral verities as did few leaders of his day. This fact he constantly emphasized, perhaps nowhere with greater felicity than in these oft-quoted lines:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So close is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
 The youth replies, 'I can.'"

The man who was preëminently the John the Baptist of a great moral and spiritual awakening of this period was Dr. William Ellery Channing. He was also, up to the time of his death in 1842, a master-spirit in the great liberal revolution and in the reformatory movements of the era. Dr. Channing was a ripe scholar, a fine writer and an eloquent preacher; but above and beyond all this was the spiritual illumination, the prophetic vision and the apostle's moral enthusiasm. He, in greater degree than almost any great prophet or reformer, was broad, tolerant, gentle, loving and Christ-like in word and act. Some of Dr. Channing's most important utterances were delivered in the glorious autumn of the splendid life, between 1825 and 1842.

He possessed in an extraordinary degree the rare power of stimulating the thought and emotions of all who came under his influence on the highest plane of expression. He dignified humanity and glorified and exalted man's conception of Deity, substituting for the old-time idea of a God fashioned after the pattern of an Oriental despot, absolute in power and savage and capricious in temper (or that of an angry and implacable judge, such as the most austere of the Protestant reformers conceived), the inspiring conception of a benign and loving Father, embodying and shadowing forth a love as much greater than the noblest expressions of parental affection seen on earth as the sun is greater in light than the stars that imperfectly reflect its glory. Dr. Channing, of whom Coleridge said: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love," opposed militarism and all manifestations of the war-spirit. He was an outspoken advocate of temperance and fearless in his opposition to slavery. He ever strove to foster all movements which promised to enrich and ennoble life. Clarity of thought

and breadth of mental vision marked all his utterances. He was as loving as he was just, as gentle as he was brave, and his thought possessed that contagion of positive conviction that in rare instances becomes a great psychological power in a community, over-mastering the popular imagination by its subtle spell. The Mathers and Michael Wigglesworth had possessed this strange psychological power, born of conviction, in an eminent degree; and because their minds were under the spell of the old savage and gloomy Calvinistic theology, the mental contagion which they spread abroad darkened the intellectual horizon of the people with a gospel of despair. Dr. Channing's thoughts were equally contagious, but they served to dispel the gloom and radiate sunshine while lifting the imagination to nobler moral eminences and awakening the people from the frightful "fire and brimstone nightmare" caused by the old-time theology.

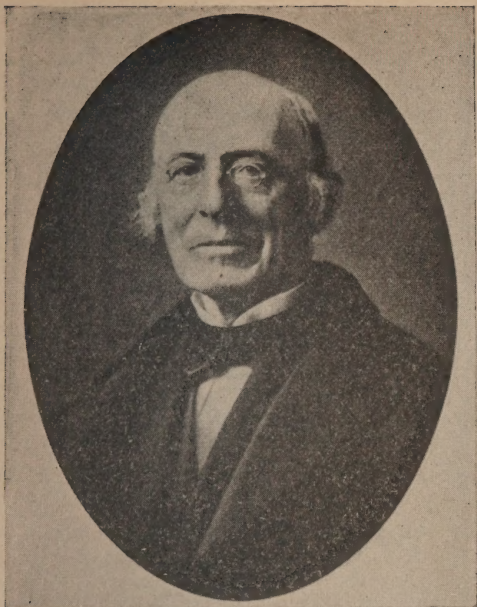
His influence upon the finest scholars and the poets among the young men of the age was incalculable. Longfellow, when on the ocean and not knowing that the great man had even then been summoned into the Beyond, wrote a notable little poem suggested by reading Dr. Channing's plea for the slaves. These two stanzas of this rhyme will serve to show how the splendid appeal for justice for the oppressed influenced the young poet:

"Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
 At times they seem to me,
 Like Luther's in the days of old,
 Half battles for the free.

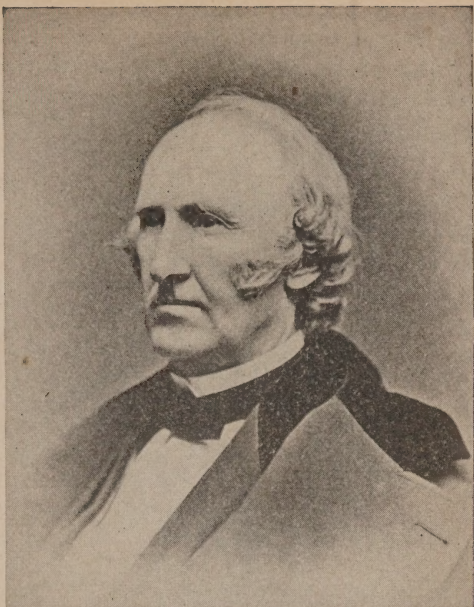
A voice is ever at my side,
 Speaking in tones of might,
 Like the prophetic voice that cried
 To John on Patmos, 'Write.'"

Lowell's admiration was even more pronounced, and his "Elegy," written at the time of the death of Dr. Channing, is one of the finest of his reform poems. In it the reader will call to mind these noble stanzas:

X



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

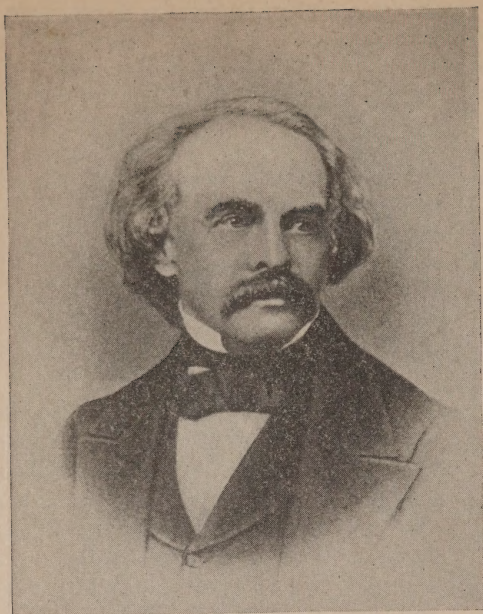


MARY A. LIVERMORE.

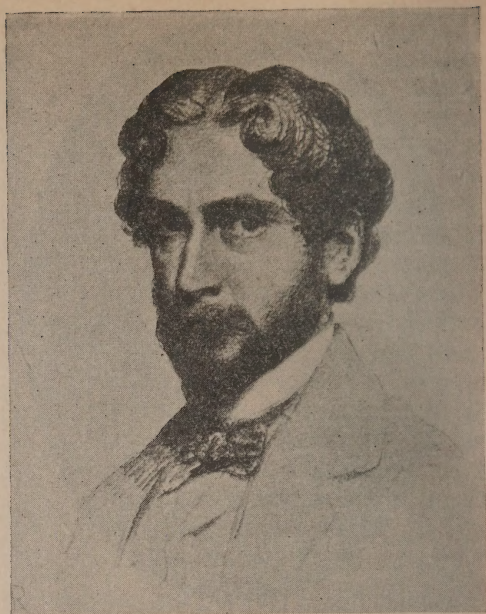


JULIA WARD HOWE.

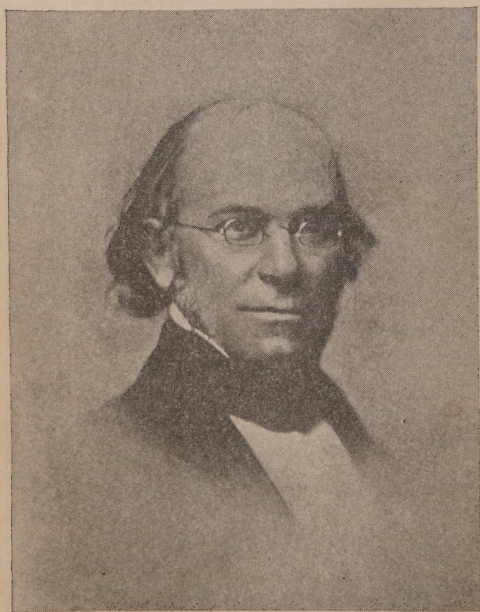
LEADING REFORMERS OF THE PERIOD.



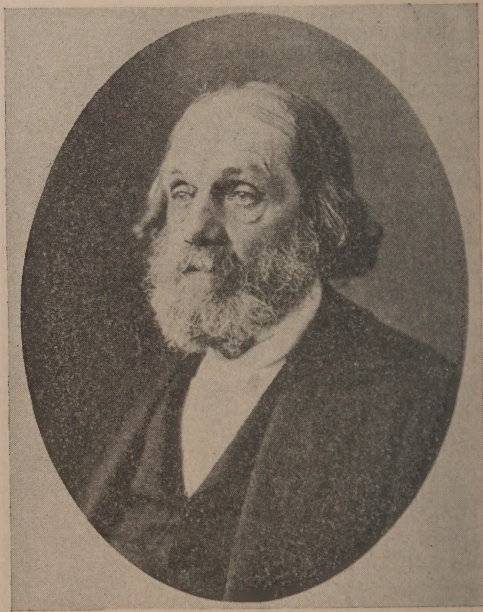
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.



THEODORE PARKER.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

REPRESENTATIVE WRITERS AND THEOLOGIANS.

"I do not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn the dying-out of noble powers;
The poet's clearer eye should see, in all
Earth's seeming woe, the seed of Heaven's
flowers.

Truth needs no champions: in the infinite
deep
Of everlasting Soul her strength abides,
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength, undying, tides.

Thou livest in the life of all good things;
What words thou spak'st for Freedom shall
not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath
wings,
To soar where hence thy Hope could
hardly fly.

From off the starry mountain-peak of song,
Thy spirit shows me, in the coming time,
An earth unwithered by the foot of wrong,
A race revering its own soul sublime."

William Lloyd Garrison, after sounding Freedom's reveille, had gone forward with the spiritual enthusiasm and intensity of purpose that marked the great apostle of other days, who on the way to Damascus was overpowered by the light; and to his side came Phillips, Parker and Sumner, three as valiant knights as ever fought for the oppressed; and their thought and example proved so contagious that the gross spirit of greedy commercialism and self-interest and the might of slothful conventionalism, which strove at first to crush the friends of freedom, fell away before the imperious conscience-power that dominated these champions of the oppressed.

Seldom has the divine potency of moral enthusiasm born in a soul overmastered by a passion for justice, found a better illustration than in the work wrought by William Lloyd Garrison. Never did prophetic voice in the wilderness of greed and self-absorption sound more ominously for entrenched wrong than when that unschooled young reformer penned those memorable words:

"I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and *I will be heard.*"

That declaration spoke of the presence of the prophet and martyr-spirit—the spirit which in all ages has been reviled by conventionalism and conservatism, but which at all times has been the herald of moral and spiritual revolution.

I never think of Garrison without being reminded of these graphic lines by Lowell:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned
young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and
mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.
Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how types
were set,
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which systems
grow!
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central
glow."

Wendell Phillips, reared in ease in a home of culture and refinement, dowered with a splendid intellect, possessing a finished education, the idol of the most wealthy and exclusive society of Boston, stood on the threshold of what promised to be a most popular and illustrious career; and yet for a despised cause, because he felt that cause to be just and the call made to his soul the august mandate of duty, he deliberately parted with all that the worldly-wise esteemed most dear, electing to defend the defenceless, to suffer misrepresentation, abuse, calumny, slander and social ostracism, that he might enjoy the approval of that inner monitor—the voice of God in the Holiest of Holies of the human soul. On the splendid roll of honor which holds the chosen names America has given to the cause of human progress, I know of no

life more inspiring, more essentially heroic than that of the great-hearted scholar, the simple, sincere democrat, whose magnificent intellect and matchless eloquence were everywhere and at all times at the service of the weak and the oppressed. He was a man which the gold of a Cæsar, the power of an Alexander or the plaudits of a self-satisfied civilization could not tempt from the service of true democracy or the cause of the down-trodden. James Russell Lowell in his early manhood fully appreciated the inherent nobility of Phillips' nature, and in the following sonnet described his worth and character with rare felicity:

"He stood upon the world's broad threshold;
 wide
 The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
 He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
 That sank in seeming loss before its foes:
 Many there were who made great haste and
 sold
 Unto the cunning enemy their swords;
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and power,
 and gold,
 And, underneath their soft and flowery words,
 Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
 And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
 Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
 So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
 And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
 Through all the wide-spread veins of endless
 good."

When chattel slavery was destroyed in this republic, most of the great moral leaders seemed to feel that they had earned an honorable discharge from the ranks of aggressive reform. It was very sweet to rest on the greensward and hear the taunts and jeers, the loud-voiced anger and the scornful jests of other days turned into unstinted praise. Lowell, who had so nobly sung,

"Freedom is recreated year by year
 In hearts wide open on the Godward side,"
 and

"New occasions teach new duties; Time
 makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward, who
 would keep abreast of Truth,"

became in after years somewhat of a sign-board pointing into the green pastures rather than the dauntless leader of Freedom's forlorn hope. Not so with Phillips. After the great conflict for emancipation had been won and the drums of battle had become silent, after the tattered banners of the Union were furled, this apostle of human progress turned to the victims of tyranny elsewhere and to the social outcasts and the children of toil who were falling under the wheel in the mad, brutal battle of commercial competition, where already the craze for gold was blinding man to the true meaning of democracy and to the binding power of the teachings of Jesus. Phillips heard his august mistress, Justice, calling him to the unequal conflict. He heard, and as in the glory of youth he had responded, laying on the altar the rich gifts of opening manhood, so now he responded with the old-time alacrity, and until death his silver-toned voice was ever heard on the side of the victims of wrong and injustice. When he died the oppressed of the world sustained a great loss. At that time James Boyle O'Reilly gave utterance to the feelings of the most enlightened friends of human progress throughout the English-speaking world in some touching verses, of which the following are typical:

"Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the
 lesson he taught was good;
 There are no classes or races, but one human
 brotherhood;
 There are no creeds to be hated, no colors of
 skin debarred;
 Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one
 right, one hope, one guard;
 The right to be free, and the hope to be just,
 and the guard against selfish greed;
 By his life he taught, by his death we learn,
 the great reformer's creed.

From the midst of the flock he defended the
 brave one has gone to his rest;
 And the tears of the poor he befriended their
 wealth of affection attest.
 From the midst of the people is stricken a
 symbol they daily saw,

Set over against the law-books, of a Higher
than Human Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his
voice was a prophet's cry
To be true to the truth and faithful, though
the world were arrayed for the Lie.

A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman
that hewed to the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union
was traitor to Right!"

To me it seems that in Wendell Phillips we have the life that expressed from youth to death the highest ideal of unswerving allegiance to duty and right, the most absolute manifestation of unselfish loyalty to the cause of the weak and oppressed, the finest example of a true democrat that marked even that hour so rich in large-souled, self-sacrificing natures.

Theodore Parker was a veritable moral and intellectual Thor in the Walhalla of Liberalism and Reform. His blows were sledge-hammer strokes. He loathed hypocrisy, sham and pretence. He had little reverence for tradition, dogma or creed. He abhorred superstition almost as much as he hated injustice. He cared nothing for conventionalism, the flattery of the rich or the applause of the strong. He acknowledged no masters save Truth, Duty and Right, but these he served with passionate devotion. No man of the hour dealt more telling blows against the crying evils of his time, or fought more bravely to emancipate the body, brain and soul, than did Theodore Parker. To Lydia Maria Child he was "the greatest man morally and intellectually that our country has produced." But Mrs. Child beheld him through the rose-tinted glass of friendship—a friendship such as only exists between comrades-in-arms who are persecuted, abused and misrepresented because they choose to fight the battle of the weak and become the way-showers of civilization. These two heroic spirits were veritable Titans in the anti-slavery agitation when it was almost worth one's life to assail the so-called "divine institution." In after years, on one occasion, Mrs. Child said,

in referring to the stormy days when she was so effectively battling side by side with Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Whittier and Lowell:

"Oh! those were glorious times! working shoulder to shoulder in such a glow of faith!—too eager working for humanity to care a fig whether our helpers were priests or infidels. That is the service that is most pleasing in the sight of God."

Charles Sumner was by nature and raising an aristocrat. It is characteristic of this period of great moral awakening that men so far apart as were Garrison, Phillips and Sumner should be found working together on a common platform. Mr. Sumner was a fine thinker and a man of culture and refinement, but very exclusive. He could never mix and mingle with the masses as could Phillips. He was attracted to the cause of freedom by the power which conviction of right or justice wielded over his mind rather than by any passionate love of the slave as an integral part of the human family. He performed a great and needed work, however, and was in the hall of state the man of all men most needed in certain crucial moments in our national history. Longfellow loved him with much the same tender affection which he entertained for Agassiz, and when he died he wrote one of his most beautiful poems in memory of the great statesman.

While Garrison with his pen, Parker in his pulpit, Phillips on the rostrum, and Sumner in the halls of state were pleading for freedom, the great poets of the time also rallied to the support of the dominant moral issue in the political world. John G. Whittier and James Russell Lowell were a host in themselves, and even the mild-mannered and peace-loving Longfellow lifted his voice in no uncertain tones. Longfellow was led into the abolition camp through the impressive appeals of Doctor William Ellery Channing and the personal persuasion of Charles Sumner. But Whittier and Lowell needed no such spurs to duty. They were born prophets,

whose youthful spirits were receptive to the great ethical thought-wave which Dr. Channing had done so much to stimulate. Seldom in the history of any reformatory movement have verses proved so potent an aid to the cause of progress as did the eloquent lines of Lowell and Whittier.

It was a veritable summer-time for popular poetry. Longfellow was a master of lyric verse. In smooth, flowing and musical rhyme he enshrined history and legend no less than the hope, love and aspiration of the common life. He was a poet of the people, ever pure, candid, sincere and normal; never so much at home as when singing those simple and heart-felt lays that soothe the restless feeling and banish the cares of day.

Lowell was a keen satirist and a noble preacher of exalted ethics, whose thoughts were at times lighted with the prophet's "tongue of flame," while Whittier was not only a great prophet of progress and an apostle of lofty spirituality, but also a master in depicting the various charms of New England life and scenes. It mattered not whether he painted the earth when mantled in snow or pictured the country when flaming in the glories of autumn splendor, he ever cast a witching spell over the scenes he portrayed.

Nor must we forget that rare and lovable poet, essayist and teacher, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. His verses and his life, like those of Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier, were at once pure, elevated and ennobling in atmosphere and influence. Indeed, it is a noticeable fact that the verses of these great poets of the people emphasized the spiritual ideals, the broader concept of God, the love of right and the intense conviction touching man's individual duty and responsibility that were the key-notes of Dr. Channing's sermons and writings. The life-long prayer and aspiration in each of these four poets was beautifully expressed by Dr. Holmes in these lines from "The Chambered Nautilus":

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

It is furthermore a noticeable fact that in these wonderful hours of awakening, this time of the people's poets, of nature-singers, and of bards of democracy, four out of the six great poets lived in Boston or her environs. Only Bryant and Whittman dwelt beyond her gates.

But we must not forget that this luminous period, so rich in philosophers, preachers, poets and reformers; so notable for its out-blossoming of broad spirituality and moral fervor; this time of the irresistible assault on slavery's citadel; this hour of glorious florescence of popular poetry, was also marked by the presence of great fundamental movements for the people's weal, and especially for the amelioration of the lot of the most unfortunate of earth's children. The spirit of enlightened education and philanthropy was abroad in the land. It was at this time that Horace Mann wrought his great work for popular education and gave an impetus to the cause of universal schooling that made Massachusetts preëminent in the public-school work of the nation. Then it was also that Dorothy Dix consecrated her great and noble life to the cause of the insane. When she began her labors, she found the poor among Massachusetts' insane being hired out to the lowest bidder, and as a result their treatment was frequently most cruel and barbarous. She found, not only in the old Bay State, but in Rhode Island and other commonwealths, these unfortunates caged in out-houses, existing in filth and suffering from the extreme cold of winter. Then she appealed to the legislature and to the conscience of the commonwealth, and later to the lawmakers of other states and to those of the national capital, as well as to the rulers in foreign lands; and she appealed

with such eloquence and moral force that a wonderful revolution was inaugurated. Massachusetts was quick to awaken from her lethargy, and soon became a leader in this great reform movement.

At this time we also find Dr. Samuel G. Howe, that prince of philanthropists and educators, founding the famous Perkins' Institution for the Blind, and by his infinite patience and wise methods in the case of Laura Bridgman demonstrating to an amazed and at first an incredulous public that the blind, deaf and dumb could be mentally and spiritually awakened and educated in a degree that even to-day seems almost incredible. Dr. Howe was in many ways a typical character in this period of moral and mental advance. After graduating from Brown University he went to Greece to fight for freedom, and after undergoing great hardships and perils in camp and on field, he became impressed with the fact that the hope of Greece depended upon early financial succor, as her soldiers and their wives and children were in a starving condition. He therefore returned to America and so eloquently presented the cause of the patriots that he raised over thirty thousand dollars with which he materially aided the Greeks in their battle against the despotism of Turkey. Later he was imprisoned in Berlin because of the aid he had rendered Poland in her hour of great need. Afterward he gave his heart and soul to the movement for the establishment of a school for the blind. He visited Paris and other European centers where the work of educating the blind had been successfully inaugurated, and after returning he consecrated his life to this great work, bringing to it all the splendid enthusiasm and indomitable energy of an intense nature overmastered by a great moral pur-

pose. He was also the father of the movement for the establishment of schools for feeble-minded children.

Such, indeed, were a few of the master-spirits who made the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century forever memorable as a period of unprecedented mental activity, moral virility and spiritual enthusiasm,—a time so splendid indeed that it may be fittingly termed the Golden Day in the history of the Modern Athens. It was preëminently one of the luminous periods in civilization's march, when humanity is lifted one step nearer the realization of that glorious dream that has haunted the imagination of all the noble seers, prophets and mystics of the ages and which perhaps has never been better described than by Whittier in this glowing prayer for Progress:

"O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,—
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with
thee bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard hath sung
Or seer has told of when in trance or dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold their scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong; but give the
heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance.

Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us, make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir,
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
The one great purpose of creation, love—
The sole necessity of earth and heaven!"

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

JUDAISM AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

BY EDWARD M. BAKER.

"JUDAISM is a vast relic of ancient barbarism with its tribal mark, its tribal separation and its tribal God." Thus speaks Professor Goldwin Smith, a man of profound learning and unquestioned abilities. Yet whenever Professor Smith speaks of the Jews or Judaism, his prejudice is at once so virulent and so patent as to rob his statements of dignity and value. Were it only men of his stamp who denied to Judaism a place in modern life, Judaism could account herself happy. Unfortunately, there are other men, more sober in their judgments and more measured in their expression, who fail to see that Judaism has life or function. Alexander Bruce, for instance, to my mind one of the most competent and reverent of recent Christian scholars, writes: "The glory of the Jews has departed. Their appropriate motto is '*Fuimus*'—we have been." In so speaking, Dr. Bruce frames the conviction of the greater part of the Christian community. The belief is common that Jewish history came to its fitting culmination in the advent of Christianity; that in a moment quick with infinite pathos the Jews rejected him toward whom their entire history pointed, and in whom it had its complete fulfillment; that the Jew is a poor, self-deluded creature, the Jews a people without a mission, and their religion a broken echo of the distant past, out of tune with the music of modern thought and development. To consider this question in all of its ramifications is aside from my purpose. My intention in this paper is of narrower compass. I want only to consider the present worth of the Jewish religion from a single point-of-view,—the view-point of a loyal American. I want to find out whether my Judaism is in harmony or in conflict with my Americanism.

And, first of all, I ask myself, What is the American spirit—the best American

spirit—what does it stand for? My fundamental assumption as an American, the assumption of all democracy, is man's dignity and worth. I do not look upon man as a worm groveling in the dust. I look upon him as endowed with the most perfect physical nature in all the world of life; I look upon him as gifted with intellectual faculties which have within themselves capacity for growth; I see in him a moral nature and I pin my faith to the belief that to man is given the power to choose between right and wrong, and that on the whole and in the long run, he will choose the good and reject the evil. If Americanism thus teaches me as fundamental truth the dignity and the worth of man; if, to borrow a phrase from Browning, it teaches me that "Man is a God in the germ," I ask myself, What has Judaism to say concerning this? I open my Bible, and at the very threshold of Jewish scripture, in the very first chapter which sets the character and tone of the whole, I find the statement: "God created man in his image, in the image of God created He him." I turn to the Psalms, and I find the Hebrew singer chanting that man is little less than the angels, he is crowned with glory and honor. I turn to the Laws. I am commanded both by direction and implication to respect the dignity of my fellowmen. I inquire of the Prophets; I find them in all the stirring grandeur of indignant rage denouncing those who disregard the humanity of their fellows. Moreover, Judaism has never taught me the doctrine of innate depravity. It tells me that while man is given the power to sin, unto him is also given the capacity to refrain from sinning. In ever varying accents it teaches me that man is a son of God. I thus find that dignity of man, the very fundamental assumption of Americanism, is also a basic conception of the Jewish religion.

Advancing from the postulate of the worth of all men, Americanism teaches me that all men are of equal worth. It does not teach that all men are equal in physical gift, or mental capacity, moral endowment or environing circumstance—this the ordinary facts of life deny. But it insists that all men are equal in point of humanity and that every man shall have a man's chance to live. It teaches that every one shall have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; it stands for the profound principle not yet wholly realized, that individuality may not be dwarfed. It registers its solemn protest against any government which permits oppression and denies freedom. Here, too, Judaism is in accord with the precepts of Americanism. Throughout the ages, Judaism quivers with the passion of liberty. Israel opens her history with a song of freedom upon her lips. The Hebrews had felt the scourge of the taskmaster; they had groaned and cried out in anguish when the oppressor's lash was upon their backs, and when Israel grew and developed, "freedom" became to her a sacramental word, for had she not known the heart of the oppressed? If I look into the Jewish prayer-book, I find it athrill with freedom's note. If I examine the chief festal-tide of the Jew, I find its underlying note a rejoicing in the liberty of man. If I examine the principles of the Hebrew commonwealth, I find them informed and infused with the spirit of democracy. I read the Prophets, and it is made clear to me why they are called the messengers of freedom. By its very inherent nature, by the stressful trend of the history of the people who proclaim her, Judaism stands inseparably linked to liberty.

Closely allied to Freedom, and of the same class of human values, is Justice. My Americanism bids me cherish it as an ideal and practice it in the pursuits of life. If one will read the Declaration of Independence, if he will study the Constitution, he there will see imaged forth in splendor the spirit of Justice; if he will

consider the writings of our Lincolns, read the verse of our Whittiers and our Lowells, or listen to the living voice of living prophets, he will find that freedom tunes their harp and justice wings their soul. Americanism bids me guard Justice, for when it is banished Freedom perishes, for Justice is its breath of life. Nor has Judaism a different message. Israel's God is a God of righteousness and demands righteousness of His people. The Laws announce it; the Prophets declare it; the Psalmists sing it. "I hate," says Jahwa, "your feasts; your solemn assemblies are a loathing unto me; your burnt offerings, I will not accept them. Stop the noise of your song, I despise the music of your harps. Let justice flow down like water, and righteousness as a mighty stream." "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the Most High? Shall I come before Him with burnt offering, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for the sin of my soul, my child for my transgression? He has showed thee, O man, what is good. What doth the Lord require of you but to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly before thy God?" Justice is the fundamental message of Judaism. It is Judaism's proclamation to the ages.

Underlying the American democracy and to a certain degree permeating it is a sense of human brotherhood. The ideal of freedom is one of its manifestations, justice is another, humaneness is a third. The American people, in certain respects, are a humane people,—indeed, according to James Bryce, the most humane of any people on earth. The great philanthropic heart of America throbs in sympathy with the poor and the unfortunate. Scores upon scores of institutions for the ill-fated; millions upon millions of dollars beneficently spent; thousands upon thousands of human beings aided in time of trouble, restored to health or given a start again upon the hill of life—

all these are testimonials to American generosity. A Chicago is in ruins, a Johnstown is afflicted, a Galveston is in distress, and the princely magnificence of American giving becomes the wonder of the world. Americanism inculcates the spirit of charity. Judaism intones a similar message: Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land; the gleanings in the field thou shalt leave for the stranger, for the fatherless and the widow. Love ye the stranger—these commands are expressive of the Jewish spirit. Judaism has a smile of tenderness and love for the stranger, the helpless and the poor. The true disposition of Judaism is finely represented in one of the stories of the Talmud. According to an old Rabbinical legend, when the Egyptians were overthrown and drowned, the angels of God were about to sing for joy. But God checked them and said: "My creatures are lying drowned in the sea, and do you desire to sing before me?" In the same spirit speaks the prophet Malachi: "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all?" So speaks the Jewish religion. As long as Judaism remains Judaism, just so long will she put forth her plea for man's humanity toward man.

In the next place, Americanism bids me lead an active life. The true American has only contempt for him who voluntarily withdraws himself from life's activities. The Lathe Biosas, the calm life of the Greek, or the monkish ideal awaken no response in the American heart. The strenuous life is his principle. Alertness, ambition, activity, these are his qualities; power, wealth, social standing, these are his aims. Life is given to live and not to shirk, this is among his mottoes. Whatever other religions may have to say of life, Judaism declares that it is good. Man shall live and labor and develop his manhood to the fullest. Earth is not merely a stop-over station on the road to heaven. It is not a desert of misery between two eternities. It is a place to be cultivated and glorified. The Jew is not

bidden to spend his life in pining and yearning for the day when, throwing aside all mortal burden, he may pass from earth to paradise, but he is rather commanded to do his share that paradise may pass to earth. Judaism deals rather with this life and its duties than with heaven and its coronation. Frequently it has been pointed out that the Old Testament has little to say of the life beyond. This, its imputed weakness, in a sense belongs to its greatest merits. Judaism does not bribe one to morality for the sake of the golden beyond. This earth is its central passion and the heart of its solicitude. Judaism commands the stirring pursuit of the positive values of life.

The American spirit is optimistic. Man's dignity, freedom, justice, humanness, zest for life—belief in these flowers forth in a deep, robust hopefulness. The American people are a hopeful people. Their veins are filled and fired with the tingling blood of youth. They have faith in progress and their country's future. They believe that the best men, the best institutions, the best times, belong to the future day. They not only have faith in the increasing greatness and power of their country, but it is their conviction that America will become a model of justice, and through justice a pattern of peace to the world. It is a truism in the synagogue that the Jewish religion is a religion of optimism. Judaism's faith in God is the basis of her hope. No matter how goaded by distress or how writhing in the coils of affliction, the true Jew has always believed that in His own way and in His own time God would work His will among men. The Hebrew Prophets are aglow with stirring hope. Scarce one but predicts the Messianic time. When stress was hardest and clouds were blackest and destruction seemed surest, when to the common sight the eastern sky was without gleam of hope, the prophet's inward vision saw the golden day to come. "Even in abasement, their horizon is always luminous with a certainty of victory." Isaiah sings of "a time when swords shall be

turned into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not make war against nation, nor know war any more. The wolf shall dwell with the sheep and the leopard shall lie down with the kid"; in that day the Lord shall say: "Blessed be my people Egypt and Asshur the work of my hand, and my heritage Israel"; in that day "the law shall go forth from Zion and the work of God from Jerusalem." It is the glad confidence of Judaism that the day will dawn when there will be universal peace based upon and growing out of universal justice. The basis of the hopefulness of Americanism is somewhat different from that of Judaism, but both are alike in the optimism of their outlook.

And last of all, Americanism demands patriotism. It insists that its institutions and its flag be enshrined in every American heart. It commands devoted fealty from all its citizens in time of peace and when war is stalking abroad. Whatever interpretations may have been given Judaism in other times and under different conditions, to-day it speaks to us in no uncertain tones. To the American Jew it says: "Your country is the land wherein you live; your flag is that under which you breathe. Serve it, defend it, uplift it. See to it that its symbolism becomes ever deeper and nobler. Love your country with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your might. This, too, is religion."

Our comparison thus far has been necessarily incomplete, for Judaism and Americanism are both too much athrob with life to lend themselves to definitive or accurate analysis. Yet enough has been considered to indicate that Judaism is vastly more than a reminiscence of days that were; it is abreast of the highest ideal of the highest type of modern life and thought. Dignity of man, freedom, justice, humaneness, zest for life, optimism, love of country,—these are the bright, particular gems in the diadem of the holiest Americanism,—these are sacramental words in the vocabulary of the Jew. Nor

is it strange; for much of the best that there is in the thought and tendencies of American life is due indirectly to Hebrew inspiration. Yea, be it known that the inspiration of our Republic came not from Greece, nor yet from Rome, but from Israel of old. The *vade mecum* of the early Pilgrim Fathers was not the writings of Rome or the classics of Greece, but the ancient scriptures of the Jew. The Pilgrim Fathers who sat at the cradle of our Republic received their strength, their comfort and their hope from that sublime literature that bubbled forth in days of old from the heart of Hebrew Sage and Hebrew Prophet. Israel was the first democracy. Her literature the first tirade against despotism, her religion the first evangel of freedom. Judaism will never be left behind by the forward march of Republican ideas and ideals, for there will never be in my day, or in yours, or in the day of any man, any democracy,—I care not how magnificent its principles or how superb its men,—that will have outgrown a religion the only dogma of which is the Fatherhood of God resulting in the brotherhood of man.

It is not, however, only true that Judaism is quick in its sympathy for the highest American ideals, it is equally a fact that there is much in contemporaneous American society to which the Jewish religion stands uncompromisingly and everlastingly opposed. Thus far, we have considered Americanism at its best, but there is another leaf to turn. There are counter-currents to be observed. Who will say that man's dignity is always respected? Will you contend that each pursues life, liberty and happiness without hindrance? Can it be seriously maintained that there is an energizing sense of brotherhood? Do not the "Songs of the Ghetto" with their burden of human wretchedness and woe frame a terrific indictment against the present order? Are not our large cities hotbeds of vice and crime? Is there not some truth in the charge that our legislators are open to bribes? Are politics conspicuously free

from selfishness and corruption? Who is so blind or so perverse as to say that justice is not cast down? Are not the righteous sold for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes? Was it only in ancient Samaria that men added house unto house and field unto field? Are there not "little children, weeping piteously in the play-time of the others in this country of the free"? How long is this to last? When will salvation come? I do not know! But this I know, that our civilization presents many striking analogons to that which twenty-six hundred years ago called forth from the Hebrew Prophets tremendous words of fierce rebuke and predictions of impending doom. This I know, that from a certain point-of-view, our age stands more in need of the words of the Prophets than the voice of the Apostles. I know that George Adams Smith is right when he says that all the great social reforms of history have drawn their inspiration from Hebrew Prophetism. This I know, that there is that in the spirit of Judaism which if applied to our American life would make our civilization better, deeper, stronger! Upon whom is the duty most pressing to make this known? Upon whom is the obligation most impera-

tive to apply this spirit in their daily lives? Surely, upon the Jews themselves. Let, then, a knowledge of Judaism and a consistent practice of its precepts be the Jews' contribution to American life.

Judaism, despite what critics may say, has place and function in modern life; indeed, the signs are multiplying that Judaism, in perhaps a different form and under a different name, will be the religion of the future. Yet for the Jews in America the century which just has dawned is big with possibility and alive with peril. Whether the great living stream of Judaism shall continue in its beneficent course, ever broadening its trend and deepening its channel, or whether, so far as the Jew is concerned, it shall be permitted to run itself out in the sands of indifference and materialism, the next hundred years will perhaps decide. But whatever the final event may be, this much is sure: above the perplexity of the present situation there arises in conspicuous relief a certainty and a question. This is the certainty: Judaism is worthy of the Jew. This is the question: Will the Jews prove worthy of their Judaism?

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Cleveland, O.

THE POETRY OF POE.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

EDGAR ALLAN POE is the most tragic figure in our literary history, and the figure that casts from our shores the longest shadow across the world. He was a great intellect and a sad heart.

He has left one of the two or three most magical and compelling collections of tales written since the *Arabian Nights*—tales of ratiocination and of mystery, a collection that fascinates us like the Alhambra under moon and cloud, with the dark splendor of its halls, its spacious courts, its lofty pillars, its labyrinthine passages.

He has left us also our first body of significant American criticism: reviews, too often, of nobodies, the ephemera of letters; reviews written in haste to keep the bubble on the pot, yet unpurchasable and inflexible in loyalty to letters. Discussion of these matters would make a long and important paper by itself. But it is of the poetry alone that we must here speak.

Poe, like Gray and Keats, has given us only a frugal volume of verse, and yet like these poets he has left a precious and priceless possession to mankind. Amer-

ica has no one but Emerson and Lowell to contest his poetical primacy.

Poe brought to the art of poetry an acute analytical mind, and a vivid feeling for form, as well as a shaping imagination and a passionate love of beauty. He willed to build his structure of verse upon poetic laws as exact as those that swing the planets in their orbits. He has the distinction of being the only American who, like Coleridge and Wordsworth in England, and Burger in Germany, had a definite theory of poetry and rigorously followed it.

Poe declares that the origin of poetry lies in a thirst for a wilder Beauty than Earth supplies—that poetry itself is the imperfect effort to quench this immortal thirst. He defines the poetry of words as the rhythmical creation of beauty, and avers that the sole arbiter is Taste, which stands between Pure Intellect and the Moral Sense. That pleasure, he says, which is at once the most pure, the most elevating and the most intense, is derived from the contemplation of the Beautiful. Only in the contemplation of Beauty do we attain that elevation of the soul which we recognize as the Poetic Sentiment, and which is distinguished from Truth, which is the satisfaction of the Reason, and from Passion, which is the excitement of the heart.

The fervors of passion, or even the lessons of truth, may go into a poem; but they must be toned down in proper subjection to that Beauty which is the atmosphere and real essence of the poem. It goes without saying, then, that Poe stood for "art for art's sake," that he set his face inflexibly against the heresy of "The Didactic." He would not have it that the ultimate object of poetry is truth, that every poem should preach a moral. Poe was certainly right: a poem built in beauty is its own excuse for being. For the soul is enlarged not so much by mere knowledge or bare skeleton of truth, as by the dilation of the imagination. The path through beauty is the most direct path of ascension to the Divine.

This lofty and noble conception of poetry was doubtless in the mind of young Poe, however dimly, when in 1827 he issued his first trembling little volume of verse, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*—a volume attempted again in 1829, and finally in 1831 republished with many deft touches of the revising tool.

The long poem "Tamerlane" shows, as in Marlowe's case, that the lean of the young poet's soul was toward vastness and splendor. The manner of the poem is dominated by Byron, that plunging planet that was then disturbing the poise of so many lesser luminaries in the poetic sky. "Al Aaraaf," a dullish story of a purgatory, placed on Tycho Brahe's wonderful lost star, suggests the specious learning and the forced sentiment in "Lalla Rookh."

In Poe's 1831 volume we find "Israfel," "The Doomed City," "To Helen," "Irene," and "The Pæan,"—poems that were revised in the course of years and are now known as "Israfel," "The City in the Sea," "To Helen," "The Sleeper," and "Lenore."

Around the last three of these poems hangs the darkness of the most tragic event in Poe's early life, the death of Mrs. Stanard, the mother of a school-boy friend. When young Poe first met this lovely woman she took him by the hand and spoke to him in tender words of greeting and sympathy. We are told that he was so penetrated by her gracious words that he was deprived of the power of speech, almost of consciousness, and that he returned home in a dream, hearing the voice that had made the desolate world so suddenly beautiful. She became the comforter of his boyish griefs and the Helen of his early song. When she died his heart was inconsolable, and found voice in "The Sleeper," a poem drenched with the mystery, the ethereal beauty of a summer night. Forever the beautiful dead lies there tranced in silentness and perfect peace.

In "Lenore" Poe speaks again of the beloved dead. It is not a homely cry of

the heart, but a burst of martial bugles. Amid the perfections of this poem, however, is one inexcusable blemish, a bald phrase of the prose man—"And when she fell *in feeble health*." Here is a mud-ball stuck upon the radiant front of the rainbow. But even this flaw is half forgotten in the stately repetends and musical marches of the poem. In "Lenore" the poet no longer peers and wonders. From a height of exultation he hurls down defiance upon the grim warders of death:

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days!"

At last, in his "Helen," the dead woman becomes to the poet the eidolon of supernatural beauty:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore."

The poem contains two superb lines, where all are beautiful. In the early form of the verses, the two lines ran thus:

"To the beauty of fair Greece
And the grandeur of old Rome."

This mediocre couplet was afterward transfigured into

"To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."—

two mighty lines that compress into a brief space all the rich, high, magnificence of dead centuries. The change of a few words and what a chasmal change in the sound and splendor of a line! Poe never surpassed the serene exaltation and divine poise of this poem. It shows his passion for a crystalline perfection. Save for a false rhyme and a dubious phrase or two, the poem is perfect, inevitable, having the careless ease of a young lily swaying on the stem. In its wandering music and flower-like freshness of form, it stands with the deathless lyrics; with "Tears, Idle Tears," "Rose Aylmer," and the rest.

"The Raven," written many years later than these early lyrics to beauty and death, is the final threnody in memory of his lost Lenore, once the queenliest dead, but now elected to live immortally young in his somber palaces of song. "The Raven" has gone into the languages of many nations as a requiem of imperial affliction, a poem that takes rank with the unworded and unearthly harmonies of "The Dead March in Saul."

How did it spring into existence, this structure of mystery and grief? The idea in a work of genius frequently rises from some chance word or incident that falls into the artist's life,—the remark of a friend, the look of a face. Genius is the power to take a hint. Whence did Poe get the idea of the Stygian raven of his poem? Perhaps from the raven in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*.

Poe is known to have made a magazine-study of this novel, suggesting a better use of the bird as a character, saying: "The raven, too, might have been made more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been prophetically heard in the course of the drama. Its character might have performed in regard to that of the idiot, much the same part as does in music the accompaniment in respect to the air."—Here Poe outlines a use of this "ungainly fowl" which later on he actually makes in his famous poem.

The early poem "Lenore" is the first study of the Raven thesis, and in it we find the sonorous name Lenore, a name which may have been wafted to his mind from Burger's ballad of "Lenore," which had attracted the attention of England in the early years of the nineteenth century. Doubtless Poe found the suggestion of his meter in Mrs. Browning's "The Courtship of Lady Geraldine," where we find a line—

"With a murmurous stir uncertain in the air, a purple curtain"—

which sounds strangely like one of the lines in "The Raven." But the origi-

nality of Poe's poem is not shaken by the critics, who have sifted the world to find its sources. What he borrows becomes bone of his intellectual bone. Casual borrowings by a poet are justifiable, when they are assimilated, when they suffer a sea-change into a rarer beauty. If he finds brick he must leave it marble.

Some of the phrasings of the poem, such as "Sir, said I, or madam"; "little relevancy bore"; "the fact is I was napping"—such colloquialisms seem to disturb the austere tone of the poem. But I would not wish these oddities removed. These colors of everyday, these glints of the grotesque, flashing upon the background of the poem, help to heighten the final impression of tragic mystery. Nor need we be concerned greatly that the poet says that the shadow of the raven "lies floating on the floor," when the bird is described as sitting on a bust above the door, and presumably above the lamp. Such flaws serve to shake a little the verisimilitude and strict organic unity of the poem. But they do not disturb its extraordinary elevation and somber beauty.

In the "Philosophy of Composition," Poe gives his own statement of the laws and processes which he claims to have followed in the composition of "The Raven." He makes the work of construction appear as simple as fence-building. His explanation, at first blush, sounds forced and inadequate, a mere riot of mystification; and yet there may be a measure of truth in the explanation, seeing that Poe had a highly analytical mind and a strict theory of poetics. It was natural to the man to attempt to balance the wings of his imagination with the weight of his intellect.

However all this may be, it is clear that his explanation does not explain the core of the matter: the secret of the secret is not disclosed. He does not tell us where he found the music, the fire, the shaping imagination. So after all is said, we can still call "The Raven," not a thing of rule and recipe, but a creation of the true frenzy, that carries a cry of the heart.

There are noble lines in "The Raven," but great lines, and even great passages, are not the chief test of a poem. The final test of a poem is its total impression. And the total impression of "The Raven," with its weird beauty and sustained energy, is deeply, nobly serious.

In spite of all critical assaults, the poem stands secure in its dark immortality—safe among the few remarkable poems of the world.

The "Haunted Palace" was in Poe's day the subject of a hot controversy, many believing (Poe leading the host), that Longfellow had taken from this poem his idea for "The Beleaguered City." Others again affirmed that both poets had got their inspiration from Tennyson's "Deserted House." Poe's poem is an allegory of a mind in ruins, a poem terribly beautiful, whose words seem to come in stately battalions, with bugles blowing. It tells of a splendid palace:

"Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago.)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away."

"The Haunted Palace" is a sermon, but it is one where the poet furnishes only the text: the reader supplies the sermon. The poem ends with two powerful lines:

"A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more."

"Israfel," another of the lyrics descended from his youth, is full of the rush of silver phrases, the careless music of a young god.

"In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
'Whose heart-strings are a lute':
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voices, all mute."

It is ungracious, perhaps, to cavil at a dint in this lyric gold; but it does seem that the second stanza jars upon the high harmony of this song:

"Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven."

Certainly the word "even" is an ineffectual rhyme; and the remark concerning "the enamored moon" blushing with love has the ring of sentimentality instead of sentiment. It is the paint of emotion, not the fire. One is sensitive to these defects since the poem, as a whole, is tremulous with a beauty wilder than the beauty of Earth. Here is no thought of the loved and unreturning dead, no mood of inconsolable memories. The soul is thrilled as with a rush of raptures from a rift in the delicate sky of morning.

Browning in "Abt Vogler," Coleridge in "Kubla Khan," have built up fair imaginations of tower and dome and minaret, but the wizardry of Poe in his "City in the Sea" has left us the most rare, the most mysterious, of all such ethereal structures. This city in the dim, still, western sea is the thronéd place of Death, where are gathered in long night-times the souls that have passed through the body.

The description of the gloomy light of the lurid waters upon the lofty, pallid walls fretted with garlands of carven stone—garlands of "viol, violet, and vine," is builded up with a curious care that sends upon the mind the sense of the delicate austerities of the Parthenon. Never before has the "palpable obscure" been bodied forth with a more cunning and gloomy imagination, than in this fantasy of a city isolated, accursed, laved by seas "hideously serene," where from his central tower,

"Death looks gigantically down."

The music of the opening stanza is in Poe's best manner of "sonorous metal, blowing martial sounds." The last stanza gives an example of music muted and retarded to echo the sense, carrying out the idea of the dull tide, the feeble stir, the gradual hissing and bubbling of the slow settling and sinking of the lost and lamentable city.

Poe's "Bells" is the finest example in our language of the suggestive power of rhyme and of the echo of sound to sense. It is hardly credible that the poet who conceived this fantasy with its fine madness, could have written "For Annie," one of the poems composed in those dark last days when life was stretching before him like a rainy sea. On its constructive side it is a fugue, from which proceeds a haunting music. But what can we say severe enough of the poetry of such verses as these?

"Of a water that flows
With a lullaby sound
From a spring *but a very few*
Feet under ground,—
From a cavern not very far
Down underground."

Bald definition is the death of poetry. The words in a poem must have mystery around them, space for the play of the imagination.

"Annabel Lee," perhaps the simplest of Poe's ballads, and one inspired by his lost Virginia, is full of little winds of melody and touches of ideal light. It is a poetical version of his prose idyl, "The Valley of the Many-Colored Grass,"* and it forms the final page of his lyrical ritual of bereaved love.

Poe is aloof from nature; he withdraws from actuality into the perilous hollow kingdom of Childe Roland of the Dark Tower, into "the dim, deserted courts where Dis bears sway." Yet each of Poe's poems has a basis in life. Even his "Ullalume"—frailest of cloud-structures—is not pillared all in air, although its mysticism seems stretched to the breaking point.

* Eleonora.

I find momentous meaning in its gray obscurity—a deep drama of temptation and memory. As elsewhere, Poe's habit of personification gives a clue to the mystery. The poem chronicles in symbol the collision between an ignoble passion and the memory of an ideal love.

The poet wanders under the moon with Psyche his soul—Psyche the obscure voice of conscience. He is down by the dark tarn of Auber, in the woodland of Weir, the misty region of sorrowful remembrance. About him are wide, desolate landscapes; above him, drear, ash-colored autumnal skies, all suggestive of the aloneness and desolation of each man's soul in his inward battle. Once before he had wandered here under the cypresses when his heart was hot and volcanic with sorrow for his lost love, but now his memory is clouded.

As the night wanes he beholds the orb of Astarte, the goddess of carnal love. He feels that she is touched by his sorrow,

“And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies.”

Psyche protests and urges flight from temptation. The poet persists and quiets her scruples, and the two pass on till stopped by a tomb across the road—the tomb of his lost Ulalume. Suddenly he sees that his temptation has been of the demon. He is confronted and recalled to honor by the chaste memory of his lost love—his love for one wild hour forgotten.

“Ulalume” has been reviled as doggerel run mad, and exalted as a miracle of melody. It is certainly too labored and mechanical to carry emotional conviction. In tone-color it is like some wild improvisation, in a minor mood—some primitive Icelandic musical *motif* recurring over and over like the wash of surf on sandy shores.

Technically “Ulalume” is a study in the use of the repetend. The two continually-

alternating rhymes of each nine-line stanza; the close sameness, yet delicate variation, of the third and second lines, coming in like the sobbing catch of the breath; the lift and beat of the last four lines of each stanza, two of the lines altered but a breve, a shade, a hint, from the other two—all these tonal effects strike upon the ear like the fall and echo of far, faint, murmuring waters in some reverberating granite canyon of the Sierras.

It is commonly thought that Poe's poetry is never touched by moral passion; yet “Ulalume” and the “Haunted Palace” are denials of this tradition. In them we find the poet grafted upon the preacher; but the sermons are strictly subordinated to the austere demands of art.

With all my admiration for Poe's poetry, I cannot help sensing in some of it a smell of the lamp, a tinge of sophistication, a ring of artificiality. Nor can I deny that he is narrow in his sympathies. His poems are lacking in the humanitarian sentiment. We look in vain in his writings for any sure support for the soul in the midst of these mortal tears and burdens. He struck from the heart-strings of Israfel a music of the skies; but he failed to strike from his own heart-strings the music of humanity.

Poe's range is narrow, his themes are few. Love, Beauty and Death—these are the springs of his inspiration. He was a poet with a peering eye and a touch of phantasy, a poet in love with frangibility, with evenescence, with the beauty that cannot stay. From all his finer verses break out again and again the sense of the irreparable and the cry of the Nevermore. Piercing sweet are they at times, and wild with all regret and unforgettable while graves and memories are the heritage of man.

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A BLEEDING HEART.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

"IS ALL dem ar stars done f'eeze?"

She was a little quadroon girl, in appearance scarcely more than a baby, a mere child of seven summers; but so small and delicate that five years would have seemingly more than told her age. Her skin was a clear, smooth olive, and her eyes were blue. Above them, shading a low brow, little ripples of hair, "straight as a white gal's," played touch and go with the crispy, autumn night-winds. The little white negress—so nearly white, so entirely black—cuddled closer to the warm, heavy body of 'Mandy Ann, and shivering pointed to the stars; far-off, cold, unsympathetic.

"Is all dem ar stars done f'eeze?"

"F'eeze? Dat dey ain't, *I* tell yer, en nuthin' lak hit. Dey's des twinklin' 'long, en makin' fun o' we-all sleepin' out here in de woods."

The stout, little, black sister, six years older, and many years stronger and wiser in that wisdom bred of helplessness and danger, gathered the younger child in her arms in that sheltering, mothering way that stamps the orphan.

"I's col'," whined the little one; "I's col', en I wants my mammy."

"Mammy done daid by dis time," said 'Mandy Ann; "en her say we-all got ter go on down to Aunt Mercy Moon's house, en stay dar. She say ef we do n't go down dar de bad man gwine git us, *sho*. En den dat ar man what she sont us by in de wag'n, he done git drunk en fling us out, en de horses done gallop off somewhere, all by deirse'ves; so we-all got ter walk. But 'Mandy Ann ain't skeered; en she gwine take good keer o' Lily Belle, ca'se she done promus Mammy dat. En now she gwine say de pra'rs en put dis lamb-chil' ter baid."

The two wanderers cuddled closer; the younger startled and chilled, the older brave and trustful even in the strange situ-

ation into which Fate had tossed them. The day before they had stood at the bedside of a dying mother, who had put the little white hand of her white baby into the work-hardened black palm of her darker offspring and delivered her last charge to the child who was henceforth to be mother to the unfortunate sister bearing in the veins, whose "blueness" had been the mother's triumph and might be the child's undoing, the worst blood of two races.

Did the passing soul catch the spark of prophecy and kindle to the danger it flashed along the way before the child's feet, that she clung so stubbornly to the dark girl's hand, and made so merciless her commands and so fierce the penalty attached to the breaking of them?

"Take keer o' Lily Belle! Keep her safe! work fur her! ef harm come ter de chil'—*I gwine ha'nt yer*—pull yer out'n—de baid—nights. Keep her—en work—work hard—do n't let her—out'n yo'—sight. Keep her—fum—de—*white—man*. Keep—"

And that was the last breath in the body.

A man had been hired to fetch them down to an aunt's house in a town seventeen miles distant. They had started in the afternoon, but the man was drunk and allowed the horses to run away. The children rolled out of the wagon; it passed on, and the night swooped down and claimed them for its own. They had traveled on for a while, but only to hopelessly lose their way and to miss forever the road that would lead them to the aunt's door.

But Fate, having many roads, has at last but the one door, and all roads lead to it. Perhaps the little quadroon was predestined, foreordained, to the wilderness road, after all. But they believed they were honestly following the course laid

down for them, and were hopeful of finding the goal they had set out for.

Only, in the black girl's brain that last admonition rang like a threat: "Keep her from the *white man*!" Too young to understand the doom that overshadows her race, too ignorantly superstitious to disobey the dying command, she had, with the light-hearted trust of her people, set out in the face of defeat to perform the task set for her doing.

"I's col'." The plaint roused her to action:

"I gwine wrop yer in my own sack dis minute," said she, "en tuck yer up in dese warm leaves ter sleep. But fus' I gwine say de pra'rs."

She tore off her own none-too-heavy jacket, wrapped it about her sister, and scooped her a bed among the drifted autumn leaves of the forest into which they had wandered. There was no moon; only the cold, clear light of stars, and the gleam of the white turnpike off to their right, which they had forsaken for the sheltering gloom of the woods.

"Dey ain't no ha'n'ts in *dese* woods," said 'Mandy Ann, "'ca'se dey ain't no grabe-yards. En - 'Mandy - Ann - ain't - skeered-en-now - I - lay - me - down - ter - sleep - I - pray - de - Lawd - my - soul - ter - keep - ef - I - should - die - befo' - I - wake - I - pray - de - Lawd - my - soul - ter - take - en - bless - me - 'n - Lily - Belle - 'n - Mammy - 'n - all - all - my - kin - 'n - cousins - 'n - yer - need n' - bless - ole - Unc' - Mose - he - cusses - fur - Jesus' - sake - Amen."

The petition ended found the little girl fast asleep, her head dropped against a stone. 'Mandy Ann crouched down beside her and lifting the small, shapely head to her own shoulder, drew the protecting sack more securely about the slight figure, and gave her own tired body up to slumber.

And while they slept the stars in heaven kept watch: the same "frozen stars" that were not more cold and unresponsive than the world into which they were drifting. 'Mandy Ann slept lightly, and once she stirred as the chill penetrated the thin, scant clothes, striking through the sensi-

tive body, type of that race to which the southern balm is so necessary. The torn clothes were drenched with the frost, and nothing but exhaustion could have held to such sleep those long, chill hours.

Still, the children slept; the little one snugly comfortable in the clothing of the older; the one softly breathing, calm and undisturbed; the other restless, uneasy even in slumber.

More than once she put out her arm in sleep to feel for the charge committed to her care. And while she slept the black cloud of despair drifted in a dream; and a mass of beautiful, floating silver passed across the heavens, so bright that she could not look upon it, but must shield her light-blinded eyes from the sudden exquisite radiance. And when she looked again, the silver cloud had drifted into form and bore the semblance of a beautiful calf, snow-white, with shapely body and delicate throat; soft eyes that seemed to be searching the whole expanse of heaven and earth for something which she did not at first recognize. But when the soft, pleading eyes were turned upon her she knew that somehow that dumb, white innocence was in danger, and that the thing the poor eyes searched earth and heaven for was *sympathy*.

Sympathy? Ah! She gave a little sob of startled pity that ran through her sleep in a little, lingering moan. *The white calf had a knife in its heart.* O, the pity of it! the shameful slaughter of innocence! the butchery of helplessness!

Through her tears she watched the trail of blood from the wounded heart, and the long, slow torture of death, so sure and yet so tardy, with those sad eyes mutely begging sympathy.

Sympathy? For what? An animal sacrificed—a dumb beast slain.

Suddenly the sleeper uttered a wild, piercing cry.

The little, white calf had turned its death-illuminated face to hers, full and distinct. The features took a familiar semblance; the pleading eyes—Ah! Christ in heaven! It was the face of Lily Belle!

With the cry, the black girl shot bolt upright, the movement pushing the sleeping child from her arm to the hard earth with such force that she woke and began sobbing aloud. But 'Mandy Ann paid no heed. The bleeding heart of the poor, little, dumb, white beast held all her thought for the moment.

Then, with that sudden, swift feeling of compulsion to act, that belongs to sensitive, forceful natures, she leaped to her feet, lifted the sobbing child in her arms, and with no other thought than to get away from the haunting vision which she felt must follow her till she died, 'Mandy Ann broke into a quick, nervous run.

"We-all got ter git'away f'um here," she panted, the burden of the child not sufficient to stay her feet in the face of that awful dream-presence.

The child, lulled and pacified, dropped its head against the willing shoulder and slumbered peacefully; the white, delicate face lying against the soft, black neck, unconscious that the one drop of black blood in the blue veins that were the black sister's chief glory made them of an equal race, position and color. Aye, more; the black girl would know only the black race's ambitions, and would be moderately safe in her homely, negro features and simple characteristics; while the other would be haunted with delusive hopes and damned with impossible ambitions.

It was near noon when, footsore, they approached the suburbs of a town and stopped before a gate to rest. 'Mandy Ann fancied she was nearing the town of her aunt's habitation, not dreaming that they had taken a different road. While they lingered a man came out of a house beyond the gate, to open it for a young cow that came trotting expectantly up. As the gate swung to he saw the children crouched at the road-side, and called to them:

"Hello! what's the matter there?"

There was no answer, and he stepped down to them.

"Where do you children belong?" said he. The round, brown face was lifted to

his; the round white eyes searched his own for what might be hidden there. And then:

"Nowhar," was the answer.

"Where's your folks?"

"Daid."

"Where are you going?"

Then prudence whispered in the shrewd ear, that had need of all prudence:

"To town; Mammy sont us ter a 'oman thar."

"Had any breakfast?"

"Naw, sah."

"Get up and go back there to the kitchen and—"

And then he stopped. The little white face, set in "straight ha'r," peeped timidly over the protecting black shoulder; a laugh of pleased anticipation parted the red lips and danced among the deeps of the "sure-'nuff blue eyes."

"Hello! Is that your sister?"

'Mandy Ann did not reply; something in the tone struck her fear to life and roused all the sleeping terror of her dream again.

She rose up, took the child by the hand, and, hungry and worn, started again upon her pitiful journey.

"We-all got ter be goin' on," she said: "dat ar 'oman been 'spectin' ob us right smart while."

She heard the man call to a woman in the house, something about "two little runaway niggers, and one of 'em plumb pretty as a pink, and fat and shapely as a little white heifer."

A little white heifer! The words gave wings to her feet, recalling the dream and the stabbed and bleeding heart. She staggered rather than walked, when safe out of sight of the house, and would have given up in despair but for the memory of her mother's warning: "Keep her out'n retch o' de white man." And *she* a white man's child. It was horrible; horrible that the more enlightened, more graciously endowed of the two races whose blood surged in her veins should have been the one to fear and flee from.

At the next house they stopped; a boy

came out and stoned them; and 'Mandy Ann noticed that every stone "shied" straight to the feet of Lily Belle. On, on if they starved. They must not stop there.

The houses began to be more frequent now, though poorer, mere cabins; and although she did not know it she was approaching a settlement of her own race. And well for her, with her old shoes hanging, the soles flapping, like rags, at every step, leaving the blood-marks on many a stone as she passed. Lily Belle trotted at her side, munching the bread with which 'Mandy Ann kept her supplied from their scanty store. But at last she too, no longer helped along by the lift of the friendly arm whose strength was spent, began to give out; and when, nearing a cabin, a boy came down the street, a dog at his heels, spied them and shied the inevitable stone which struck sure and sharp the loitering foot of Lily Belle, who began to scream. 'Mandy Ann silently lifted the child in her arms, staggered and fell under her burden. A woman with a kindly, black face opened the cabin-door and came out into the street. The boy, seeing help at hand, promptly took to his heels, but not so fast that he failed to hear the rattling rain of indignation, the threat of the *po-lice*, and the promise to "tell his pa 'bout dis, ef hit's *de las' act*."

No more did 'Mandy Ann hear; nor did she feel the kindly hand that lifted her poor, spent body, nor catch the call to the man in the cabin to "come quick fur de *Lawd's* sake."

It was no unusual tragedy; they carried them in, kept them and gave them such as they could. It was no unusual proceeding. The race has a history filled with such tragedies and heaped and running over with such charity. But the race is a poor one; it was necessary for 'Mandy Ann to work. And she *did* work; in this house and that; worked for a pittance, scrubbed, scoured, ran to "fetch and carry"; the stout, stumpy figure began to "set" and to grow work-aged before she was full half-grown. And the spirit,

bright and cheerful and undaunted, sang on in the poor, black body, toiling that the whiter sister might be fed and clothed and made safe. The old woman who had taken them in died, and 'Mandy Ann rented the cabin and worked on. And oh, the pride of it! Three years it went on. One day she hurried home with a bundle under her arm, and a great joy in her heart. She burst into the cabin-door, calling as she went:

"Lil' Belle? Lil' Belle? I done fotch yer somefin' *fine*, shore 'nuff."

And opening her bundle, 'Mandy Ann shook out to the enraptured gaze of Lily Belle the folds of a dainty, blue muslin.

"None o' yer sec'n'-han' clo'es, nuther," said she. "I done bought it at *de sto'*, en had a white 'oman make it. None o' yer sec'n'-han' stuff fur *my* gal, same lak she 'uz a nigger."

So it was always; the black girl worked, worshiped, and filled the innocent brain of poor, foolish Lily with ideas as false as the blood in her own blue veins.

Lily Belle went to school at last, but with strictest instructions as to associating with "them school-niggers." So she sat apart at her lessons, and stood alone to look on at at their play. In consequence they despised her for a "stuck-up white nigger." At the same time they envied her her strain of white blood that lightened her skin and straightened her hair. And so she grew to girlhood, the envy of one race, the contempt of another. She knew that she was set apart, but all 'Mandy Ann's teaching had failed to tell her why.

'Mandy Ann detected the change, the overshadowing and increasing tendency to gloom that was at work in the girl's heart but she did not understand that it was born of the suppression of youth, and of the denial of the human to the human crying for social companionship. She had taught her to despise the negro, and at last the inevitable happened: she discovered that 'Mandy Ann was a negro, one of the race she had been taught to look upon as common and unclean.

It was the day of a public festival in the

town, and the sisters had stopped in ear-shot of a party of white people, boys and girls. Lily Belle heard that which 'Mandy Ann did not.

"What a shame," a woman's voice declared, "that nice, trim, little mulatto has to spend her life along with that thick-lipped, flat-nosed negress."

"It does seem too bad," a man replied; "but a nigger is a nigger, you know."

"Yes, but she might do better; she could hire out and get to herself, and make her own surroundings."

Lily Belle's heart beat like a hammer in her bosom. It was all as plain as day in an instant. She dogged the steps of the white woman all day until she had tracked her home. The next day she had it out with 'Mandy Ann.

"You gwine ter leave me? Why, yer can't, Lil' Belle. I ain' learned yer ter work," wailed poor 'Mandy. "Yer mus' n' talk 'bout dat, honey."

"I done got a place, and I'm a-goin'," said the girl. "I'm goin' ter be maid, and travel. I'm a-goin' this very day, and 't ain't no use ter say a word."

The black girl threw up her hands in an agony of weeping.

"O, my God! what gwine become o' dat pore chil'?" she sobbed.

The "poor child" was happy at last; she had found her niche,—the corner in the wall of destiny where the mongrel-human might crawl out of the way of the world's march. She was packing her things,—the little lace and muslin that the black sister's hands had made possible.

'Mandy Ann staggered to her side.

"Do n' leave me, honey," she begged. "I git yer a hull lot o' things ef yer stay."

Alas! 'Mandy Ann had come to face that point when false affection can no longer be tempted by bribery. It always presents itself sooner or later.

The younger girl turned upon her like a cat. She seemed to have developed ferocity in a night.

"I can't stay on here this way," said she. "I ain't white and I ain't black. I never pass a white girl on the street she

do' n't pull her skirts back, and I never pass a man he do' n't stop to ask where I live. As for the niggers,—I *hate* 'em."

The inevitable had happened.

"I's a nigger," said 'Mandy Ann, hoping now for a simple, kind word of parting.

"I can't help that," was the reply.

Poor heart; poor broken, bleeding heart.

"I fotched yer in my arms, dese ve'y arms, all day en night, through de woods en de dark."

"I did n't ask you to," said the ingrate, folding a muslin waist.

"I did n't haf ter be axed," moaned 'Mandy Ann. "Mammy tol' me with her las' breath ter tek keer o' yer, en I done hit de bes' I could. She say she gwine git up out'n de grave en *ha'nt* me,—O, my God! You's *got* ter stay. I's 'feared ter let yer go; I's 'feared o' Mammy."

"Shucks!" said Lily Belle. "You talk like a—*nigger*."

It was but one stab more, but it went to the heart.

"I nussed yer en keered fur yer—"

"I done heard all that forty times," snapped the girl, "and it's just a waste o' breath."

And then before the awfulness of ingratitude the stricken heart braced itself for a last effort:

"Well, yer ain' heard dis here. Out dere, away off yander in de woods en de night en de col', when I wropped yer in my own rags ag'inst the fros', I had a dream, a vision. It come ter me in de night,—a milk-white heifer, *wid a knife in its heart*. En it took de face ob human-folks, en when I looked at it de heifer had took *yo' own face*. En de knife dat went ter de calf's heart stobbed mine at de same time. It's a-bleedin' now, dis minute, en it'll bleed o' de wound till I die. En now, sence de things is packed, dar's yo' wag'n at de do'. En I want ter say, when yer crosses day sill yer's *gone*. En ef some day de little white calf find de knife in its heart, do n' come back ter *me*. *De door'll be shet*."

And so they parted. The inevitable had happened; and *did* happen. One night, when she had been gone less than two years, and 'Mandy Ann sat alone in the cabin listening to the rain that poured against the roof and the wind shrieking down the chimney, there came a step across the porch, and a knock at the cabin-door; a woman's voice crying out above the storm:

"Sister! O, sister!"

Was it a dream? Another vision of the night? Or was the "ha'nt" come to fulfill its threat? Startled and cold the black woman sat upright in her chair and listened.

"Sister! O, sister! Let me in! I am cold."

It was the child, crying again in the wilderness. 'Mandy Ann rose, threw open the door, and out of the blackness floated a white, pain-drawn face that pressed toward her, as Lily Belle, poor vagrant Lily Belle, staggered toward the warmth and the light.

The black girl sent up a wild cry, and throwing her apron over her face, slipped moaning to the floor.

The inevitable had happened. The little, white calf had a knife in its heart.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Estill Springs, Tenn.

BLACKMORE, MILLER AND MORRIS ON WORK.

BY "UNIVOCE."

THERE is a profound truth in the terse observation of the author of *Lorna Doone*, that "without proper work we all relapse into monkeys or advance into devils." Work is one of the most precious and necessary things in this life, but like all other blessings it may become a curse or a blighting influence, as where excessive toil makes of life a virtual slavery. Excess in any direction is destructive to growth and normal development. Herein lies another truth which the more enlightened minds of our age are beginning to apprehend.

In his exquisite prose-poem, *The Building of the City Beautiful*, Joaquin Miller points out that according to the Edenic legend, Deity's declaration or law of life, given to Adam as the gates of idyllic youth were closing upon him, was: "By the sweat of *thy* brow thou shalt eat bread till thou returnest to the ground." And the poet-philosopher adds: "Not in the sweat of the face of another. . . . We search the Bible in vain for any single exception in favor of any human being, be he priest, prophet, president, or king. . . . And so firmly fixed is this law of God,

established in the laws of nature, that the experience of six thousand years testifies that this is the only path to perfect health."

William Morris, the English poet, artist and social-reformer, emphasizes this broadening ideal of social justice as it relates to work and the duty of the coming civilization, in these striking words:

"It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do: and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

"Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet if Society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward *could* not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then?" "UNIVOCE."

Brookline, Mass.



Drawn by Dan. Beard.

Dan Beard

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT NEW(MONKEY)PORT.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FASHIONABLE LIFE OF OUR OVER-RICH MUSHROOM ARISTOCRACY
AS IT SEEMS TO THE OBSERVER.

(See Editorial.)

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



Bushnell, in Detroit Tribune.



Bradley, in the Chicago Daily News.

MORGAN: "IF I ONLY KNEW HOW IT IS DONE!" BESIDES, UNCLE RUSSELL MAY NEED YOUR MONEY.



Handy, in the Duluth Tribune.

PUBLIC: "WHAT A SUCKER I MUST BE!"



Taylor, in the Chicago Daily News.

THE KEYNOTE.

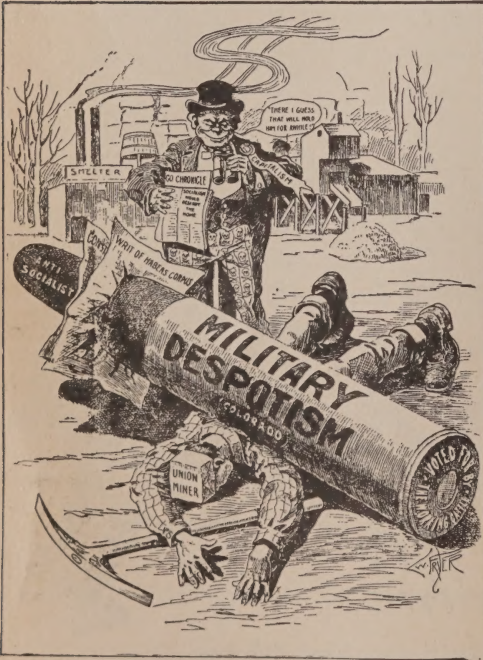
THE CREED AND THE GREED OF THE TRUSTS AS VOICED BY MR. BAER AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE CARTOONISTS.



Norman, in the Boston Daily Post.
STANDING PAT.



"STANDING PAT."
Warren's Idea (in the Boston Herald) of where the People come in under the Trust-Ruled Republican Party's Thought.

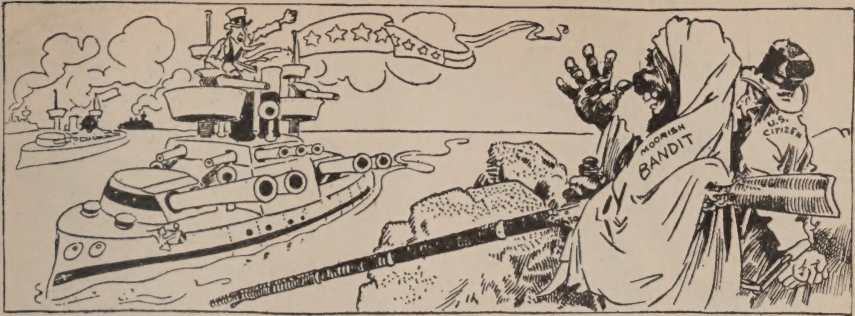


Fryer, in the Chicago Socialist.
AND HIS VOTE DID IT.



Fryer, in the Chicago Socialist.
IF YOU WANT THE OMELET YOU MUST
BREAK THE EGG.

WHY IS IT?



THAT THE FOREIGN BANDIT WHO HOLDS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN AROUSES UNCLE SAM TO FURY,



WHILE THE HOME-GROWN OPPRESSOR DOES BUSINESS AS A MATTER OF COURSE?

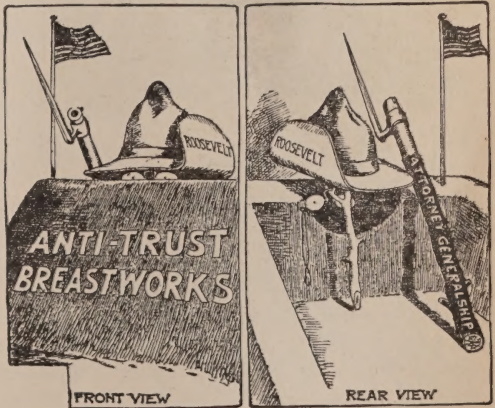
Bradley, in the *Chicago Daily News*.

(Reproduced by special permission of the publisher, Mr. Victor F. Lawson.)



Bush, in the *New York World*.

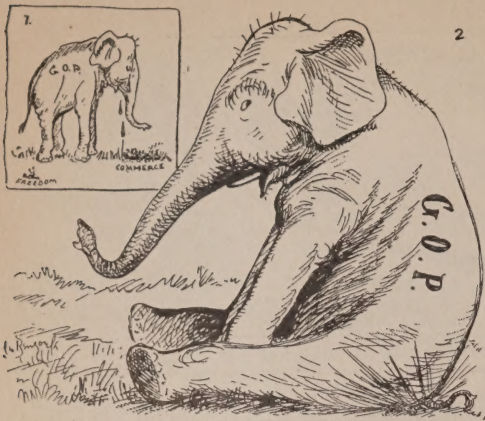
THE LION OF THE TRANSVAAL.
(After Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne.")



From the *Philadelphia Record*.

Colonel Roosevelt's Anti-Trust Campaign in a Nut-shell.

"FEW WORDS COMPREHEND THE WHOLE."



Benson, in *The Public*, Chicago.
"PROTECTION."

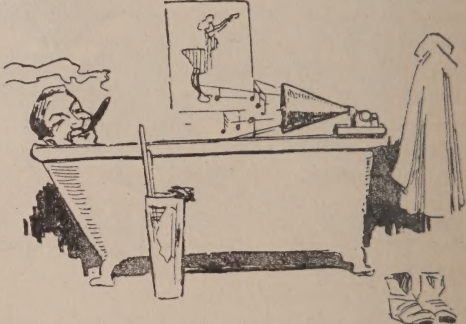
An Elephant, having trampled upon a mother-Lark, looked with Compassion upon the Brood and said: "Poor little Things—I will protect you!" So saying she sat down on the nest.



Steele, in the *Denver Miners' Magazine*.
COLORADO'S MODERN LAOCOON.



May, in the *Detroit Journal*.
THE STRONG MAN.



Boston *Evening Record*.
WHY GO TO THE SEA-SHORE?



Bush, in the *New York World*.
THE BOLT FROM ESOPUS.



Payne, in the *Pittsburg Gazette*.
NOT SO EASY TO EXTINGUISH.

EDITORIALS.

THE BREAKING-DOWN OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT IN AN AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

I. RUSSIA IN AMERICA, OR ANARCHY AND DESPOTISM IN COLORADO.

THE OUTRAGES that have marked the bloody chapter in Colorado's history are such as to demand the thoughtful consideration of all earnest patriots. On the twelfth of June, ex-Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska, a strong Republican, an able lawyer and statesman, but a man who has always been classed as a friend of corporations, in an interview given to the New York *American* on the subject of the high-handed action of the State militia in Colorado, in arresting and deporting from the state men against whom there was no evidence that they had committed any criminal act, uttered these grave and weighty words:

"The act of the Colorado militia in driving out of the State members of the Western Federation of Miners, Saturday, was purely an exercise of despotic power. In Russia this sort of thing would go unnoticed. But we will not countenance such a thing in the United States of America, the Constitution of which Government reads that every man shall be entitled to the right of citizenship.

"The attempt of the militia to deport miners from Colorado, who were claimed to be a menace to the public good, is a crime against the United States Government. Every theory of our Government argues against this action; if they have established a precedent, there will be no such thing hereafter as a place of justice for any one against whom a State, or an individual sets its seal. The innocent will suffer along with the guilty."

In the same interview Mr. Thurston, who is the last man in the United States to be biased even remotely in favor of the workers in their battle against the great smelter, mining and railroad interests of Colorado, said:

"There is no law in this country that allows men to be driven from one State to another

without first a trial in which they be allowed to defend themselves. The militia of Colorado and those who are directing its actions evidently have acted entirely upon their own responsibility and without having been advised properly. Surely they must realize that they are playing the part of despots, and that their work will not be glossed over by those who are bound to interest themselves in behalf of the unfortunate miners.

"Every man in the United States has a constitutional right to his life and his liberty until these are taken from him by due process of law. If he is proven to have committed a crime, he is disposed of by law, according to the extent of his offence. If his defence shows that he is innocent, he is allowed to go free and enjoy the same rights of citizenship he did before he was arraigned.

"Unless a charge has been preferred, the proper papers made out and the man arrested, the authorities have no right to meddle in his affairs or disturb his actions—unless they tend against the public safety. After this process the laws of our country demand that he shall be given trial. In this way justice is done. There is no other way a public offender may be dealt with legally.

"Whatever the facts in the controversy between the miners and the troops in Colorado may be, no such action as has taken place is justified. It is an outrageous exhibition of power on the part of the authorities.

"It makes no difference whether these miners are members of a union—that in itself is, of course, no offence—or whether as union members they performed acts that jarred against public sentiment or even were of criminal design, the authorities had only two ways in which to treat them. First, to take precautionary steps against a repetition of the offences; second, to follow the regular methods of arrest and incrimination. In this way the innocent man would not have had to suffer with those who may be guilty.

"It is simply a case of mob-law exercised by the authorities of the State of Colorado.

"Mobs composed of the people, in practically every instance on record, have been quieted after a lawful manner. And those of the mob who were the real guilty ones have been punished. In the civil and criminal suits that are sure to be brought against the authorities of the State of Colorado, the punishment for the authorized mob likely will be found."

On June 12th, Mr. Henry George, Jr., than whom there is no more careful or conscientious essayist or journalist in America to-day, and no more sincere lover of law, order and democratic government, telegraphed a graphic pen-picture of the situation as he found it in Colorado, to the *New York American*. In the course of his report Mr. George made the following observations:

"The astounding situation here in Colorado is that instead of bending all their efforts to putting down what they declare to be a state of lawlessness, Governor Peabody and the higher authorities, using the military arm of the government, are devoting practically all their attention to putting down the law.

"In a recent proclamation the Governor declared the Cripple Creek mining-region in a 'state of insurrection and rebellion.' This properly describes it.

"But the prime insurrectionists against the constitutional order of things and the chief rebels against the regularly-established laws are the Governor and his soldiers, acting with various 'citizens' committees,' inspired and influenced by, where they are not directly representative of, the great and all-powerful railroad, mining and smelting interests of Colorado.

"It is bayonet-rule against the rule established by the ballot.

"It is causing not only the hasty and violent, but the thoughtful and forbearing, to lose hope of effecting a peaceful cure of industrial disturbances through the exercise of the franchise.

"It is bringing both classes of men to the erroneous belief that the only remedy lies in resort to force and revolution."

Mr. George next describes the condition of public sentiment in Colorado, and shows how the great corporations have succeeded in confusing the real issues in the public mind. On this point he observes:

"The population generally seems to be divided into two camps—those who are for the mine-owners, or at least against the trade-unions, and those who are for the miners and the trade-unions.

"Little heed is given to the main cause of all the present strike-troubles in Colorado; to the cause of corrupted condition of politics, to the cause of the sweeping away of lawful municipal authority and substitution of authority based upon military rule.

"That factor is the closely-associated and harmonious mining, smelting and transportation monopolies of the State.

"They and not the citizens are the real owners of Colorado.

"And what they own they manage in their own way, subscribing to the campaign-fund of either or both political parties when it pleases them to do so; influencing elections when and in what manner they desire, effecting or blocking or neutralizing such legislation as they choose; swaying the higher courts; and to a great extent directing administrative government and the military arm when necessary.

"The owners of Colorado make and unmake the makers of laws as easily and as quietly as they make and unmake the laws themselves.

"The real underlying question in Colorado at this time, then, is not one of issue between capital and labor but a struggle between the great allied monopolies on the one side and the body of the plain people on the other.

"The question of monopoly, however, is by the monopoly managers skillfully kept in the background, while the collateral and superficial aspects are deftly brought and kept to the front. The word 'trade-unionism' is caused to be made the shibboleth and fierce passions are inflamed for and against it.

"How often we hear denunciation of trade-unionism for preventing the non-union man from working; yet here is that very principle applied in behalf of the mine-owners against both non-union and union men.

"And applied by whom? Not by the Mine-Owners' Association, not by the dependent Citizens' Alliance or any other of the citizens' committees, which are all against the miners; but by the soldiers of the State of Colorado.*

*In this connection we invite the attention of our readers to the following thoughtful editorial from the *New York World* of June 14th:

"It is fortunate that the action of the military authorities of Colorado in closing the Portland Mine will be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. We shall thus have an authoritative decision upon a question that threatens to have a painful importance—the question how

"Adjutant-General Bell issued a proclamation against all members of the Western Federation of Miners in and about the Cripple Creek region, as well as members of all affiliated trade-unions. To outward appearances, at least, giving up serious search for those who caused the dynamite explosion and the killing of fifteen men at the railroad station at Independence, a little mining-town close to Cripple Creek, he and his soldiers have been busy arresting trade-unionists and lodging them in military barracks, popularly called a 'bull-pen,' and have been deporting others summarily beyond the boundaries of the State.

"General Bell's great purpose is to exterminate the miners' union and its affiliations in that part of Colorado.

"As to whether a man has a right to be a member of this order or that trade-union gives him little concern. As to whether an orderly citizen has or has not a right to live where he pleases so long as he infringes not the rights of another seemingly gives him no thought.

"His one aim is to wipe out the miners' union in that part of Colorado. And he brings to the task much zeal and an abundance of courage.

"And apparently feeling that the end justifies the means, General Bell is a party to methods that are nothing less than revolutionary. The sheriff of Teller county, in which Cripple Creek lies, the county assessor, the county treasurer and the county clerk were each in turn invited to resign their posts by a citizens' committee, backed by the soldiers. . . .

"The invitation to resign is said to have been couched in the form of friendly advice, and, in the case of the sheriff at least, was accompanied by the close view of a rope with a noose. Under such circumstances it did not take these regularly-elected and installed public officials

far the constitutional rights of citizens are at the mercy of martial law in the States.

"By the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States it is provided that 'no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.'

"It is plain that hundreds of people of Colorado have been deprived of liberty and property, if not of life, by the simple order of a military commander, without even the judgment of a court-martial. Will a Federal court hold that to be 'due process of law'? Many things can undoubtedly be done under martial law, but have the powers of a commander in a proclaimed district any limits whatever? If so, what are they?

"Of one thing we may be pretty sure. The United States courts may hold that General Bell has the power to do whatever he pleases without giving any reasons, but they will not hold that he has furnished a good reason in saying that he is exterminating the Western Federation of Miners because it 'is being made a vehicle for the promotion of Socialism.' Even the Kaiser has not ventured to make Socialism a ground for extermination, much as he might like to do so."

long to take the hint. They resigned and came to Denver. They believe that since they resigned under duress, their vacating of the Teller county offices cannot stand in law.

"But what do trampers of the law care about the law? By the method they vacated these public offices, they refilled them. By the advice and help of the soldiers, the Mine-Owners' Association and the citizens' committees, the County Commissioners and the Aldermen selected successors."

Here we have the legal opinion of one of the ablest corporation and constitutional lawyers among the Republican statesmen as to the unconstitutional and high-handed course of the authorities of Colorado, and the pen-picture of the situation by one of the most careful of our present-day journalists. Let us now look at a few of the pertinent facts in the case.

II. THE UGLY RUMOR CONNECTED WITH GENERAL BELL'S APPOINTMENT.

At the time of the appointment of Mr. Bell to his present position as Adjutant-General, the *Boston Transcript*, one of the most carefully-edited and ultra-conservative dailies of New England, published a telegram from Colorado stating that Mr. Bell, who was then receiving a salary of five thousand dollars for work in the employ of one of the great mining companies, had been appointed to the position of Adjutant-General, and as the salary for the latter position was considerably less than his present salary, the Mine-Owners' Association was to make up the difference. This statement, we are under the impression, was later denied by General Bell; but whether any secret arrangement was made with the corporations with which Bell was in close financial relations and in hearty sympathy, or whether he chose to take a smaller salary so as to prove his absolute allegiance to the corporations in what every one in Colorado believed to be a pending conflict between the corporations that dominate the state, and the miners, we know not; but certain it is that no man could have more faithfully carried out the wishes of the immensely-rich mining-corporations, or proved himself more ruthless and absolutely devoid of all conception of the fundamental principles of free government and the rights of American citizenship, than has this man whom the corporation interests secured at the head of the militia of the State, and whose high-handed

action is so fittingly denounced by ex-Senator Thurston in the above paragraphs.

III. GOVERNOR PEABODY'S DEFENCE.

Governor Peabody telegraphed a defence of his action to the *New York World*, which was published in that paper on June 14th, in which he said:

"The reason for deporting strikers and agitators from Cripple Creek was the dynamite outrage of June 6th, whereby fourteen non-union miners were instantly killed, and the subsequent street-riots and killing of two non-union miners by the same element."

How wide of the mark is this so-called reason, cited as a justification of his extraordinary acts, must appear to every man capable of reasoning, who is not wholly blinded by interest or prejudice. Governor Peabody and General Bell assume that a man, if he belongs to a labor-union or if he is a socialist, is a criminal. The fact that there was no evidence whatever against many of the men who were exiled from their homes and families without due process of law, was a matter of as little moment to these men as the deportation of innocent Russians to Siberia is a matter of indifference to the bureaucratic tyrants of Russia. What would be thought of a man who on the assassination of President Lincoln reasoned thus? John Wilkes Booth was a Democrat. Democrats opposed Lincoln. John Wilkes Booth assassinated Lincoln. Therefore all Democrats ought to be exiled, because one of their number had committed a dastardly crime.

Or suppose we consider another case. Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt headed the Stalwart faction of the Republican party just prior to the assassination of President Garfield, and they bitterly opposed the Garfield administration, because they held that the president had betrayed them. In their opposition they created intense public sentiment in certain quarters against President Garfield. Among the number of men who came under the influence of their bitter resentment was a Stalwart Republican named Charles J. Guiteau. This man assassinated President Garfield. Therefore summary punishment should have been dealt out to Senators Conkling and Platt, and to all other Stalwart Republicans. Absurd as would such reasoning be, it is less absurd than the position taken by Governor

Peabody in his so-called defence; for at the time of his sanctioning or directing the unconstitutional and high-handed assault upon the most sacred right of the American citizen, against which ex-Senator Thurston so wisely protests, there was no evidence (nor is there at the present writing, for that matter) that the men who were thus punished without due process of law had committed, directly or indirectly, the dastardly dynamite crime.

In the presence of the dynamiting crime it was clearly the duty of all right-minded citizens to set in motion all legitimate legal machinery for the finding out of the perpetrator or perpetrators and the prompt punishment of the same to the full extent of the law. And just here let us emphasize the important fact that no sincere or conscientious patriot desires to shield the criminals or prevent justice from taking its course, whether those legal offenders be miners or members of the so-called Citizens' Alliance or other organizations beholden to the corporations. But the point which friends of republican institutions must insist upon is that discrimination must be made and that the criminals and not persons wholly innocent must be punished. Herein lies a fundamental difference which marks the two antagonistic theories of government,—the one upon which free institutions and constitutional government rest, and which has hitherto found its noblest expression in the Anglo-Saxon world, and that of absolutism, such as to-day finds its most complete exemplification in the despotism of Russia. In a free government or a government administered by men of conscience, conviction and an adequate conception of the requirements of justice and the rights of men, crimes are punished impartially and with due severity, but through the orderly operation of law. Even when extraordinary conditions obtain, so that military rule or martial law is proclaimed, hitherto offenders have been accorded the right of court-martial. Under the Russian despotism, however, the case is different. The question is not so much one of the guilt or innocence of the party or parties who may be objectionable to the bureaucracy or the tyrants who rule the state, as the fact that they are objectionable. If the tyrants desire them removed, the simple fact that they have the power to remove them, and no consideration of the rights of the individual or the cause of justice, marks the course of authority.

Now we believe no unbiased person cognizant of the unquestioned facts of the past few

months in Colorado or the utterances of General Bell, can fail for one moment to admit that the course which has marked the action of Governor Peabody and General Bell in their battle for the corporate interests of Colorado has been that of the Russian autocrat rather than that of the democratic statesman or soldier. This fact cannot be too solemnly emphasized. The action of the Governor and the Adjutant-General in arresting and deporting miners against whom there was no criminal evidence is absolutely fatal to free government, and cannot and must not be tolerated. It is, as ex-Senator Thurston intimates, the substitution of the Russian ideal for the American ideal. It can result in but two things—an irresponsible despotism on the one hand, breeding revolution, and violence and anarchy on the other.

IV. SOME FACTS GIVEN BY MR. RAY STANNARD BAKER.

The most masterly, exhaustive and on the whole judicially impartial account of the reign of anarchy in Colorado was written by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker after a careful and thorough personal investigation of the whole situation from its inception to the time of his writing. This paper was published in *McClure's Magazine* for May and forms one of the magnificent series of papers on the great questions of the time which is making *McClure's Magazine* one of the greatest moral factors in America. While he in no wise minimizes the lawless or criminal acts which have been committed by the miners, Mr. Baker is equally explicit in his account of the lawless and inexcusable acts of the corporations and their creatures among the civil and military officials of the commonwealth. After describing how General Bell and his associates introduced the Russian methods into a republican state and arrested men without warrants and without charges, locking them in "an unsavory place called the bull-pen," keeping them *incommunicado* for weeks, thus treading upon and disregarding every right of the individual citizen, he proceeds to show the high-handed manner in which these men, "clad in a little brief authority," acted toward the judicial and other civil officers who had been duly elected by the people. When Judge Seeds ordered that the prisoners in the bull-pen be brought into court, that a legal and orderly inquiry might be made to find out whether any innocent men were be-

ing deprived of their liberty, the heads of the militia surrounded the court-house with armed men; "they planted sharp-shooters on the roofs of the buildings round about; they set a gatling-gun in the street outside, and then they marched into court with an overawing force of troopers which they planted squarely in front of the judge's bench. When the judge approached his own court he was halted with a bayonet brought to his breast, and kept waiting the pleasure of an officer from Denver!" He next shows how Mr. Engley, former Attorney-General of the State of Colorado, acting as one of the attorneys for the prisoners, after declaring that "no real justice could be administered in a court intimidated by armed men" and that "the constitutional guarantee that courts shall be open and free has been invaded and overthrown," left the room. But the judge decided that the prisoners "must not be deprived of their liberty without charges, and ordered that they be surrendered to the civil court. The generals deliberately violated the court order, and marched the prisoners back to the bull-pen, with the sharpshooters and the gatling-gun."

He furthermore shows that finally the Governor—who by the way is a banker and is heart and soul in sympathy with the great corporations—"himself took the gravest step which any executive officer in this country can take, a step forbidden except under the most stringent safeguards, by the constitution of practically every state in the Union, including that of Colorado—he suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of one Victor Poole, keeping him locked up without due process of law, for weeks."

As further showing the lawlessness and essentially despotic action of this irresponsible militia, Mr. Baker observes: "Small boys and even women, one the wife of a merchant, were actually arrested for speaking disparagingly of the soldiers, and sent to the bull-pen. Private homes, the castles of the citizens, were entered and searched without warrant. A squad of soldiers visited the home of Sherman Parker in the night, when Parker himself was away, aroused his wife from bed, forced her, in her night-clothes, in the presence of these men, to hold the lamp while they searched the house—and found no arms."

These citations are only a few of numbers of instances given by Mr. Baker, illustrating the essentially lawless and brutally despotic character of General Bell and the militia under his

command, acting as the henchmen of the great corporations that, as Henry George rightly expresses it, "own the State of Colorado." One act of the Governor alone may be cited as illustrating the fact that he is wholly innocent of the instincts of a statesman and ignorant of the fundamental principles of free government, even under the most charitable possible construction that can be placed upon his action. This man, sworn to uphold the rights of all the citizens of Colorado, actually allowed the Mine-Owners' Association, one of the parties in the dispute, to advance the money to pay the State militia for its services on the scene of the disturbance. This action has justly called forth the protests of all right-minded men of all parties, and has even been strongly censured by military authorities. Thus the *Army and Navy Journal*, in speaking of this high-handed action of the Governor, says:

"But that he (the Governor) should virtually borrow money from the mine-owners to maintain the troops whom he had assigned to guard their property was a serious reflection upon the authorities of the State. That arrangement virtually placed the troops, for the time being, in the relation of hired men to the mine-operators, and morally suspended their function of state military guardians of the public peace. It was a rank perversion of the whole theory and purpose of the National Guard, and more likely to incite disorder than prevent it."

In speaking of this phase of the question Mr. Baker observes that: "Subsequent developments show that the troops really made no attempt to do impartial police-duty: they sided openly with the mine-owners, were paid and directed by the mine-owners. The Governor himself sided with the mine-owners. The troops came out not merely to prevent violence, but to *break the strike*, 'to do up this anarchistic federation,' as General Sherman Bell himself told me."

In this connection we may also quote Mr. Baker's words in reference to a remonstrance made to the officers on account of the unconstitutionality of their action:

"And martial law has been neither gentle nor forbearing; when accused of violating the Constitution, Judge-Advocate McClelland remarked:

"To hell with the Constitution; we are not following the Constitution."

"Colonel Verdeckberg, commanding officer in the Cripple Creek district, declared:

"We are under orders only from God and Governor Peabody.'"

The above brief citations will be sufficient to show the character of the despotic and un-American officials who have in the most servile manner been obeying the dictates of the three great corporate interests that dominate the State of Colorado,—the railroads, the smelter-trust and the Mine-Owners' Association. That the miners have been guilty of lawless acts is unquestionable; and no one, least of all THE ARENA, would minify the enormity of such crimes as have been committed, whether they be committed by rash, ignorant and untrained minds, or by educated men clothed in executive or military authority. But we would point out the fact that crimes committed by officials are far more demoralizing in their character and lead more speedily to degeneration and general contempt for law and authority than individual overt acts. Moreover, when great officials become the tools, mouthpieces and right arms of despotic organizations, democracy is placed in deadly peril. And this thought leads us to the fundamental cause of the present reign of anarchy in Colorado.

V. A FIRST CAUSE OF THE BREAK-DOWN IN POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

This overthrow of democracy and the establishment of a brutal and essentially lawless military despotism is found in the refusal of the peoples' servants to obey the mandates of the electorate. On this point Mr. Baker observes:

"One of the great underlying reasons for the existing struggle, as I have said, was the demand for an eight-hour day in the smelters and mills of Colorado. The eight-hour agitation has been long-continued and bitter. Several years ago the unions began a systematic effort to secure legislation limiting the hours of work in reduction-mills, in underground mine-workings, and in smelters—all occupations more or less dangerous and injurious to health—where the employees now work from nine to twelve hours a day. And twelve hours a day in the often poisonous atmosphere of a smelter, any one will admit, is not humanizing toil. In 1899 the Legislature passed an eight-hour law restricting employment in these occupations. When an attempt to enforce it was made, the smelter-trust, the coal-operators, and other

interests fought it before the State Supreme Court, which finally declared the law unconstitutional, although the United States Supreme Court had already approved a similar law passed in Utah. Such legislation, indeed, now exists in Kansas, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Arizona, British Columbia, and elsewhere."

The unions of Colorado immediately inaugurated a movement for the passing of an amendment to the Constitution, and in November, 1902, the question was submitted to the electorate and was carried by the overwhelming majority of 46,714 votes. Both the Republican and Democratic parties pledged themselves to the enactment of a law to enforce the amendment. Indeed, the passage of such a measure was made mandatory. But when the legislators assembled, the powerful lobby of the corporations assailed them, while the well-known figures of the master-spirits in the great smelter-trust and other powerful corporate interests were seen on every hand mingling with the statesmen. The result was that the legislators that had solemnly pledged themselves to pass the enacting law—a duty that had been made mandatory upon them—betrayed the voters at the dictation of the corporations that control the state. The law was not passed. In commenting on this action of the people's servants Mr. Baker well observes:

"The effect of this defeat upon the unions may well be imagined. They had worked long and hard to secure this legislation, they had voted for pledged legislators, only to see the plainly-expressed will of the people deliberately defeated! Is it a wonder that they were discouraged, even desperate? Here they were compelled to strike to enforce what should have been a State law! It is just such doings as these that drive men to Socialism. We preach to the agitators: 'Your remedy is the ballot: vote and get your rights.'

"Here voting did no good. In nearly all the strike-speeches I heard in Colorado, this defeat of the will of the people was the strongest argument that could be used. I heard President Moyer say in a speech at Pueblo:

"What is the use of your ballots, anyway? You might as well tear them up and throw them in the gutter."

There are few greater crimes in a republican government than the betrayal of an electorate, for such an offence strikes at the vitals of free institutions. It is a crime that should be pun-

ished with the most extreme penalties that are administered for the gravest offences. So long as the ballot is sacred; so long as the people's servants obey the electorate, the foundations of democracy are secure. But once tamper with a free ballot, or permit the people's servants to betray them, and security gives place to a condition which cannot fail to degenerate into despotism or anarchy. Here lay the crime that proved the real, vital point of grievance which has led to all the lawlessness and despotism that have blighted Colorado during recent months—the anarchy from below and the anarchy from above.

At this writing we are told that peace reigns in the districts over which the militia holds sway. But what kind of peace? The peace bred of justice and marked by the orderly operation of law, which challenges the respect and admiration of intelligence and conscience, or the peace born of ruthless and arbitrary despotism? The peace of a republic under a Jefferson, or the peace of a Russia under a Czar? In one case peace means security, happiness and growth, because it rests on justice bulwarked by law and order. In the other the peace rests upon the strong arm of an irresponsible and absolute despotism; and under the smooth surface of this kind of peace ever smoulder the fires of hate and revenge, breeding revolution and anarchy.

VI. THE IMPERATIVE DEMAND FOR THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM ILLUSTRATED.

Never was the imperative demand for the enactment of the initiative and referendum to preserve the fundamental principles of free government more forcibly illustrated than in the reign of lawlessness, with its carnival of murder, violation of constitutional rights and military despotism, which has marked recent months in Colorado. With the initiative and referendum in active operation, the corrupting lobby of the smelter-trust, the Mine-Owners' Association and the railroads would have been powerless in making null and void the positive mandate of the overwhelming majority of the voters of Colorado; for there would have been no inducement to the great trusts that under the present order are the real masters of Colorado, to debauch the people's representatives who had been pledged to the passage of the enacting law demanded by the electorate, because they would have known that the voters would have promptly exercised the fundamental right of a

democratic government through the operation of the initiative. Therefore, had these safeguards of republican institutions obtained in Colorado, as they at present obtain in Oregon, the State would have been saved from her disgrace and from the expenditure of vast sums of money which her citizens will have to pay for the expenses incident to the breaking down of republican government and the establishment of military rule. Moreover, the crimes of murder and other acts of lawlessness would have been prevented; and what is of greatest importance of all, the majesty and power of republican government, acting in an orderly and constitutional manner, would have obtained instead of the overthrow of free institutions

and the prevalence of anarchy and military despotism.

If the republic is to be saved from an intolerable commercial despotism (which places property rights as much above the rights of man as did the old monarchical interests which the revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries overthrew), backed by subservient officials who are as essentially reactionary as the Russian bureaucracy, it must be through the prompt action of the people and a general movement for the establishment of republican measures to meet the menacing conditions of the present time—such measures as those provided by Majority Rule or Direct Legislation.

THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEES.

AT THIS writing all the nominations have been made for president; but as we have reserved our survey of the political field for the September issue, we content ourselves with a brief mention of the candidates and the mention of one or two facts that should be considered by voters before arriving at any decision as to how they shall cast their ballots.

The Republicans have nominated Theodore Roosevelt on a platform which under the circumstances and conditions that obtain at present, promises little or no relief for the people from the lawless aggressions of the railroad corporations and the oppressions by the trusts. The spirit, temper and character of the Republican convention was well illustrated in the prompt refusal to recognize the regularly-elected delegation from Wisconsin, headed by Governor LaFollette, the sworn enemy of railroad oppression and friend of free government, and the equally prompt seating of the bolting delegation which represents the machine and corporation domination in politics, headed by the well-known champion of railroad interests, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. While a further illustration of the temper of the Republican party at the present time was given in the prompt seating of the delegation from Delaware, headed by the notorious boss, Edward Addicks, who since the death of Senator Quay is the most odious representative of the degradation of American politics through boss-rule

in the republic. Mr. Addicks was later made a member of the National Committee of the Republican party.

So far back as September 26, 1902, the *Detroit To-Day*, now the *Detroit Times*, published the following dispatch:

"New York, Sept. 26.—From an absolutely reliable source it is learned that J. Pierpont Morgan is determined to prevent the renomination of President Roosevelt, if possible, and if not, to elect a Democrat who will be more favorable to the trusts. 'We can stand a Democratic president, if necessary,' he said. 'We can stand tariff-reform. But we cannot stand any more of Roosevelt's intermeddling with our affairs.'"

The same paper, on the same date, in another news dispatch from New York said:

"The first time that Senator Hanna had a private conference with President Roosevelt after he became President, he said to him:

"'Mr. President, I am for you now. I may be for you at the next Republican national convention, but I make no promises that I shall be.'"

Later in the dispatch the statement is made that Senator Hanna, in speaking to a third party, said:

"I told the President that I was for him then; that if his administration should fulfil the requirements of myself and those whom I represent, that I would be for him for re-nomination."

When President Roosevelt ordered the institution of proceedings against the Northern Securities Company, there was a momentary panic in Wall street among the great trust-magnates, as well as among the masters of the Republican machine, including Senator Hanna.

The dispatch, after quoting the above statement in regard to J. Pierpont Morgan's attitude, quotes Senator Hanna as saying that the trusts had selected a man to oppose Roosevelt; and the dispatch continues:

"He disclosed the name of the trust candidate, but the man in whom he confided will not reveal it. It is known, however, that J. Pierpont Morgan has discussed the availability of Judge Alton Parker as a trust candidate on the Democratic ticket, provided Roosevelt shall succeed in capturing the Republican nomination."

In the light of this dispatch, published two years ago next month, we can easily understand the reason why August Belmont, who

with J. Pierpont Morgan, realized a princely revenue from the secret bond-deal under Grover Cleveland's administration, and other representatives of corporate oppression of the people and the new commercial feudalism, were so insistent for Parker. That President Roosevelt has made his peace with the trusts seems apparent; but that they would hail with equal satisfaction the election of Alton B. Parker there is little room for doubt. It will be remembered that President Baer and Mr. Cassatt, at the head of the Pennsylvania system, and others of the great corporation and trust-leaders are of the same brand of Democrats as August Belmont, Senator M'Carren and David B. Hill, the three sponsors for Judge Parker. They will doubtless contribute as liberally to the campaign fund of the trustified Democratic party as will George Gould and other leading corporation and trust-magnates to President Roosevelt's campaign-fund.

The People's party has nominated the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, formerly member of Congress and author of *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*, *The Life of Napoleon*, and *History of the French Revolution*. Mr. Watson is unquestionably the truest representative of the democracy of Thomas Jefferson that has been named.

The Socialists have named Eugene V. Debs, and the Prohibitionists the Rev. S. C. Swallow.

THE PASSING OF THE LION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

WITH THE death of Paul Kruger a great, simple-hearted, sturdy statesman passed from earth—a man who long stood in the relation of a father to a people who were brave in heart, simple and austere in life, sturdy lovers of freedom, narrow of vision in some directions, and unhappily unjust in their treatment of the natives; yet with the exception of this sin, so common among the white peoples of earth, the South African Dutch were exceptionally frank, lovable, conscientious and fine-spirited people.

Kruger was one of their typical characters. He belonged to the old order; his life was marked by true republican simplicity; his chief concern was for the well-being and the integrity of his republic.

When, carried away by the dream of greater empire—by lust for land and gold—England's reactionary ministry brought the South African Republics face to face with war, Kruger pleaded for arbitration, but pleaded in vain.

Then came the terrible war in which the two sister republics went down, and in which England lost so many valiant lives while sacrificing her place as a moral leader among free peoples and losing much in military prestige and in treasure.

Kruger and the South African Republics are gone, but the influence of their heroic stand and loyalty to the ideal of free government remains, a deathless inspiration for men and nations of future ages.

AGRARIAN COÖPERATION IN IRELAND AND DENMARK.

THE GENERAL awakening of our farmers throughout the west and middle west to the importance of practical coöperation in order that they may realize the fruits of their industry, is one of the most encouraging and important signs of the hour. The union of the wealth-creators must ultimately end the reign of the exploiters. In these coöperative movements, however, America is but a tardy imitator of other lands. Great Britain and Europe have made marvelous strides in coöperation in recent decades. Even in such countries as Ireland and Denmark the agrarian population is becoming comparatively prosperous through coöperation, while a few years ago they were being ground between the upper and the nether millstones. In Ireland there are over sixty thousand members of agrarian coöperative organizations, and they are doing a business of considerably more than five million dollars a year, chiefly in dairy and poultry products. In Denmark there are over one thousand coöperative associations which control three-fourths of the milk-products of the kingdom. These associations handle thirty-five million dollars' worth

of butter a year. Here also are twenty-five coöperative bacon factories which handle three-fifths of all the pork-products of the realm, amounting to five million dollars per annum; while the coöperative poultry-associations export a half a million dollars' worth of eggs each year.

From the rapid strides recently taken by various coöperative organizations among our farmers, we are led to believe that in the course of five or six years the greater part of the farm-products of the north and west will be handled coöperatively, providing the men at the head of the movement exercise caution and wisdom in building securely as they go, not attempting to achieve too much at the very beginning. The most successful coöperative movements in the world have been of slow growth. The conspicuous failures have been usually due to persons inexperienced in large business-undertakings attempting to compete with the vast competitive and egoistic organizations with years of practical experience behind them and in the hands of some of the ablest and shrewdest representatives of modern commercial life.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT NEW(MONKEY)PORT.

(See Mr. Beard's cartoon.)

PERHAPS the banquets given in recent years at Newport to monkeys, and like disgusting diversions of our over-rich mushroom aristocracy, may have suggested Mr. Beard's striking cartoon contributed to this issue of THE ARENA; or it may be that this allegorical illustration is due to the artist's recognition of the fact that the monkey is the most imitative of all animals, and the American *parvenu* aristocrat's vulgar attempt to ape hereditary aristocracies has made him the subject of world-wide ridicule and contempt. Certain it is that in this suggestive cartoon we have an impressive picture of frivolous, soulless and unworthy existence which strikingly typifies the inane, purposeless and ignoble life of an increasing number of the favored children of privilege, who seem to have abandoned their higher ideals in an insane attempt to outshine

each other in worldly possessions and to gratify the physical senses. They who obtain wealth through privilege, chance or indirection, are more frequently the victims than the beneficiaries of their unearned gold. Wealth that by right belongs to others almost invariably sooner or later blasts, blights and shrivels the souls of those who strive to enjoy it. The moral order prevails in this universe, however slowly the mills of the gods may seem to grind; and every infraction of the law of justice sooner or later brings its penalty to the lives that have offended against the moral verities or have defied the fundamental law of solidarity. This is a truth that must be brought home to the consciousness of society in a compelling way ere we can hope to enjoy a true civilization in which peace, happiness, prosperity, and the unfoldment of the best in man will be possible.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC MOVEMENTS.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD GOVERNMENT AND POPULAR RIGHTS AND RING-RULE AND CORPORATION GREED IN WISCONSIN.

ONE OF THE most important political conflicts that has been waged in an American commonwealth in recent years is in progress in Wisconsin. It is a battle between the forces representing honesty, clean politics, good government and the just rights of the people on the one hand, and those who seek the continued ascendancy of corporation domination and oppression and corrupt machine-rule, fed by the ill-gotten gains of protected and privileged public-service companies and other privileged interests on the other. Incidentally this conflict has given emphasis to the fact we have several times pointed out: that wherever the trusts have been able to dominate politics they have placed their henchmen and vassals in the legislative departments of the national government; and that in this fact and its corollary,—that when they have been unable to secure the election of those whom they preferred, they have been able to paralyze the arm of justice through the bribery of senators, representatives and other public servants by the lavish bestowal of free passes and other forms of courtesies—lies the secret of their being able year after year to defeat the efforts of the Interstate Commerce Commission to bring relief to the wealth-producing and consuming masses.

In the present conflict in Wisconsin that intellectually able arch-reactionary and friend of corporate greed, Senator Spooner, together with his colleague and Congressman Babcock, has not only championed the cause of the railways and other public-service corporations and privileged interests in their practice of evading taxation and oppressing the people, but in order to defeat Governor LaFollette—whom

the corrupt political ring and its master, the railroads, have been unable to debauch or swerve from his allegiance to the cause of clean and honest politics and righteous and just taxation—has deliberately split the party and headed a factional movement. Governor LaFollette in Wisconsin has fought the battle for honesty and the rights of the people with the same resolute courage and fidelity to his trust that Joseph W. Folk has manifested in his war on the corrupt rings and the bribing corporations of Missouri. The rank and file of his party are overwhelmingly with the Governor of Wisconsin, and the only hope for his defeat lay in the railroads (which, as was shown so clearly, have been systematically evading the payment of millions upon millions of dollars in taxes that they should pay, while shamefully oppressing with discriminating and extortionate freight-rates the masses of the wealth-producers of the state) combining with the political ring which they have long dominated, and securing the services of United States senators and such of the congressmen as were beholden to them to deliberately divide the party. No one knew better than these parties that the result would probably be the election of a Democrat. But what was that to the railways? The corporations do not care what name a man goes by, provided he will wear their collar under his coat. And was not a Democrat complacent to corrupt ring-rule and corporate extortion preferable in the eyes of statesmen who are the champions of corporate interests to a man who placed the oath of office and loyalty to the rights of the people above thought of campaign-funds and ring-rule? The action of the bolters clearly indicated such to be the case.

The programme outlined by the Republicans of Wisconsin, led by Governor LaFollette, embraced these definite demands, which should meet with the hearty support of every

friend of republican institutions, of pure and honest government, and of just rights for all the people:

(1) Direct primaries; (2) *ad valorem* taxation of railways; (3) the abolition of all railway passes to public officials; (4) the conferment of the power on the State Railroad Commission to "fix and enforce reasonable transportation charges, so far as the same may be subject to state control." A similar power is advocated to be conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission "to control transportation charges and to reduce the same when excessive to a reasonable basis." (5) An inheritance tax; (6) A constitutional amendment allowing the enactment of a graduated income-tax.

The ring faction through which the corporations hoped to defeat Governor LaFollette naturally either opposed these measures or were silent upon them. It was believed by the friends of clean government, honest politics and popular rights among the Republicans of Wisconsin, that President Roosevelt would unhesitatingly favor Governor LaFollette, as the latter had made so splendid a record and because his position was supposed to represent what the Dr. Jekyll side of the President stands for. But here, as so frequently since his elevation to the position of chief-executive, Mr. Roosevelt failed to measure up to a statesman's standard. He declined to jeopardize his personal interests for the cause of good government, clean politics and the public weal. To favor Governor LaFollette would have been to antagonize the railroads and the ring politicians, and President Roosevelt refused to throw the weight of his influence in the balance on the side of honest government and popular rights. Perhaps it would be asking too much to expect that a President who had accepted for his family and himself railway courtesies in the way of private cars, free transportation, etc., amounting, it is said, to considerably over one hundred thousand dollars, should feel himself free to use his influence against the railroads in a battle to bring relief to the producing and consuming millions from the extortion of the public-carriers, and to make them bear a reasonable share of taxation. Certain it is, he has failed the cause of good government in Wisconsin in this crucial hour of her need.

AN ARBITRARY TAX OF OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS IN THE ADVANCED RATES LEVIED BY THE RAILROADS, AND WHY THE PEOPLE HAVE NO RELIEF.

MR. CHARLES A. PROUTY of the Interstate Commerce Commission has recently stated that the auditor of the Commission has estimated that the advance in railway-rates made during the past four years would, if applied to the traffic carried on for the single year ending June 30, 1903, amount to one hundred and fifty-five million dollars. "This enormous sum," to use Mr. Prouty's exact words, "represents in most instances an arbitrary tax laid by the railways upon the public." The Commissioner insists that "there is but one way to regulate railway charges, and that is to regulate them. If a rate," he says, "is found unreasonable, a reasonable rate must be put in place of it. This method is legal, as has been affirmed by courts without number. It is feasible. Every civilized country in the world employs it to-day except our own. Even the Dominion of Canada, within the past year, has adopted that system. It is just to all parties, and no other system is."

It may appear to some persons that a proposition so eminently reasonable, so clearly demanded by justice, and in the interest of all the people, would be promptly acted upon by our statesmen. The trouble is, however, that so long as the people elect presidents who will accept as courtesies favors from the railways for themselves and their families amounting to tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of dollars, and so long as the United States Senators and Congressmen obligate themselves in a similar way to the railways, there is no chance for the people to secure justice. This has been amply proven during the past ten years. The Interstate Commerce Commission has persistently pointed out the injustice that the people are suffering, and have urgently pleaded with Congress that laws should be passed which would enable the Commission to give the people relief. And were it not for the fact that the government itself is beholden to the railway corporations; were it not that through indirect bribery the people's servants are no longer faithful to the electorate when the interests of the great corporations from which they are receiving passes and other courtesies run counter to justice to the people, these needful measures would long since have

been enacted into statutes. What is demanded and what the people must insist upon is the carrying out of the principles of Majority Rule through the Winetka plan of pledging candidates to the support of the people's demands, before they receive the support of the voters, and by interrogating them on the hustings as they are everywhere interrogated throughout New Zealand.

The people are becoming aroused. A little more oppression from the corporations; a few more illustrations of the wholesale corruption which is permeating government through the influence of privileged wealth and the domination of the great parties by the corporations; a little more educational agitation by those who are pledged to the principles of democracy and justice, and organizations will spring up as by magic all over the land, with the result that the people's rule will be inaugurated, where to-day the real rulers are the corporations and privileged classes, operating through partisan bosses and political machines.

A VICTORY FOR THE FARMERS THROUGH COÖPERATIVE EFFORTS.

A VICTORY for the farmers, in the struggle for which we find an impressive illustration of the methods that have been systematically employed for years by the railroads of this country to keep the farmers from securing the fruits of their toil, by protecting and making the power of various monopolies, like the beef-trust and the elevator-trust, all but absolute, recently occurred at Galva, Iowa. We give the details of this important victory because it is similar to other triumphs recently won through coöperation of the agrarian population in its efforts to overcome the extortion and injustice too long borne through the conspiracy of the railways and allied monopolies, and because this result will inspire other coöperators to unite and press their cause to a victorious issue. Furthermore, it is important that the people become aroused to the fact that so long as the railroad corporations are the masters of our commercial life, they will foster trusts and monopolies at the expense of the producing and consuming millions.

At Galva, Iowa, in the spring of 1903, eighty-five farmers banded themselves together and formed a coöperative company with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, for the purpose of carrying on a grain, lumber and coal busi-

ness. Land was obtained from the Chicago and North-Western railroad company, and a promise was secured from the proper officials for the building of a side-track to the elevator which the corporation proposed to erect. A building with a capacity of thirty thousand bushels was completed in due time, but the railroad failed to build the promised side-track, nor did it show any inclination to carry out its part of the agreement, asserting on the contrary that it would be impossible to switch cars around so short a curve as would be necessary to reach the new building from the main-track. The company further asserted that they found it would be necessary to build a bridge which would cost at least sixteen hundred dollars over a low piece of ground, and this they did not propose to do. The farmers employed surveyors and proved that the contention of the railroad was utterly false. Still the road arrogantly refused to carry out the promise formerly made by its officials, while the elevator-trust undertook to render the labor of the farmers of no effect; for as soon as the farmers' elevator was ready for business, the trust offered higher prices for wheat at Galva than they were paying in any neighboring towns, practicing a tactics which they have practiced time and again in Kansas, Nebraska and other western states, in the hope of destroying the rival elevator in its infancy by paying prices for grain which the coöperative elevator could not possibly pay. The farmers, however, had an advantage which the elevator men seemed to overlook: they represented a large proportion of the great wheat-producers of the district, and by being able to sell their grain so much higher than their neighbors in adjacent counties, they were able to reap a good interest on their investment through profits obtained in this way, even though they were not able to realize from their elevator direct. They were also carrying on a profitable business in coal, besides forcing down the price of coal through competition.

They were not, however, content to allow their new elevator to remain idle, and after many fruitless conferences with the evasive railroad officials, President Baxter of the elevator company had recourse to the Iowa Legislature. He placed the facts before the legislators and began to rapidly obtain pledges from members to vote for a measure to compel the railroad to build the promised track. When this came to the ears of the railroad officials there was consternation in the camp. The pas-

sage of such a measure would stir afresh the great railroad issue, from which the people through oppressive taxations and freight discriminations had been suffering for years. Accordingly the railroad officials hastened to interview President Baxter, promising him that the matter need go no further, as the company would immediately build the side-track. This it did, finding, apparently to the astonishment of the road, that instead of a sixteen-hundred-dollar bridge—which the officials had positively declared it would be necessary to have constructed—a four-by-six culvert, which four men built in one day was all that was required, and the locomotives of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad find no difficulty in making their way around the curve which the officials had declared to be too short to make switching possible.

The victory of the farmers was celebrated by a picnic at Galva on the eleventh of June.

DIRECT-PRIMARY VICTORY THROUGH THE POPULAR INITIATIVE IN OREGON.

OREGON is preëminently the leader among the American commonwealths in the introduction of practical measures for preserving the reality as well as the form of republican government. As will be noted by a perusal of the paper in this issue by our valued contributor, W. S. U'Ren, this commonwealth has successfully introduced direct legislation, with the result that the new order has destroyed the power of corrupt lobbies, taken from the legislators the temptation to betray the people, and has ensured to the electorate a guarantee against such betrayal.

In June another notable victory was won for democracy in Oregon by the carrying of a measure secured through the popular initiative, for the introduction of the direct-primary system for the nomination of all public servants. At the same time another law was passed through the agency of the popular initiative, by which the people of every community will enjoy local option in regard to the liquor traffic.

VOTING FOR UNITED STATES SENATORS IN DIRECT PRIMARIES: FLORIDA'S ADVANCE STEP.

FLORIDA recently passed a very important primary-election law under which all her state-officers and also her United States Senators are

voted for at direct primaries. The passing of direct-primary legislation and laws for the effective operation of the initiative and referendum is the most vital of the immediate measures before the electorate of the various commonwealths; for this legislation, if properly framed by intelligent and sincere patriots who seek the highest ends of free government, will check as can nothing else the subversion of the republic to the interests of an arrogant, rapidly growing and essentially lawless plutocracy, resultant from a union of the corporations and private interests with the political bosses and the partisan machines. It is needless to say that the grafters and corruptionists—all, indeed, who have been engaged in debauching the people's servants, as well as the legislators and officials who have been corrupted, are bitterly hostile to these republican measures. But for that very reason all patriots should work the harder for their triumph. We have reached a point where the life of the republic depends on getting the government back into the hands of the people, and this result can speedily and peacefully be secured through the introduction of majority-rule and direct nominations.

AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

LAST month we noticed the political and economic conditions prevailing in New Zealand, incorporating in our editorial notes the personal statements of the Premier and Secretary of Labor relating to the present prosperity and progress of the commonwealth. This month we shall notice the recent surprising victory of the Labor party in Australia, which has resulted in the election of a Labor Premier and a cabinet composed of Labor men, with the single exception of the Attorney-General, a Liberal lawyer who is in sympathy with the programme of the Labor party.

WHY LABOR IS VICTORIOUS IN THE SOUTH- ERN COMMONWEALTHS.

IN AUSTRALIA, as in New Zealand, the Labor-unions and the industrial workers in general appreciate the value of the ballot. They have not allowed themselves to become the tools of incompetent leaders or of corrupt party-machines. They have realized what the corporations and the privileged interests in our

republic long ago realized,—that the key to power and success in any programme lay in union at the ballot-box. Hence, while with us government by injunction and other reactionary and undemocratic acts inimical to the interests of labor have steadily increased at the behests of the great trusts, corporations and privileged classes, New Zealand and Australia have become more and more democratic and hospitable to the cause of the bread-winners and wealth-creators. The secret of the wonderful success of the industrial classes in the southern commonwealths and the onward sweep of the truly democratic spirit is found chiefly in this fact: the wealth-creators have had the wisdom to unite at the polls for the success of a definite yet reasonable and progressive programme.

WHY CORPORATIONS AND PRIVILEGED INTERESTS ARE TRIUMPHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

ON THE other hand a principal cause of the steady aggressions of plutocracy and the ascendancy of reactionary and unfriendly policies toward the wealth-creators with us is due to the inexplicable action of the great Labor leaders, who have succeeded in keeping the labor-unions from imitating the corporations and acting as a unit in politics. The one thing which corporate wealth most feared was the union of the urban laborers with the agrarian wealth-creators on a definite progressive programme which would curb unjust and criminal corporate aggression and oppression. Such a union at the ballot-box would mean the restoration of the republic from the grip of privileged interests and the saving to the homes of the people of untold millions of dollars which are now being diverted into the pockets of the few, and by the possession of which government in all its departments is being rapidly corrupted. Only through the action of the great Labor leaders has it been possible to prevent this victory of essential democracy which the corporations and reactionaries most dreaded.

THE STORY OF THE NEW LABOR CABINET AND HOW IT WAS ELECTED.

IN THE Parliament of Australia there are at present seventy-five members in the lower house and thirty-six Senators. At the election last autumn the Labor party on a definite pro-

gramme, the leading planks of which embraced demands for compulsory arbitration, nationalization of monopolies, old-age pensions, restriction of public borrowing, and navigation laws, elected twenty-three members to the House and fourteen Senators. They therefore held the balance of power. At first all went smoothly with the Conservative Ministry, because the Labor members on almost every point supported Premier Deakin, because he was on most points in hearty sympathy with the issues dearest to the Labor voters,—so much so that the Opposition constantly insisted that he was to all intents and purposes a socialist. When the Arbitration and Conciliation Bill was brought forward, however, it became evident that the Conservatives and the Labor leaders must part company. Not that there was any division of sentiment on the necessity and wisdom of the measure, for both parties heartily favored the proposals; but the Conservatives refused to extend the provisions of the bill so that the employees of the State might take advantage of its provisions. The Labor leaders urged, and with great force and show of reason, that a measure that had worked so admirably in New Zealand and that had abolished the strike and the lock-out and brought industrial peace and order where chaos, disorder and great loss had previously obtained, was not only vitally important to the State, but that to insure peace and order throughout the domains of the commonwealth it was important that its application should not be limited to private employers. They pointed out the fact that the provisions were in harmony with the theory of progress through lawful and judicial methods, and that if the government compelled the workers and private employers to arbitrate their differences, it should not refuse to abide by the same provisions. The Conservatives, however, would not yield on this point, and as a result the Ministry of Premier Deakin was overthrown.

The Liberals and Free-Traders on the one hand, and the Labor party on the other were neither strong enough to elect a Ministry; but ten Free-Traders supported Mr. Watson, the Labor candidate, who was thus elected Premier of Australia.

MR. WATSON'S DIFFICULT POSITION.

WHEN we remember that there are only fourteen Labor men in a Senate of thirty-six members, and only twenty-four in a House composed

of seventy-five members, it would seem that the new Labor Ministry would in the nature of things be short-lived. And doubtless such would be the case if Mr. Watson and his co-laborers were impractical extremists, or if the two opposition parties were irreconcilably opposed to the ideals of the industrial party; but it appears that all parties are to a greater or less extent in sympathy with the progressive democratic ideals that have proved so eminently practical and sane in New Zealand. Even the members of the retiring Ministry are said to be disposed to give Mr. Watson and his associates a fair trial; while among the Liberals there are many in cordial sympathy with several of the measures cherished by the Labor statesmen.

LABOR'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER.

MR. WATSON is the first Labor Prime Minister of a great commonwealth in the history of the world. His political views are strongly socialistic, and at the time of his elevation an alarmist cry was sent out because of his alleged radicalism. The new Premier, while holding to the theories of the coöperative commonwealth as the working ideal to which enlightened statesmanship should direct its energies, disclaims any thought of revolutionary or ill-advised action. In this respect he displays the wisdom and practicality of a sane, evolutionary, progressive, democratic statesman who realizes that under a free government there is no excuse for revolutionary outbreaks or resorts to force. From his position it is evident that he is a statesman far-sighted enough to understand that if a cause be right and just, and in the interests of the people, two things only are necessary: (1) systematic education which shall break down prejudice, dispel ignorance and so enlighten the public mind that the expediency and wisdom of the proposals shall carry conviction; and (2) union at the ballot-box, whereby the machinations of political machines and class-interests can be overcome by the imperial mandate of the electorate. Thus though the Prime Minister himself is a believer in the coöperative commonwealth, he is opposed to any rash, premature or foolish action. In speaking on this point he said:

"In any case, if it comes to the nationalization of industries care will be taken to deal

with the whole subject on a commercial basis before we embark on the undertaking. Our programme will depend on our finding the money, and at all events the financial side will be carefully considered."

From such of his words, as have come to our notice we infer that he is a thoughtful, earnest, progressive democrat who believes in advance through education and by means of the ballot-box, and through the orderly operation of laws aimed at securing equality of opportunities and of rights for all the people—the approximation of the ideal of freedom, fraternity and justice that was the very shekinah to the great patriots of the last revolutionary epoch.

A unique and important clause of the new Arbitration Bill provides that in the case of a disagreement between employer and employee, neither side may be represented by counsel unless with the consent of the other party. This restriction, while it will doubtless be very unpopular with many lawyers, and especially with that dangerous class which grows rich in the service of wealthy corporations by causing delays, postponements and the defeating of the ends of justice through technicalities, will meet the hearty approval of the masses and of all who have a fair and honest cause to be straightforwardly presented.

His programme as already announced justifies our belief in his wisdom and practicality. It contains no propositions which are liable to create undue opposition, the only radical demands being that the government should come under the provisions of the new Compulsory Arbitration Act, precisely as other employers of labor, and the introduction of old-age pensions and governmental control of the tobacco-traffic. He also advocates a banking regulation-bill aimed to protect the people.

In the selection of his Cabinet it is said he has exhibited excellent judgment, surrounding himself with earnest, thoughtful and intelligent men. The spectacle of a Prime Minister having a Cabinet composed almost entirely of laboring men in a great commonwealth which administers the affairs of a continent, is a striking and inspiring illustration of the resistless onward sweep of the democratic ideal in government. This victory will do much toward solidifying the wealth-creating electorate throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, and in so doing we trust it may serve to beat back the reactionary and imperialistic movement fostered by corporate wealth and class-interests

which has been so marked a feature in the politic life of our republic, and in a less striking manner visible in some other parts of the Anglo-Saxon world.

A NOTABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE GROWING POWER OF LABOR IN THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

THE action recently taken by the House of Commons in reference to a measure introduced by Mr. Paulton in the interest of the labor-unions affords one of the most striking and suggestive illustrations of the practical wisdom of the laboring men uniting at the polls, precisely as the privileged classes and the corporations have long done in this country. The notable bill to which we refer demanded that workingmen be given the right to place pickets wherever they pleased during strikes, that they might present the merits of the dispute to the workmen, provided that said pickets be peaceful in their conduct. Another provision was aimed to secure for unions or combinations of workmen the right to do anything that an individual workman might lawfully do. In other words, this provision provided for the complete legalization of the boycott; while a third clause provided that the funds of a trades-union could not be touched by any damage-suit brought because of any unauthorized action committed by individual members during the strike.

The government under Mr. Balfour's leadership opposed this bill, which, however, passed the House of Commons by a substantial majority, the vote being 238 for the bill and

199 against it, or a clear majority for the labor measure of 39 votes; and this in a parliament in which the Conservative party is largely in the majority. Though we do not imagine that the House of Lords will approve the measure, the majority in the House was so decisive that the moral effect will be very great for the labor-unions, and it will serve as a notice to the government that henceforth ministries that may be disposed to exhibit a hostile spirit toward labor will in the nature of the case prove short-lived. The rule and the robbery of the trusts and the corporations will end on the day when union labor unites with other wealth-creators at the ballot-box, as it has already done in New Zealand and Australia, and as it is doing in England.

BETTER POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS WITH JAPAN.

AN IMPORTANT parcel-post agreement was recently consummated between the United States and Japan, which is to take effect the first of this month, by which parcels weighing up to four pounds six ounces, will be carried at the rate of twelve cents per pound or fraction thereof. This will not only increase the traffic between the two nations, but it will have a salutary effect in tending to bind the two peoples closer together, and indirectly will aid in the diffusion of knowledge. All such improvements in international postal arrangements are distinct forward steps whose tendency, like that of free-trade, is to foster the spirit of fraternity between the nations of the world.

MUNICIPAL ADVANCE.

SPLENDID RESULTS OF THIRTY YEARS' PUBLIC-LIGHTING IN BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

FRIENDS of municipal ownership of natural monopolies will find in the experience of Birmingham, England, a striking illustration of the wisdom and practicality of the community's owning and operating its illuminating plants. It was in 1873 that Joseph Chamberlain, then Mayor of the city, won the victory for public-ownership of the gas-plant, after overcoming the natural conservatism of the author-

ities and the prejudice due to the arguments industriously circulated by the privileged interests which desired to reap the harvest that by right should always be enjoyed by all the people in a municipality. The sum paid for the plant was about ten million dollars. At that time the citizens were paying the private corporations seventy-eight cents per thousand cubic feet for gas. The municipality has steadily reduced the cost until to-day it ranges from fifty-six to sixty-eight cents per thousand cubic feet, according to the consumption. The

sum realized for the sinking-fund and in profits already amounts to over \$8,500,000 (\$3,500,000 of which is in the sinking-fund). Besides this, the reduction in expenses for the city's lighting during this period amounts to \$1,250,000. Thus the reserve for the sinking-fund, the savings to the city treasury and the profits amount to within a quarter of a million dollars of the whole amount originally paid for the plant, and the profits are increasing every year. In 1903, after the sinking-fund and interest had been set aside, the city realized a profit of \$285,000. Nor is this all. The quality of the gas has been materially improved; the citizens save from ten to twenty-two cents on every thousand cubic feet of gas used (an enormous item in the aggregate); while the hours of all employees have been shortened and their wages raised.

These are facts which the great dailies that are beholden to public-service corporations for favors, or whose stock is largely held by owners of the various public-service monopolies, are careful not to enlarge upon. But they are facts which must appeal to the common-sense and judgment of all thoughtful Americans. The spectacle of a city giving away franchises to private corporations that are worth millions and tens of millions of dollars, thus placing a whole city at the mercy of a few men, is one of the most amazing exhibitions of indefensible short-sightedness in modern life.

RESULT OF MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP OF STREET-CARS IN BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

THE CITY of Berne, Switzerland, bought the street-car lines in 1902, and has since been operating them in the interests of all the people. Last year the system showed a net profit of over \$35,500, and it is needless to say that the people are the gainers in many other ways; for where a monopoly is operated by private individuals, the public is invariably compelled to put up with conditions that the electorate would not tolerate from the public service. This fact is frequently pointed out in England, where in every instance after the municipalities have taken over the roads the service has been markedly improved from what it was under private ownership.

In America the public pays princely dividends on watered stock, and as a result a large proportion of the citizens are compelled to pay for strap-service instead of seats. In Boston alone the net earnings of the street railroads are from over three million dollars to four million dollars annually; yet a very large proportion of our citizens are compelled each morning and evening to stand during the entire trip. Only the influence which the private-service companies have over legislators and over the great daily press renders such shameful conditions possible under the circumstances.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

AT THE SEAT OF CONFLICT.

AT THE present writing the rainy season has come on as a God-send to the Russian government, which hopes now for respite from the hornet-like pursuit and attacks of the masterly and insistent children of Nippon, and affording the government of the Czar time to reinforce her soldiery in the East. So far the Japanese have proved superior to the Russian troops in all those tactics of war and qualities that are esteemed most highly in the trade of slaying men. The Mikado's troops have won in almost every engagement on sea and land. They have had reverses, of course, and have lost heavily. Yet up to the date of this writing their losses are insignificant com-

pared with those of the Russians. The arrogant boasts which Kuropatkin made when leaving for the East have thus far proved idle vauntings. That Russia has an immense advantage in being able to command a far greater number of men than it would be possible for the Mikado to place in the field and in having a better credit in the wealth-centers, is true. But the fact that she is five thousand miles from her base of supplies, that she has to depend on a single-track railway that traverses vast tracts where the temperature is extremely low a large portion of the year, and that she will have to depend on this railroad for provisioning her men and beasts as well as for carrying the soldiers, munitions and paraphernalia of war, and the further fact that, desperate and

fatalistic as are the Russian soldiers, they are animated as a rule by no great and lofty patriotism, no passionate love for the government under which they are compelled to fight, while the Japanese are united as has seldom been a people and are under the impulsion of an enthusiasm born of a passionate love for their native land and a conviction that the present war means victory or destruction for Japan, will serve to make the disparity between the nations far more seeming than real. If Japan can maintain her prestige on the sea we have strong hopes that she will yet win a victory for civilization and progress over one of the most despotic and reactionary powers in the world.

THE PARALYSIS OF RUSSIAN COMMERCE AND
MANUFACTURE ON ACCOUNT OF
THE PRESENT WAR.

THE ENORMOUS expense which is proving such a drain on the finances of Russia, occasioned by the army which she has to sustain five thousand miles from the base of supplies, and the enormous loss sustained in the destruction of battle-ships, the loss of cannon and supplies, and the destruction of the great wharves at Dalny, upon which she spent millions of dollars, are by no means the only if indeed they represent the chief loss in material wealth which the empire is sustaining. Her commerce is paralyzed. The subsidized merchant-marine which she has been at such great expense to build up and whose commerce has been chiefly carried on between her ports and the far East, is practically idle; and as a result the factories in many manufacturing centers are working on half-time, and others are compelled to discharge a large proportion of their employees, as there is no market for their wares. When it is remembered that a large proportion of the population of Russia is ever on the brink of starvation, that famines are common throughout a large area of her vast domain, and that before the breaking out of the present war the Minister of Finance had warned the government that the people could bear no added burden of taxation, one can easily foresee dark days for the tyrannical bureaucracy after the war ends, no matter how it terminates; for the millions will be confronted with still heavier burdens, while they will be less able to meet the added tax than they were before the war. Furthermore, the frightful drain on the resources of the empire, required

to meet the eastern expenses, will have materially weakened the strong arm of despotism.

THE ASSASSINATION OF A TYRANT.

THE ASSASSINATION of General Bobrikoff on June 16th removed from the theater of public life one of the most brutal tyrants of modern times, a typical Russian despot whose merciless course toward the friends of freedom had endeared him to the bureaucracy and apparently to the Czar; for on his death it was announced that he was a very dear friend of Nicholas II. Certain it is that he was selected by the present Emperor as the best available man to trample upon the freedom and rights long ago guaranteed by the Russian government to the sturdy, liberty-loving Finns. Under Bobrikoff's regime every manifestation of the spirit of freedom and patriotism was ruthlessly crushed. The flower of the land was arrested and transported, and when the oppression became unbearable to the better element among the patriots and they prepared to flee to America, this tyrant forbade their leaving Finland. Patriotic newspapers were suppressed. Professors, ministers and others prominent in public life who criticized the perfidy and despotism of Russia were banished. The Czar invested his brutal friend and servant with dictatorial powers, and they were used as only a natural tyrant would employ them. It is not strange, therefore, that the Finns rejoiced in every victory won by Japan. They have reason to know that such victories are won over the most dangerous, unscrupulous and despotic nation in Christendom, if not on earth.

The young man who killed the tyrant was the son of an honored senator. Immediately after accomplishing the deed to which he had dedicated his life, he committed suicide. Assassination, as are all forms of murder, is abhorrent to us. We hold that it is criminal for a man or men, for individuals or the State, to take human life, and that all such deeds of violence react against the cause of freedom and progress; yet we are not surprised that the brutality of this tyrant goaded one man in the realm to so desperate an act.

The Czar has afforded another evidence of his own despotic instincts, which appear to glow under his smooth exterior, by appointing as successor to Bobrikoff another of those brutal despots whose merciless tyranny has made their nation abhorrent to all friends of freedom and education throughout civilization.

THE LARGER LIFE OF WOMAN.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF WOMEN
AT BERLIN.

THE RECENT International Congress of Women, at Berlin, Germany, was in many respects the most notable gathering of women within historic times. Nineteen countries were represented, and the convention was conducted in a most admirable manner. Many of the two hundred addresses delivered were marked by a high degree of intelligence and commanded the thoughtful attention and interest of the German public. Great deference was shown to the American representatives as coming from the nation that has long been recognized as foremost in the movement for the higher development of woman. Especially pleasing to the friends of woman's suffrage was the exhibition of consideration and respect shown to Susan B. Anthony, who was elected honorary president. The Empress of Germany in cordially receiving a delegation of members expressed herself as deeply interested in the work.

Four movements were especially emphasized by the women in council: (1) International peace; (2) Higher education for women; (3) Woman's suffrage; (4) The single standard of morals.

It is a great thing for the master-brains among the women in the public life of the age to thus meet with their sisters from various parts of Europe, America and Australia. It cannot fail to broaden and deepen their culture and give them a loftier conception of the duties and responsibilities devolving upon these moulders of the civilization of to-morrow.

PRACTICAL RESULTS OF WOMAN'S SUFF-
RAGE IN AUSTRALIA.

A MOST interesting and instructive paper recently appeared in the *New York Independent* on the practical working of woman's suffrage in Australia. It was written by Lady Holder, the accomplished wife of Sir Frederick W. Holder, K.C.M.G., and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Australia. The paper possesses special interest in view of the general outcry

against woman's suffrage which was made throughout the American press a short time since, when it was discovered that a few women had been mixed up in the wholesale ballot-box stuffing that disgraced the elections in Denver, Colorado. The fact that men were the chief offenders was carefully ignored by the writers bent on seizing this exceptional opportunity to assail woman's suffrage, just as the beneficent results of woman's suffrage in Wyoming and elsewhere in the world where women have been accorded the full right of franchise have been systematically ignored by the conventional and reactionary press.

Lady Holder is a woman of marked ability. She is President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of South Australia, and has been a prominent figure in various movements that challenge the interest and fealty of the best elements in Australian life. Living in South Australia, where for many years women have enjoyed full franchise, she is admirably qualified to speak intelligently and authoritatively on the practical workings and the obvious results of this extension of the franchise. In the course of her paper Lady Holder, after mentioning the fact that several years ago women were placed in a position of political equality with men, continues:

"Accordingly everybody has become accustomed to the arrangement, and it seems to be perfectly natural. It has not produced any marked effect on female character or made any particular difference to domestic life. It is true that women are more interested in public affairs than they used to be and that politicians deal more earnestly with home and social questions, but no neglect of private duties on that account can be laid to women's charge. We are well supplied with high-class newspapers, the same sources of information are open to women as to men, and the questions that arise are not by any means beyond the scope of their intelligence. At election-meetings there is commonly a good sprinkling of women voters in the audiences. It is said that their presence tends to prevent disorderliness, and I have never heard of a lady at any meeting being treated rudely. Voting, with us is one of the simplest things in the world. When an

elector's mind is made up there is less difficulty in expressing it through the ballot-box than in matching a ribbon, and the one act is not considered more unfeminine than the other. . . . We can do a great deal toward securing members of good character in the Parliament and influencing their votes, and are generally content with the results of our enfranchisement.

“Australian experience has conclusively disposed of the objection that women have no aptitude for politics or interest in public affairs. They have proved that they possess both, and while they have no general ambition or desire for parliamentary honors, and display no sex-antagonism, they regard their right to vote for representatives as a responsible trust. It is rendered equally clear that they can and do exercise a salutary influence on the political

life of the country, without sustaining in the slightest degree any of the injuries or disabilities that have been supposed to follow. They are as good wives, mothers and sisters as ever, and better companions for their men-folk because of their widened interest and the truer equality in which they stand.”

In this connection it is well to remember that southern and western Australia granted full franchise to women a number of years ago. When the various Australian states became federated and the united Commonwealth was formed, women in all the states of the Commonwealth were given the right to vote for the Federal Parliament. New South Wales and Tasmania have also given women full suffrage, but as yet in Victoria and Queensland women are not accorded the right to vote for members of their state legislatures.

IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

THE DRIFT TOWARD RELIGIOUS FEDERATION OR UNION IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES OF THE NEW WORLD.

WHILE the Balfour Ministry, through its odious Education Bill, has greatly intensified the animosity existing between the English Church and the non-conforming Protestant denominations, in America there has set in a strong popular current favorable to coöperation among the trinitarian Protestant denominations, even where no organic union in different bodies is contemplated. The recent union effected between the Northern Presbyterians and the Cumberland Presbyterians, one holding Calvinistic views and the other popularly regarded as Armenian in its faith, and the effort to bring together or into intimate relation the Methodist Protestant denominations, the United Brethren and the Congregationalists, though symptomatic of the present sweep of the Protestant pendulum in the New World, are by no means the chief signs of this growing tendency to unite among the trinitarian churches.

The influence of the Y. M. C. A. has been a great factor in laying the foundations for a closer fellowship among the religious denominations. The rapid growth and unifying influence of the Christian-Endeavor societies

has even in a greater degree accelerated the movement for coöperative action. And these are but two of several agencies that have been acting in harmony with the master-tendency of the age; while beneath all these more superficial causes may be found two influences that are making for union. The first springs from the organic or conventional churchanity, which desires increase of power and which yearns for a closer union of church and state. It is the distinctly sacerdotal or theological influence that has in all ages striven for the externals and for power. Union of the elements represented or dominated by this spirit is neither desirable nor promising for civilization. But there is another source that feeds the movement, and let us hope that it may possess sufficient vitality to become the master-influence, and that is the recognition that Christianity has to do with life rather than with intellectual acceptance of theological dogmas—that the center of gravity should be conduct, character, life, instead of dogma or faith in tenets about which different orders of intellect will always be at variance; the recognition that Christianity should be the embodiment in life of the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, that it is and of necessity must be primarily a law of conduct and not a metaphysical philosophy or a ritualistic theology.

There is a general heart-hunger for the religion that transforms life from shallow, egoistic self-absorption to that all-embracing altruistic spirit of love that so preëminently marked the life of Jesus and that was the very heart of his message. With conduct as a basis, the union of all his followers, for which Jesus so earnestly prayed, might easily be accomplished; but with metaphysical concepts and dogmas or ritualism pushed to the forefront, as they have been at all times since the adoption of the Nicene creed, any union that might be effected must prove temporary, and all attempts will hold the certainty of failure.

But the more the Protestant churches come to realize the truth of the views advanced by Dr. Edwin Hatch in his Hibbert Lectures, which we quote in our review of Dr. McConnell's work on *Christ*, the easier it will be to place the life or conduct in the foreground and metaphysical and theological speculations in a subordinate place. A union to be permanent must make paramount the thought expressed by the Apostle James when he said: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." And a union resting on such a corner-stone would fill the church again with the Divine afflatus—the love that conquers all, that made the early Christian church invincible ere it became the victim of paganism, religious formalism and Grecian philosophy; and such a union will be marked by intellectual freedom and hospitality. It will be the consummation of the prayer and dream of the Great

Galilean, and it will spell out triumphant Christianity.

CATHOLIC REVOLT AGAINST CLERICAL DOMINATION IN POLITICS.

IN BAVARIA, where the Catholic church is supreme in its political sway, there has recently developed a strong and formidable movement within the church against clericalism in politics. It is headed by Count Karl Moy, Master of Ceremonies at the Bavarian court and one of the most intimate friends of the Prince-Regent Luitpold. The count's father was long a leader of the clerical party, and the young statesman is himself a devout Catholic; yet he boldly advocates an absolute separation of religion from politics. He does not favor a separation of church and state, but he would exclude the clergy not only from all political offices, but also would take from them the right of suffrage. These changes he advocates not only in the interest of the state, but also because he holds that the spiritual welfare of the church demands them. The immediate cause of this revolt of the Catholics against clericalism in one of the most Catholic states of Europe is said to be due to the "defiant attitude of the clerical majority in the Bavarian Chamber and the excesses to which the party has made itself guilty." The revolt led by Count Moy is typical of a conflict within the Catholic church in various parts of Germany and Austria as well as Belgium against clericalism in politics which bids fair to increase in bitterness and intensity, as each party is aggressive and is led by men of exceptional ability.

LITERATURE, ART AND THE DRAMA.

THE HAWTHORNE CENTENNIAL.

THE LEADING literary event of New England during the past month was the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Last year Emerson's centennial was celebrated by the opening of a memorial school or course of lectures on the life and work of the great Concord sage and philosopher, at which many of the first thinkers of present-day American life delivered masterly addresses. No such demonstration was made in connection with the commemoration of Hawthorne's centennial; nor was this to be expected. Emerson was distinctly a leader

in the liberal movement of the last century. He was one of the greatest as well as one of the profoundest ethical philosophers of modern times, one of the master-thinkers among the essayists and poets of democracy; and his thoughts were far more instinct with moral virility than were Hawthorne's.

But in saying this we would not detract from the high, fine ethical influence that emanated from the writings of Hawthorne as does fragrance from the rose. The author of *The Scarlet Letter* was perhaps the most finished novelist America has produced. His style is almost flawless. Yet this is the least of the excellencies of his writings. He was a master in deal-

ing with the perplexing problems that are confronting us on every hand and which result from sins, errors and weaknesses of human nature which unhappily stir up trains of evil consequences that reach far, far into the future. No thoughtful person can peruse Hawthorne's work without having his conscience quickened and his higher and finer instincts stirred and strengthened; and yet this is done so unobtrusively that we are benefited without being conscious of having sat at the feet of a teacher. Hawthorne was too much the artist to defeat the high ends of art by obtruding the moral lessons he so subtly instilled or by becoming dogmatic where an interrogation point might prove far more effective.

The papers that have been written and the sermons and addresses delivered on Hawthorne and his work will do much good by keeping before the minds of the people one of our greatest names in our American romance literature, and especially by stimulating renewed interest in the writings of Hawthorne.

A REMARKABLE ALLEGORICAL PICTURE.

A PICTURE exhibited at the Royal Academy in London recently has attracted extraordinary attention,—so much so as to be regarded as one of the greatest art sensations of recent years. The painter, Sigismund Goetze, is comparatively unknown. The painting is allegorical, and the hold it has taken upon the public imagination is probably quite as much due to the subject and its treatment as to its merit as a work of art.

It is entitled "Rejected of Men," and in it Christ is discovered as the central figure, stripped save for a cloth about his loins. His head is crowned with thorns; his hands are bound, and he is ready to receive the scourge. High over him glows the Holy Grail, held by an angel; while immediately at his feet and nearer to him than any other figure is a poor, abandoned young mother, the victim of betrayal. On either side move processions made up of typical characters of present-day life, blinded for the most part by the materialism of the market and that all-consuming, selfish egoism that is dead to the higher things of being. Here is the rich society woman, self-centered and absorbed in her beauty and her adornments and behind her is the typical society man, with sensuous eyes riveted upon the woman's charms. Here is the horse-racer, and there the drunkard;

here the dull-eyed laborer with head bowed, sodden from excess of toil and oppressed by the haunting fear of the coming morrow, and there the soldier, the slayer of men. Here is the scientist, so deeply absorbed in physical phenomena as to have neither eyes nor ears for the heart-cry of humanity. And here also, very conspicuous in one of the processions, stands the worldly priest, richly garmented, well-favored, and with face that tells all too plainly of a love for the good things of life,—desire for ease and worldly advancement and for the favor of the rich and the fashionable, typing those men who essay to speak for the meek and lowly One, while eagerly reaching out greedy hands for gold which has been wrung from the poor by the unscrupulous captains of industry through indirection, ready to close their eyes when gamblers are playing with loaded dice in Wall street with millions as the stake, or when the privileged few are defying or evading laws, defeating justice, and oppressing the people. Of all the figures present a nurse is the only one whose face even partially inclines toward the rejected one. The attitude of the nurse has, the artist says, puzzled many persons "to whom the profession of a nurse is sacred," because her glance is casual rather than steadfast. "But," he continues, "have you ever been in a hospital where to nurses and doctors alike stricken humanity ceases to be a human creature with heart and soul and love and pity, and becomes a 'case'?" In this figure, he tells us, he has striven to typify the mechanism of hospital treatment. The artist furthermore states that he had especially in mind when painting his picture "the sins, follies and immoralities of the smart set on both sides of the Atlantic." But the picture was expanded to take in typical figures as found in various phases of present-day society, so largely dominated by commercialistic materialism.

The painting has attracted more attention than all other works of art in the exhibition. Indeed, the crowds have been so great that special guards have had to be detailed to keep the visitors moving in front of the painting, and numbers of persons have come from remote parts of Europe to see and study the picture, all of which is highly interesting to students of social progress and ethical growth as being symptomatic of a world-wide heart-hunger for the high things that minister to the soul and are the real well-springs of happiness. It speaks of the presence in the heart of the age of a yearning for justice and love, for honesty and nobleness of purpose, which neither sordid wealth

nor the ephemeral pleasures based on egoistic desires can yield.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT IN DRAMATIC ART IN ENGLAND.

THE MOVEMENT for a National Art Theater for America, which is enlisting the cordial support of a great number of the most thoughtful friends of art and culture in our country, is by no means the only evidence of a growing recognition of the importance of the stage as a factor for progress and an earnest determination among the English-speaking peoples to foster movements which shall call forth the potential greatness and beneficence of the drama.

In England a project for a government-endowed theater is being agitated, while leading actors under the direction of Mr. H. Beer-bohm-Tree have recently established an Academy of Dramatic Art in London, which has called forth a cordial letter of endorsement from M. Jules Claretie, the Administrator-General of the Comedie Française, in the course of which he says, in speaking of the Conservatoire in Paris: "The Conservatoire does not give genius to those who have it not, but it teaches the art of employing one's natural gifts, the science of diction, the use of gesture, how to control and develop the voice, and how to penetrate into the psychology of a personage and of a part. All that, I repeat, the actor can discover when he has a genius. But genius—as Goethe said—is patience, and patience is work."

The aim of the new Academy is not to make money, and indeed all profits realized are to go to benefit the school, which, according to Mr. Tree, will teach elocution, fencing, dancing, pantomime and gesture, and the practical art of acting through thorough rehearsals. A number of actors and actresses have volunteered to personally superintend or direct special rehearsals. Lectures are also to be given dealing with the history, function and scope of the drama, which will necessarily broaden the culture of the student and in a positive way arouse his enthusiasm and respect for his art. All pupils who fail to show special aptitude for dramatic art will be urged to abandon their studies. At the opening of the Academy twenty per cent. of those who took the entrance examinations were thus urged to give up their purpose to follow the stage. The aim of the promoters of the movement is to conserve and foster a great dramatic art worthy of the land and the people of Shakespeare.

MISS O'NEILL'S PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN BOSTON AND WHAT IT MAY SIGNIFY.

THE EXTRAORDINARY success that marked the Boston engagement of Nance O'Neill during the past winter has led many critics to prophecy that the public taste which has so long battered on wretchedly poor and thoroughly frivolous society-dramas, questionable or *risque* comedies, and plays dependent wholly or almost wholly on scenic effects, is becoming satiated, and that we may soon find the great tragedies and the strong, wholesome plays which are entitled to the term literature, and which will educate as well as amuse, again enjoying the favor they experienced before the organization of the theatrical-trust with its box-office standard for dramatic and theatrical productions.

Miss O'Neill came to Boston almost unheralded, so far as the press was concerned. She played at one of the poorest theaters in the city for the production of tragedies or powerful dramas. During her first week she acted as nearly to empty benches as any great artist has ever done in Boston. But the essential greatness of her interpretations was soon noised abroad by discriminating theater-goers who saw her wonderful work. Soon she was taken up by the friends of serious drama. She began to play in such theaters as the Tremont, the Colonial, and the Hollis Street, the three best theaters in the city; and her audiences steadily grew until they packed the largest of the theaters, and that, too, when playing tragedies and without any of the trumpet-blowing for which the theatrical-trust management is famous. That Miss O'Neill possesses extraordinary dramatic power and is nearer the true successor of Charlotte Cushman than any actress that has played in Boston since her day is the verdict of many of our discriminating critics. Whether she will succeed in New York, it is difficult to say, as the metropolis is less favorable to serious dramatic performances and frequently less ready to recognize genuine excellence in actors who essay purposeful work than is Boston. It will be remembered that it was not until Mr. James A. Herne scored his great success in "Shore Acres," that that fine and typical picture of American life could gain even a hearing in New York. Julia Marlowe for years was a complete failure in New York, after Boston had recognized her excellence as an actress; and these are only typical illustrations. The thought of New York is so largely centered on making money, life there is so strenuous and

tense, that plays that seek merely to offer amusement without stimulating thought or touching the deeper wellsprings of life are pretty certain to succeed, if they are well staged and acted. But such, unhappily, is not always the case with noble and purposeful work, especially

when it deals with the graver problems and aspects of life. If, however, there is, as many critics believe, a reaction setting in that is favorable to really great histrionic work, we believe Miss O'Neill will repeat her remarkable Boston success in the Empire City.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

A CHEMICAL TRIUMPH IN THE FLORAL WORLD.

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE rightly designated the last hundred years as "*the wonderful century*"; for never before in a like period did winged victory guide genius, reason and research into so many wonder-worlds as during the past hundred years. The wizards of olden time, though magnified by the credulity of unscientific ages and glorified by the purple haze of myth and legend, dwarf into insignificance before the visible achievements of an Edison or a Marconi of later days. The physical scientists of all other times, with a few illustrious exceptions, become Liliputians before Lyall, Darwin, Wallace, Spencer and Tyndall; while the alchemists of medieval Europe in their tireless quest for the philosopher's stone are forgotten in the light of the splendid discoveries of modern chemistry. Indeed, the laboratory has, perhaps, proved the most marvelous wonder-world of the ages—the real fairyland of demonstrable science.

Among the many chemical discoveries of the last few years that challenge the attention of the general reader and deeply interest the floriculturist, are the demonstrations which have been made of late in Denmark, Germany, France and elsewhere concerning the influence of ether and chloroform on plant-life. One of the pioneers in this field of research was Dr. W. Johannsen of Copenhagen, Denmark. This scientist conceived the idea that if plants could be thrown into a profound state of repose they might be stimulated and rejuvenated so that when they came back into the genial warmth of the hot-house temperature they would be so stimulated that they would develop leaf and flower with greater rapidity than otherwise. Acting on this theory, he experimented with white lilacs, the lily-of-the-valley, and the azalea with such gratifying results that he was able to delight and astonish the members of the Copenhagen Academy of Sciences

by large and perfect blossoms forced through etherization.

In like manner M. Leblanc met with equal success when experimenting with chloroform. In an interesting report made to the Central Horticultural Society of Nancy, France, this investigator describes certain eminently satisfactory experiments. One of these, made on the *azalea mollis*, will serve to illustrate the results obtained. The plants selected for experimentation were at the same stage in advancement. Part of them were treated with chloroform; others were subjected to the ordinary greenhouse treatment. Those put to sleep by chloroform were in full bloom fourteen days after the treatment, while the plants that were not so treated did not bloom until seven days later. The savant warns experimentors, however, not to attempt the experiment at night, as explosions are liable to occur.

THE TURBINE AND SEA-TRAVEL.

TWENTY years have elapsed since G. L. Parsons, an English inventor, made the first practical steam-turbine. Since then a number of improvements have been made, and within the last few years the invention has been so perfected that it seems almost certain that the turbine will soon supplant the old steam-engine, especially in water transportation. It costs comparatively little to operate; it is at once powerful and simple; it occupies little space. With the turbine the unpleasant motion of ships is greatly modified, so that the discomforts of water-travel are reduced to a minimum; and by it much greater speed can be maintained than by the old steam-engine. So many, indeed, are its excellencies and so few the valid objections, that the impression is rapidly growing that not only will its introduction soon become general, but that by means of the turbine sea-voyages will be materially shortened and be made more comfortable than has heretofore been deemed possible.

BOOK STUDIES.

I. "THE WIDOW'S MITE": A STUDY IN THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.*

I.

THIS dignified and thoughtful volume is incomparably the most important contribution to the growing literature of psychical research that has appeared since the monumental and exhaustive work of the famous English scholar, the late F. W. H. Myers, entitled *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. It will be remembered that Mr. Myers' work embodied in a large way the net results of an evidential character of eighteen years of critical investigation on the part of the English Society for Psychical Research—a work of which Mr. Gladstone said a short time before his death: "It is the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important."

The present volume is remarkable not merely because of its content-matter or the admirable spirit in which it is written—the spirit of the true scientist receptive to the truth and absolutely devoid of dogmatism—but also because of the character and eminence of the author, who was at one time a leading clergyman of one of the large orthodox denominations. He was the founder of *The Literary Digest* and also of those great orthodox magazines, the *Homiletic Review* and the *Missionary Review*. For many years he has been at the head of the great publishing-house of the Funk & Wagnalls Company; but perhaps he is best known to the public as the editor of the incomparable *Standard Dictionary*, though his other literary works, both as author and editor, entitle him to a prominent place among the virile and helpful men of letters in America to-day. His little volume entitled *The Next Step in Evolution* is a worthy companion to Professor Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, and is one of the ablest and most suggestive contributions to the constructive discussions that have been written by one who believes at once in religion and in evolution. A serious work from the pen of such a thinker must command the thoughtful consideration of all who are intellectually broad enough to act upon the dictum of the late Pro-

fessor Huxley, wherein he sets down the following, which embodies the true spirit of modern scientific research:

"Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before the fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this."

II.

The immediate cause of the issuance of this volume was the publication of a garbled and fragmentary report of some most surprising psychical experiences which Dr. Funk had in relation to the loss and discovery of a rare coin loaned him for the purpose of illustration in his dictionary. But from this fact it must not be supposed that the author is heralding to the world the results of some startling experiences in a realm to which he had hitherto been a stranger. In the opening pages, after referring to the premature and unauthorized publication of his experiences with the coin known as the Widow's Mite, Dr. Funk, in speaking of the present work, says:

"In a sense it has not been hastily prepared, for it is a growth of a quarter of a century or so. Every book should be in a way a biography of the author, who progresses to a thought or point, and then gives a record of his travels hither. During the past twenty-five years I have devoted such time as could be spared from multifarious duties to the investigation of psychic phenomena—this has been a recreation—keeping a record of the more important things seen and heard. Finding myself tied up to give to the public this 'widow's mite' incident, it seemed that it might serve a good purpose to describe as nearly as may be what had become to my mind the real psychic problem—a problem that is looming to such pro-

**The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena.* By Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Cloth. Pp. 538. Price, \$2.00 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

portions as certainly to justify much attention from many of the best trained of our scientists; it has been my purpose in this book to do my best to persuade a larger number of trained scientists to serious, persistent and intelligent efforts to help in the solution of this problem."

In referring to the difficulty which thoughtful persons who have made no exhaustive investigations will experience in accepting his testimony, and the caution which all readers should exercise in assuming a dogmatic attitude in a realm of research that is as yet in a true sense a dark continent, our author says:

"I realize that not one reader in a score will find it easy to believe what is here told, and yet nearly all—I venture to say all who know me—would believe me fully in other affairs. I confess that some of these experiences are so startling that if they had not come within my own vision and hearing, being myself fully acquainted with the details of the test conditions imposed, I should be strongly tempted to doubt them; nor even as it is would I be sure of the testimony of my own senses were their testimony not corroborated by that of expert psychologists and other trained scientists.

"Yet here a word of caution: when the facts are admitted to be true as here told, the reader must not leap to the conclusion that the hypothesis of spiritualism is proved. There are many chasms, each miles and miles wide, yet to be bridged or filled. Permit me another cautionary word: there is danger—real danger—along these lines of investigation. I have seen psychic cobwebs—if cobwebs they be—tangle the feet of even intellectual giants; and the shrewdest experts—to change the simile—need to sail these mystic seas with sharp eyes and level heads, for these seas are almost wholly uncharted, and in sailing over them at times the ship's compasses exhibit inexplicable variations."

Though it is evident that in common with Sir William Crookes, one of the most illustrious physicists of our age, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor William James of Harvard, Professor Hyslop, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others almost as eminent as trained scientists, Dr. Funk has been forced to the conclusion that even after applying telepathy, the theory of the subconscious self, and all other suggested explanations advanced to obviate the necessity of resort to the spiritualistic hypothesis for explanation of certain phenomena, he feels that there is a large residue of facts that cannot be explained by any of the other theories that have

been advanced. Still he hesitates to accept the latter hypothesis at the present stage of his investigations, through he strongly inclines to it. On this point he says:

"It is my purpose to tell what others and I under careful test-conditions have seen and heard; many of the others are well-equipped, trained observers. I have not thought to pass upon these facts or to attempt an explanation, but I wish to urge as forcefully as I can upon the scientific mind of the world what to me is a profound riddle. After an investigation that has spread over many years, I place right here a great interrogation point. Now I wish to press for an answer, or at least help so to arouse the public mind as to compel a patient, systematic investigation by trained scientists far beyond any heretofore undertaken. Are not the verified facts sufficient to justify competent scientists to try generalization? Not being such a one I do not make the attempt. I simply tell what I do know, and sit at the feet of the learned ones of earth and again and again ask the question, 'What is it?'"

In further discussing the subject, introducing the reader to the facts of his own experiences and the contributory testimony of the great physical scientists and psychologists of the world, Dr. Funk observes:

"Whatever the source of these strange intelligences, whether they are the flaming-out, above the threshold of consciousness, of some unknown power residing within us all to a greater or lesser degree—the subjective mind, the subliminal self, or what not—or whether they are, as they claim to be, *foreign*, of one thing we can be sure—they are *intelligences*, and as such deserve the courteous treatment that we of the press are in the habit of extending to the interviewed. . . .

"That I may present this psychic problem in its full proportions I have drawn largely upon the investigations of trained scientists who have labored in this field of study. The results of the labors and conclusions are given of those whose names carry weight—all with the hope of so arousing public interest as to incite psychologists and physicists to help make an end one way or the other of these mysteries."

The subject is treated in a broad, scholarly manner in which the open-minded spirit of the searcher after truth is everywhere present. In speaking of the marvelous strides taken during recent decades in the realm of the finer forces of nature, our author says:

"Many steps in the last few years have been taken upward toward the boundary line that separates the spirit from matter. The phonograph that photographs the voice, the long-distance telephone which enables us to hear the voice of a friend though the ocean intervenes, the wireless telegraph which by waves of ether is a prophecy of conversation with the inhabitants on other planets, the X-ray giving us power to look through solids, the kinetoscope that helps us to see events of the past in action—where is the end? Lord Kelvin has discovered that an atom of matter and an atom of ether may occupy the same space at the same time, and that an electron is so small that it will take one hundred thousand of them to make an atom; and Sir William Crookes tells us that there is such stupendous energy in the radiations from radium, the newly-discovered element, that a few grains of it would suffice to lift the entire English navy two miles. . . .

"Immense progress has been made by the Society for Psychical Research and other psychologists in the exploration of the subjective mind. Marvels upon marvels have been revealed, with hints often of a far greater domain to be explored—a domain so great and marvelous as to make us stand still with amazement. . . . It appears that the conscious mind is only a small segment of our spirit selves; the greater part of the mind or soul is below the threshold of consciousness. . . .

"A Sphinx, this time invisible but far more real, has seated herself at the world's pathway and is propounding mighty riddles, such as we have not heard before. Woe to men if they answer foolishly! Another period of dark ages, another frightful night will overwhelm us and we shall not escape until we make correct answer. Where is our *Oedipus*? An invisible hand is writing down on the world's blackboard mighty problems—social, political, moral, religious—answers to which we must work out. There is no escape.

"An immense gain has been made in this: we know in what direction lies the way of safety, scientifically considered, the way that leads upward; that way is the subjective mind, an open door to the inner world, the world of inexhaustible growth and intelligence; an open door consciously to the few, unconsciously to the masses. Never did the lines of science and those of Christ's teachings so converge as they do to-day and at this point."

We have quoted extensively from the earlier chapters of this large volume to show some-

thing of the spirit of the author and his range of vision and breadth of thought. For most persons the part which treats of Dr. Funk's investigations and the corroboratory evidence as found in the extensive investigations of the great scientists to whom we have alluded will hold special interest. And indeed these recitals, if considered merely as wonder-stories and fairy-tales woven in the loom of the imagination, would prove interesting to all persons who enjoy the strange, the weird and the extraordinary. But when we remember that the men who relate these happenings are among the recognized leaders in the scientific and religious worlds—many of them world-famous scientists and psychologists—and that they have gone on record, thus staking their reputations on their conviction of the truth of what they say, the work is lifted to a plane where it cannot fail to at least arrest the attention and call for the serious thought of broad-minded thinkers everywhere.

In addition to Dr. Funk's experiences as set down at length, here are the results of the critical investigations or some of the strange experiences met with by such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Russel Wallace, F. W. H. Myers, Professor William James, Rev. Minot J. Savage, and others. It is a significant fact that the men who are to-day most in evidence in exhaustively investigating psychical phenomena are men who have long been trained to examine natural phenomena under the most rigid rules of evidence which mark modern investigation, and who are accounted the greatest authorities in either physical or psychical fields of research; or they are clergymen who dare to face the prejudice and hostility of the mass of their clerical brethren because they are convinced that here are facts which cannot be dismissed in a flippant way and which may perhaps do more than aught else to stem the rising tide of materialistic thought.

Dr. Funk possesses the happy faculty of arresting and holding the attention of his readers, and this volume is no exception in general interest, abounding in thought-stimulating observations that will linger in the mind, and in bright and well-considered sayings of an epigrammatic character, as for example the following:

"It takes a long while to have it ground into our brains that the emphasis of disbelief, denunciation, ridicule may but measure the profundity of our ignorance; and that there is a skepticism from ignorance as well as a skepticism from knowledge."

II. "THE COST": A STUDY OF PRESENT-DAY AMERICAN LIFE.*

I.

"THE COST" is a strong, virile and convincing story of present-day American life. It is incomparably the best romance Mr. Phillips has written and is one of the most valuable novels of the year, because of the striking pictures it presents of two distinct and thoroughly typical characters—two men who in a real sense embody the mighty antagonistic forces that are to-day engaged in a life-and-death struggle in our republic. They incarnate the light and the darkness; life and progress through justice and the supremacy of the ethical, and reaction and eclipse through egoism and greed or the domination of sordid materialism over altruism. It is doubtful whether the author was conscious of what he was doing when he sketched in these two strong characters; for, as Victor Hugo has well observed: "The creator sometimes, almost unknown to himself, yields to the type, so truly is the type a power." The novelist whose genius is such as to enable him to come *en rapport* with the master-influences that dominate an age—who can as it were penetrate the veil and behold the subtle but imperious struggle of opposing ideals for supremacy in crucial or transition periods like the present, and who then selects strong or representative characters and pictures them with fidelity, cannot fail to embody typical figures in his creations.

In John Dumont and Hampden Scarborough we have two admirably-sketched typical characters, colossal in that they embody in a large way the ruling geniuses or spirits of our present-day social, industrial and political life. It must not be supposed, however, that because Dumont is a fatal figure and Scarborough's ideals embody the hope of our nation, that these characters are wholly bad or entirely good. Mr. Phillips' creations are real flesh-and-blood people. He knows life too well and is too much a veritist to portray impossible beings, or even such exceptional characters as would tax the credulity of the reader and thus weaken the story. In life, as we all know, there is no such thing as the absolutely good or the totally depraved. The best men and wom-

en have their weaknesses; the worst have at heart many admirable qualities. While this important fact is happily never lost sight of by the author, he also realizes the other equally vital demand: that all strong characters or men and women who leave their impress on society are consciously or unconsciously the slaves of their ideals or the supreme and dominating motive; and if that ideal is noble and altruistic, if it places the principles of right and justice above sordid desires or personal ambition, the current of life will be upward and onward, making for the weal of all and the ennoblement of the individual; while if the reverse be true,—if self-desire, the gratification of the ego, the satisfaction of personal appetites, passions and ambitions, regardless of the august demands of the law of solidarity and the principles of justice and human rights, are the governing factors, the sweep or current of life will be reactionary and downward toward the darkness of ignoble oblivion. The true end of life is not the petty gratification of the ego, but the furtherance of all that makes for universal well-being and happiness; and though one may escape St. Helena, may live out his little life in the possession of power or wealth, the victory is as barren as it is brief. It cannot by any possibility minister to the soul's highest needs, for from the plane of the spiritual alone proceed the pleasures that live,—joys that have no bitter aftermath and that exalt while they satisfy and delight.

In John Dumont we have the typical present-day master of the bread, trust-magnate or commercial baron. This character is admirably drawn. Nowhere is Mr. Phillips so much the master as in picturing this type of life that looms so large and casts so sinister a shadow across our national life.

Our fathers were men of moral fiber and strength. They fought their way, inch by inch and step by step. They met difficulties that weak men would have regarded as insurmountable, and triumphed over them. Their lives were marked by sturdiness and strenuous activity, and they bred sons possessing the masterful spirit and dauntless characteristics of the parents. They were by nature strong,

**The Cost*. By David Graham Phillips. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. Cloth. Pp. 402. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

ambitious and determined. Their fathers' lives had been so largely given to a fierce struggle for a roof-tree, for reasonable creature-comforts, and for means that would permit the children to receive a good education, that the idea of the acquisition of a competency and of personal victory in the struggle for life—laudable and praiseworthy when these objects are kept in proper moral perspective—were unduly emphasized by the parents. They had been for the most part honest, compassionate, and loyal to the simple principles of duty, justice and right, but they failed to properly impress these things upon their children during the plastic years of youth. They failed to show their young that life at best is a poor thing indeed if one fails to keep the Golden Rule and to hold the moral verities as the pole-star of conduct throughout life. The school, too, left these things for the home and the church to inculcate. Hence the children grew to manhood a race of masterful men, who, had they been morally developed from the cradle, might and would have carried our republic upward and onward, keeping her the greatest moral world-power among the nations; and by the prestige and influence of her example they would have made the ideals and principles of democracy triumphant throughout Christendom. Instead they grew to maturity dominated by the spirit of Louis XIV. or Napoleon rather than by that of Washington or Jefferson. They were intellectual giants. They were industrious and energetic; but they were unscrupulous. They placed personal success and the acquisition of gold above right and justice, above the demands of the Gospel of Christ and the ethics of democracy; and they became a corrupt, demoralizing and reactionary influence which has steadily lowered the ideals of the individual while debauching the nation and corrupting the people's servants. Their families have become pitiful imitators of decadent aristocracies of imperial nations, when not wholly absorbed by a mania for acquiring gold.

John Dumont in *The Cost* is the personification of this masterful, egoistic, gold-crazed class. His early victories, his failure, and his final but fatal triumph are all as true to life as though the author had taken them from the life-pages of one of our industrial-trust magnates or railway or coal-barons.

In Hampden Scarborough we have the young man dominated by the spirit of Jefferson; the man of high ideals and true principles. Though very masterful in many ways, at

times in early life he failed to rise superior to great and sudden disappointments and temptations which came upon him with overmastering power. Thus, when the light of his life went suddenly from him in his college-days, when the woman he had come to worship as an ideal or divinity married another man, he plunged for a season into the Venus-world. He gambled and dissipated until compelled by another woman to see himself as he really was and to understand the wreck and ruin he was causing in other lives. Then the ideal that had been so powerful in his earlier youth returned, and as the dove in Bulwer's great poem guided King Arthur when he strove for the things that would save his realm, so once more high purposes overmastered his imagination and called him back to the highway from which he had wandered.

The difference between Dumont and Scarborough was the difference, not of temperament, but of the governing ideal or dominating thought of life. With Dumont self was always first, and anything to achieve his ends was a policy of life. Scarborough by nature could not remain long in the under-world of sensuous existence any more than Tannhauser could find satisfaction in the Venusburg. The fall of Scarborough was one of those tragic periods of moral aberration that have overtaken some of the world's greatest and otherwise best men after great crises, catastrophes or temptations have swept like tidal-waves over them in moments when they were unprepared. But Mr. Phillips has been true to his type in drawing Scarborough, even as with Dumont. If Scarborough was ambitious, it was for the public weal. His ideals were those that uplift and that spell out victory for civilization. Hence when the lure of gold and the proffer of advancement by betraying the people's cause came to him, he was as immovable as Gibraltar.

In Pauline, the heroine, the author has drawn an admirable yet withal a very human woman—a noble type of twentieth-century American womanhood; such a wife and mother as ennobles humanity.

The other characters are sketchy, excellent in so far as they are drawn; but their places are subordinate.

II.

The story opens at the time of the childhood of the heroine, Pauline Gardiner, who is living in a little Indiana city. She is the daughter of a leading lawyer, a man of wealth and influence.

Among her schoolmates is John Dumont, a masterful, dare-devil lad, who is something of a tyrant, having subdued most of his playmates by threshing them into complete obedience. Pauline attracts him, but he cannot subdue her, and in the end the two become child-lovers. Dumont attends the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. There he becomes very wild. He returns for a vacation, and Pauline, who does not know of his gross depravity, is soon engaged to him. A gambling episode in his home city, however, during one of his vacations, leads to an investigation of the young man's record by Mr. Gardiner, after which he forbids Pauline to have anything more to do with Dumont and prohibits the young man from calling at the house. Pauline believes her lover misjudged and in a chance meeting pledges herself to him, let come what may. Later she goes to a large coeducational institution in the state and here meets and becomes much interested in a sturdy, young farmer who is attending college, Hampden Scarborough by name. He looks somewhat like Dumont, but is awkward and wears ill-fitting clothes. Still his fine, wholesome life, his deep feeling, his essential nobility of purpose, fidelity to principle and strong intellectual powers charm the girl. But before the attraction has come to mean much to Pauline, Dumont appears on the scene and persuades her to secretly marry him. He is on his way to Europe and has only an hour to stay. They cross the river and are wedded. No one learns of the wedding until Dumont returns from Europe. Then Pauline tells Scarborough and her cousin, Olivia, with whom she rooms. The blow almost kills Scarborough, as he has grown to idolize the girl. His most intimate college-friend is a gambler and given to fast living. Scarborough for a time plunges into dissipations, but is brought to his better self by an appeal from Olivia, who being in love with Scarborough's room-mate and realizing that the former is ruining him, succeeds in awakening Scarborough's conscience. The change in his whole life-course is as sudden as was the descent into the lower world. His money being exhausted, he sells books for a season and earns sufficient to continue his college career. Then he engages a number of students the next summer, whom he instructs and sends forth to sell books under his special direction. In this way he earns a large amount while helping the boys to make their tuition. After graduation he chooses law and begins practicing in the city where Pauline Gardiner was reared. The

latter, however, has some time before been publicly married to Dumont who has now taken up his residence in New York, where he has become immensely rich, having organized the woollen industry into a gigantic trust. Scarborough becomes a leader of the people against corporate aggression and machine-rule. He is elected governor in spite of a desperate effort on the part of the trust-magnates, led by Dumont, who greatly fear Scarborough, as he is a statesman who cannot be bought. Dumont lives a life of license. His beautiful wife is neglected for the wife of a business friend, who becomes his mistress. Pauline on having the ugly facts brought home to her leaves her husband and returns to Indiana, where she frequently meets Scarborough. Finally Dumont's iniquity is exposed, and simultaneously his enemies raid the stock-market and almost bankrupt him. He attempts suicide. His wife returns to nurse him. When nearly restored he conceives an insane desire to crush his enemies. He plans a masterly campaign to be carried on in the stock-market and engineers it successfully, winning back his fortune; but the excitement of victory causes his death, after which Scarborough and Pauline are united.

The story is told with spirit and is absorbingly interesting from first to last. Many happenings are vividly described, and there are some highly dramatic scenes.

III.

Mr. Phillips makes no deep or detailed studies of his characters. The interior workings of the human mind are superficially touched upon at times, but rarely analyzed; so the full and detailed settings for his stories are absent. In this respect he differs from the great masters of fiction—men like the Victorian novelists in England and Hugo, Zola and Tolstoi in later days. Indeed, his stories bear a relation to the works of these masters similar to that which a sketch bears to a finished painting. His novels always remind us of sketches; but this is to be said: his work is growing better and better. This last novel shows great advance over former stories in many ways. There is more atmosphere and detail, a richer and fuller background, while the principal characters are quite as convincing as any in his earlier works. We have few young men among our writers of fiction whose work holds such promise as that of David Graham Phillips.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Truth About The Trusts. By John Moody.
Cloth. Pp. 514. Price, \$5.00 net. New
York: The Moody Publishing Company.

I.

THIS monumental work is divided into seven parts, in which are discussed "The Greater Industrial Trusts," "The Lesser Industrial Trusts," "Important Industrial Trusts in Process of Reorganization or Readjustment," "The Greater Franchise Trusts," "The Greater Railroad Groups," "Classified Statistics of all Trusts," and a "General Review of the Trust Movement," including "Magnitude of the Trusts," "Dominating Influences in the Trusts," "The Chief Characteristics of the Trusts," and "Review of So-called Remedies."

The volume is at once one of the most valuable and also one of the most insidiously misleading works we have read in years,—valuable because here are marshaled statistical facts of great importance, and within certain limits here is also found the most important, able and exhaustive treatment of the trust-movement that has yet appeared, with many wise and statesmanlike suggestions and warnings; and yet the volume is dangerous because its title is misleading, and the presumption that it tells the whole truth is not borne out by the facts. There is a chapter in the history of the rise of the trusts—a very important chapter, which is black as night—the chapter of the evil deeds that have marked their rise and often made their ascendancy possible—the debauching of the people's servants, the securing through vast campaign-funds of complacent officials in positions vitally important to the consummation of ends which were essentially immoral, frequently unlawful, and thoroughly inimical to the public weal. They have frequently risen to power over the wreck and ruin of honest and honorable men, conspiring with the public-carriers and obtaining secret rebates and other

benefits, as in the case of the Standard Oil and other of the greatest trusts that with the public-service corporations have done more to bring about the present reign of graft and corruption in American public life than all other agencies combined. They have succeeded in debasing the ideals of our statesmen and public servants. They have made the corrupt, arrogant and despotic party-machine one of the most baleful influences in the republic.

The facts of these great moral crimes have been in evidence so often in national, state, municipal and other investigations, and their exposure from time to time has been so complete, that the people have ceased to wonder at the turpitude of the corporations and trusts that control vast business interests and that can count upon the support of a large part of the press as well as of statesmen and officials high in authority. Now a writer who pretends to tell the truth about the trusts has no right to practically ignore this phase of the history so fatal to free institutions. In this respect Mr. Moody reminds us of an eminent criminal lawyer who had an extremely difficult case, one part of the evidence being of a nature that he felt would compel conviction if the jury's mind was riveted upon it. This was not all of the incriminating evidence, but about the other parts he felt he could raise doubts in the minds of the jurors, and so possibly prevent conviction. When he argued the case he approached the jurors with apparent frankness, telling them that he proposed to picture both sides of the case, because he was confident that they were intelligent enough to judge, even with the ugly facts against his client clearly before them. He then emphasized most features of the case that were unfavorable to his client even more strongly than had the prosecution; but he either had a plausible explanation or at least was able to raise a doubt in the minds of the twelve men on every point on which he touched while the most vulnerable point he apparently overlooked, after which he made a summary in so convincing a manner that the prisoner was cleared.

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

Now to write a history of the trusts and to omit or gloss over the important but dark chapter of iniquity to which we have referred, while it may be a masterpiece of special-pleading, cannot fail to produce an unpleasant effect upon the intelligent, justice-loving citizen conversant with the real history and tendencies of modern corporations.

Another weakness of this work is found in the manner in which Mr. Moody treats the influence of the trusts upon the producing and consuming masses. His definition of the trust is admirable. He frankly admits that its "aim or tendency is to create a monopoly and to restrict or restrain competition, and to fix, influence or increase prices of commodities." Yet when he comes to the great question of the effect of monopoly on the independence of the laborer or on wages and hours of work, he has little to say. So also he reminds us of the skater on thin and treacherous ice when he is in the presence of the fixing of prices by monopoly, which places the consuming public at the mercy of avaricious exploiters. Such fatal admissions as those recently made by the master-spirits in the coal-trust, to the effect that the prices were fixed so as to take from the people all that they would pay, are vital and pertinent facts with which the public is keenly concerned. Yet this phase of the question—this high-handed robbery of the many by the few—this wholesale modern brigandage—escapes our author or seems of too little interest to be properly emphasized. There are other points that might be touched upon in which this work falls pitifully below what it should be if it filled the measure demanded by its title and which the author sets out to give the readers.

II.

On the other hand, within certain limitations Mr. Moody's work is so excellent as to merit the highest meed of praise. He sees the great question through the eyes of an investor and not through the spectacles of a Jefferson, a Lincoln, or of those of the wealth-creators and consumers, who are suffering through the aggressions of the trusts. He writes primarily for the investor; and if these facts are kept in mind, together with the remembrance that the blackest part of the trust record is ignored, the work will prove of great help to students; for his comprehensive survey of the subject, his orderly and admirable classification of the trusts, his exhaustive treatment of the growth and augmentation of wealth and power, which through

concentration are being more and more restricted to a very few over-rich, his startling exhibit of the all-but-supreme power wielded by two small groups of men, and his figures to substantiate his statements, are well calculated to alarm if indeed they do not excite despair in the minds of the friends of republican government. They speak to the contemplative scholar who is *en rapport* with free institutions, of the presence of a deadly peril which has been coddled and fostered by special privilege and governmental connivance, when not aided by the nation in an outright manner, until it now has its hands on the throat of the government and the people at its mercy.

Mr. Moody is correct when he holds that combination, centralization, or monopoly "is one of the fundamental tendencies of civilization." But there is such a thing as monopoly for the mutual benefit of all, as is seen in the post-office for example, or as is seen in the governmental ownership and operation of the telephone and the railroad in New Zealand; and monopoly for the exploitation of the wealth-creators and consumers that a few may become dangerously rich. There is all the difference in the world between the monopolies which are operated for the public weal and which guarantee equal justice to all individuals, and those which have proved the chief sources of public immorality and corruption, of degradation, injustice and oppression. At the root of monopoly lies privilege in some form, and that privilege gives certain beneficiaries power to take undue advantage of the many. This is fundamentally unjust and injurious alike to a free state and to the individual. A government which permits, and worse still, fosters any monopoly which results in making one class rich at the expense of the multitude, commits a moral crime, is recreant to her sacred trust, and permits her own foundations to be undermined. To thoughtful friends of democracy who are students of social and economic history, this work in spite of its shortcomings must prove alarming. The facts so vividly brought before the reader in the discussion which deals with the concentration of wealth in the hands of the Rockefeller and Morgan groups will prove especially disquieting. The discussion of the franchise-trusts in general will also prove of immense value to students at the present time, when the public mind is awakening to the enormity of the offence perpetrated by public servants when they give away to small coteries of men the well-nigh priceless public-franchises which belong to all the people.

III.

To the large class of investors who give little or no thought to the philosophy of history or the fundamental political issues involved in this great question, and who are merely interested in an exhaustive and authoritative story of the trusts as a subject for financial investment, the work will prove all that could be desired. The vast array of facts and figures which it contains and which bear all the evidences of being authoritative, speaks volumes for the untiring perseverance and special ability of the author for the task he has undertaken,—that of giving a sympathetic story of the trusts from the standpoint of an investor and for the aid and interest of the investing class. The fact that Mr. Moody is in sympathy rather than otherwise with the trusts renders his startling array of figures showing the enormous wealth represented and the potential power wielded by the great monopolies, of special value to reformers, as well as the facts which he frankly points out relating to the vast amount of water upon which the few are acquiring fabulous wealth from the people, which in effect is pure extortion.

Anna The Adventuress. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Anna The Adventuress is a clever and ingenious novel of Bohemian life in Paris and London. Its plot is unique and it will charm those who enjoy stories dealing with this phase of life and whose chief purpose is to amuse, for it is on the whole well written and is full of dramatic action and stirring episodes.

The novel is less thought-stimulating than *A Prince of Sinners*. There is no profoundly interesting psychological study here such as gave special interest to the preceding romance. This story concerns two sisters, Anna and Annabel Pellissier. In outward appearance they are so strikingly alike that the one is constantly mistaken for the other. Notwithstanding the remarkable physical resemblance, Anna the artist is the exact opposite of her frivolous sister, the singer; and at the opening of the novel Annabel has just been married to a man who claimed to be a millionaire. After the ceremony, while they are in an automobile, the young husband tells his bride that he is not the millionaire he has impersonated, whereupon she attempts to jump from the automobile.

The vehicle becomes unmanageable and is upset. Annabel is uninjured, but the husband is crushed under the wreck of the machine and she, supposing he is killed, makes her way back to Paris, where she ensnares Sir John Ferringhall, an Englishman of wealth, by making him believe she is the demure Anna who is heart-broken at the wayward Annabel's conduct and wishes to return to London. The real Anna after being frankly told that she can never become a great artist, also returns to London and strives to earn an honest livelihood. She is, however, constantly mistaken by Annabel's old-time admirers for her sister. Later the man who married the sister claims her as his wife and is dogged in his determination to have and to hold what he believes to be his own. At this time she is a reigning favorite as a popular singer in one of the music-halls. The plot thickens and at times is highly melodramatic, but in the end, both sisters after passing through the fiery furnace of affliction and facing grim and terrible conditions emerge into the golden light of happiness—a happiness born of true love and the fixed determination to live up to the highest dictates of the soul.

The portrayal of the character of Anna, who struggles so bravely and is at all times essentially noble, is a fine picture of well-rounded womanhood instinct with moral strength and self-reliance. This work should materially increase the large circle of Mr. Oppenheim's readers, though the work does not appeal to us with the same interest as did *A Prince of Sinners*.

The Bright Face of Danger. By R. N. Stephens. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 322. Price, \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

THIS new novel by R. N. Stephens, which in some respects is a sequel to *An Enemy to the King*, but which can be read quite as well without reference to the author's preceding story, is thoroughly typical of the mass of romantic historical fiction which has been pouring from the presses of the country during the last few years. It abounds in exciting events, impossible situations and hairbreadth escapes. The hero, a mere youth, is easily able to outwit and overmaster all his older and presumably more skilful adversaries, and finally wins the lady of his heart's desire, after having gazed many times into "The Bright Face of Danger." The scene is laid in the time of Henry of Navarre, that much-overworked period in French history which has figured in so many of the historical romances of recent years.

The volume is a pleasant one with which to while away a summer afternoon, but beyond that it has no especial merit, save that it is written in an easy and pleasing style.

Desire. Poems by Charlotte Eaton. Cloth. Pp. 160. Price, \$1.00 net. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

THIS volume, modeled after the style and fashion of Whitman's rhymes, is devoted almost entirely to sentiments of love or passion; and though the poems deal chiefly with sensuous life, they are singularly free from sensuality. In this respect the volume is rather peculiar. The impression one gains is that of passionate life in the riotous spring-time of being, which constantly recoils from that which is low, base or sensual. The book is in a way elemental in character. It impresses one more as the outgoings of a primitive maiden's passionate yearnings and plaints when under the spell of love awakened by a youth of the opposite sex. At times one is reminded strongly of the Song of Solomon; but with this naïve simplicity and the qualities so marked in primitive poems and lays dealing with the master-passion, there are also present the aspirations of an awakened spirit in quest of the best, and a keen discrimination which is quick to reject that which is gross and unworthy. This quality of Miss Eaton's is well brought out in the following poem entitled "The Voluptuary":

"I looked in the face of the Voluptuary,
The coarse, red flesh, huge jaw, blear-eyes, the
edges of the eye-lids swollen,
The great body bent towards me, desiring me,
the hand soft, the palm-lines broken.
And I talked with him on equal terms, on the
themes that most appealed to him.
And I saw that he had no conception of happi-
ness beyond the gratifying of the senses,
And that nothing was sacred in his eyes, be-
cause all things appeared to him through
this medium,
And that when no longer engrossed by the
questions relating to the brute-nature,
His eyes wandered, his fingers drummed upon
the table, he was distraught, ill at ease.
And I saw that all the beauty of the world had
no actual existence for him,
That love, chivalry, devotion to an ideal, were
as the sounding brass in his ears,
Mere trifles to be discounted as having no
weight in the life of each day.

And I saw that the arts, the delights of litera-
ture or of meditation,
The philosopher's joy, or that of the scientist,
who lives in the thought of the genera-
tions to come,
Had not entered into the dull fiber of him, even
as a suspicion;
And my heart yearned in pity over the great
creature before me, as the heart of a moth-
er might at a monster-birth—
For I saw that the brain was still in the ele-
mentary state, though he numbered the
years of full manhood,
And that the body so perfect in growth, vigor
and proportion,
Was as the strength of the ox, unchastened by
the needs of an awakened intelligence.

There are many lines of strength and some of striking beauty, yet at times the work impresses us as being crude and lacking in finish—something which always seems incongruous in the treatment of sentimental themes. When love-songs are the subject of a poet's muse, we prefer that the laws of versification as they relate to rhyme and rhythm be strictly observed; or if the subject be otherwise treated, the absolute freedom offered by prose, and employed so effectively by Victor Hugo in *Les Misérables* and elsewhere, is far more satisfactory than the use of this singular cross between prose and poetry that marks the productions of the followers of Whitman, and in which one finds at times the rhythm and sweep of blank verse clashing with the ultra-prosaic and commonplace. The book is one which will appeal to a certain class of readers, but we very much doubt whether it will prove popular with the majority.

The Mother-Artist. By Jane Dearborn Mills. Cloth. Pp. 148. Boston: The Palmer Company.

IN THIS work the treatment of motherhood is such as to command the approval of all high-minded men and women. It would be well for America if every parent and all persons contemplating home-building could be induced to give it a thoughtful perusal. It deals intelligently, sanely and practically with one of the most momentous problems with which civilization is concerned and one of the questions that has throughout all ages received little intelligent consideration. Mrs. Mills properly refutes the vulgar and degrading theory which regards parenthood as something onerous and a burden calling for commiseration. In the

mother she finds the divine artist, moulding and shaping the eternal destiny of the souls confided to her keeping. A more holy, august or exalted trust cannot be conceived, and yet such are our prevailing concepts that this most sacred of all charges is regarded as something to be avoided, or at best endured as an inescapable evil, and mothers are pitied by those who have never known the highest and holiest pleasures vouchsafed to human souls on earth. This pitying of mothers Mrs. Mills holds to be essentially debasing.

"Did Pericles need consolation for making Athens the glory of the world? Did Michael Angelo need to be consoled for lying two years upon his back on a scaffolding while painting the ceiling of the Sistine chapel? Did Raphael want consolation for the labor which produced his divine Madonna? Biography does not pity these men. It counts their toil as only so much added to their glory. Can the artist compare with the mother in richness of the material worked upon, in possibilities for what may be wrought, in never-ceasing exercise of all best human powers, in the companionship with what is pure, and deep, and high, and true? Why this morbid pity for her? It is because there is no serious belief in Motherhood."

Among the subjects here discussed by an idealist who at all points is sanely practical are "Love," "Intellect," "Character," "The Babies as Teachers," "Men and Women," "Discipline," "The Working out of Natural Law," and "A Protest and the Answer."

The volume is an earnest message instinct with moral worth and presented in a simple manner by a high-minded American woman who knows whereof she writes and who has written to good purpose. It is a book we can heartily recommend.

Stories from Life. By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 240. New York: The American Book Company.

THIS is an extremely valuable little volume for the young. It consists of stories from the lives of children who afterwards became famous men and women. Those passages or incidents in their early lives that emphasize some special virtue or attribute important to a successful career are dwelt upon. The stories are selected with discernment and the treatment is admirable for the purpose intended. It is a book that children will treasure and which in after years will prove a treasure to the minds that have unconsciously received its helpful and vital lessons.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Marden in his preface acknowledges the material assistance rendered him in the preparation of this book by Miss Margaret Connolly, not merely because of the prevalence of a very dishonest custom among present-day editors and authors of accepting the work and thought of others and allowing the world to believe that they are responsible for the writing, but also because Miss Connolly was for some years our private secretary and later assisted materially in the book-reviewing department of *THE ARENA*. Doubtless many of our old readers will call to mind many reviews signed by her name. Later she went to the editorial department of *Success*, where she has been engaged for some years. By taste and ability she is eminently well-fitted and competent to do this kind of work most acceptably.

We wish this volume might be placed in the hands of our boys throughout the republic. It would be well if parents should read one of these stories to the children each day, and the succeeding day question the children about the story before reading another chapter.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE DRAGON IN AMERICA: In this issue *THE ARENA* gives its readers one of the most luminous and instructive presentations of the Chinese question in America that has appeared. It has been prepared for *THE ARENA* by the scholarly and well-known author, editor and essayist, CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL.D. Dr. HOLDER is a lineal descendent of CHRISTOPHER HOLDER, the friend of OLIVER CROMWELL and GEORGE FOX, and one of the pioneers in America, arriving in 1656, after which he established the first Quaker or Friends' Society in the New World. Dr. HOLDER is the author of a biography of CHARLES DARWIN and a life of LOUIS AGASSIZ. He has written a score or more standard works on natural history, and he has held many important educational positions on the Pacific coast. The present paper will enable eastern readers to understand the reasons for the intensity of feeling on the Pacific coast in regard to the Chinese question. There is a charm about the style of Dr. HOLDER's work which lends peculiar interest to his writing, and in this fascinating discussion the essayist has invested the facts of history with all the interest of romance. Dr. HOLDER has contributed another paper to *THE ARENA*; entitled "A Dream of Empire," dealing with a plan for the federation of the South American republics, which will be a feature of an early number of *THE ARENA*.

A Survey of the Political Field: We intended to discuss the present political situation in this issue of *THE ARENA*, but a survey of the field, with even a brief analysis of the conditions, would require more space than we have at our command, owing to our extended editorial on the Colorado situation. Hence we have deferred this discussion until the September number. That issue will also contain some essays of special interest to progressive and patriotic Americans, the most important of which will be Congressman BAKER's powerful and exhaustive discussion on "The Reign of Graft and the Remedy," and "The President, His Attorney-General and the Trusts," by A. L. BENSON, editor of the *Detroit Daily Times*.

A Scholarly Defence of the Negro, by a Color-

ed Man: In our May issue we published a paper by a northern scholar which strongly reflected the dominant sentiment among the white population of the South on the subject of the Fifteenth Amendment. In this issue we give a striking contribution from a scholarly representative of the colored race, presenting in an able manner many surprising facts as revealed in the recent census and which reflect great credit on the negro in America—facts which will do much to correct many widely-circulated and generally-accepted errors concerning the colored man. It is safe to say that never in the history of civilization has a race made such rapid advance as the negro since the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. GEORGE W. FORBES is one of a group of college-men among the negro population of Boston who are a credit to the commonwealth. He is a graduate of Amherst and has for many years been in the municipal service of Boston. He has contributed on many occasions to our leading New England publications, notably the *Springfield Republican* and the *Boston Transcript*. This paper has been prepared with great care, and the data and statements of facts have been taken from the last census report, so they embody the latest authoritative facts relating to the subject.

Fundamental Measures for the Preservation of Popular Government: In our June issue DANIEL L. CRUISE contributed a graphic and inspiring chapter on the magnificent progress made in the battle for Direct-Legislation in Illinois. In this issue we give the second paper in our series of contributions dealing with the advance and the practical workings of Direct-Legislation or Majority-Rule in the United States. This contribution is prepared by W. S. U'Ren, one of the leading lawyers of Oregon and a master-spirit in the aggressive campaign which was carried to such a victorious termination. The facts as given in this paper not only redound to the credit of the great commonwealth of the Pacific, but they should also prove a source of encouragement to all friends of republican institutions in America; for the victory in Oregon is in our judgment the most important recent triumph for the cause of good government and free institutions in an American commonwealth.

An Eloquent and Convincing Paper on "Judaism and the American Spirit": The cause of the Hebrew has seldom been presented in so clear, straightforward and convincing a manner in the compass of a magazine article as in "Judaism and the American Spirit," which is contributed to this issue by EDWARD M. BAKER. It is an eloquent and thoughtful discussion well calculated to broaden the spirit of our people at a time when there is much tendency to exhibit the intolerant, unreasoning and narrow partisan spirit of a reactionary past.

Professor Maxey on Japan: Last month JOAQUIN MILLER presented our readers with one of his inimitable pen-pictures of the Japanese as he found them during his visit to the Land of the Rising Sun. In this issue of THE ARENA we publish a notable contribution by Professor MAXEY, which in our judgment is one of the best and most comprehensive analyses of the attitude of America and the three great contributory reasons for her marked sympathy with Japan in the present struggle which has appeared in magazine literature. Professor MAXEY is a trained diplomatist, and discusses the matter in its broadest significance and from the view-point of enlightened democratic statesmanship. Next month we hope to present an able discussion by Professor JOHN WARD STIMSON, author of *The Gate Beautiful*, on the moral, intellectual and artistic awakening of the Japanese.

Professor Parsons' Estimate of President Roosevelt: Professor PARSONS, in common with thousands of sincere patriots, was long an ardent admirer of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, especially during the years when he was fighting the battle for civil-service reform and mercilessly flaying the bosses, who were most perfectly incarnated in such men as QUAY, ADDICKS, CROKER and PLATT; and since his elevation to office, in spite of the many astounding acts which have shattered the confidence of thousands of his admirers, Professor PARSONS still holds him in high esteem, though not blind to his shortcomings, or at least some of them. And knowing the judicial temper of the Professor, his love of fair-play and his ever-present desire to be just to all, we requested him to prepare an estimate of President ROOSEVELT, which, while probably being far more flattering than otherwise, we knew would be the opinion of an absolutely honest, sincere, truth-loving, and justice-guided student of social progress and one who by nature and

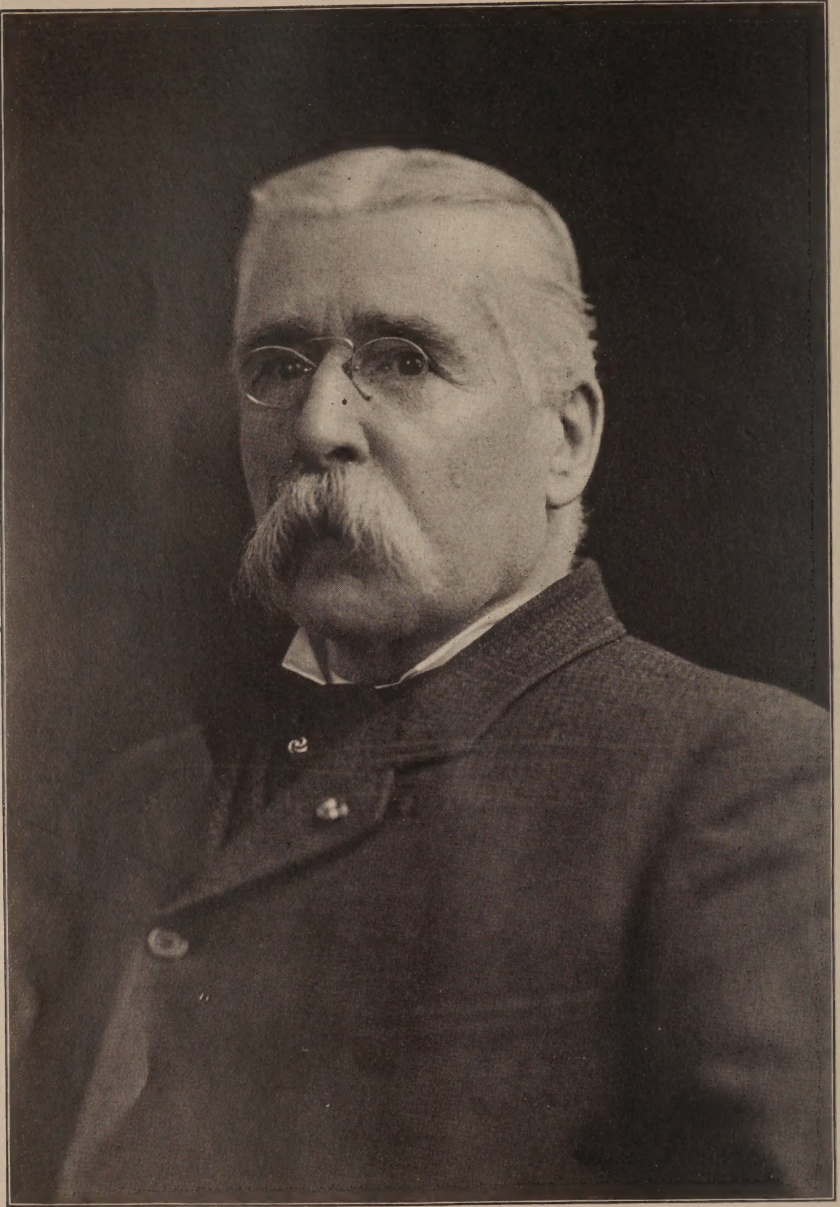
temperament is a moderate, with a judicial quality of mind far more marked than in most progressive thinkers.

Personally we regret to say that the high regard we once entertained for the President has changed to a very different sentiment. We used to greatly admire the man THEODORE ROOSEVELT, though we did not agree with his reactionary and Hamiltonian theory of government; but since his elevation to high office he has so signally failed when the test came to place right, the interests of clean government and the welfare of the people before personal interests and the lust for power and office, that we have come to regard him as a shrewd, self-seeking politician rather than as a true statesman. If our readers will compare JOSEPH FOLK's political career under stress and strain with that of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, they will understand precisely what we mean. The fearless western democrat has proved himself a true statesman in the highest sense of that term. He has placed all thought of self, even of his own life, in subordination to the weal of the state and the interests of clean and honest government. The President has consorted with the late MATTHEW QUAY, whom he has termed "my staunch and loyal friend." In this issue between the high demands of political morality, justice and free institutions, and his own advancement, he has made friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness to such a degree that he has forfeited the regard of tens of thousands of patriotic Americans who a few years ago considered him one of the finest types of the political reformer.

The Political Situation in Australia: After writing our summary of Australian politics for the "Mirror of the Present" department of this issue, we received the interesting paper from one of our Australian contributors on the Federal Parliament which appears in this number. It contains many additional facts and amplification of matter merely touched upon in our editorial.

The Poetry of Poe: Our readers will find EDWIN MARKHAM's critical paper on "The Poetry of Poe" one of the strongest pieces of fine prose writing in contemporaneous literature. We purchased this paper for THE ARENA with the understanding that it was later to appear as the introductory chapter in a new and handsome edition of POE's works which the firm of MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS is bringing out, and which will be one of their important publications of this fall.

~~BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY,~~
~~BRIGHTON BRANCH.~~



GENERAL L. P. DI CESNOLA

DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

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THE SITUATION IN THE RUSSIAN INTERIOR.

BY ADALBERT ALBRECHT.

"Of glory and honor we have had enough, but when I think how little has been done in the interior of the Empire this thought lays itself heavily on my heart."—*Words of the dying Czar Alexander.*

THE GLORY of war and the power of rulers should simply be the means of strengthening the people of a country materially, intellectually and morally. The Russians as a people are not warlike and despotic, with the exception of the Cossacks. The Russian is naturally so peace-loving that even his inborn hatred of the Turk and Tartar did not induce him to take up weapons against them until the Church made it plain to him that it was his duty to win back his Byzantine brothers to the orthodox Church and to free the Slav races in the Balkans from the "yoke of the unbeliever."

Even the most patriotic Russian cannot affirm that the people wanted war in 1887, and those who know Russia well know that the whole nation disapproves more or less of the present war. It is for Russia the most important event since the freeing of the bondsmen (1861). The construction of many new railways was begun at the same time and these two changes altered the whole political and financial government of the country.

Two Ministers of Finance marked

their names indelibly on this period, *Vyshnegradski* and *Witte*. The former put on the people the thumbscrew of taxation and was merciless in forcing payment from them. He compelled the peasants to sell their crops as soon as possible after the harvest, thus also increasing the export. He procured the right to determine the freight-rates, and by introducing a differential tariff for grain induced the great land-owners to send their corn from the remotest parts of the Empire to the ports. He was just as successful in reducing the imports by raising the duties. The grain export increased. The chronic deficit in the Budget disappeared. The commercial balance rose from sixty millions to three hundred and seven million rubles, till the failure of the crops came in 1891 and the Government's savings had to be encroached upon.

Then *Witte* came. He saw on the one hand the national debt, owing for the most part in foreign countries; on the other the inability of the tax-payer to meet the demands made upon him. Some of the foreign debts still had to be paid in gold, and gold was necessary to pay for the machines and other goods which Russian industries did not produce. At the same time the effect of the tremendous pressure on the grain export began to make

itself felt. Things went so far that the United States sent a shipload of grain for the starving. The poverty of the people, caused by the high rate of taxes, increased. The natural course under these circumstances would have been for the State to take measures to help and increase the productiveness of the country. An agrarian reform should have been undertaken, which was not the affair of the Minister of Finance alone, but of all the departments of the Government. But an agrarian reform requires time, and Witte never had time for anything. He proposed to mend matters by a quick method. The taxes were increased by about seventy millions a year. New loans were obtained.

Witte made himself unlimited lord of the money in circulation. He took not only the Imperial Bank but all private banks under his direction and indirect control. His next step was the introduction of the gold currency. The first condition of a gold currency is that the yearly profits of commerce remain in the country. This fact, however, he left entirely out of consideration, for he "had a firm belief in the development of the productive strength of Russia." Industries were necessary to make the country independent. Until then Russia had remained industrially absolutely undeveloped. These industries were to keep the many millions, which were yearly paid into foreign coffers, at home. They would also afford new material for taxation. For their establishment he required money, money, and still more money. He did not hesitate to negotiate new loans, for France's attempts at political flirtation had opened a rich money market.

Vyshnegradski's government had been mercantile. Witte sought to reach his ends by means of monopolies. Most of the railways were taken over by the State. They turned out to be unprofitable undertakings. The small profit which had its place in the Budget for a short time has disappeared entirely since the opening of

the Siberian-Manchurian line. In 1895 the Government began to make a monopoly of alcohol, and in spite of bad harvests obtained an income in 1902 of 497,400,000 from the sale of spirits alone. It is clear that the profit of the fisc in this case means the physical and moral loss of the people. The profits of the post, telegraph, government forests, mines and lands are favorable. Since Witte's departure the country is theoretically in an almost ideal state of prosperity.

But the fact is becoming more and more widely known, that the export is only kept up by artificial means. Flour is sold in foreign countries in the autumn and in the following spring it is so dear that the peasants cannot buy bread. If the grain export is allowed to decrease the deficit in the Budget makes its appearance. Russia's credit is still good and is supported by Europe's belief in the inexhaustible natural resources of the country and the size of the empire. It was claimed that it required no security, but the Government's experiences lately, when negotiating for loans, would scarcely bear out this statement.

Witte's work was stupendous, but it resembled that of the Danaïdes rather than that of Hercules. The brilliant state of the finances can no longer hide the fact that the Empire has been disastrously bled. Great and radical changes must take place.

I have mentioned the industries which were stamped out of the ground. Three things are necessary before any industry can flourish: skilled workmen, money, and a strong middle class. All three were, and still are lacking. Not that the need of industries was not felt. On the contrary, the import of industrial products was constantly increasing. After the freeing of the bondsmen the people began to flock into the towns. The nobility brought money, the peasants, labor. But the money was soon squandered or lost in speculation. There were no handicraftsmen settled in the towns, and business was almost entirely in the hands of

foreigners. *The Russian had his place in domestic trade, but only there. All outside trade belonged to the foreigner.*

The peasant who came to the city was and is not an able factory-hand. He is accustomed to keeping ninety or more holidays a year, and even in the towns the Church enforces his observance of them. Besides this the Russian peasant is generally a member of the village commune and possesses as such a hut and a strip of land. He has no sooner started working than he wants to go back to the country. He is half farmer and half workman, and therefore neither farmer nor workman. The Government also made the mistake of not developing the small hand-industries which had existed for hundreds of years all over Russia. Instead of enlarging them and making them the foundation of great national industries, the Government made beggars of the people.

The rise of Russian industries will stand no comparison with those of Japan. In both countries we see a completely cut-off people who are suddenly to be brought face to face with European civilization. But Japan was the home of many handicraftsmen and of a large class of artisans. She possessed a well-drilled working-class, a culture of her own and a thrifty population. The Russian workman was less capable of understanding European industries than the Japanese. The Russian capitalist had and has less talent for organization than the Japanese.

It was expected that with money Russia could be made industrially independent over night. Of course there was not enough in the country, consequently foreign loans had to be obtained. The people were intentionally infected with the germs of the founding fever. A great deal of money and work is being expended in establishing the iron industry, which is the cornerstone of the building of all modern industries. It was the first of an endless series of Government enterprises. *But the Government overlooks the fact that the constant increase of industrial production is principally owing to the construction of*

railways, less because the transport of goods is greatly facilitated by the railways than because the materials needed for them are supplied by the industries. The latter have become wholly dependent on railway construction. The Government wants to economize and therefore, after allowing large profits to be made for a time, it cuts down the prices. If a purveyor refuses to accept the price offered him he receives no orders. Many stock-companies easily obtained the concession for the establishment of a factory, but found that not they alone could determine the amount of their net profits and dividends. The fiscal interest outweighs all others. The alcohol monopoly made the distilleries entirely dependent on the fisc, for it was their only customer. Having learned the cost of the raw material, the fisc sets the price of its own purchases. It takes openly into consideration the prosperity of the different provinces. The thrifty, hard-working farmer pays for the laziness of the improvident farmer. As it is easier for the Government to deal with a few large companies than many small ones, the number of the distilleries has been reduced one-third. The distilleries which bought the produce of agriculture are disappearing and the factories are spreading.

The sugar factories and refineries, under the protection of the high tariff, have thriven wonderfully. Russian sugar has completely taken the place of foreign. The fisc and the factories profit, but the tax-payer has to pay for it. The domestic price of sugar is three or four times as high as the foreign price, which hardly covers the cost of production. The consumer in Russia has to pay the difference. This is but one of a hundred examples. The industries are undeniably making headway, but we find the impulse that moves them in the high protective tariff, the immigration of foreign capitalists, engineers and managers, and in the generous support of the government.

Who profits by all this trouble? For whom do the factories work? Even the

maddest Russian optimists cannot hope to bring things in the near future to the point where Russia will export manufactured goods to European countries. Only Asia remains. But the export to Asia remained the same from 1890 to 1903,—that is three and four per cent. of the whole Russian export. The produce therefore is limited at present to the domestic market, which is hardly enticing when we remember that among one-hundred and twenty-six millions of people, in spite of the large export of grain, not ten per cent. live in comfort and that the wealthy prefer foreign produce. Judging by the lack of culture and the financial conditions no near improvement can be hoped for. *Not the Russian people but the Russian fisc opened the market for the tremendous increase in industrial activity,—the fisc, that itself borrowed the money to pay for the goods.*

The Government thought that a satisfactory state of finance was a certain proof of the prosperity of the people—and it was mistaken. In the Russian literature a deeply plaintive note has long sounded and sounds ever louder, of disappointment and embitterment. The aristocrat is just as unfortunate as the peasant. Both were happy in the natural state in which the freeing of the bondsmen surprised them. The few whom this great change did not strike unawares,—cold calculators, petty clerks and tradesmen,—knew how to make use of the chaos. The one preyed upon the peasant, the other upon the nobleman. The impoverished aristocrat became a beggar of situations, a creeper, a tiptoeer. Worrying about ways and means made him hard. The lower nobility, which before long was absorbed in the bureaucracy soon became antagonistic to the landed nobility. They, in their turn, were driven to agricultural plunder of the land.

The poetic steppe disappeared under cornfields, but with the steppe the cattle are also disappearing. Cattle stock is increasing in all highly-civilized countries. In Russia alone it had decreased by a third at the beginning of this year. Owing to the lack of manure the soil, which has not

been cultivated for hundreds of years, is rapidly exhausted. Sheep and horse-breeding is declining, the forests are being cut down; the grassy meadows have gone, and with them natural irrigation is going. The climate is changing; the "lean years" are becoming more frequent. The much-talked-of beneficial "Commune constitution" killed any pleasure the people may have had in working. As the Commune as a whole was responsible for the rates and taxes, the land being common property which was divided again and again according to the increase in the population, all individual striving was crippled. The thrifty had to raise the taxes of the lazy. No man might separate himself from the community, as that would have reduced the sum of the taxes. The Commune constitution was at first held up as an example of ideal democratic social equality; but those with insight soon realized that it was nothing less than a blood-letting system of the government. *It was finally changed last year, because nothing more remained to be got out of the people, and the Government wished at least to appear ready to adopt reforms.*

Diseases multiply, the mortality is increasing, particularly infant mortality. Nothing is done to supply doctors, of whom there is great lack. This is the material life of the Russian people.

Their intellectual life is not much better. All the State grammar-schools are left to the Church. The uneducated, intemperate clergy is incapable of educating others. The district-schools are better, but their number is insufficient. About one-half per cent. of the tremendous Budget is devoted to the lower schools, but large amounts are spent on institutions in the foreign provinces, for the education of Bulgarians, Poles, Finns, etc., who generally have better ones of their own. These schools are supported for political reasons. Russian interest is much more deeply involved in outside propaganda than in internal Russian conditions. *We see how politics forces the Russian to go hungry, not only physically, but intellectually.*

The church, which is smothered in dogma, has managed to make the whole religious life of the peasant an outward one, consisting entirely of forms and customs. One of the results is that as soon as he is touched by the true spirit of the Gospel he becomes a dissenter. Dozens of sects increase the number of their followers from year to year. Then the Church interferes as the servant of the State. Wherever there is political propaganda, and the sectarians are considered to be politically dangerous, money runs in streams from above. *Politics forces the Russian to go hungry in religion.*

Later Russian literature shows sufficiently the moral degradation of the people. The position of the women, a criterion of every culture, is low. To the peasant a woman is still a slave; his wife and daughter feel themselves as such. In summer the men leave their homes to seek employment or the women find work in distant provinces. Such conditions have their influence on the family life and bring about a weakening of maternal instincts. The sectarians of course stand morally higher. Many of them have established communities in their banishment, for instance, on the bleak tracts of land beyond the Kaspi, which are the envy of the peasants on the fertile "black soil."

At first sight the Russian peasant would appear to be the descendant of a great, free people, but on consideration of his life and his desires we seem to see the victim of a long serfdom before us—or the son of a people without a future.

Where is the future of the Russian people? There is no strong middle class with its own ideals and spheres of interest. There is only a slavish bureaucracy and that great mass of dissatisfied peasants, starving priests and primitive artisans, out of whose ranks the revolutionists and the Nihilists are recruited.

The High-Schools are put beyond the reach of most young men and women and in this way is fostered that half-education which is the general Russian education and the mother of Nihilism. Young Rus-

sia, with the addition of much Jewish blood, has enthusiasm, endurance and respect for knowledge. Russian men and women students show agility of mind, and iron patience under hardships; but they are inclined to overrate their capabilities and acquirements. Like all Russians, they are apt to generalize and, endowed themselves with quick intellects, are easily dazzled by intellect in others. Their glowing patriotism has only injured them. They did not know the people. They expected to carry the peasant away with their ideas, and were met with blows. They fared better among the ever-growing working-class in the large cities, but supervision is easier there and their propaganda therefore more difficult.

It is easy for those thousands of miles distant to judge these people, but it must be admitted that, whatever their faults, they are absolutely sincere. To be sure, it is the sincerity of fanaticism—but still, sincerity; sincerity which is so seldom found in public life in Russia. Only when we have seen the milieu in which these people grow up can we understand them at all. At times the whole world shudders at their deeds, but when we have seen their surroundings and breathed their atmosphere we can understand even though we cannot excuse them. From their sixteenth year on they live as it were in a prison. From the moment they enter the High-School they are under police supervision. If four seventeen-year-old boys or girls are seen standing together in the street in Moscow, a policeman comes and separates them. A conspiracy is suspected. For the same reason all sport is impossible among the students. They must all wear uniforms, even the women. There are thousands of forbidden books. If the police finds one of them in the home of a student, he is immediately imprisoned without being sentenced, for two, three, or four months, and his parents are left in ignorance of the fact. If they seek information from the police they receive no answer and are often subjected to great annoyance, as for instance the searching

of their houses. I know two Russian medical students, girls, who, on the police finding Nietzsche's *Also Sprach Zarathustra* in their possession, were imprisoned for three months in St. Petersburg. They had formerly acted as nurses for three years in the public hospitals without payment. Every year hundreds of young men lose the right to one year's military service and are obliged to serve for three.

Police drill. Intellectual drill. That is why science has no home in Russia, at least not on national Russian soil. Even to-day science lives there on German, French and English work, and with very few exceptions the Russian scientific literature consists of translations and imitations. Only Russian fiction is original. After having borrowed its philosophy from the West it has become a mirror in which all the wretchedness and longing of the people is reflected clear and intense. There is no Russian art worth mentioning. Wherever we look in European Russia we see the disastrous consequences of the system of government, of the centralization and uniformation, these two mill-stones between which the independence and self-reliance of the people are ground.

The non-Russian highly-civilized border countries are treated in the same way as the home provinces. To prevent the officials becoming interested in any one place they are constantly moved about. They live the lives of nomads, with no interest in nor understanding of the people. How can any man take an interest in his work if he is never allowed to see the results? The Government clerk's activity is nothing but red-tape. His honesty is shaky, he becomes domineering and develops a tendency to let things slide. The Russian Minister of Finance is the brain of the State. He holds all the strings in his hands which direct every movement of the Government clerks. They are nothing but marionettes who dance at the will of an energetic but unimaginative man.

If we turn our gaze from Russia itself to the *colonies* the whole scene is changed. Where the Russians find a native popula-

tion less civilized than their own they manage to get on very well. In Western Asia they are real colonizers. They have at last brought peace and order into that part of the continent. Commerce is increasing there, Russian immigration is growing. Nevertheless, apart from the gold-mines, the resources of Russian Asia are almost entirely in the hands of foreign capitalists.

But her success in Western Asia by no means justifies Russia's expansive policy. Such a policy may be the result of two forces: One is the expression of a great conqueror's ambition and disappears at his death. The other is the natural consequence of the increasing vigor of a people and is of lasting effect. England's expansive policy began with her protection of her people's expanding forces, and ever since it has followed her merchant-ships and emigrants. Bismarck considered this the normal method. When we remember that Russia built her railways with foreign money, paid and still pays for her conquests out of loans and money which might have been better spent at home, the difference between the course of action of the two countries is thrown into a searching light. England has always obtained and developed her colonies with the interest, so to speak, of her culture-capital, in men as well as money. Whenever she tried to colonize by the might of the sword she failed. Home government is the best school for the English and all other colonists, and should be that of the Russians. But Russia is practicing "Welt-politik." Not in order to help her people, but in order to practice Weltpolitik and from the Volga to the Dneiper, the good soil at home is being exhausted for want of proper care. *Weltpolitik brings quick and certain advantage to only one class—the Government officials, the bureaucracy, whose omnipotence is increased and who make this harmful system of colonization necessary.*

In order to develop successfully Russia must depart from her traditions and renounce her desire for outward appear-

ances. She cannot claim a place among the countries in the highest state of modern civilization so long as she dabbles in Weltpolitik as she has hitherto done. But she cannot continue to do so if she gives up her despotic, bureaucratic centralization. On the one hand, it is not possible to equip Russia for competition with Europe with her present system of government; on the other, the people are not yet ripe for constitutional government. It would be dangerous to establish a parliament in Russia with things in their present state. The last fifty years of European history have shown us that the best parliamentarism constantly brings about new disturbances, and the lower the classes who take part in the political life of a country the rougher are its forms and the more difficult the treatment of the questions at issue. I say European history advisedly. The United States has proved a brilliant exception. But even here the emancipation of the negroes has shown what it means to admit uncultivated elements among the representatives of the people. *Only some great disaster can force Russia to break with her present course of action.* Difficult though it may be to imagine a general revolution in Russia, it cannot be denied that there has never been so much inflammable material awaiting the torch as now. The population of the few large towns is constantly becoming more open in its acceptance of the revolutionary propaganda. The country people are driven on by hunger, and at the outbreak of the war the question was openly asked whether the army could be depended upon. For that reason no regiments out of the interior of Russia were sent to the front till now, when the authorities have had to have recourse to them.

Finance, political economy, self-government,—on these three things depend the fu-

ture. An effort will have to be made to balance the Budget by other means than loans. The army can easily be reduced to half its strength, for European Russia is threatened by no enemy on land and is geographically favorably situated for a defensive policy. The western border countries are to-day the pillars of the Empire, industrially and agriculturally as well as from the point of view of culture. They may become its political support when the Government gives up its war against nationalities and confessions in its endeavor to introduce "Russian culture," and as soon as the western frontier becomes more accessible to western culture. England is the only country which might threaten Russia's economic interests, and Russia's fleet is much too small to protect her in such a case. In China she has none of the harbors that she needs. The interests which a Russian fleet would have to protect are not worth its cost.

All over Russia is the necessity for the cultivation of the individual; for, the larger the country, the more it needs internal variety in order to preserve its external unity and to develop its culture. The people should be politically trained and made conscious of their ability by provincial self-government. Only such measures can prevent great social catastrophes.

And what renders this war so tragic is, that if Russia is victorious no reforms will be effected for many years. The influential classes will point to the victories as a proof that Russia is growing great and mighty without reforms. If she is defeated, I am afraid that she will no longer require them. She will be too weak for that for many, many years—perhaps forever.

ADALBERT ALBRECHT.

New York City.

THE REIGN OF GRAFT AND THE REMEDY.

BY HON. ROBERT BAKER,

Member of Congress from the VI. New York District.

FOR THE better part of a year the disclosures of corruption in the Post-Office department were made the occasion for thousands of editorials; Machen, Beavers and other department officials and the contractors who were said to have divided with them, being held up by democratic organs as the inevitable product of Republican rule, while Republican speakers and editors either denied its existence or asserted that the corruption was merely desultory and would be ferreted out and punished. To read the discussions of the matter at the time it engrossed a large share of public attention, one would have assumed that there had been an outbreak of a new disease, which if taken promptly in hand could be thoroughly stamped out. There was much denunciation of graft in the post-office and other departments of the Federal government, but none of graft *per se*. Nothing could have been more essentially superficial or could have more clearly indicated the entire lack of conception of its cause, its persistence, and how it could be prevented, its extent and persistence being ascribed to every cause but the real one.

To understand the genesis of graft one must look deeper than is usually done by those who so learnedly discuss it. Graft is no new disease of the body-politic, nor were the post-office scandals a sudden eruption of an old but dormant one; nor can it be eradicated by superficial measures, nor by holding up certain bureau chiefs and the contractors they dealt with as extraordinarily vicious. This is not saying that they should not be punished, if found guilty; nor that new safeguards, wherever possible, be not devised to prevent the repetition of such occurrences. The community will, however, gain little therefrom, nor will graft be thereby eradicated.

Greater ingenuity is always likely to be shown in the evading of law than in the drafting of it. The larger the prospective gain from its evasion, the more ingenious the methods to circumvent it.

Society should give more thought to the underlying cause of graft than to finding new obstacles to its continuance or new penalties for those who practice it. It may be well to first ask whether its prevalence is generally recognized. To assume that it is confined to the dealings of contractors with department officials is to overlook its larger and more profitable field of operation.

Before citing some of the more flagrant instances it would be well to first ask: What is graft? In the last analysis it is the obtaining of something for nothing—through collusion.

A hint of the extent to which graft has even permeated the commercial world is indicated in the case of a buyer for a large Washington department-store, who, last winter, exhibited to her friends a magnificent array of "presents" received from business-houses from whom she regularly bought goods for her employers. They were all of considerable pecuniary value, while she frankly said that the donors all understood she could buy wherever she pleased. It is immaterial whether the "presents" were bribes or blackmail; either the donors or her employers were "grafted." And yet she would have waxed indignant if anyone had suggested either alternative.

A few years ago we heard much of how the wholesale dry-goods merchants in New York were harried by the police when they occupied the sidewalks with their packing-cases, unless they submitted to "blackmail." It certainly was blackmail for the police to collect this tribute,

but those who were admittedly occupying public property without paying the city for the privilege were the real grafters; they merely divided with the police the value of monopolizing the city's streets.

There is no more reason why cases of boots and shoes, dry-goods, hardware, machinery; why furniture, fruits and vegetables should be allowed for hours to occupy sidewalks to the obstruction of pedestrians, than that he who sells meals should have his restaurant on the sidewalk, or that the barber, doctor or lawyer should have their offices there. The virtuous indignation of these merchants was not due to a high conception of civic duty—against someone obtaining something for nothing, against graft *per se*—but was due to their no longer being permitted to retain all the value of the privileges they were preëmpting.

At the very time when these merchants were crying out against police blackmail, and were giving more or less open countenance to the movement to overthrow the city government, one of the wealthiest dry-goods merchants made strenuous efforts to privately induce the one member of the administration who was standing like adamant in opposition to colossal schemes of public spoliation to withdraw his opposition to a piece of wholesale graft—the abatement of the assessment for the Elm-street widening. Had this high city official yielded to these blandishments this millionaire and his fellow property-owners along that thoroughfare would have “grafted” the city to the extent of some \$2,000,000, probably ten times the amount that the police had obtained from the merchants who monopolized the city's sidewalks during all the years that they had bribed the police for that privilege.

In denouncing “graft” let us maintain some sense of proportion. Let our demand for punishment “fit the crime.” While expressing hostility to the methods shown to have existed in the contracting department of the post-office, and venting our indignation on the petty contractors and bureau chiefs, who have defrauded

the people of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, let us reserve some of our condemnation for those greater criminals who through collusion with higher officials and party chiefs have taken from the treasury millions every year in excessive mail-transportation payments. The graft to the railroads in the thirty-nine millions appropriated for inland railroad mail transportation is many times the total of the pickings of bureau chiefs and petty contractors. Some six millions are also appropriated for rental of mail-cars at a cost equal to the original cost of the car, many being over twenty years old and in the opinion of the railway mail-clerks are a constant menace to their lives.

What is it but graft, when Congressmen and Senators accept (where they do not solicit) passes and telegraph-franks—some not only asking for themselves but constantly applying for them for friends? Their conduct is different only in degree from that of the purchasing-agent of a department who divides with the contractor the increased price charged for his goods—each uses his official position to get something for nothing. The Congressman may try to delude himself with the idea that the railroad-pass or telegraph-frank is given him as a “courtesy,” but we may be sure that the railroad or telegraph company fully realizes its subtle influence even where it is not openly issued as a bribe. It must be remembered that it is not only in affirmative legislation that a legislator can render a great service to railroads and other special-privilege corporations; the *statu quo* is frequently as serviceable to them as legislation openly in their interest. When the ablest Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York (William J. Gaynor) describes favoritism in railroad freight-rates “as the greatest crime of our day and generation,” and says that “more wrong has been done by it than by all the crimes defined by our statutes,” and that “it has crushed and beggared thousands all over the land,” it can be readily seen that the most effective service a legislator can render to these criminal

corporations is to quietly put to sleep what the companies are pleased to call "hostile" legislation; to put off all consideration by the Judiciary Committee; by the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads—always so liberal in its appropriations for railway mail-transportation; by the Committee on the District of Columbia, where the two great railway-systems having depots there were aided out of the joint treasuries of the District and of the United States to an amount variously estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$7,000,000 during the Fifty-seventh Congress; by the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee where bills to extend the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission so that they could enforce their decrees instead of, as now, having them set at naught by the railroads, are quietly slumbering; or by the Public Lands Committee which ought to have something to say, but does n't, as to whether the transcontinental roads are living up to their agreements entered into as a part consideration, at least, for the hundreds of millions of acres and scores of millions of dollars in money that they bribed and cajoled former Congresses into granting them; or even by the Labor Committee, which for five months fooled with an eight-hour bill and then referred it to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to report on, on the ground that it had not the time itself to investigate the subject;—hostile legislation in the vocabulary of the railroads being any measure to lessen extortionate tolls; to prevent freight rebates and discriminations; to compel compliance with the decisions of the courts and the Interstate Commerce Commission; to enforce the law for automatic safety appliances; or any other law drawn primarily in the interest of the public or of railroad employees.

A jurist of international reputation—Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court—has recently pointed out another and an extremely insidious form of bribery. In speaking of a law-making lawyer's temptation which has come with the development of these

enormous special-privilege corporations, he says:

"These interests are colossal in size, alluring by the magnitude of their achievements, tempting not merely by the money they possess and with which they can reward, but more by the influence they can exert in favor of the individual lawmaker in the furtherance of his personal advancement.

"No one can be blind to the fact that these mighty corporations are holding out most tempting inducements to lawmakers to regard in their lawmaking those interests rather than the nation.

"There may be no written agreement. There may be in fact no agreement at all, and yet when the lawmaker understands that that power exists which may make for his advancement or otherwise, that it will be exerted according to the pliancy with which he yields to its solicitations, it lifts the corporation into a position of constant danger to republican institutions."

For years the business interests of New York have beseeched Congress to make more adequate provision for its constantly increasing postal business, but no appropriation for a building was made. I learned during the recent session that the money could have been had at almost any session during the past ten years only for the opposition of the New York Central railroad. So general was this view that no attempt to gloss over the real cause was made even when correspondents of New York papers were present at informal gatherings endeavoring to secure an appropriation—although it was tacitly understood that they would not be so discreet as to put the blame for the delay where it belonged. The New York Central, having direct representation in the Senate, could block any proposition not in conformity with what it was pleased to consider its interest. Having finally come to terms with its great rival, the Pennsylvania, and those two corporations having agreed between themselves as to what they would permit to be done in the matter, it goes without

saying that every difficulty was removed, every obstacle overcome; cabinet officers quickly approved, and the appropriations were duly made. The New York merchants who cried in vain so long for improved postal facilities will no doubt refrain from applying the term "hold-up" to the whole proceeding. We in the East have too great a reverence for great wealth to do anything more than complain, being equally careful with the correspondents not to say anything rude of those who have for so long prevented action, even if the result is to buttress private ownership of interstate highways by tying up the Post-Office Department to the New York Central with a fifty-year lease. The records will, I think, be searched in vain during all this period for evidence that even one member has openly charged any railroad with being the real obstructionist. Of course no one would suggest that failure to do this was in any way related to the question of railroad-passes.

Another piece of graft is the excess fare which this road exacts from all who purchase tickets from New York to Albany, or *vice versa*. Although limited by law to a two-cent rate, passengers are charged \$3.10, the distance being one hundred and forty-six miles. The only excuse I have ever heard for this extra fare is that the company has to pay the difference to another company which owns the railroad bridge at Albany. This is bad enough, but when one learns that the bridge is the private property of the Vanderbilt family and their immediate friends, one sees that not only is the public milked, but the graft does not even go to the stockholders of the road that most of the passengers think they pay it to, but to that little inner circle of men who control the railroad company, and who were shrewd enough to hit upon so simple a scheme for deflecting a considerable revenue into their pockets. Like the operation of tariff taxes, nearly all who pay this little honorarium to one of the "great" families of America have no conception that they have been taxed at all.

What is it but graft when a United States Senator, the head of an express company, not only uses his position to protect his own and allied companies from legislative "attacks," insuring them in the continuation of their extremely valuable privileges, but secures to the railroads from whom these valuable privileges are derived extortionate prices for transporting the mails?

What was it but graft when Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford and Crocker organized a construction company to build the Pacific railroads, paying themselves out of the treasury of the railroads enormous sums for work at inflated prices, under which they got possession of most of its bonds and stocks?

What was it but graft when big financiers forced the United States Government to accept in full settlement but a part of the large debt the Union Pacific owed?

What is it but graft when the controlling forces of a railroad system organize an express or dispatch company to which valuable privileges are granted on far lower terms than it could, or would, obtain if the grantee company were not in effect themselves?

What is it but graft when the directors of a railroad company organize an industrial company, locate it along the line of their road, then accord it lower freight rates than are charged to competitors in the same business?

What is it but graft when the directors of a railroad have special cars placed at their disposal whenever they desire them for social or business purposes?

What is it but graft when the President of the United States accepts the "courtesy" of special railroad trains, or cars, for vote-hunting trips or for social visits?

What was it but graft when old and almost useless ships were foisted on the Navy department at the outbreak of the Spanish war?

What is it but graft when the anthracite coal-roads form a pool, not only to limit production but to fix the price of transportation at from three to four times

what would earn a reasonable dividend on the actual capital invested? Occasionally these highway robbers fall out among themselves as to a division of the booty; and we find the general coal sales-agent of the Philadelphia and Reading (the Goliath of the coal-trust) testifying under oath before the Interstate Commerce Commission as to what happened if the Reading cut its regular price, "that they denied it if they did,"—not even, it seems, maintaining that honor which is supposed to exist among thieves—*i. e.*, thieves without the pale of the law.

What is it but graft when the Big Four who compose the beef-trust get special freight-rates which enable them to drive competitors out of business?

What is it but graft when heads of departments, chiefs and deputy-chiefs of bureaux in Washington use public carriages for pleasure and to maintain their social "prestige"?

What was it but graft when those who purchased United States bonds during the Civil war in depreciated currency years later "induced" Congress to make them redeemable in gold?

What was it but graft when the employer of a recent law-partner of a President entered into a secret deal with the head of the government to issue bonds to his syndicate at from eight to twelve per cent. less than they were worth?

What is it but graft when this same leader in *haute finance* organizes the United States Steel Corporation and invites a confiding public to purchase "securities," three-quarters, if not four-fifths of which represent nothing but water? How many thousands of ignorant but innocent investors, relying upon the "high character," "deserved reputation," "commanding influence," "great ability," "financial stability" and "unblemished business honor" of these men have been ruined by having these securities foisted upon them? All the graft of the Machens and Beavers who have been in government employ for a score of years, including even the "star-route" frauds, looks puny and

insignificant beside the colossal sums squeezed out of the people through the floating and manipulation of Steel-Corporation stock, to say nothing of the scores of millions wrung from the people in inflated prices charged for its products because it was "protected" by a tariff of from \$7.84 a ton and upwards on its manufactures.

What was it but graft when the Western Union Telegraph Company supplied pool-rooms with racing news in defiance of law, charging some five million dollars for the service which perhaps costs them a tenth of that sum? When burglars are caught with the goods on them they are not permitted to go their way because they insist that hereafter they will be law-abiding. But then among that profession there are no multi-millionaire "philanthropists."

What is it but graft when the special-privilege corporations of New York City—this same Western Union, the telephone, the gas and electric, the surface and elevated railroad companies—refuse to pay even the totally inadequate and ridiculously low rate of taxation levied against them, so that according to a recent issue of the New York *World* they owe the city some nineteen millions of dollars for arrears of taxes?

I was recently told of an incident that occurred in the home city of THE ARENA. A Boston firm, a regular shipper to the extent of several hundred packages a week by the Adams Express Company, had been paying forty cents a package. A friend in another business happening to drop in and seeing a pile of packages ready for shipment asked: "How much apiece do you pay on them?" On being told, he said: "What? I do n't know anything about your business, but I'll take a contract right now to ship them for you by the same company for thirty-five cents." To test the matter, his name was pasted over that of the actual shipper and he proceeded to the express office, asking for a quotation for several hundred packages a week. On their quoting a rate of twenty-eight cents he said: "I guess I'll

send them by mail. The only reason I wanted to ship them by your company was to get an individual receipt for each package." He was then offered a twenty-three-cent rate. It is needless to say that the real shippers were astounded when the rate at which the company were prepared to carry their packages was reported to them. But in view of the tremendous difference in the charges for sending packages by "parcels-post" abroad—which rates are frequently less than one-half what Americans have to pay for the privilege of having a government function exploited for private benefit—it is not surprising that the express "ring" is able to shunt all investigation of the subject and to kill off all bills for an American parcels-post. The railroads and express companies have too many direct and indirect representatives in the House and the Senate to permit any legislation of that nature even being considered in committee, let alone reported to and acted upon on the floor of Congress; the "graft" is too big.

What is it but graft when the school-book-trust is able to force its books into the schools and keep other books out?

There is another method of getting something for nothing—graft—which is even more generally practiced than any of the foregoing, which is more insidious, because one does not have to seek legislative privileges before engaging in it. I refer to the successful guessing as to the trend of population; where and when great public improvements are to be made; where a railroad—interstate or urban—is to run, etc. Of course the successful guessers are mostly those who have secured advanced information that these projects are to be carried on. Many a fortune has been acquired in this way, and the richest politician is not necessarily he who has held the most lucrative office for the longest period. He may never have held any office, but if he can secure positive information in advance of others where public improvements are to be carried out; above all, if he can himself direct and control the officials who have to do with their

location, he can amass a fortune in a few years. All he has to do is to get hold, either in his own or his wife's name, but better still in the name of a dummy, of a large section of the land to be taken for the public improvement, or that which will surely be enhanced in value thereby, and he will become rich not only by reason of the natural increase of value which always attaches to land when these improvements are assured, but by reason of the fact that the communities always pay more for property than the owners could obtain elsewhere. If in addition the real owner controls the commission which awards the damages, or fixes the price to be paid, then a far larger price is obtained and the "graft" is so much larger.

This practice, which has been found so fruitful for politicians in our great cities, has also been followed by some of those who control the great transportation systems. As a case in point might be cited the action of the controlling forces that, when the Northern Pacific Railroad was pushing its way to the ocean, gave out that they intended to locate their terminus at (I think it was) Tacoma. The result was, as they well knew it would be, that every land speculator in that section of the country and probably many from the East, rushed there and forced up the price of the land in that vicinity. While this was going on agents of the men who knew what point was really selected quietly bought up every foot of land obtainable at Seattle (as I am informed); of course obtaining it at a comparatively low figure in the face of the announcement that the terminus was to be located elsewhere. They then announced that they had changed their minds and Seattle would be made the terminus, with the result that fortunes were made out of the rise in land values which inevitably followed the completion of the road to that point. As a practical matter it would have made no difference whether the false announcement was made or not (even if it were not so made), it would only have affected the result in degree. Fortunes, although per-

haps not so large, would have still been made through the increase in land values consequent on the building of the road.

Now as to the remedy, if remedy there be, to this apparently all-pervading graft. First let us have an end to the idea that he who corrupts the public officials (directly or indirectly) and thus secures a valuable special privilege, thereby obtaining millions, has "made" his money by business acumen, enterprise and foresight, while the few hundreds secured by petty swindlers through collusion with corrupt contractors have secured theirs by "graft." Whoever obtains something for nothing, whether it takes the form of "water" in an interstate railroad or a trolley line, in a telegraph or telephone company, in an electric-light or gas company; whether it is an unloading of the "securities" of a steel-trust, the milking of the public through a tariff on sugar, woolens, steel, salt or borax; whether it is in the form of a Standard Oil monopoly, or a monopoly of copper; whether it takes the form of forestalling population (either with or without advance information of what is projected), and thereby reaping an enormous harvest in "unearned increment,"—all are "grafting" upon the body-politic.

The form of graft which has been most destructive of public morality, is unquestionably that of the public-service corporations. There is not a clean page in their whole history; it has been one of long-continued, persistent bribery, not only in connection with the "fine work" which has been almost uniformly practiced in inducing legislative bodies to grant the original franchises; the periodic bribery of subsequent legislatures through which extensions and modifications have been obtained; but equally persistently of the officials who are charged with the duty of enforcing the laws applicable to these corporations and of seeing to it that the terms of their charters are complied with.

Even the military dictator at Cripple Creek—General Sherman Bell—in an interview with Henry George, Jr., speaking of the dishonest elections in Denver, said:

"The water, electric-light, telephone and tram corporations rule that city. They control the police force and sheriff's office, and they stop at nothing to debauch the ballot, stuff the boxes with fraudulent votes and count out qualified voters.

"Some of their franchises are about to expire. They want new ones. They believed they could get them on terms satisfactory to themselves only from men they themselves should elect to office. All newspapers and most all respectable people opposed their candidates. But they were successful. I am prepared to say *that these corporations had fourteen thousand fraudulent votes cast and counted*, and that they spent \$190,000 on election.

"But this money they regarded as a good financial investment in return for franchise privileges they expect to receive."

In view of his use of the military to shut down the Portland Mine solely because union men were employed there and his wholesale deporting of men simply because they were members of organized labor, his further statement as to the Denver election is illuminating as to who controlled Governor Peabody. Bell said: "I wanted to use militia against these thugs and repeaters and bad men, these corporations paid for bringing into the city, *but I was prevented from doing so*, and corruptionists had full swing."

So successful have the special-privilege corporations—interstate railways, urban and interurban railways, gas, water, electric-light, telephone and telegraph companies—been in their evasion of the terms of their charters and of the laws governing their operation, and of those levying taxes thereon, that it has become the common expression: "You do n't suppose 'they' obey the laws, do you?"

It is notorious that they habitually ignore, nullify and trample upon the laws affecting them, but at the first sign of discontent displayed by their employees at the onerous conditions under which they are compelled to work—frequently in

open violation of law, such as the laws limiting the number of hours that street-railway employees shall work during a day—these nullifiers of law are loud and insistent in their demand that “law” and order be maintained no matter who is hurt. Law and order should be maintained at all times, but it should be enforced against a street-railway corporation which does not pay its taxes, which violates the law regulating hours of employment, just as much and just as rigorously as against those who smash car-windows or cut trolley-wires. In fact, it is largely because the laws regulating these corporations are persistently nullified that strikers or those who sympathize with them are guilty of the more spectacular infractions of law.

But it is not alone in the securing of these frequently enormously-valuable franchises by the bribery of the people’s representatives and the subsequent bribery of executive officials that these special-privileged corporations do evil; the public are of course robbed both in the extortionate charges for these services and in the refusal of the companies to pay their share of taxation, but they are also injuriously affected in another way. A considerable part of the gigantic fortunes which those who control these corporations have acquired has been squeezed out of the investing public by what is nothing more or less than “thimblerrigging” of the stock-market. Whenever it suits the purpose of these gentlemen, statements get abroad and are given marked consideration by the newspapers in which they are interested or can influence, hinting at the wonderful developments at hand and prospective increase of dividends. Result, the stock goes up. When they have unloaded, it suddenly appears (from the same sources) that owing to unusual expenses or from some other cause, the company is not doing as well as formerly. Result, the price is forced down, the innocent who bought at high prices are squeezed out, and the process is gone over again, of course with variations, as those who control

and manipulate the stock are exceedingly resourceful and are past-masters in the art of devising new schemes to catch Wall-street lambs. To vary the monotony of the procedure mergers are from time to time put through and the presses put at work printing new “securities,” which not only afford the insiders the opportunity for commissions for underwriting, but greatly increased amounts of stock are then issued in exchange for others which are retired, the public being called upon to pay dividends upon an increased capitalization which is made the basis of the contention that there can be no reduction of fares if the “widows and orphans” are not to be deprived of dividends.

The same process is gone through with in the case of the gas and electric-light companies, the result being that despite the known economies in production which are being made from time to time, the public is constantly confronted with the fact that they are all the time called upon to pay dividends upon larger and larger capitalizations, the large capitalization being seriously advanced by the attorneys of these monopolies at legislative hearings as a reason why no legislative reductions in price should be made. To say that by these and allied methods a score of men in New York City have made (?) fortunes aggregating even more than the total capitalization of the public-service corporations which they control, is probably rather to underestimate than overstate the fabulous sums they have milked from the public, but indicates the extent of their “graft.”

Even if all the evils which the agents of these men are constantly predicting as sure to follow “municipal-ownership” were really to result, public morality would be immensely improved by the elimination of these wholesale bribers from our legislative halls; while the vast sums now paid for protection from “hostile” legislation and as the price of law-evasion would no longer find their way into party campaign-chests—or to private individuals—to corrupt our elections and

our legislatures. Until this is done, until public-ownership and operation are substituted for private exploitation and manipulation of public functions, we may expect these conditions to continue. The prizes are so enormous, the "graft" is on such a colossal scale that the ablest, shrewdest and most unscrupulous minds in the country inevitably make it their sphere of operation and do not hesitate at wholesale debauchery and corruption of the suffrage to secure the fortunes thus obtainable.

With the adoption of municipal-ownership of public utilities in our cities and governmental ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones in the nation; with the obliteration of the tariff-wall which greed and avarice have erected between us and the people of other nations, we shall have removed from our legislative bodies and from politics generally the most prolific sources of graft. There will then remain only that other potent but personally less corrupting form—private absorption of "unearned increment."

While in the aggregate—for it extends all over the country—even larger sums are wrung from the people by the private appropriation of ground-rent than are obtained in the ways I have herein set forth, yet its demoralizing influence upon public and private morals is not so great. All recognize when money is paid to an alderman, an assemblyman or a congressman as the price of his voting the briber a special privilege, that not only is the act corrupt, but that the legislator is thereafter incapable of doing his duty to the people in other legislative matters, his perspective is ever after clouded and his conception of right and wrong perverted. But where there is no act of personal corruption, and the individual simply takes advantage of opportunities that are apparently free to all to get wealthy without labor; when he shows "shrewdness" and "foresight" in anticipating the trend of population, where public improvements are to be made; or when he merely sits

down and holds land for a rise, he is not lowering the tone of public morals or contributing to the debauchery of the suffrage. But nevertheless his appropriation of ground-rent, equally with the more corrupting and demoralizing act of the exploiter of public-service privileges, is the cause of graft in the public service.

While the people are directly robbed in excess fares for street-car service and in extortionate charges for water, gas or electricity, and through the evasion of taxation by the companies operating these public functions, they are also indirectly robbed by him who appropriates ground-rent; for those values which the community produces, and which should be collected for the benefit of the community, going as they now do almost entirely into private pockets, result in the institution of various forms of taxation upon industry and thrift and upon consumption which would be entirely unnecessary were the annual rental value of land taken in taxation, instead of being left to private individuals to collect for their own private use.

But more: it is not alone in the amount of wealth thus wrongfully taken from those who produce it, that evil is done. An evil equally as great of another kind results. Because land-values are not taxed into the public treasury it becomes profitable to hold land out of use; land speculation—the locking-up of land—is encouraged. As a consequence less land is used for farming, for homes and stores; for the production of coal, iron, copper, zinc, lead, salt, borax, clay and oil; for power in the form of water-falls; for wharves and docks and for manufacturing purposes generally, than there is need for. As a result all forms of wealth production are restricted, while the prices of such things as can readily be monopolized are enhanced to the final consumer. The high prices resulting in a restricted demand, many are unable to find employment even in so-called "good times." They are therefore compelled, in order to live at all, to offer their services at a lower rate than those who are employed, wages

thus always tending to the minimum of subsistence. With increase of population and increased demand for land, the value of land becomes greater and those who monopolize it are able to exact, either in the original purchase price or in annual ground-rent, an ever-increasing proportion of the total wealth produced.

The cause of graft in the public-service—as in business, or private life—is primarily due to the inability of many to secure in competition with their fellows that reward for their labor that is justly due them. To some extent the artificial conditions that are caused by the private appropriation of ground-rent and by the private exploitation of public functions, with its attendant accumulation of large fortunes ostentatiously displayed, may have a reflex influence in inciting graft; for it is but natural that these wasteful expenditures should excite emulation even if on a smaller scale. Again, in our state capitals, and particularly in the capital of the nation, the means which have been employed to secure valuable franchises are so well known to politicians, it is not surprising that among lesser public officials there should grow up a feeling that graft is justifiable under the present régime. If party chiefs can collect enormous campaign-funds from the railroads and other special-privilege corporations for favorable

legislation and for defeating “hostile” measures, and from the trusts for tariff favors, why should not minor officials feather their nests by dividing with contractors?

If we would abolish graft we must strike at the root of the evil, which is to be found in the private appropriation of ground-rent coupled with its more corrupting twin, private exploitation of public functions. When we have abolished these fundamental causes we shall have destroyed the incentive to graft, and we shall have restored that healthy tone now so sadly lacking in public affairs. It will not be necessary for men to seek government positions—or starve. The opportunities for profitable employment will be unlimited, and because men—all men—will then be able to obtain for their services the full value of the wealth they create (monopoly no longer being able to exact the lion’s share, giving nothing in return), there will be no need for them to sell their souls to some politician for a mess of pottage; while those who seek political service, finding the atmosphere in which they move clarified by the elimination of the present corrupting influences, will not be incited to make their positions a mere channel for “graft.”

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CRISES IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.DIP., LL.D.

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THE UNIQUE position which Japan occupies at the present time by reason of being the only nation which possessed the moral courage to use force in preventing Russia from continuing her stealthy, plundering policy in the Far East, awakens our admiration and increases our interest in the little Island Empire. To Americans this interest is due

largely to the fact that Japan is using force to maintain in the Far East what the United States is insisting upon diplomatically, and largely also to the fact that Japan’s position among the nations of the world is due to the well-directed efforts of the United States in her behalf.

There is perhaps no one fact in Japanese history which stands out in bolder re-

lief than does the opening of that country to the commerce and thought of the rest of the world, by Commodore Perry. And while this fact is known to all of us in its general outline its importance entitles it to a close study. Hence no apology is necessary for calling the reader's attention to the means used as well as to the end attained by this unusual and apparently hostile but really friendly expedition.

Up to the middle of the last century Japan played no part in the political or commercial affairs of the Western World. She neither had, nor indeed would she permit any of their diplomatic representatives at her capital or consuls at her ports. During the early half of the century Great Britain, Russia and France had endeavored to break the seal, but without avail. It is true that the Dutch had gained some trading rights at Nagasaki, but these were so limited that they might have been carried on for centuries without giving to Japan a place among the nations of the world. The laws which excluded foreigners and at the same time forbade the Japanese to leave the Kingdom, under penalty of death, were still in force and the sentiment upon which these laws rested was still unbroken. To accomplish this end, tact and firmness, or else a resort to brute force, were necessary. The latter method had just been applied to China, and would no doubt have been extended to Japan had not the former method in the hands of the United States succeeded.

There were special reasons at that time why the United States should be anxious for Japan to relax her policy of exclusion. The seas about Japan swarmed with American whalers, and to these a resort to Japanese harbors in stress of weather or shipwrecks was a matter of extreme necessity; also the discovery of gold in California made it clear that the commerce of the Pacific was no longer a matter of indifference to the United States. It was evident to the statesmen of that time, particularly Mr. Webster, who was then Secretary of State, that the friendship and the com-

merce of Japan were well worth the seeking.

The matter was one of extreme delicacy. A false step might readily sacrifice the prize and even bring us into unpleasant complications with other powers. A wise caution was therefore necessary to securing the best results. While tact is never amiss in diplomacy, it is especially desirable in dealing with a nation predisposed toward exclusiveness. It will be remembered that the expedition under Commodore Biddle a few years before this had failed and another failure would prove a serious blow to our prestige.

For the important work on hand, Commodore Perry, a man of great tact, patience and firmness was chosen; there was placed at his disposal a set of charts which we had bought from the Dutch for \$30,000, a great variety of presents for the Emperor, and a fair-sized naval squadron. The letter of President Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan is such a quaint and interesting document that we quote it in full:

"November 13, 1852.

"Millard Fillmore, President of the United States of America, to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan.

"GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:

"I send you this public letter by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, an officer of the highest rank in the navy of the United States and Commander of the squadron now visiting your Imperial Majesty's dominions.

"I have directed Commodore Perry to assure your Imperial Majesty that I entertain the kindest feelings toward your Majesty's person and Government; and that I have no other object in sending him to Japan but to propose to your Imperial Majesty that the United States and Japan should live in friendship and have commercial intercourse with each other.

"The Constitution and Laws of the United States forbid all interference with the religious or political concerns of other nations. I have particularly charged Commodore Perry to abstain from every act which could possibly disturb the

tranquility of your Imperial Majesty's dominions.

"The United States of America reach from ocean to ocean and our territory of Oregon and the State of California lie directly opposite the domain of your Imperial Majesty. Our steamships can go from California to Japan in eighteen days.

"Our great State of California produces about sixty millions of dollars in gold every year, besides silver, quick-silver, precious stones and many other valuable articles. Japan is also a rich and fertile country and produces many very valuable articles. Your Imperial Majesty's subjects are skilled in many of the arts. I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other for the benefit of both Japan and the United States. We know that the ancient laws of your Imperial Majesty's Government do not allow of foreign trade except with the Chinese and the Dutch. But as the state of the world changes and new governments are formed, it seems to be wise from time to time to make new laws. There was a time when the ancient laws of your Imperial Majesty's Government were first made. About the same time America, which is sometimes called the New World, was first discovered and settled by the Europeans. For a long time there were but few people and they were poor. They have now become quite numerous; their commerce is very extensive; and they think that if your Imperial Majesty were so far to change the ancient laws as to allow a free trade between the two countries it would be extremely beneficial to both.

"If your Imperial Majesty is not satisfied that it would be safe altogether to abrogate the ancient laws which forbid foreign trade, they might be suspended for five or ten years so as to try the experiment. If it does not prove beneficial as was hoped, the ancient laws can be restored. The United States often limit their treaties with foreign States to a few years, and then renew them or not as they please.

"Commodore Perry is also directed by me to represent to your Imperial Majesty that we understand there is a great abundance of coal and provisions in the Empire of Japan. Our steamships in crossing the great ocean burn a great deal of coal, and it is not convenient to bring it all the way from America. We wish that our steamships and other vessels should be allowed to stop in Japan and supply themselves with coal, provisions and water. They will pay for them in money or anything else your Imperial Majesty may prefer; and we request your Imperial Majesty to appoint a convenient port in the southern part of the Empire where our vessels may stop for this purpose. We are very desirous of this.

"These are the only objects for which I have sent Commodore Perry with a powerful squadron to pay a visit to your Imperial Majesty's renowned city of Yeddo: a supply of coal and provisions and protection for our shipwrecked people. We have directed Commodore Perry to beg your Imperial Majesty's acceptance of a few presents. They are of no great importance in themselves, but some of them may serve as specimens of the articles manufactured in the United States, and they are intended as tokens of our sincere and respectful friendship.

"May the Almighty have your Imperial Majesty in His great and holy keeping.

"Your good friend,

"MILLARD FILLMORE.

"By the President:

"EDWARD EVERETT,

"Secretary of State."

The official instructions of Commodore Perry were prepared by Webster but unfortunately he did not live to see the successful outcome of the expedition; indeed, he did not live even to sign them. They bear the signature of acting Secretary Conrad. The instructions very wisely left the selection of means to the discretion of the Commodore. They set forth briefly the objects of the expedition as being: (1) The securing of a promise of protection

for our shipwrecked sailors; (2) the privilege of refitting and recoaling our vessels in certain of their ports; and (3) the opening of ports to trade.

Fully appreciating the delicate character of the task assigned him, Commodore Perry sailed from Norfolk, November 24, 1852. On the eighth of the following July his squadron, with all sails furled and decks cleared for action, steamed 'neath the shadows of the snow-capped Fujiyama into the beautiful Bay of Yeddo. The new and graceful flagship "Susquehanna" was the first ship that had ever steamed into these secluded waters. It paid no attention to the signals given it to stop but steamed straight ahead until it was opposite Uraga. After the steamship had dropped anchor, the Vice-Governor of Uraga came alongside in a boat and inquired for the commander. But as Perry had determined to treat with none but officers of rank, he caused the Vice-Governor to be received by his aide. The purpose of the Vice-Governor's visit was to inform the Commodore that business with foreigners could be transacted only at Nagasaki and that therefore his ships must withdraw to that place. The reply of the Commodore to this message was firm but courteous. He stated the plain fact that he had come with his squadron on a friendly mission to Japan; that he carried a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan; that he wished an interview with an official of highest rank in order to arrange for the delivery of the letter; that he expected the letter to be received here, at the capital, and that he would not go to Nagasaki. He further assured the governor that he would suffer no indignity to be shown to his ships, and that if the guard-boats were not dispersed he would proceed to disperse them by force. The official did not await the use of force but signaled the guard-boats to disperse, and no further trouble was had with them during the visit.

The next day the Governor of Uraga came on board; yet he also was refused an audience by the Commodore in person,

but was received by two commanders designated for the purpose. The Commodore had not crossed the ocean for the purpose of treating with provincial governors. The Governor repeated the invitation to quit the bay of Yeddo and proceed to Nagasaki, and the invitation was again courteously but emphatically declined, and the Governor was told plainly that if a suitable official were not appointed by the Japanese Government to receive the letter addressed to the Emperor, the Commodore himself would feel compelled to go on shore with sufficient force to deliver it in person. The Governor then promised to convey the request to the capital and that within four days a response might be expected from the Court of Yeddo.

Being convinced that American diplomacy meant what it said, the Court accredited Plenipotentiaries to meet the Commodore. A building was erected especially for the purpose of the meeting and a stately reception arranged. The letters and credentials were received by two Japanese Princes designated by the Emperor. The meeting was characterized by courtesy, formality and brevity. After the exchange of credentials and reception of the letter, the Commodore informed the Japanese that in view of the great importance of the business, time should be given for deliberation; that therefore he would depart now and return the following Spring. Upon being asked whether or not he would return with "all of his vessels," he replied, "all of them and probably more, as these are only a portion of the squadron."

The Americans could depart with the feeling of satisfaction that they had accomplished something. They had at least secured a hearing. They had been received upon a basis of equality—a privilege which had not been accorded to foreigners for over two centuries. Having made known the wishes of their country to the Emperor in a dignified way, they withdrew their squadron so that the consideration of their request would not need to proceed in the presence of an apparently

hostile force, which would have been unnecessarily humiliating to a brave and proud-spirited people. The seed had been sown and could safely be left to germinate and fructify, taking care of course that the harvest should not be gathered by another to our exclusion.

Notwithstanding the desire of our Minister to China that the squadron remain in Chinese waters because of the Taiping rebellion, the Commodore returned early in the following Spring with the full squadron of ten warships—double the number of his former squadron and by far the most formidable fleet which had ever been seen in the Bay of Yeddo. He advanced to a point twelve miles nearer the capital than the previous landing-place; and again a building was erected especially for his reception. It was on the site of the great port of Yokohama. The credentials of the plenipotentiary were satisfactory and the negotiations began on March 8th. The commission representing the Japanese consisted of the plenipotentiary and four other princes and persons of high rank. It was evident to the Commodore that the feeling of the Japanese was far more cordial than on the occasion of his former visit. Their increased confidence and good-will toward us was evidenced by the fact that their military guard consisted of a very small number. Mutual good-feeling and courtesy characterized the negotiations throughout. Though the Japanese representatives were new hands at diplomacy they acquitted themselves with great credit.

The agreement which was finally entered into agreed in the main with the requests made by the United States. It guaranteed protection to shipwrecked sailors; opened two ports, in addition to Nagasaki, in which ports, though we were not given the privilege of unrestricted trade, our vessels might obtain supplies, purchase goods and establish depots for coal; we were guaranteed the privilege of having consuls or commercial agents at Shimoda, which was the open port nearest the Japanese capital; and, lastly, a clause secur-

ing to Americans "most favored nation" treatment; so that, whenever during the life of the treaty privileges were granted to any other nations, said concessions would inure to our benefit as well.

Thus was a much-needed and difficult piece of work performed at very little cost. The timeliness of the move and the hardy good sense displayed in carrying it out is a tribute to the far-sighted statesmanship of those having it in charge. Though Japan at that time was not in a position to offer effective resistance and had made up her mind to take the best terms she could get, we exacted no harsh or humiliating conditions, but simply such as were in keeping with her highest welfare. As proof of this we would submit the fact that she has never shown a disposition to curtail privileges granted us in the treaty of 1854, but upon the other hand, has, from time to time, added to them.

In the method resorted to for the purpose of forcing upon Japan a recognition of the fact that by the applications of steam and electricity to the needs of human intercourse national exclusiveness had become an impossibility, we departed from the beaten paths of diplomacy and trusted to the judgment of history for a justification of our departure. That the justification has been ample we need no better, neither is there a more willing witness than Japan herself. Her friendship for us as well as her admiration has increased steadily during the half-century which has elapsed since our treaty relations began. Until now no peoples or institutions save their own are held in higher esteem by the Japanese than are those of the United States. The celebration by the Japanese nation last year in honor of Commodore Perry and the expressions of good-will by them in the unveiling of his statue was a spontaneous and unmistakable tribute of respect to him and the country which he represented and was convincing evidence of the real value of the service rendered them.

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THE SCHOOL AND CERTAIN SOCIAL CONDITIONS AND TENDENCIES OF TO-DAY.

BY PROFESSOR WINTHROP D. SHELDON, LL.D.

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THE place of the school among the various forces and agencies which make for individual and social righteousness, has of late been exciting renewed interest and discussion. Nor is this surprising, for the moral problem, which never ceases to confront society, has never been so insistent nor so difficult and perplexing as to-day. It is, therefore, incumbent upon every agency which is in any way responsible for the moral elevation of the community to observe closely the social conditions and tendencies of the times and to study how it may most efficiently fulfill its ethical function. The purpose of this article is to consider this function of the school in its application to certain of the most significant of these conditions and tendencies.

In discharging its ethical function the school has no duty more urgent and imperative than to cultivate a profound respect for law and lawful authority—the law-abiding spirit. Obedience to law and government is the fundamental element of good citizenship; and a country like ours, where authority has its source in the will of the people, should above all others be characterized by a universal respect for law and for the orderly operation of government. While it is no doubt true as a general statement that our people are for the most part law-abiding, yet there is a vast amount of lawlessness among us, in fact more than in any civilized country of Europe, with perhaps the single exception of Russia. This disregard of law shows itself in various ways.

During the last twenty years there have been about three thousand lynchings within our borders, some of them enacted with a cruelty and savagery seldom paralleled even among barbaric tribes. Law and

government have been thrown to the winds, while hundreds and even thousands have looked on with evident approval. With a very few noteworthy exceptions—notable because of their exceeding rarity—the officers of government from the highest to the lowest have themselves been lawless in failing to perform their sworn duty to maintain the majesty of the law by preventing such excesses or bringing to justice those who participate in them. Legislatures have been lawless in failing to enact laws with adequate penalties, to restrain or repress such outbreaks of mob violence. Substantially entire communities have tamely acquiesced in such acts, or have openly approved them; and even men of the highest intelligence and of presumable probity have excused, and some have even defended them, and so far forth have shown themselves lacking in the law-abiding spirit; while the race that furnishes most of the victims makes no concerted effort to check the crimes which arouse the fury of the mob. And some courts of law have exposed themselves to the charge of indirect lawlessness by delaying so long the trial of criminals as to invite summary action on the part of the mob, or at least afford it a plausible excuse for such action.

Strikes, some of them of vast proportions and of long continuance, have been of frequent occurrence; and almost always a varied assortment of acts of lawlessness have followed in their wake, few of which have been brought to the bar of justice.

Not a few laws placed upon the statute-book by the chosen representatives of the people, and many of them essential to the well-being of the community, are practically a dead letter, or only partially en-

forced. This dereliction of duty on the part of those elected to execute the laws is another common phase of lawlessness.

The lawless spirit finds further illustration in the persistent and ingenious efforts, too generally successful, of men of large wealth and influence, and especially of great corporations, to evade and get around laws passed to protect the rights of the people from encroachment by unscrupulous greed.

During the past ten years there has been a yearly average of almost ten thousand homicides, or approximately one to every eight thousand of our population. Of these criminals only an insignificant fraction were ever brought to justice. In a single state where the murders mounted far up into the hundreds, less than a dozen were given the penalty of the law. In another state there were two hundred and twenty-three murder trials, only three of which resulted in sentences of death. Not long ago a judge stated from the bench that in his commonwealth, one of the oldest in the Union, with a population of about two and a quarter millions, there were one hundred and twenty-two homicides to one in England, and while here one in one hundred was convicted and punished, there the proportion was one in three. In London, with an area of six hundred and eighty-eight square miles and a population of six millions five hundred thousand, there were twenty murders in 1902. Excepting four who committed suicide, all the alleged criminals were arrested, nine were convicted and hung, and four adjudged insane. In an American city with less than one-third of the population of London, one hundred and twenty-eight homicides were reported; and while thirty-four convictions were secured, only one received the full penalty of the law.

Not unfrequently in the face of the clearest proof of guilt juries refuse to convict, and courts give an undue force to paltry technicalities, which results in the escape of some who are well known to richly deserve the penitentiary. The right of ap-

peal is often employed on the most flimsy pretexts in order to defeat the ends of justice; and in criminal cases verdicts resting upon irrefragable proof are set aside out of deference to "exceptions" based upon trifling errors which do not impeach the essential veracity of the evidence or the righteousness of the verdict. And there is a suspicion abroad that sometimes there is one law, or no law at all, for criminals who can command sufficient wealth or influence; while for others without influence or money, there is another law and the full extent of it. Thus court and jury in effect aid and abet unconsciously the spirit of lawlessness by showing themselves lacking in strict fidelity to law and justice.

Pardons are granted with such a free hand in deference to sentimental considerations or to the pressure of influential friends, when justice cannot be satisfied with anything short of the full sentence, that lawlessness is encouraged, respect for the sanctity of the law is greatly weakened, and the pardoning officers or boards may themselves justly be characterized as in a very true sense lawless.

A certain class of politicians, political bosses and their henchmen, who are in politics not for the purpose of serving the public, but for the power or pelf they can get out of it, are another lawless element in the body-politic. They scoff at the civil-service laws and take every possible opportunity to disregard them; they levy political assessments in violation of law; they place men in office who are their obedient servants, even to the extent of relaxing the laws that interfere with the schemes of their masters; they unlawfully use the municipal police to aid them in maintaining their power; they levy blackmail for the privilege of violating the laws; "speak-easies," pool-rooms, policy-shops, gambling-houses and other low dives flourish under their protecting ægis; they demand a bonus even from women who desire appointments as teachers; they violate election laws and commit the most bare-faced frauds upon the ballot-box;

they permeate the electorate even of whole states with the bribery of voters, thereby striking at the very foundation of government and law.

In these and other ways the lawless spirit is manifesting itself; and the apathy with which it is so generally regarded is an alarming feature of the situation. This widespread lawlessness of manhood and maturity has its source in youthful disregard of law. The absence of respect among youth for authority and law is evident even to the most casual observer. There is a general restiveness under legitimate restraint. Juvenile crime has long been on the increase. Of the one hundred thousand or more convicts in our prisons, reformatories and penitentiaries the majority are under thirty years of age. And the class of potential criminals from which our prison population comes is at least ten times as large. A revival and strengthening of the law-abiding spirit is imperatively demanded; and the school should be one of the most effective instruments to this end. Obedience to law, if it is to be characteristic of maturity, must be cultivated in youth.

Again: it belongs to the ethical function of the school to cultivate assiduously the cardinal virtues of personal honesty and integrity. The claim is probably a just one that the average standard of honesty among people in general was never higher than now, perhaps never so high. But if the true inwardness of business life were fully unveiled, an amount of dishonesty, fraud, deception and swindling,—“artistic,” it may be, but for all that unmitigated swindling,—would be revealed sufficient to cast grave doubts upon this claim. Whether the standard be higher or lower than formerly, it lamentably falls short of that which should characterize the business world. Even the South Sea and Mississippi Bubbles of unsavory history are matched, perhaps outdone, by the colossal frauds of the present day. Every now and then the lid is raised sufficiently to discover to us the seething mass of selfish greed of wealth beneath, that in reckless

abandon scruples at almost nothing to accomplish its ends, pays little heed to the dictates of honesty, and has little regard for the rights and interests of others. “What I have is mine; what is yours is mine also, if I can take it, which I propose to do”—this is written all over the history of certain of the great corporations and trusts, which have accumulated for their members fortunes many times greater than those of Croesus, Gyges, and Midas all rolled into one. The present is a period preëminently of corporate dishonesty. Men who in their strictly private and personal relations would scorn to do a dishonest act, lend themselves as members of corporations to schemes and methods which by no possible shift of language can be described as honest and honorable. That inconvenient article called conscience is complacently left outside the door of the directors’ room, as the sandals at the door of a Mohammedan mosque.

Over-capitalization based upon purely imaginary values, upon which the public is compelled to pay extortionate returns; prospectuses deliberately framed to mislead and deceive; schemes to plunder both stockholders and creditors; stock-market “rigging”; cornering the market even in the necessities of life, in order to force up prices; professional promoters subordinating honor and honesty to success; underwriting syndicates demanding and receiving most exorbitant profits; syndicates of predatory politicians seizing upon valuable public-franchises for which they pay nothing; postal frauds; land-grabbing frauds; frauds upon the Indian wards of the nation; “grafts”; “rake-offs”; briberies in national, state and municipal administrations; a low standard of honor in political life—this in brief is the story of corruption and dishonesty inspired by the prevailing mania for wealth. It is the common belief, and a well-grounded one, that the gigantic fortunes of the present day are largely the product of selfish rapacity, which robs others of the just rewards of their labor,

disregards the righteous principle of "live and let live," and does not bother itself with inconvenient scruples, so long as its own coffers are made to burst with revenues. Much of the so-called "*haute finance*" which is so highly lauded now-a-days may well be described, from the standpoint of honesty, as "*basse finance*."

A renaissance of integrity and honesty is needed. The Golden Rule needs to be resurrected from the desuetude into which it has fallen, to have the cobwebs of long disuse dusted off and to be regilded and established in its proper place as the ruling principle in business as well as in all life. And the school should bear its part in common with other moral forces in bringing about this renaissance.

The school has a most important service to render in preparing youths for citizenship. No other moral agency has such an opportunity or responsibility. In order to make good citizens it is not enough to discipline the intellect, to inform the mind with knowledge, or to instruct merely in the theory of our government and in the special sphere and duties of each department of administration.

The moral principles that underlie good citizenship, and the obligations growing out of these should be faithfully inculcated. The spirit of true citizenship should be cultivated, the sense of personal responsibility as a citizen; interest not merely in the material welfare and glory of our country, but far more in the progress of the nation in the higher elements of its life; loyalty and patriotism, not of the counterfeit, tinsel variety, which applauds everything the nation does, regardless of its moral quality, but that loyalty and patriotism which applies moral principles to public affairs and takes as its motto: "My country, right or wrong; when right, to help keep her right; when wrong, to help put her right."

What elements and characteristics belong to the ideal community, state or nation, toward which the world is slowly but steadily moving, should be made clear

to the student, and wherein present conditions fall short of that ideal and what the individual citizen should do to hasten its realization. The student should be instructed as to the services which the community, state and nation, properly administered, render as a body-politic to the individual citizen, and in the corresponding duties of the citizen himself, to obey law and authority, and to sustain the government in enforcing the laws; to vote intelligently and conscientiously, not as a mere partisan, but with sole reference to the highest public good, and for no candidate whose associations, personal character and principles do not guarantee an upright administration of office; and when holding office, to administer it honestly as a public trust and not with a view to getting out of it all he possibly can for himself; to bear his share of the burden of taxation imposed for the support of government; and to respect public and private property, not wasting, injuring, defacing or destroying it. Every student should graduate from school an intelligent believer in a reformed civil-service, based upon ascertained fitness, efficiency, and integrity, and not upon political opinions or political "pull."

If ours is to continue a government of the people, for the people and by the people, American citizenship needs a thorough-going reformation. The frequent revelations of corruption, boodling, bribery, graft and official dishonesty, and the systematic sacrifice of the public interests to private greed, especially in municipal administration, and the general indifference, not to say moral cowardice, of the voters in the presence of these patent evils are all startling proofs of the weakness, inefficiency and lack of principle of our citizenship. If this condition is to be changed for the better, our schools and colleges must do more than they are doing to produce ideal citizens,—men like Abram S. Hewitt, Andrew H. Green and William E. Dodge; not necessarily men of equal ability, but men who will bring a like spirit and devotion and high principle

to the common, every-day duties of citizenship.

In fulfilling its ethical function the school should inculcate in connection with the teaching of history right ideas respecting war, that the pupil may in some measure realize its true character and, when he becomes a citizen, use his influence and his vote in the interest of peace and goodwill with other nations. Wars should be studied ethically with regard to their causes and results, without dwelling too minutely upon their details and incidents. It should, however, be made plain that war is a calamity, which brings the gravest evils in its train and is to be entered upon only for reasons that will bear the closest examination and meet the highest moral tests before the final court of impartial history.

Is there, or can there be, in any true sense of the word such a thing as civilized warfare? Important as have been General Order No. 100, issued by our own government in 1863 for the guidance of our officers and soldiers in the Civil war, the Geneva Convention of 1864 to secure better care for the wounded, the Declaration of Brussels in 1874, the Oxford Resolutions in 1880, and the Laws and Customs of War upon Land, established by the Conference at The Hague in 1899, and our own new Naval War-Code,—important and influential as all these movements have been, they have served only to ameliorate some of the harsher conditions of war; they have not and they cannot abolish its essential uncivilization. General W. T. Sherman, who came more and more to abhor war from the depths of his soul, justly characterized it as "hell." "War is cruelty," he declared with his well-known vigor of speech, "and you cannot refine it." No possible amelioration can take away its essentially hellish character. That can and will cease only when war itself ceases and the reign of peace and goodwill has come in. The evil moral influences of war insidiously permeate the entire nation. Every war in which we have been engaged has bequeathed a leg-

acy of evil consequences upon public and private morals, perpetuating themselves long after the close of the struggle.

That is the highest statesmanship which sedulously avoids war and accomplishes its ends by peaceful means; and in general a policy, however ostensibly beneficent, that requires for its accomplishment a resort to arms, is thereby discredited and self-condemned. If really benevolent, it will employ only benevolent methods and beneficent means. The surest guarantee of peace is not the mailed fist or a "big stick," the accumulation of vast military armaments, armies and navies, but rather the careful avoidance of aggression upon the rights of other nations, the cultivation of the spirit of peace among all peoples and the will among the governments to settle their controversies by means of international arbitration. *Si vis pacem, para pacem, non bellum.*

These facts and principles should be made prominent in the ethical teaching of our schools. The legitimate uses of an army and navy should be explained and also the unnecessary burdens which a large and expensive military and naval establishment imposes upon the nation. Recently in connection with the founding of a National Naval League for the purpose of cultivating in our people a general demand for a huge navy, it has been seriously proposed that our schools and teachers be made use of for this purpose. There could scarcely be any greater perversion of education to unworthy ends. The militant, belligerent spirit needs no cultivation; it should rather be restrained and repressed. The military hero should not be unduly glorified. Instruction in history should emphasize rather the victories and victors of peace, her examples of civic virtue, heroism and achievement, as worthy of higher and more lasting honor than the more spectacular heroes of war.

The ethical function of the school may be summed up in one short phrase—the cultivation of high ideals of character and living. If the moral ideal is to influence

and control in after life, it must be built into the character in youth. Then is the time to shape personal ideals, to establish them upon a high plane of principle and motive. A person is what his ideals make him. If they are commonplace and low, then his life becomes paltry and mean. A youth who leaves school without having had a noble ideal of living wrought into the very fiber of his soul has missed incomparably the most valuable part of education. And the school or college that does not accomplish this fails of its highest purpose, however effective it may be in purely intellectual training. For there are multitudes of people well educated intellectually, whose ideals are narrow, selfish and altogether ignoble.

The atmosphere of many a life is charged with a trifling, frivolous spirit. Luxury and pleasure-seeking go hand in hand with the mad rush after wealth, while the homely, essential virtues are slowly becoming enervated and enfeebled. Serious, earnest purpose and aspiration after the higher, permanent elements of living are deplorably lacking. With multitudes moral considerations are at a discount; and the higher law is treated with scant respect, when it comes into conflict with selfish material interests in individual, corporate and national life.

There is sorely needed to-day a revival of moral ideals. They are suffering an eclipse by the greedy, grasping, mercenary spirit of the times, which measures success by the money standard. They have been called iridescent dreams, beautiful for play of color, but impossible of realization. And we are told that "as society is now constituted, the ideal has no place, not even standing-room, in the arena of civics." If this is intended to describe conditions as they actually exist, it may be admitted to be true. But if it be meant that the ideal should or can have no place, no standing-room, then every earnest soul must rise in protest against the affirmation.

Success is the high and mighty Zeus towering up in gilded majesty, that

gathers to his feet a countless crowd of worshipers. And when it is asked who his high-mightiness may be, they tell us his name is Riches, Wealth. In the minds of the unreasoning,—that is to say, in the minds of the great mass of people, the criterion of success is the size of the fortune a man has accumulated. And the saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," is made to cover a multitude of sins that may have been committed in the process of winning it. Wherever the mercenary estimate of success prevails, higher aims and ideals shrivel up and become atrophied, getting on in the world comes to be regarded as the chief end of man, and the moral quality of the means used to this end ceases to be closely scrutinized.

There is no ideal but what has some element of truth and genuine power in it so long as it is kept in its proper place and in due relation to the other and higher ideals. It is the supreme office of moral education to exalt the ideal and to inspire the young to strive after it. The school should train to discriminate between the various ideals which appeal to the human heart, to assess each at its true valuation, and to hold the lower in subordination to the higher. It should cultivate that conception of living which views it as something far higher and comprehending much more than merely getting a living or making a fortune, and that conception of success which refuses to call it such unless it has been obtained by honorable means and is used for worthy purposes.

Not only should the school train to habits of thoroughness in work, but also to right ideas of work itself. The dignity of all labor, no matter how humble it may be, provided it is honest and useful, should be a cardinal doctrine of all moral teaching. The school can do much to correct the false ideas about work now so prevalent, the distaste for manual labor, the contempt for ordinary handicrafts, the fear of soiling the hands, and the wrong estimates of the dignity or social importance of different employments.

In choosing an occupation, the young should be led to apply those principles which approve themselves in the court of morals. Any occupation which coins money out of the evil passions, habits and tendencies or morbid tastes of humanity should be shunned, no matter how lucrative it may be. No business should be undertaken which cannot meet these tests: Is it likely to prove a moral damage to him who engages in it, or to others? Can the individual render through this employment a real service to his fellows and to the community? Any work which fulfills these tests and is done in this spirit, however humble it may be in outward seeming, becomes at once glorified in honor and worthiness.

The keynote of all ethical teaching and training in our schools should be the all-inclusive principle contained in the Gold-

en Rule. The school should lead the pupil to apply it practically in the associations of school-life, and teach him its applications in the wider field of society, its inconsistency with the doctrines that "Might makes right" and "The end justifies the means," which find so many illustrations in the individual, corporate and national life of to-day.

To use the words of Mr. Gladstone, which fitly close John Morley's life of the statesman, the school, if it faithfully fulfills its ethical function, will send forth each passing generation of youth "inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and groveling thing, that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny."

WINTHROP D. SHELDON.

Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.

LESSONS OF THE JAPANESE RENAISSANCE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN WARD STIMSON,

Author of The Gate Beautiful: Being Principles and Methods in Vital Art Education.

IT WOULD be a public calamity for our nation to allow the great lesson of Japan's renaissance and her astounding victories achieved with such surprising swiftness, to pass unheeded or uncomprehended by our people. The United States may be said to be responsible for the opening up of Japanese civilization to modern thought, since our squadron, under Commodore Perry, knocked so imperatively at her doors. It was a sure Providence and deep intuition of coming world necessities which turned her cordial attention to us, and sent her leading students to our shores with as certain an instinct of her need of us as we of her. And surely we were to learn as vital and far-reaching lessons from her as she from us.

It cannot be doubted that her wonderful life of three thousand years, during

which she outlived Egypt, Greece, Rome, even the Italian Republics and Spain, and which now blooms to even more amazing splendor in her science, arts, civil reformations and military power, must possess some abiding internal virtues and probities quite worthy the attention of a republic such as ours, that in one short hundred years has already mingled so many virtues and opportunities of youth with such appalling senility and decadent vices of old age.

There is something almost uncanny, and certainly awe-inspiring, to see with what silent, sphinx-like reserve, self-respect and resolution Japan quietly sent her best men to look over the various civilizations of the earth, gather up and apply any suggestions she thought worthy to adapt to her own, and then suddenly,

heroically, unhesitatingly rose and crushed the backward despotism of China, and fearlessly took up the gauntlet thrown down by Europe's great despotism. Surely she deserves the cheer of admiration that is ringing from every other free land; for in actual perspicacity, parliamentary progress, educational and engineering improvements, fiscal and sanitary reforms (not to mention her marvelous military and naval strength and mobilizations, her fine field and hospital provisions, and ethical consideration for humanity and the obligations of international law), she has actually proved herself more Christian than Christendom, and certainly far more so than the pretentious but spurious sacerdotalism of Russia that has for centuries been in collusion with despotism in all its infamous cruelties and oppressions, or than backward China, with its blind fanaticisms and superstitions.

We might even say that, by historic probity, through long centuries, Japan so developed her own home resources without trespassing upon the rights of her neighbors (when her immense military genius would have enabled her to trespass), that she has quite put to the blush the hypocrisy of nominally "more enlightened" and more self-righteous nations, that (including ourselves) have not failed to belie their morality at home and abroad by taking advantage of inoffensive and home-respecting peoples in Africa, India, Mexico, the Philippines, etc.

Let us glance, then, a little seriously at some of the moral and mental characteristics of these people, as well as at some of those of her European rivals who have gone to decay, in order to note some of the reasons of Japan's survival and virility, contrasted with the others' latent weakness and decline. It is but obvious and acknowledged history to confess that in the case of Egypt the despotic greed of sacerdotal priesthood so stereotyped the essence of spirituality and of humanity into pretentious but dead forms; and so sacrificed the industrial classes (and even the political and military) to their own

priestly glorification; and even life itself to the grim phantasms of post-mortal punishment, that the very land became a museum of tombs, and the dry sands of the Saharan desert at last swept to oblivion their gilded charnel-house.

In Greece the love of mere learning and the subtle vanity of intellect ate out the heart of unselfish morality and the joy of their first heroic patriotism. So she, too, dropped to decay and death.

Rome blighted in the same way her own first pristine love of democracy and of respect for independent manhood. As Egypt had sold her soul to greedy priests, and Greece to flippant savants and esthetes, so Rome went to ruin for the more beastly appetite for "bread and circuses," purveyed to by a cruel and corrupt military class which blighted public conscience by hollow spectacular effects and covered the monstrous wrong they did their own and other peoples by displays of disgusting games, sybarite luxuries and ostentatious largess distributed from other people's property.

Spain herself, though nominally inspired by a better religion, soon lost its animus in the same greed for other people's homes and honest earnings; and so lost them all, and ultimately lost herself.

And now comes Russia (the last heir of the Cæsarian and military fetish and direct descendant of the exploded concepts of despotism and of absurd absolutism, which wrecked Xerxes at Marathon), allied with the flimsy sacerdotalism of Egypt and of Rome, which wholly misconceives the essence of religious brotherhood and is perfectly willing to sacrifice its principle to political chicanery and to scandalous persecution. And lo! upon the very Siberian field where cries the blood of so many exiles and martyrs drawn from her most progressive, intellectual and heroic citizens, she has met more humiliating defeats at the hands of the liliputian kingdom of the Mikado than she met from the armed hosts of Europe's mightiest warrior.

For the world sees perfectly well that it

is the vanity, brutal autocracy and greed of Russia's false leaders that have fallen, and that are being so bravely resisted by Japan. It is not the humble and much-abused proletariat of Russia against which Japan battles, but the insanely arbitrary and grasping court clique, which hides behind the fetish of absolutism and sacerdotalism at St. Petersburg and which misuses the people of its own and other lands for the corruption of the body-politic and for the distress of unoffending neighbors. Not content with robbing and abusing Poland and Lithuania, and even threatening the free development of Sweden and Persia, Russia has wantonly robbed China and threatened the homes of Japan.

The steady progress of essential Christianity and humanity, though too often abused by its most pretentious professors and too frequently better appreciated and practiced by those called "heathen" or unallied with clericalism, has really advanced. Mankind as a whole distinguishes more clearly than ever the true from the false; and there is to-day at the heart of the race a finer perception of essential justice and essential religion than ever. Indeed, the amazing energy, held so many centuries in reserve by Japan, and kept back from aggression by being applied on home development and marvelous industrial character, has been largely due to a pure spiritual perception of the nearness of God in human affairs, and of the immanence of Deity in all nature surrounding us. More than this, the Christ-words, by which he eternally dignified labor and doomed speculative rapine or parasitism—"My Father worketh hitherto and I work"—have been more intuitively understood and practiced in Japan than perhaps by any other race of men.

In no nation is there such a profound poetic sympathy with the Spirit of Nature as in Japan; and nowhere have an entire people, for so many centuries, shown such practical respect for and joy in their marvelously beautiful and infinite applications

of energy and feeling to labor and skill. Nowhere has labor, for itself and for its joyous and beneficent uplifting of feeling and intelligence to the laborer, been so appreciated and applied. Nowhere has a people so loved and cherished and improved every picturesque and inspiring element in Nature's self-manifestation of handiwork, in land or sea, gem or flower, bird, beast or spontaneous life of man. Nowhere have natural material and technical possibilities of process been so intimately and artistically sought out with a reverence and joy essentially religious.

Ruskin well brings out the fact that in no way can the soul more truly and wholesomely develop essential religion than in reverent appreciation of nature and the reapplication of her lessons to daily industrial life.

Furthermore, all travelers and writers testify to the excellent practical influence of the spiritual perceptions of the people (and even the precepts of Buddha) on conduct and manners, in universal gentleness, cleanliness, politeness, simplicity, democracy and patriotism, in which even their aristocracy shares. In no country has the nobility so promptly and bloodlessly relinquished old privileges and perquisites to the general good as in the last fifty years of parliamentary reform; and none have shared more zealously in the public burden and defence, with their persons and property. Nowhere has there therefore been so little class-jealousy or labor conflict. The whole nation has been a great labor-kindergarten in which all souls together were educated to its respect and admiration, by a national life in the open, full of beautiful and intelligent production, where the very qualities of originality, taste, inventiveness and manhood in the worker were sympathetically encouraged, not crushed to death by the demon of greed and mechanical repetition. This has in no degree lessened, but rather augmented, their civil content, yet splendid military capacities. Mere bulk of bone is not a test of moral discipline or martial courage. A brutalized labor-class

may be tricked or forced into wars by scheming or aggressive potentates; but if intelligence and moral sympathy are absent, evidences are superabundant throughout history that they are scattered by fewer and even smaller men more resolutely and heroically inspired. History is full of such instances. Yet never in history has there been witnessed more clear moral consecration to right principles, unfaltering patriotism, patient discipline, and sublime heroism to overleap death itself, than in these little brown men of the Land of the Rising Sun.

It is a sad thing, to-day, in this twentieth century of pretentious civilization and in the face of International Peace Congresses, hypocritically summoned by such despots as the Czar himself, to see millions of peaceful producers slaughtered by machinations of wanton aggressors, whether in South Africa, Bulgaria, Manchuria, or the Philippines. But if ever

there was a legitimate and honorable struggle of a noble, intelligent and remarkably unaggressive people to defend its rights, the rights of humanity, international treaties, progressive science, industry, free conscience and free speech, it is in the magnificent example this renaissance of Japan has given the world.

I have in my possession, through the courtesy of a Japanese friend, a letter from his brother on the field of battle, in which occur these noble words, as worthy of Thermopylæ, or Marathon, or Lutzen, or Naseby, as of Bunker Hill:

"I write, dear brother, on the eve of battle and in the exposed front rank; and this may be our last word of affection on earth. But if I fall to-morrow for Japan, I know that I give my life for essential civilization and the triumph of Human Brotherhood."

JOHN WARD STIMSON.

Redding Center, Conn.

THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

Author of *In Nature's Realm*, *Upland and Meadow*, *Notes of the Night*, *Outings at Odd Times*, etc.

WHENEVER I have been looking a wild creature directly in the eye a feeling came over me quite different from that when observing the same creature as it simply crossed my path. What is the precise state of their consciousness, when stared at, doubtless is beyond human skill to determine, but I seem always, at such a time, to be in touch with life as under no other circumstances. Let it be, as has been asserted, all imagination on my side and but witless gaze upon the creature's part; still I cannot rid myself of the impression that the eye of an animal presents something more than the glitter of a vitreous humor and crystalized lens. There seems something beyond mere play of light on glassy substance, for when the

diamond's sparkle or the fairy-glow of an opal charms us, we think only of the wonderful brilliancy of the splendid colors. It is a trick of light that makes but an eye-deep impression. Not so the confiding, timid or defiant look of an animal. We are not affected by the mere lack or excess of brightness; the eye itself is forgotten. There is something behind it that concerns us. We are appealed to or warned. We recognize life addressing life; the eye becomes a window of the soul.

But, we are told, animals have no souls. As the word stands for more in the dictionary than science is concerned with, so we use it in the sense only of advanced consciousness. This is within the realm of demonstrable fact—beyond is that of psy-

chologic theory. It is useless to worry over words and struggle for absolute lucidity. Even Shelley was forced to foot-note an essay, exclaiming: "These words are ineffectual and metaphorical. Most words are so—No help!" It is not the physiology of vision, but a psychology of a tangible sort that concerns us when, for instance, we look a snapping-turtle in the eye. There is no object in all creation more malignant, and the reptile is what its eye expresses. He is blind indeed who fails to interpret the fell meaning thereof.

If the creature has no mental power and needs vision merely that it may see its way and detect the approach of prey, why not a dull, lusterless eye of limited power? In this instance, the eye is certainly not a lure, but a warning. It is the incarnation of blood-thirstiness and distinctly a detriment to the animal, when it is not concealed by the mud and dense aquatic growths. Agassiz has stated that the snapper begins snapping before it is hatched. It is wholly carnivorous, with no lights and shadows of existence, no variation of moods. Ravenous and without fear, this is why the eye's expression never changes. As man recognizes the evidences of varying emotions, there is but a single one in a snapper's eye. It is the window from which destruction glares upon the world.

In times past I have amused myself with many a captured hawk, and once played with a caged golden eagle. All that I ventured to do was determined by these birds' expressions and not by their bodies' attitudes. The eye always forewarned and the bird's purpose was made evident. Here was a marked difference from the savage turtle. Equally fierce at times, but not always so. They live in a larger world; life abounds in experience; at its outset there is much more to learn; practice only makes perfect not only in simple flight, but in hovering, and the swift descent that alone secures the prey. It is not strange, then, that leading such an existence, the mood varies and the eye expresses something more than does that of

the turtle living in and under water. To it, storms and sunshine, and the round of the seasons mean but little; to the bird of prey they are full of significance of the utmost importance.

Wit grows under such conditions, and wit has no other means of making itself apparent than in the changing expression of the visual organ. All bodily movements are complementary. The former conveys unerringly to us the current purpose of the bird, whether that of indifference, irritation or intended defensive action. Mechanically the eye is always the same, there is no rearrangement of parts, as in a kaleidoscope, but something gives us the impression of a radical change, and that something is the bird's consciousness, its recognition of the requirements of the varying conditions with which it is surrounded. Like Byron's pirate,

"The mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,"

so the hawk can be gentle and playful at times, and when so, the eye is not that which marks intended prey or with unflinching gaze draws nearer to the fiery source of light. In short, we have life of far higher development to deal with in the bird than in the turtle, and our guide is not the eye merely, but the consciousness that controls it. Feathers, beak and claws are but outward manifestations. Its real presence is less tangible but not less certain. We are assured of its existence by the meaning-full glances of the creature's eye.

Life, one, whether animal or vegetable, was the claim of scholars not so long ago, and now another chapter is added to the story—"mineral." Already we read of the life and diseases of metals. The whole subject centers in the one word, "life," as an omnipresent, all-pervading essence. This does not lessen the dread significance of death, but simply means that much we have been thinking dead was really not dead, but very much alive. Ever the same life, but how infinitely varied in its manifestations! There may

be "one flesh of men, another of birds, another of fishes," but the self-same consciousness pervades it all. The material is nothing; that which animates it, everything. All music is sound, but not all sound is music. There is melody never to be forgotten that falls from the lips of those we love, and distracting noise only when the hiss of a snake falls upon the ear. It is the same "life" that commands our attention in each instance. Science has yet to demonstrate more than one consciousness, and is no more likely to do so than to prove the existence of more than one atmosphere. Until it does, man, snake, tree and metal are cousins of varying degree, never without one quality in common—life, endlessly varied as to its manifestations, but never wholly different, separate and apart.

So far as men and animals are concerned, the readily recognized difference in the "life" of each lies in the fact that the senses of animals, particularly sight, hearing and smell, have advanced far beyond our own, and what we call their "intelligence" has grown on that basis and not upon cerebral development, which brings experience to the front and leads us to depend on it. The higher faculty gaining the ascendancy has led to the disuse of the older methods, and its capabilities have become infinitely greater. Some species of men have forged ahead intellectually until the gap is wider between them and the lowest races of mankind than between the latter and the higher apes. The highest type of manhood has become so cerebral that the body has suffered until it has happened that in frames racked by disease and inadequate except to languidly

fill a chair and fretfully hold a pen, many an intellect has set the world to thinking as it never before thought. But not all the physical man has degenerated. Never a poet or philosopher whose eye had lost its brightness. That organ ever remains the window of the soul. It signifies nothing that Milton was blind. He was not so at his birth, and that which in declining years he dictated was the echo of impressions gained when his vision was unimpaired. Had he written his epic with his eyes open, perhaps it would be more read to-day.

So long as there is an eye to respond to our own inquiring gaze; so long as there is an eye other than our own to glitter in rage, soften in confidence, or grow defiant, so long will the feeling be constant that an intelligence so far akin to our own as to make possible intercommunication of ideas, governs the less elaborately-fashioned forms of animal life, and such eyes are the windows of consciousness from which it is no easy task to wholly dissociate the human "soul." The mere dictum of philosophers who have lived exclusively in the world of theory is not sufficient, albeit for more than one millenium it has been held to be so. Not in this world are we likely to know the full meaning of what we glibly call "life," and think it as readily defined as any other word in common use. It were better to confess our ignorance than to be forever groping in every direction but the right one, and this as yet has proved insuperably barred. Nature has seen fit to shut this gate of knowledge on mankind.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Trenton, N. J.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

NEW YORK AS AN ART CENTER.

By F. EDWIN ELWELL,

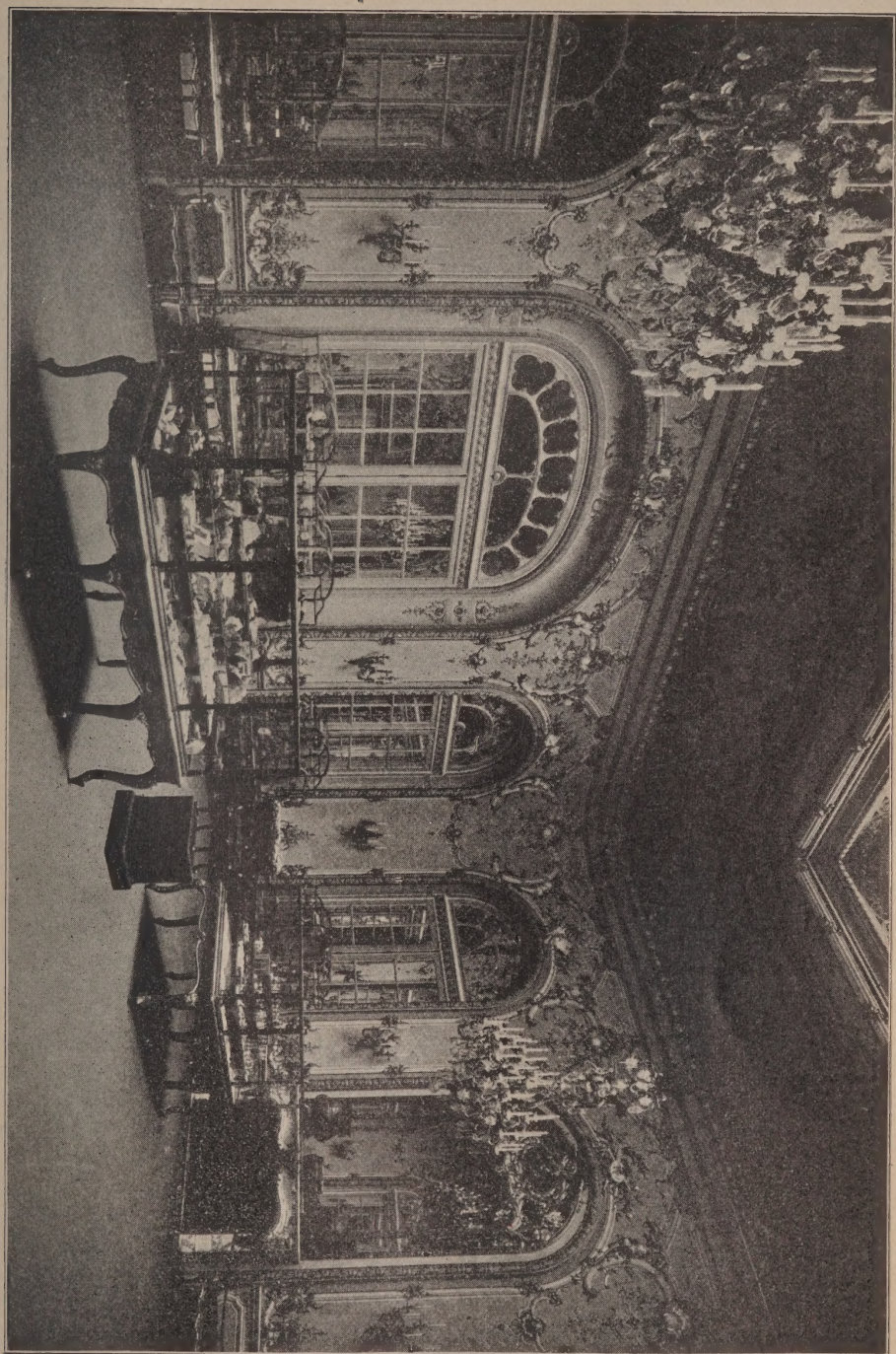
Curator of the Department of Ancient and Modern Statuary in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

IN THE early days of the Republic there was a sculptor by the name of John Dixey, who was the first to place an important statue on a beautiful civic building. That statue is there to-day on the dome of the New York City-Hall. Although it is not as fine in outline as some of the more modern work, still it shows a considerable degree of understanding of what was necessary for a finial to a building.

Most of the real art-life of New York City seems to have had its beginning in the effort of a few art-loving gentlemen to establish a Museum of Art in the city. So

small was this beginning that little notice was taken of the objects in view, and so the great institution that now ranks as the third most important in the world was permitted by the gentle hand of fate to grow into a strong, robust child before it was attacked with a view to upset its noble purposes.

New York art, therefore, had its solid rise in the founding of this noble institution, and in the determined character and genius of General L. P. di Cesnola, who has been the Director almost from the beginning, and who is perhaps the most distinguished man in museum work in the



THE HEBER R. BISHOP COLLECTION OF JADE AND OTHER HARD STONES IN THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.



William Henry Rinehart, Sculpt.

LATONA AND HER CHILDREN APOLLO AND DIANA.

(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

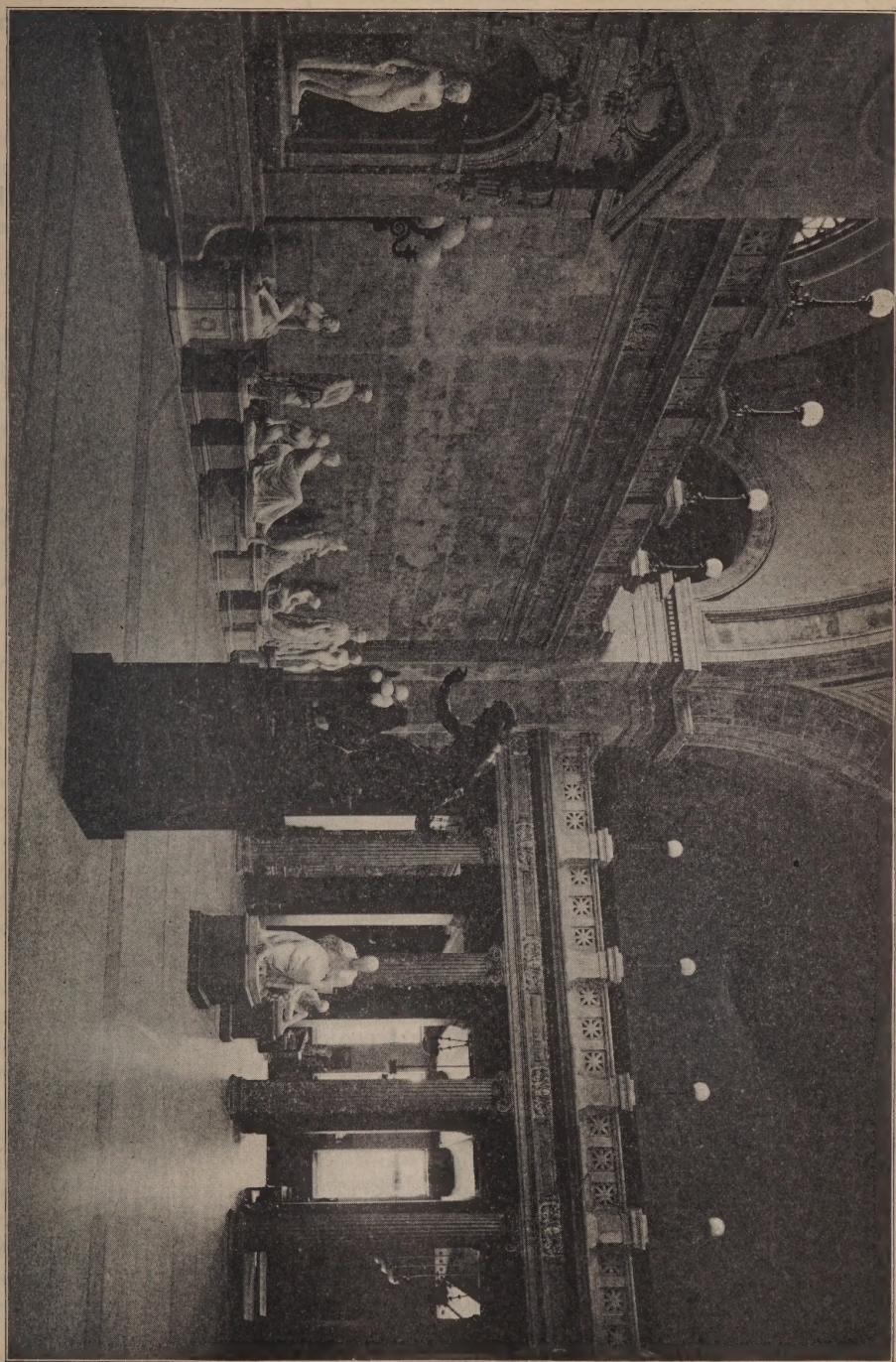
Loaned by Col. E. P. C. Lewis.

world to-day. Not until the Cyprus collection arrived was there any strong artistic impulse in the greatest city of America. No one may know why a great people remain in a state of lethargy until some unexpected occurrence directs a great movement. Had it not been for the war of the Rebellion, this great genius in museum work would probably not have come to America. He early espoused the cause of freedom and was a distinguished officer in the Civil war. He afterwards went to Cyprus as American Consul, and there made extensive and valuable discoveries that have since enriched the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the world. In 1883 these discoveries were attacked by some very inferior newspaper critics, and for a time a measure of doubt was cast upon them. Time alone has proved their intrinsic worth, not alone to American

art, but to the world of art in general. They formed the nucleus around which one of the greatest art institutions of the civilized world has been formed.

With the ever-increasing growth of the Museum, there has been a natural increase in the love of art in New York City. Thousands of students from other parts of the United States have come to see and be impressed by the wonderful collections in this vast building. The Museum offers naturally, a great opportunity to exhibit splendid works in painting and sculpture by foreign artists. For the first time in the history of the country one can walk in the numerous galleries of painting and feel the same sense of satisfaction that he has in some of the galleries of Europe.

The newspaper critic has, of course, been busy with his muddied pen, belaboring some of the work exhibited; but when one



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—HALL OF SCULPTURE—LOOKING SOUTH.

knows that these penny-a-liners have to live, we can understand that an attack on a good work of art is likely to afford an opportunity for a competent reply, with the result that public interest is stimulated, the false attack is answered and the cause of education advanced. Since the Sunday opening of the Museum the public has had an opportunity to see and judge as to the merits of the works of art exhibited; and it is wonderful how eagerly the people have improved the opportunity given to them—wonderful that in the City of New York, the greatest business-center of America, fourteen thousand citizens should visit this temple of art between the hours of one and five. And this is not merely one day, but very frequently.

Few of us begin to realize the significance and value to our people of this great temple of art in the center of the throbbing life of the metropolis, built by the city itself, housing the objects of ancient and modern art collected by patience and judgment. These works have come from all parts of the world, from ancient and remote periods of the race-life of man, all to attest to the fact that deep in the soul of humanity there is an inherent desire to perpetuate the memory of some noble deed or some thought of beauty wholly apart from the mundane things of natural existence.

New York has set an example that should be followed in every large and small city of the nation. It would not be

possible to obtain such rare collections as form a part of the wonders of the Metropolitan Museum, but there are excellent artists in modern times who are worthy of encouragement and whose work will increase in value as time goes on. Their work should be gathered in museums, so that posterity can come near to us and the motives that inspired our daily lives.

A better class of monuments are being erected in New York City to-day on account of the fact that the millions who visit the Museum gather in their own quiet way such knowledge of art as prepares them to discriminate between that which is thoroughly bad and that which has artistic feeling.

Gradually there have arisen in the city schools of art, and exhibitions have been the outlet for the productive side of the many artists who have found that they could be inspired by the works at the Museum and could be taught in the excellent art-schools.

The Art Students' League sprang into existence from the desire of certain young artists to break away from the Academy and to have

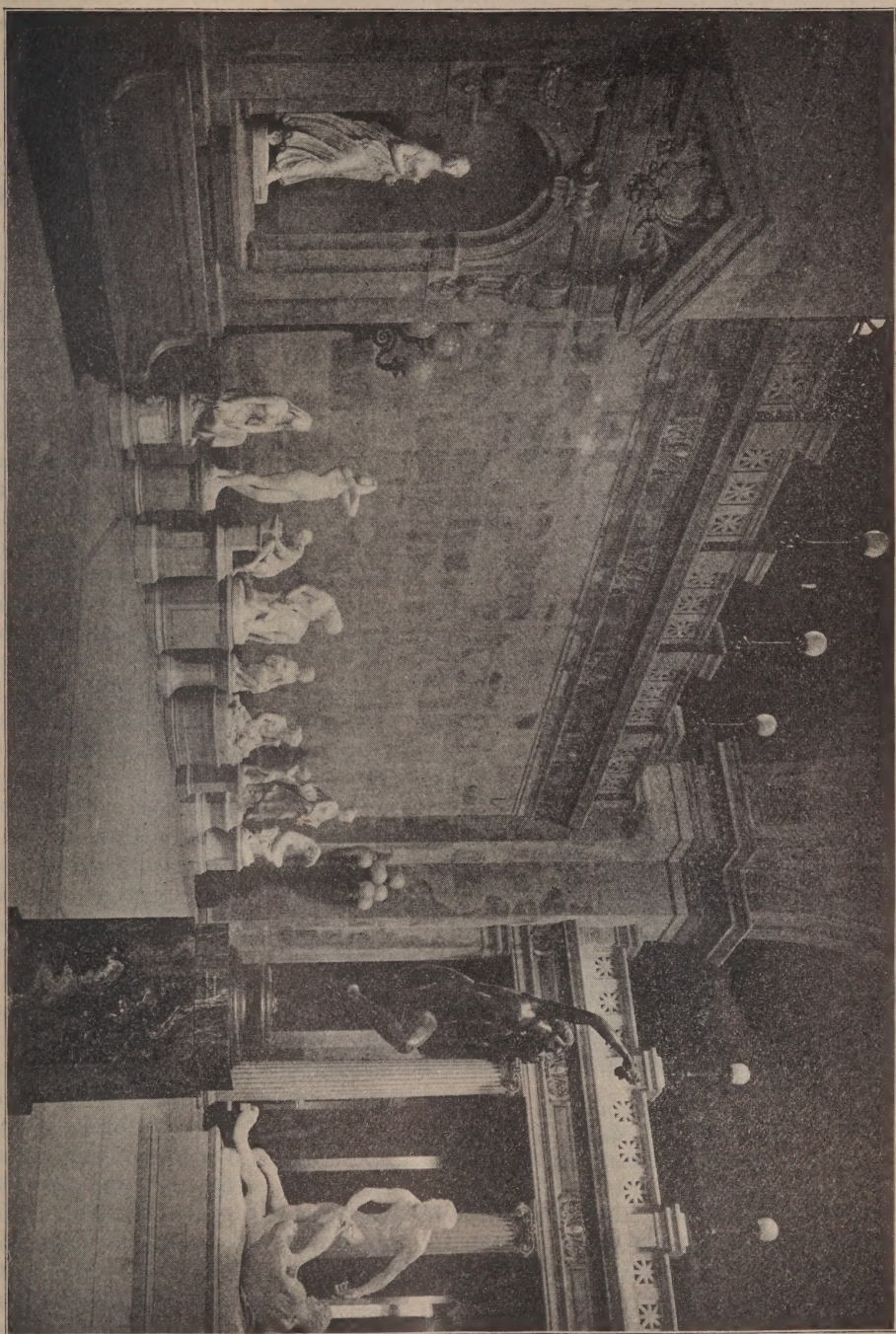
more freedom of thought-action and more liberty to work as they saw fit. This institution has had a long and interesting career, and many of the students now working in art all over this country have received at some time instruction from the League.

A school was at one time started in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but it proved a hindrance to the great work that



ANCIENT STATUE FROM THE
CESNOLA COLLECTION.

(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—HALL OF SCULPTURE—LOOKING NORTH.



Frederick W. MacMonnies, Sculpt.

"BACCHANTE."

(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

Presented by Hon. Charles F. McKim.

cannot be a school for modern instruction; so the Honorable Board of Trustees wisely decided to give up the school and to let the artist come in on Mondays and Fridays to draw, paint and model, with permits from the different departments. This has seemed to be of great benefit to all artists who go to New York City and desire to study from the examples of ancient and modern art.

It is greatly to the credit of the Director and the Trustees of this museum that they have the finest collection of casts in plaster in the world; and an architect or sculptor can find inspiration for his work that can be found nowhere else.

The National Academy of Design served its purpose, grew old, and is not yet dead. There seems to come a time in the life of all art organizations when the spirit of individuality dies down and the commercial element obtains control. This had been the case with the Academy. The younger men, moved no doubt as much by Mr. William M. Chase as any one else, broke away from the parent institution and formed the Society of

fate had ordained this museum should do for the artistic life of the nation.

So important is a great museum to art-life that its mission is rather as a storehouse of beautiful works, where the student can go and study undisturbed by the noise and bustle of an art-school. A great museum, full of the dignity of ages,

American Artists. Mr. Abbot Thayer was at one time president of the younger body of artists, as was also Mr. St. Gaudens; but it, too, drifted into the hands of men given to manipulation and strong commercial tendencies. However, during its better life it established a love for true art on a higher plane than had ever ex-

isted before, and will therefore always be looked upon as one of the forward movements of the art-life of New York City.

That the inherent spirit of freedom is a part of the artists' nature cannot be better illustrated than in the fact that twelve artists of note left the Society of American Artists and formed a new coterie that refused to have anything to do with the older society. This is rather healthy in character, for as fast as the sordid, commercial spirit creeps into an art organization the true artist refuses to connect his name longer with what he feels is most inartistic. So progress is achieved, despite the bitter feelings engendered by the separations that have taken place in the onward movement in the art-life of the city.

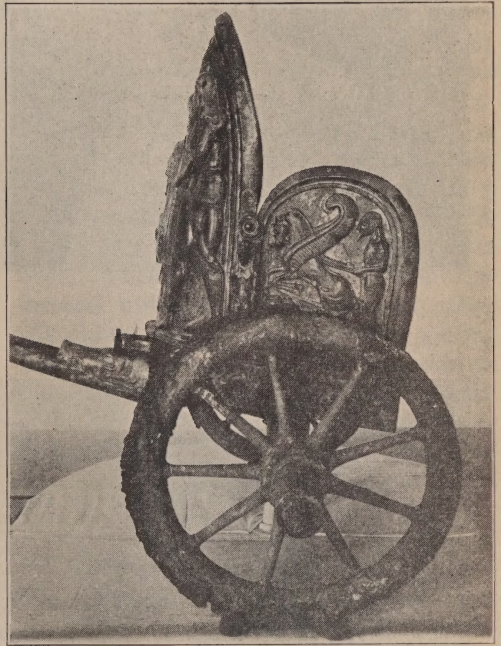
New York City is the natural art-center of the continent, because all the traffic of the world sooner or later must seek the great metropolis for some measure of trade and influence. Despite the political upheavals and the incoming masses of the wretched poor and off-scouring of other countries, New York stands toward the United States as possessing the weight of genius and brains of the country. That she has not reached her possibility in matters of civic art is due as much to the art politicians as to anything else. These schemers are quick to take advantage of what seems to them a natural opportunity to earn a livelihood at the expense of a credulous public.

The largest shops for the sale of art are in our city, and whenever a rich man desires the best art works in the market he must visit New York and there make his purchase from the dealers, who in some cases are grasping and commercial; but in the main good works of art by foreign and native artists can be had for reasonable prices.

American pictures and sculpture are receiving more attention from the dealers, and the public is content to have on the walls of rich palaces good works by American artists. The sooner the public appreciates the work of our own men of genius, the sooner will there be added opportunity for the artist to do his best work

in America and see in his own country his best market for works of art.

There is no better teacher of art than a great noble work in sculpture or painting. In no other walk of life is there such an absolute necessity for example as in art. The higher the thought, the greater the effort to honestly depict the inspirations of the individual mind of the artist; the more true to nature and its great dignity, the better the result in art and the



GRECO-ETRUSCAN CHARIOT. 700-600 B. C.

(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)
Purchased from Income of the Rogers Fund, 1903.

higher the standard of thought in a community. Where little or no art exists there is a poverty of those higher feelings that make up the joy of living.

The art of a nation is quite as important to its life as its commerce, yet it is not so readily understood by the masses. When the sky-scraper and the trolley-car will be heaps of rubbish in the centuries to come, the Pyramids of Egypt and the statues of Greece will still tell their story to posterity.

F. EDWIN ELWELL.

New York City.



GABRIELLE REJANE.



IN "HEUREUSE."



IN "SYLVIE."



IN "DOLL'S HOUSE."

GABRIELLE REJANE, FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.

GABRIELLE REJANE.

By B. O. FLOWER.

MUCH interest is felt among the more thoughtful of our theatergoers in the approaching American tour of the great French actress, Rejane; for we are coming to appreciate the fact that the appearance in our midst of the great dramatic interpreters from the intellectual capitals of the Old World broadens and deepens our culture, stimulating the mental faculties and quickening the imagination in such ways as to make for breadth of thought, intellectual hospitality, refinement in taste, and increased appreciation for the masterpieces of classic and contemporaneous literature—in a word, for education in its broader signification.

Much has been said and written about the folly of Americans as exhibited in the liberal patronage of foreign stars who find the United States a veritable Golconda; but however just this criticism may be when it applies to the foreigners who, wanting in ability, have through accident gained ephemeral popularity, we feel that it is far from true when applied to those who are really great in their chosen field. A Salvini or a Duse, for example, whose genius is a revelation to the auditors, or a careful and conscientious actor such as Sir Henry Irving, whose attention to historical details is such that his presentations of classic and modern masterpieces bring before the mind faithful pictures of the life, the times, customs, habits and costumes of the eras depicted, gives incomparably more of intrinsic value to the auditors and to society than is received in money from those who are the recipients of the pleasure and education which the great artist confers.

For the student of life in its broader aspects there is also a psychological interest attaching to the work of great artists of other races and lands, quite apart from the new light which their interpretations

throw upon the capital dramas of literature. Here one sees men and women who embody in a large way the genius of their nationality or race. They not only hold the mirror up to nature, but unconsciously reflect in their work dominant characteristics, aspirations and emotions peculiar to their people. Genius may and often does rise above nations and races and becomes cosmic in its larger expressions; and yet the odor of the native soil clings to its garments. It is not less because it expresses the life of which it is an integral part and also the larger life which is common to humanity the world over. These thoughts have been impressed upon us time and again after witnessing such typical characters among the masters in dramatic interpretation as the elder Salvini and Sarah Bernhardt. They are instanced as illustrating how the really great artists open up trains of speculative thought quite apart from the drama of the stage.

In Mme. Rejane we have another of the really great dramatic artists who are typical characters. Her life also possesses the added interest for the republican mind which attaches to those children of genius who from lowly birth and humble circumstances have risen to the front ranks in their chosen professions through patient, faithful, conscientious and persistent toil. For Gabrielle Rejane's parents were poor. She was born in the Rue de la Donane, one of the storm-centers for almost every great riot known to the Paris of the past century and a quarter. Her father in early life had been an actor, but before the birth of Gabrielle he had retired from the boards and during her early years he was ticket-receiver and keeper of the buffet at L'Ambigu. In this work the mother assisted, and the little child was pressed into serv-

ice to run errands and afford such other aid as a very small girl could render. Thus environed the child passed her early years, even sleeping on an improvised bed made up in a corner behind the buffet. But this life was not without its fascinations, for here she saw and heard many of the greatest actors and actresses of the day, including Frederick Le Maitre, Paul Cleves, Bondois, Melingue, Jane Essler, Adele Page, Dica Petit, Marie-Laurent, and others. Here, too, she listened to the initial presentations of many of the great plays of the day, amid the intoxicating excitement and enthusiasm that attend the opening performances of master-plays before French audiences. Thus she lived in a fairy-like mimic world. The atmosphere of the theater environed her early days as does the morning mist envelop mountain, hill and glen; and this wonder-world of romance and beauty gave to life the intoxication of pure joy as does the mist at dawn lend splendor to the new-born day.

When she was quite young her father died, leaving the mother and child to fight the battle for bread. But both were thrifty, industrious and accustomed to hard work. Sympathizing friends also aided them. Especially were loving hands stretched out to little Gabrielle to aid her in reaching the goal of her ambition—friends who read in the wistful eyes as clearly as if words had framed it, the dearest hope that filled the child's day-dream world. If she could attend the Conservatoire she could fit herself to reach the heights to which even now she aspired. They saw that she was a natural actress; that inheritance and early environment had cast the die for her; and they also knew that besides being ambitious, she did not fear hard work. So they helped her to reach the land of her heart's desire. She became the favorite pupil of the great

master, M. Regnier, and at her graduation won the second prize at the competition. Her talent, personal charm, vivacity and versatility were instantly recognized by the managers of Paris, and offers were promptly made by the Odeon, the Gymnase and the Vaudeville. At the last-named-house she made her debut, in March of 1875, in "La Revue des Deux Mondes"; but it was not until six months later that she electrified Paris in a part assigned her in a one-act play written by Marc Monnier and entitled "Madame Lili," in the cast of which were a number of famous artists. At that time Sarcey, the most eminent of all Parisian critics, wrote of her:

"The roguishness, ingenuity and tenderness of Mlle. Rejane are charming. That pretty and lively girl has spirit even in her finger-tips. How fortunate that she does n't sing! If she had a voice light opera would surely have devoured her."

From that time Rejane advanced rapidly to the fore-front of her profession. Her remarkable versatility enabled her to interpret the most diverse roles in so convincing a manner as to win, hold and carry her audiences with her. Few actresses in the annals of the stage have scored so many successes or have equally succeeded in the impersonation of a range of characters that represented almost every dominant emotion known to the human heart.

Mme. Rejane in her private life is Mme. Gabrielle Porel, being the wife of M. Porel, well-known in the dramatic life of Paris. The illustrations in this issue are from photographs of Mme. Rejane as seen in life and in some of the roles in which she has achieved great success.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE ELECTORAL WISDOM OF JAPAN.

By ROBERT TYSON.

IT HAS occurred to me that the old wars of Spain and England, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, furnish an interesting historical parallel with the present war between Russia and Japan. In each case we have a huge despotism unsuccessfully fighting a small maritime power with its face set steadfastly towards constitutional freedom. Since Elizabeth's time England has attained by slow and painful steps the measure of representative government which modern Japan has had the good sense and good fortune to secure almost at a bound. But Japan has done more than this. She has adopted an electoral method which gives her a Parliament more truly representative of the people than the Parliament of England or the Congress of the United States.

Japan's Parliament or "Diet" consists of an upper and a lower House, called respectively the House of Peers and the House of Commons. The Japanese House of Peers corresponds to the House of Lords in England, or the Senate in America—more closely with the former than the latter, because it represents an aristocracy rather than a plutocracy. This article will deal with the House of Commons and the wise principle upon which the election of its members is based. That principle is Proportional Representation.

The essential facts may be stated in a few words. Japan's House of Commons consists of three hundred and seventy-nine members, elected by ballot for four years on a very liberal franchise. There are forty-seven "prefectures" or electoral districts, giving an average of eight members to a district. These electoral districts vary in population, and the number of members elected from each varies accordingly: the smallest number being five, and the largest thirteen, except in the case of the city of Tokyo, which has fifteen

members to represent its million-and-a-half of souls. Like the others, it is one electoral district.

In every district each elector has one vote only. That is the Proportional feature. The very simplicity of the plan stands in the way of a full apprehension of the great political reform which it involves. I shall therefore devote some space to an elucidation of the principle of Proportional Representation, with brief sketches of the more important systems by which that principle is put into operation. There are several such systems, and that used in Japan is the simplest of them all.

The keynote of Proportional Representation is the single vote in large electoral districts. By that I mean that each elector casts only one vote, although in his voting district several members or representatives are elected. Unproportional Representation is for each elector to cast as many votes as there are members to be elected in such a district, or to vote in a single-member district if he has but a single vote. This is a broad statement, and does not quite cover the ground; but it is a sufficient generalization for my present purpose.

Much puzzlement has resulted from multiplicity of systems and complexity of detail. One purpose of this article is to reduce Proportional Representation to its simplest terms, both in principle and methods. Before going further, I will summarize briefly the defects of the systems of voting generally used; because the reader new to the subject will ask why any change is needed. With these defects I present also the expected remedies. My statements here are merely dogmatic, but can be amply verified by argument and experience:

1. Nominations, under the present sys-

tem, are in the hands of the managers of the party machine.

Proportional Representation would place nominations in the hands of the people at large.

2. Gerrymandering pays and is practiced under the present system.

Proportional Representation would make gerrymandering useless.

3. Bribery pays and is practiced under the present system, because a few purchasable voters can turn the scale. Drinking and treating come under the same category.

Proportional Representation would make bribery and treating unpractical.

4. Disfranchisement of nearly half the electors takes place at every general election. An unrepresented minority is created in every district.

Proportional Representation would represent all the voters, a very small percentage of lost votes excepted.

5. The two main parties unjustly monopolize representation. They squeeze out minor parties, and all independent candidates.

Proportional Representation would give minor parties the number of members that their voting strength entitled them to.

6. Reform movements are now blocked and hindered, because their advocates cannot get a voice in Parliament, Legislature, or municipal council.

Under Proportional Representation any reform which was supported by a quota of electors in a few districts would be heard, would be treated with consideration, and would become a political force, if inherently strong and worthy.

7. Party splits are caused by the nomination of independent candidates under the present system.

Proportional Representation, on the full plan, would enable two Democrats to run without the risk of giving a Republican a seat, even although only one Democrat could be elected. Similarly in the converse case.

8. Intense party bitterness is caused by the present system, because elections are

fighths in which the beaten party is disfranchised and humiliated.

Proportional Representation disfranchises nobody. No vote can kill any other vote.

9. Dodging, shuffling, and evasion are prompted by the present system, because every candidate has to appeal to electors holding opinions diverse from his own on various public questions.

Proportional Representation promotes straightforward politics because each candidate appeals only to that group of electors who are in general accord with his views, and he need not truckle to the others.

10. Many good men are excluded under the present system, because the first requisite is to get the candidate who has the best fighting chance of carrying the constituency, and often that does not mean the best representative.

Proportional Representation does away with this necessity, and promotes the election of the best men.

11. The evils of civic and municipal misgovernment have their main cause in a faulty method of election.

Proportional Representation is just as applicable to the township, the village, the town, as to the great city. In each it is the foundation of good government.

The formidable indictment contained in these paragraphs will, I hope, induce, readers unfamiliar with the subject to give it some study.

The above is a rough generalization of the Proportional Method. We need now a generalization of the Proportional Principle, which can best be made by basing it on specific cases. The intelligence of the reader will easily make further applications of the principle. It is this:

In a seven-member district, any one-seventh of the electors must be able to elect one representative.

In a five-member district, any one-fifth of the electors must be able to elect one representative.

In other words, the electors, by the act balloting, must be able to divide themselves into as many groups as there are members to be elected: each group being represented by the one man of its choice, without interference or dictation from the other groups. The individual units of each group may come from any part of the electoral district. The electors are not divided on territorial lines, but on lines of principle and preference. In speaking of a "group," I mean the voters who have in a sense grouped themselves together by voting for the same man.

A member of the South Australian Parliament put the idea very happily when he said: "In Proportional Representation, the voters divide themselves into equal, voluntary, and unanimous electorates."

Let us now see how the proportional method carries out the proportional principles. What enlargement of our rough generalization of method is necessary?

In the first place, the single vote may be either transferable or untransferable. It may either stay where it is put or be subject to transfer from one candidate to another.

The untransferable single vote in a large electoral district is the simplest form of Proportional Representation. This is what Japan uses. In four cases out of five—perhaps in nine cases out of ten—it gives a true proportional result. Here is the reason:

Let fourteen candidates contest the seven seats in a seven-member electoral district on the single-vote plan, without

ballot transfer; and suppose that 35,000 votes are cast. These votes are divided amongst the fourteen candidates, in numbers varying from, say, six hundred, the lowest, up to six thousand, the highest. The voters have divided themselves into fourteen unequal groups, the smallest of which contains six hundred and the largest six thousand. Then the seven highest candidates are declared elected. That is, the seven largest groups are represented; they put their men in; but the seven smaller groups are apparently unrepresented. How can this ever be true Proportional Representation?

For this reason: Experience shows that in most cases the transfers are from the seven smaller groups to the seven larger ones, so that the transfers make no difference. "To him that hath shall be given." If this were always so, we could go on our way rejoicing and advocating nothing but the single untransferable vote in large districts. But it is not always so: hence the need for some system of transfer. Here is where our troubles commence; for, roughly speaking, the different "plans" and "systems" of Proportional Representation are but different ways of transferring votes; whilst the fearful and wonderful complexities that mathematicians have introduced are but endeavors to obtain an absolute mathematical accuracy of transfer, which, if obtained, is not worth the trouble that it entails and the mystery with which, to ordinary minds, it is enwrapped.

ROBERT TYSON.

Toronto, Canada.

THE PRESIDENT, HIS ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND THE TRUSTS.

BY ALLAN L. BENSON.

IF THERE be one thing more than another over which the Republican party and President Roosevelt pride themselves, it is the attitude of the administration toward the trusts.

Whenever opportunity offers, the President grows eloquent in trying to hammer home the claim that under his administration, "no man is above the law and no man is below it."

He declares in most strenuous language that all laws were made to be obeyed alike by rich and poor; and in his speeches at least, he recognizes his constitutional obligation to "take care that the law shall be faithfully executed."

The trust problem being the concrete expression of the great, over-shadowing question that confronts the nation—the question of whether the corporations shall rule the nation or whether the nation shall rule the corporations—there is no political matter of more vital concern than the *real* attitude of the present administration toward those tremendous aggregations of capital that within the last eight years have changed the face of industry.

We know what the President *says* is his attitude; we know that he says he "draws the line against misconduct, not against wealth." And as the President himself can hardly place any other construction upon "misconduct" when used in this connection, than violation of the law, it becomes of importance to inquire whether he *has* "drawn the line" against corporate violators of the law. But the question of fact is far too important to rest solely upon the testimony even of the President himself; far too important to rest solely upon the testimony of the President and his cabinet ministers, past as well as present. The whole nation should review the record of the administration's official relations

with the great corporate industries of the country and render a verdict of its own. If the facts be as the President and his friends have declared them to be—that the anti-trust laws of the nation have been rigidly and fearlessly enforced—the investigation by the nation will easily bear out their claims. And if the facts be otherwise—if the laws have *not* been enforced—the people ought to know it.

As the first step toward the ascertainment of what are the actual facts in the case, let us consider what are the exact claims of the administration with regard to the extent to which it has enforced the anti-trust laws. The most specific information along this line that has been given out by anyone competent to speak for the administration, was contained in the speech delivered by Elihu Root when he took the chair as the temporary presiding officer of the Republican national convention. After declaring that "The Attorney-General (Mr. Knox) has gone on in the same practical way, not to talk about the trusts, but to proceed against the trusts by law for their regulation," Mr. Root made these definite statements of fact with regard to what the Roosevelt administration has actually done toward enforcing the anti-trust laws:

"In separate suits, fourteen of the great railroads of the country have been restrained by injunction from giving illegal rebates to the favored shippers, who by means of them, were driving out the smaller shippers and monopolizing the grain and meat business of the country. The beef-trust was put under injunction. The officers of the railroads engaged in the cotton-carrying pool, affecting all of that great industry of the South, were indicted and have abandoned their combination.

The Northern Securities Company, which undertook by combining in one ownership the capital stocks of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads to end traffic competition in the northwest, has been destroyed by a vigorous prosecution. . . . It is certain that *wherever the constitutional power of the national government reaches*, trusts are being practically regulated and curbed within lawful bounds."

Mr. Root's summary of what the administration has done in this direction may therefore be assumed to comprise all of the specific instances in which the administration claims to have enforced the anti-trust laws, since if there had been other instances he doubtless would have mentioned them. And the importance attached by the President to these specific instances of law enforcement is indicated by the following extract from the letter written to Attorney-General Knox in accepting his resignation from the cabinet:

"Many great and able men have preceded you in the office you hold; *but there were none among them whose administration left so deep a mark for good upon the country's development.* Under you it has been literally true that *the mightiest and the humblest in the land have alike had it brought home to them that they were sure of the law's protection while they did right, and that neither could hope to defy the law.*"

On other occasions, President Roosevelt has frequently spoken of "that great man, Attorney-General Knox," and when Mr. Knox resigned from the cabinet, Mr. Roosevelt was quoted as saying that he "doubted if he could find in the whole country his equal as an Attorney-General."

Here, then, we have the administration's case with regard to the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, as given in detail by Elihu Root, Mr. Roosevelt's former Secretary of War, and summarized in the President's glowing tribute to Attorney-General Knox. But the President and Mr. Root,

however, appear to have omitted a few important facts in stating their case.

Is it not a fact that all of these suits against the trusts were begun in the *early* days of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency?

Is it not a fact that when they were begun, Mr. Roosevelt was regarded by Wall street as a very "unsafe" man?

Is it not a fact that since Mr. Roosevelt actively began his campaign to succeed himself in the Presidency that he has not directed his Attorney-General to proceed against *any* trust, great or small?

Is it not a fact that since Mr. Roosevelt has ceased the ordering of suits against trusts that Wall street no longer regards him as "unsafe"?

Is it not a fact that although five months have elapsed since the Supreme Court of the United States absolutely upheld the constitutionality of the Sherman anti-trust law in every particular, that President Roosevelt has made no move to invoke it against any of the notorious corporate offenders?

Is it not a fact that Attorney-General Knox never used but \$25,000 of the \$500,000 appropriated by Congress two years ago, at the President's request, with which to defray the expenses of extra counsel to assist the Attorney-General in enforcing the anti-trust laws?

Is it not a fact that if enough special counsel had been employed to enable Knox to break up the coal-trust, the beef-trust, the oil-trust, the steel-trust and the sugar-trust, to say nothing of scores of other trusts, that the \$500,000 appropriation would have been *exhausted*?

Is it not a fact that President Roosevelt never ordered the beginning of a suit against *any* of these trusts except the beef-trust, and that *all* of them are in operation to-day in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law which declares any "conspiracy in restraint of trade" to be illegal and the conspirators guilty of an offence punishable by imprisonment for one year, a fine not exceeding \$5,000 or both, such fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court?

Is it not a fact that instead of exhausting this \$500,000 appropriation for which Mr. Roosevelt asked in the early days of his Presidency, that in his last annual message to Congress he asked—and Congress subsequently granted—permission to use it in the prosecution of the postal thieves?

And is it not a fact that although Mr. Roosevelt is now completing the third year of his Presidency, he has never ordered the bringing of a suit under the Sherman anti-trust law against any of the colossal trusts that are engaged in exploiting the people in the prices of the necessities of life—the coal-trust, the beef-trust, and the oil-trust, for instance?

These are *all* facts, and of their truth none knows better than the President. None knows better than the President of the utter hollowness of Mr. Root's boast to the Republican national convention that the "beef-trust has been put under injunction." It is quite true that the beef-trust has been put under injunction. But it is equally true that the beef-trust pays no attention to the injunction and continues its exploitation of the public by depressing the price of live-stock, thus robbing the farmers, while it increases the price of dressed beef thus robbing the consumers. And it is also true that the beef-trust, "under injunction" as it is, continues this exploitation notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Justice Harlan, in reading the majority decision confirming the constitutionality of the Sherman anti-trust law, said:

"We deem it sufficient to say that certain deductions may be drawn from these decisions. *Every contract, combination or conspiracy which operates in restraint of trade is unlawful, whether it be an unreasonable or a reasonable restraint.* There is no distinction. . . . It need not be shown that the combination resulted in a total suppression of trade; it is unlawful if it *tends to create a monopoly or restrain trade.* Such tendency *alone* is against the law."

Yet the beef-trust, "under injunction,"

continues to rob the farmers, the prices of whose live-stock it depresses, *continues* to rob the people by arbitrarily increasing the price of dressed beef, notwithstanding the Sherman law and all of the fine words of the highest court in the land in sustaining it. And it did so all during the term of office of "that great man, Attorney-General Knox," "the greatest Attorney-General that the United States ever had."

But Mr. Knox broke up the cotton-carrying pool of the southern railroads, so Mr. Root tells us. The cotton-carrying pool of the southern railroads was doubtless an iniquitous conception that deserved destruction, and for destroying it Mr. Knox is entitled to the credit of having performed his duty. But who besides Mr. Knox would ever have received such unstinted praise from Elihu Root for laying aside great tasks to perform small ones? Who besides Mr. Knox would ever have been praised for killing a mosquito when elephants were trumpeting in the front yard, trampling down the shrubbery and threatening to break in the windows? One might suspect from the pride with which Mr. Root recounted the destruction of the devilish cotton-carrying pool by the intrepid Mr. Knox, that the cotton-carrying pool was the most piratical and burdensome trust in the country. The fact is, that it was one of the smallest and, in point of the extent of its depredations, one of the least offensive. Yet at the moment when Mr. Knox was slapping the cotton-pool mosquito, there were elephantine corporations by the score in the national front-yard. And of these, the coal-trust was the most rapacious, one of the most stupendous, and, of all, the meanest.

Think of Attorney-General Knox fighting the cotton-carrying pool when more than sixteen million families were paying an average of seven dollars a ton for the five tons of anthracite that each annually consumes!

Think of sixteen million families paying seven dollars a ton for eighty million tons of anthracite, when Thomas P. Fowler,

formerly president of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, testified before the New York State railroad Commission on March 14, 1900, that "without some restriction, stove-coal would be a drug at two dollars a ton!"

Think of sixteen million families annually paying \$560,000,000 for coal that "without restriction"—*without the coal-trust*—"would be a drug" at \$240,000,000 figuring the coal at two dollars a ton and one dollar a ton for shipping to any point within two hundred miles of the mines, which is probably a higher rate than could be maintained if there were no "agreement" among the railroads!

Think of sixteen million families being annually robbed of \$320,000,000 in the price of the anthracite they consume—and "that great man, Attorney-General Knox," "the greatest Attorney-General that the United States ever had," mercilessly pursuing the cotton-pool mosquito!

Is the annual robbery of \$320,000,000 from the people by one unlawful trust a matter of so little importance that the President does not think it worth while to try to stop it? It would seem so, since the President has neither attempted to invoke the aid of the Sherman law against the coal-trust nor asked Congress to provide a better law, the need of which is not apparent in view of the Supreme Court's recent decision in the Northern Securities case.

But there is still another method of determining the exact rating to which the Roosevelt administration is entitled for its enforcement of the anti-trust laws. In order to "stand 100" as the school-teachers say, it would have been necessary, strictly speaking, for the administration to have brought suit against every trust in the country, or at least to have begun proceedings against as many trusts as the Attorney-General and his \$500,000 worth of special counsel could handle. On the other hand, the greatest possible failure that Mr. Roosevelt could have made in the execution of the anti-trust

laws would have been not to have enforced them against any corporation.

With success and failure thus defined, let us see which is most nearly approximated by Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. According to John Moody, author of *The Truth About the Trusts*, and an acknowledged authority upon the subject, there were in this country last March, four hundred and forty great trusts, with a total floating capital of \$20,379,102,511.

There are ten industrial-trusts with a capitalization of \$100,000,000 or over; thirty of \$50,000,000 or over, and one hundred and twenty-nine of \$10,000,000 or over.

There are eleven great franchise-trusts, the capitalization of each of which exceeds \$100,000,000, with twenty-three having more than \$50,000,000 each, and ninety-five more than \$5,000,000 each.

And in addition, Mr. Moody says there are six great railway-groups, comprising as many trusts, the capital of each of which exceeds a billion dollars.

Now, if the President had failed to prosecute one of these corporations, he would have achieved the greatest possible extent of failure. And if he had not prosecuted a single trust, the press and people would now be talking of him as a failure instead of heralding him as the great "trust-buster" of the age, as part of the press and the people are now heralding him.

And to determine just where Mr. Roosevelt and his administration are entitled to stand between the extremes of success and failure, it is necessary only to review the administration's record with regard to the enforcement of the anti-trust laws.

What has Mr. Roosevelt accomplished? Let us take Mr. Root's word for it without question:

1. Through his former able Attorney-General, he has destroyed the cotton-carrying pool among the southern railroads.
2. He has put the beef-trust "under in-

junction"—without damaging the beef-trust, evidently.

3. He has begun "fourteen separate suits" against railroads. John Moody, however, found six billion-dollar railroad-trusts last March that had escaped the eagle-eye of Mr. Roosevelt and his "great" Attorney-General.

4. He has destroyed the \$400,000,000 Northern Securities Company—a performance that has not been repeated in the case of any other great trust.

And that is all.

All told, the suits that the President ordered started in the earlier days of his presidency may have resulted in the destruction of trusts the combined capitalization of which may have been a billion dollars.

Counting each of the twenty billions of trust capital outside of the law as five "points" in order to make a possible "100" for perfect enforcement of the anti-trust laws, it appears that the "standing" of the Roosevelt administration is 5.

In other words, the Roosevelt administration has enforced the law against one-twentieth of the capital that is organized in violation of the law that the Supreme Court has sustained, and failed to enforce it against the other nineteen-twentieths. The one-twentieth of the trust capitalization that Roosevelt suppressed did not include one great trust that was engaged on a gigantic scale in exploiting all of the people. The nineteen-twentieths of trust capitalization that the President has *not* suppressed, or, with one exception, ever *tried* to suppress, includes all of the great unlawful corporations that are engaged on a gigantic scale in exploiting all of the people. To be more specific, the list of unsuppressed trusts includes the coal-trust, the beef-trust, the oil-trust, the steel-trust, and the sugar-trust, to say nothing of the scores of other great trusts that Mr. Moody, the authority on trusts, found to be so active last spring when his book was published.

Having reviewed not only the adminis-

tration claims but the *facts* about the trust question, it becomes of importance to make a comparison of these claims with the conditions that are known really to exist.

Elihu Root said:

"It is certain that wherever the constitutional power of the government reaches, trusts are being practically regulated and curbed within lawful bounds."

Waiving, for the time, all consideration of the question as to whether the Sherman anti-trust law reaches as far as the Supreme Court says it does, it seems proper to inquire why the administration has not asked for more laws, if the present laws are equal only to the suppression of one-twentieth of the capital unlawfully organized in the form of trusts?

In his annual message to Congress two years ago, Mr. Roosevelt asked for more anti-trust laws and Congress gave him all for which he asked, the publicity feature of the Department of Commerce and Labor act; the act to expedite hearings before the Supreme Court, and the Elkins Anti-rebate law.

If existing statutes are insufficient to accomplish the destruction of the coal-trust that is robbing the people of \$320,000,000 a year; of the beef-trust which is simultaneously plundering the farmers and the consumers of dressed-beef of still more millions; of the steel-trust which charges top prices at home and sells its products for much less abroad; of the six billion-dollar railway combinations that Mr. Moody found to be in existence; of the oil-trust and a host of other trusts—if existing laws are insufficient to accomplish the destruction of these trusts, why has President Roosevelt failed to ask for the enactment of laws that *would* permit of the destruction of these trusts?

Is it because the President believes the annual \$320,000,000 robbery of the coal-trust does not in itself constitute a wrong so tremendous that it deserves the best efforts of any President to abate?

Is it because he does not consider the depredations of the beef-trust, the oil-trust, the steel-trust and others of sufficient consequence to demand the attention of one of his exalted station?

Or is it because the President knows he already has enough law to crush every criminal trust in the country if he cared to enforce it?

Surely there must be *some* reason for the failure of the President either to prosecute the coal and other trusts under existing laws, or to ask for new laws.

And it cannot be because the President does not know that of right, these trusts ought to be crushed.

Consider next the extract quoted from the letter in which Mr. Roosevelt accepted the resignation of Attorney-General Knox—the letter in which Mr. Roosevelt told Mr. Knox that he was “the greatest Attorney-General that the United States had ever had.” In this letter, Mr. Roosevelt said:

“Under you it has been literally true that the mightiest and the humblest in the land have alike had it brought home to them that they were sure of the law’s protection while they did right and that neither could hope to defy the law.”

Let us consider these statements.

Is the coal-trust “sure of the law’s protection” because it is “doing right”?

Is that why the steel-trust, the sugar-trust, the oil-trust, the six billion-dollar railroad-trusts and scores of other tremendous corporations are immune from punishment under the Roosevelt administration—*because they are doing right*?

And if all of these untouched trusts, constituting as they do nineteen-twentieths of all the trust capital in the country, are “doing right,” what, in the name of all that is good and lawful in industry, could be *wrong*, and why did the President ever order the bringing of a suit against *any* trust?

Was the Northern Securities Company worse than the coal-trust?

Was the dreadful cotton-pool worse than the oil-trust, the sugar-trust or the steel-trust?

And if the man who proceeded against only one-twentieth of the trust capital, granting immunity to all of the most burdensome trusts in the country, was “the greatest Attorney-General that the United States ever had,” *what kind of an Attorney-General would the President call a poor one*?

Also, if Attorney-General Knox was such a terror to trusts as the President would have the nation believe, why was it that when Mr. Frick, Mr. Cassatt and other gentlemen representing the trusts announced the candidacy of Mr. Knox for the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of Mr. Quay, that all other candidacies melted away in an instant and Governor Pennypacker appointed Mr. Knox Senator within forty-eight hours?

Are the trusts engaged in “heaping coals of fire” upon the heads of those who prosecute them, or are they simply promoting those who serve them?

It would be idle, however, to blame Mr. Knox for what he did not do while Attorney-General toward enforcing the laws against the trusts.

Mr. Knox was a subordinate in the administration and if he had been ordered to start on the coal-trust and carry the warfare all down the line, he would have done so or have been compelled to hand in his resignation. And the same power that caused Mr. Knox to remain inactive for the most part so far as enforcing the anti-trust laws was concerned, will cause his successor to let the anti-trust laws lie dead-letters on the statute-books.

The responsibility for the non-enforcement of the anti-trust laws against any of the tremendous corporations that annually are plundering the people of hundreds of millions in the prices of the necessities of life, must rest with Theodore Roosevelt alone.

He is the man to whom the nation should look.

He went into office knowing what the laws were and who were their violators.

He started to enforce the law and the Supreme Court told him the law was good—that any conspiracy that even *tended* to restrain trade was unlawful.

But Mr. Roosevelt had stopped bringing suits against the trusts before the decision came and he has brought no suits since.

But his "great" Attorney-General has been given a seat in the United States Senate, through the kindness of several eminent gentlemen connected with trusts; and the coal-trust is preparing to take another \$320,000,000 out of the people next winter.

ALLAN L. BENSON.

Detroit, Mich.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

URIEL.

BY CHARLES MALLOY,

President of the Boston Emerson Society.

"URIEL" in Hebrew signifies "God's fire." It occurs in the second book of *Esdras*. Milton says of Uriel, he was the "sharpest-sighted of all in Heaven." Uriel was therefore a fit name for Emerson himself. In the Poets' Corner of the new library at Washington is a picture of Uriel, turning with a proud, scornful look as he goes out from the presence of the old gods. Upon this picture is written the name of Emerson. He has thus a national recognition as his own "Uriel."

Inasmuch as the poem celebrates what purports to be an event in history, it is called the "lapse of Uriel." "Lapse" instead of "fall" is to avoid repetition.

"It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days."

"Once, among the Pleiades walking,
Seyd overheard the young gods talking;
And the treason, too long pent,
To his ears was evident.
The young deities discussed
Laws of form and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth and what seems.

One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line.
'Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn.'"

This poem is allegory throughout. The value of Uriel's sentiment divine lay in the analogy that there are no lines in morals.

Evil will not go on as evil forever, but turns to good. The stern old gods had a vast property in the form of hells which they could only run by evil. Besides, Uriel was a young god and had not consulted them. New things in religion and philosophy come generally by young gods. The old do not change.

What was the effect of Uriel's words in this convention in Paradise?

"As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;
Seemed to the holy festival
The rash word boded ill to all;

The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bounds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid to confusion."

"Line in nature is not found."

This is true. No perfect line can be found in the objective world; and as John Mill said, our geometrical ideals come empirically, or from the senses, and the originals are not perfect. Therefore we have no true basis for our geometry. 'T is a matter of observation, and upon uncertain data. Mill's error is said to be in his assumption that geometry rests upon empirical or observed facts. The correction is in the transcendental doctrine of Kant, that geometry is in the mind, just as astronomy is in the mind. Unit and universe are in the mind. They, too, are not round by observation; they are round only as the mind makes them so.

"Line in nature is not found."

The value of Uriel's "sentiment" is as a fact in morals. As we have said, Evil is not produced. It does not go off forever in a line, but comes round to good. This is where Emerson stirred up the placid waters among his contemporaries. The theological systems were all constructed of lines. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie."

"The balance-beam of Fate was bent."

This doctrine of lines in philosophy and religion had the certificate and endorsement of Fate. Fate was superior to the gods. Certainly the balance-beam of Fate should be made of good iron, for it was the instrument by which all other things are tested. Well might all things slide into confusion.

"The bounds of good and ill were rent,"

as a consequence. Emerson says in the "Essay on Experience": "Sin, seen by the intellect, is pravity or less. It is only the conscience that sees it as evil. It has

no essential existence, and so it will not last." He says: "If evil remained at last, in the words of an Eastern poet, 'the blue sky would shrivel to a snake-skin and cast it out.'"

Evil is a concept or a general name for an apparent quality in events as they affect us, but not a quality in things. Chemistry knows no element which is evil in all its relations. On the contrary, it is finding a good use for assumedly bad things. Darwin tells us of the great use of earth-worms in making our soils. Volcanoes enrich the whole country around them. What a benefactor for all our part of the continent was the ice which covered it for many thousands of years! It was fortunate that much of our dry land was a long time under the sea; thus infinitesimal benefactors gave us limestone. Somebody called the other day for fifty thousand stings of bees, the poison having a therapeutic virtue in rheumatism; and there is now in Europe a demand for the virus of our rattlesnakes, which is a remedy in certain nervous affections. No doubt it would be unwise to "kill the devil." Science will find a good use for him. What a servant has lightning become, formerly an agent only for mischief; and Jove was not allowed free use of it.

"Strong Hades could not keep his own."

This awful power, like the "balance-beam of Fate" and the "bounds of good and ill," was something never known to fail before. "The stern old war-gods" could rely upon these things. "Strong Hades," like the "balance-beam of Fate," was sure and trustworthy. Dante had found the gloomy legend upon the door: "Who enters here, let him leave hope behind." But the convulsions upon Uriel's low tones and look that "solved the sphere and stirred the devils everywhere," and the hells everywhere, had shattered "strong Hades" and Dante's door, and the unhappy prisoners have a chance to escape. That was a sad spectacle to the stern old gods.

Who were the stern old gods in this new mythology? Who but the good ministers of Cambridge and Boston? And who were the seraphs in myrtle-beds but pious women, old and young, leading easy, luxurious lives as they were wafted to the skies on "flowery beds of ease," escorted by the "stern old war-gods"?

"The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds,"

out of sympathy. But many of the seraphs, charmed by the beauty, grace and eloquence of the Uriel, afterwards became his followers. George Gillfillian, a Scotch clergyman, says of him: "When he goes into Boston to lecture he is crowded after by the *élite* of the city. He stands up, a middle-aged enthusiast, beginning slowly, and as he goes on his face becomes phosphorescent, like the face of an angel."

This line—

"Strong Hades could not keep his own"—

will require a few words more. Uriel is a type of the radical, the transcendentalist—the first to see, and so before his time. Uriel would therefore stand for the correlative, abstract radicalism. This at the time appeared in many forms. In March, 1844, Emerson gave a lecture in Boston on "New England Reformers," in which he says:

"Whoever has had opportunity of acquaintance with society in New England during the last twenty-five years, with those middle and with those leading sections that may constitute any just representation of the character and aim of the community, will have been struck with the great activity of thought and experimenting. His attention must be commanded by the signs that the church, or religious party, is falling from the church nominal, and is appearing in temperance and non-resistance societies, in movements of abolitionists and of socialists, and in very significant assemblies called Sabbath and Bible-Conventions, composed of ultraists, of seekers, of all the soul of the soldiery of

dissent, and meeting to call in question the authority of the Sabbath, of the priesthood and of the church. In these movements nothing was more obvious than the discontent they begat in the movers. The spirit of protest and detachment drove the members of these conventions to bear testimony against the church, and immediately afterward to declare their discontent with these conventions, their colleagues, and their impatience of the methods whereby they were working. They defied each other like a congress of kings, each of whom had a realm to rule and a way of his own that made concert unprofitable. What a fertility of projects for the salvation of the world."

A very significant movement in the history of the church began just before this time, which was soon widely known as "Universalism." The Protestant half of the church had long taught that all were lost in Adam's sin, and a very few saved by the death of Christ; only a very few, the conditions not being accepted. I heard a respectable minister in my city of Waltham say in a public meeting called in the interest of the Christian Association and well attended, that he had given a good deal of thought as to the proportion which would be saved by the gospel of Christ, and he could not see a chance for more than five out of a hundred. This after eighteen hundred years of that gospel which had presumably been increasing its power and field of operation all this time. So for the whole time of the trial he could, perhaps, make out not more than one out of a hundred. Nobody, I have reason to believe, took exception to this discouraging prospect. It came pretty near an estimate that all are lost.

This Universalism proclaimed the astounding counter doctrine that all are found. This innovation and movement was well-known to Emerson, and he had seen its rise and progress. The fighting days of this heresy were over long ago, and Universalism had become quite a conservative when transcendentalism arose here

in New England. Universalism was introduced, I believe, by two or three learned and able preachers from Scotland. Dr. Lyman Beecher was then pastor of a Boston church and was an able champion of sound orthodox views. A public discussion was somehow brought about upon this new doctrine, in which Mr. Beecher took a leading part. Now a specialist has always the advantage of familiarity with his own texts and material, and Mr. Beecher, being hard pressed in the argument, made a dash by saying: "Well, my Bible says 'The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God.' Get them out again if you can." But the other replied: "I have the same Bible as Brother Beecher, and my Bible says 'Death and hell shall give up their dead.' Get them in again if you can."

Dr. Quint was an able man and one of the pillars of the orthodox denomination in New England. He made it in his way, while spending a summer with his father, who lived four miles away, to supply a vacant pulpit in the church where I resided. Being a little early one Sunday morning, he came into my house. He was fond of a good story, as ministers often are, and we fell to talking upon this departure called Universalism.

"When it first came about," said he, "a good honest deacon, but a little dull, came into his prayer-meeting one evening with a great burden upon his mind. In the beginning of the meeting he said: 'They have got a new-fangled salvation round here. They have got an idea that everybody is going to be saved—everybody, the converted and the unconverted. Everybody, everybody! But, brothers and sisters, we hope for better things!'"

The good Doctor did not lay the matter to heart—the danger and lost condition of the sinner—as Calvin or Whitfield or Jonathan Edwards would have done. He had the complaint very lightly. He had been vaccinated by the Universalists. It was only a mild case of varioloid. He was losing confidence in Hades; and there are but very few, and those

among the more simple and illiterate, who now use Hades as a working theory. This change has come about largely since 1830. Theodore Parker told me that he once attended a meeting of ministers in Boston where the question was debated: "Is Ralph Waldo Emerson a Christian?" Father Taylor had great love for Emerson; but he said that by the creed of his church and as he read the Scriptures he could not make him out, technically, to be a Christian. He did not see how he could be saved. He hated to think that he would go down to hell. "The dear, sweet soul," he said, "I do n't see what the devil can ever do with him. The chance is that he'll convert the devil."

Emerson told me of Father Taylor. He had great admiration for him. He said: "You ought to hear him pray. His prayers are poems." If a man could pray in poems, Emerson would not care what his creed was.

People used to think religion was very dependent on Hades, and that revivals could not be supported without it. They have made the discovery in fifty years that they are not well supported, even with it,—that thousands upon thousands are pretty good Christians who have thrown that barbarous instrument away. I never heard of the new doctrine until I was fifteen years old. At first it shocked me as atheism. I once heard an old church-member say: "If I did n't believe in hell after death, I'd steal." Certainly he needed it a little longer. But perhaps he was not so bad as he thought he was. So much for the line,—

"Strong Hades could not keep his own."

Hades was sometimes used as a person; hence "his own."

This convention took place in Paradise, it seems, and Paradise was among the Pleiades. It was really Cambridge. It was before "wild Time" had "coined itself into calendar months and days,"—that is, before the creation of the earth, the sun, and the moon, but was only ten years

before Seyd, the poet, was there. Where did he come from? Are there poets amid the Pleiades? But Seyd was the Imagination, which is not amenable to the laws of time and space; and to the Imagination before and after, and here and there, are the same.

"There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all;
And where it cometh all things are,
And it cometh everywhere."

"A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell
On the beauty of Uriel."

It is a thought often repeated by Emerson, that too much self-consciousness is unfriendly both to beauty and to manners. He was very bashful when young. It was one of his great trials when he kept a school for girls in Boston—his sensitive, tell-tale face. Elizabeth Peabody told us one day at the School of Philosophy about this infirmity of Emerson's. She said he undertook to give her lessons in Greek, but in a little while he was so uncomfortable that he gave it up, saying: "You know as much Greek as I do."

"In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.
Straightway, a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept."

We doubt if Emerson held the old doctrine of transmigration of souls, save as a poetical fiction, the same as Paradise, heaven, God, cloud, and other terms.

" . . . By knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight,"

would well describe a man who was before his time, as Emerson was for long years in his prose writings and even now in his poems. But few of his poems are well read after sixty years. Neither of his

good friends, Carlyle or Theodore Parker, read his poems. The "forgetting wind" that stole over the "celestial kind" reveals a sad suspicion, that many, many men who must bind themselves to creeds are trusting to a "forgetting wind," leaving out what they do not believe. I thought a little of the ministry when a young man, but could not believe the doctrines of my church. I asked the help and advice of a young minister of excellent character, who did not seem to have any scruples, stating my own. He said: "I had the same doubts as you. I drove them out of my mind; I refused to think of them." That seemed to do for him. I could not make it do for me. He found shelter in a "forgetting wind," like the "celestial kind" in our poem. It is a tragedy more sad than we know, perhaps,—the hundreds of preachers who must preach what they do not believe, because subscription to a Creed is exacted of them. Emerson quotes the words: "There is persuasion in soul, but necessity in intellect." I do not know the author of these words. I suppose "soul" may mean feeling, which persuades us often; but when the intellect says a thing, we must believe. Of course I can do nothing with the doctrine of a "will to believe."

Emerson gave up one of the finest pulpits in America for what his contemporaries thought a trifle. But to keep it did not seem honest, and that was no trifle.

The Divinity-School Address, I need not say, was where Uriel offended the stern old gods. In writing to Carlyle he called the convulsion that ensued a "tempest in a wash-bowl." He told Carlyle that he was glad he had not accepted his repeated invitations to come to America, lest he should share his parish troubles. The uneasiness of the people he attributed to "inaction of mind."

A very worthy Doctor of Divinity gives me this illustration. He said: "We had a meeting of ministers to talk over matters of faith and doctrine. The younger ones among us were very certain in their beliefs and definitions. They had them

fresh from the schools and the professors. A venerable old scholar had nothing to offer. When we were going out I said to him: 'Doctor, you had nothing to say.'

"'No,' said he, 'I had not. But,' he added, 'I know more things that are not so, than any of them.'"

And that is progress: to find out the things that are not so.

Emerson says: "I am a seeker with no past at my back." He did not feel bound to say a thing to-day because he said it yesterday.

"But now and then truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings;
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force,
Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

Scientists do not make false pretences. They are surrounded by "truth-speaking things."

"Angels' veiling wings" is often the phrase of an old, out-worn vocabulary which was once thought to contain angels, but the angels are gone out of it, and the wings are falsely used to cover platitudes and sometimes falsehoods.

In several of these last lines we have circles, as "shrilling from the solar course." Always a coming round. "Fruit of chemic force,"—a circle again.

"Procession of a soul in matter."

This requires a larger view than we can give it here. It will lead us to such expressions in the "Essay on Nature" as:

"The world was once a thought and will turn to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas."

"Or the speeding change of water,"—
a familiar exemplar.

"Or out of the good of evil born."

History is full of illustrations: The persecutions which drove our Puritan fathers from their homes gave a superior civilization to New England, and by that to all America. Before this the invasions of England by half-savage northern tribes, and then by the Norman conquerors, gave a new and better race at last. The hordes which destroyed Rome carried Rome home with them into barbarism and made a great and progressive people. Germany in our day has whipped France into good behavior, and she has done talking of revenge and glory. The ill-treatment of Cuba by Spain has made Cuba free, with American ideals; and already she may thank Spain for the evil she inflicted. What but slavery put ten millions of colored men well on the road to progress? Booker Washington says of it: "We were pagans; we now have the Christian religion. We were without language; we have our glorious Anglo-Saxon speech. We were without arts or society; we are now well on in the finest civilization of the globe."

Let us rejoice that we no longer think of God as a builder of hells for the children of His own creation. Well says an Eastern poet: "If there were real evil in the Cosmos, the blue sky would shrivel itself to a snake-skin and cast it out with spasms."

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

CHURCH AND STAGE AFTER FIVE YEARS.

BY REV. GEORGE WOLFE SHINN, D.D.,

Honorary Vice-President of The Actors' Church Alliance.

WHEN an organization gets to be five years old that very fact shows its possession of vitality enough to last still longer. Many societies come into existence and fade away before they complete the five years' period. Some of them struggle through one or two or three years. Only a small proportion have in them the elements of longer life. People get tired. Enthusiasm cools. Methods are found to be defective. Leading spirits drop out. Then comes the decline of the organization, and later on it dies.

So it is to the credit of The Actors' Church Alliance that it has been going on these last five years with ever-increasing interest and with a steadily-enlarging membership-list. It has demonstrated its ability to live and it has also shown that the good work already done is the promise and the prophecy of a much larger work of which it will be capable as it grows older and stronger.

It has taken considerable time and trouble for the Alliance to get people to understand what is it as well as what it is not. There have been many erroneous notions concerning it. Church people and Stage people alike have misapprehended its purposes and its capabilities. Even now it has to meet prejudice and suspicion and active hostility. Many church people will have nothing whatever to do with the Theater because they believe its influence to be altogether degrading. Many Stage people will have nothing to do with the Church because they think its members narrow and harsh. And so on both sides they condemn the Alliance as attempting an undesirable task. "We want nothing to do with a corrupt institution that panders to low and vicious tastes," say some Church people. "And we do not find your Church-folk very genial and attractive," retort some of the Stage people.

Then they unite in belaboring the Alliance which tried to bring them together in sympathetic relations.

It is not at all surprising that the work of the Alliance has been discredited by people who make no distinction between the clean theater and its opposite and between the clean play and its opposite. *The Alliance upholds such a distinction and does not ask any one to favor exhibitions that are vicious and degrading.* While it says to Church people: "We do not encourage your going to any Theater where anything is said or done that is low or impure," it also says to the members of the dramatic calling: "We do not want you to regard all Church people as narrow and unsympathetic, for ever-growing numbers of them are learning that your calling is an honorable one in itself and that in that calling you can make good use of yourself and your powers for the benefit of society." The Alliance also adds: "We think of you as men and women who have religious natures as others have, and who stand in need of help for the growth of your religious life as others do. We regard the Church as yours. Some of you are already members of it by your Baptism, and all of you may be benefited by what the Church has to offer you."

If this Alliance started out with indiscriminate commendation of all the existing exhibitions which are found upon the stage, if it did not draw the line sharply between what is wholesome and what is injurious it would not be worthy of the sympathy and support of people who have the best interests of society at heart. *The theory which the Alliance adopts is that anything which is harmful to public morals should not find a place on the Stage, just as anything that is contrary to the tender, merciful, loving spirit of the Mas-*

ter should not find a place in the Church or in the conduct of Church people.

We must not think of the Alliance as organized simply to correct abuses which are found on the Stage but also to correct the narrowness and the prejudice which have kept the Church, or so many of its members, from recognizing the usefulness of the theater as an institution and which have led to most unbrotherly treatment of members of this calling. The benefits to accrue from this Alliance are not all on one side. The evils to be corrected are not confined to one side. The members of the Church cannot come to the members of the theater and say: "We have always been generous and thoughtful and kindly towards you, and we have helped you to make the best use of your talents." There is no propriety in assuming any patronizing attitude. The relationship has to be that of people who regret the past and who would now unite in making a better future for both.

The Alliance frankly admits that there are low theaters and unclean plays, but it also believes that there need not be either. The character of theaters and of the performances therein depends upon the people who attend them. If the people cease to patronize objectionable plays, that is the end of such plays, for there is nothing so sensitive to public opinion as the theater. Questionable plays are put on the boards because people seem to want them. Whenever disapprobation is shown by the lack of patronage the evil play is withdrawn. *It is part of the mission of the Alliance to improve the popular taste and by encouraging the production of wholesome plays, to gratify the fondness for dramatic representations without injuring the moral sense of those who witness them.* The old plan of condemning all play-acting and putting a stigma upon the theater itself has not worked well in the past. It is surely a better plan to use proper discrimination, to admit that the theater is capable of providing wholesome recreation and useful instruction and to encourage it to do its best.

Now these views which were not held by very many people awhile ago are being approved by an increasing number each year as is shown by the large growth of this Alliance.

The report of the Organizing Secretary, presented at a recent session of the Convention of the Alliance in Boston, is a most interesting document as vindicating the claim that the theater, properly conducted, is a useful agent for the welfare of society and as showing the determination of a large body of people in different parts of our country to recognize its helpfulness and to aid the members of the dramatic calling to fulfill its mission. In that report he speaks of the gradual change of sentiment on the part of many in the Church towards the theater and the growing recognition of the Church's duty towards all sorts and conditions of men. For, whereas for a long time large numbers of Church people have treated actors and actresses as if their very calling shut them out from Christian sympathy, now it is being more and more realized that the Church has a mission to those whose business it is to provide recreation and entertainment for the public.

But a change is taking place also in the views of members of the dramatic calling. Some of them have never recognized that it could become an ethical and educational factor in the lives of men. Some of them would have shrunk from hearing it described as "a serious and dignified profession." They never thought of it in that way. Now, however, an increasing number regard their work as contributing to the welfare of their fellowmen, and their calling as worthy of an honorable place in the agencies which benefit society. It is certainly worth much to spread such views among the twenty-five thousand and more who are members of this calling to-day, and this is what the Alliance is doing. It does not claim that it has yet succeeded in inspiring all these people with high ideals, but it does claim that it has accomplished something by recognizing the possibilities of the stage and by

showing that it has full sympathy with every effort to make the theater helpful.

When the present membership of the Alliance is considered, and when it is realized that here is a body of thoughtful and earnest people who are pledged to the best interests of the communities in which they live we may be sure that the principles which they advocate will have influence. To-day there are twenty-seven organized Chapters of the Alliance in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Portland, Colorado Springs, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Toledo, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Reading, Columbus, and elsewhere. In numerous other places where no Chapters have as yet been formed there are persons who have become members of the Alliance. The total membership to date is 3,374. An important part of this membership is composed of the Chaplains. There are now 1,100 ministers of various religious bodies:—Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Jews and others—who are appointed for the purpose of looking after the religious interests of the members of the dramatic calling.

It will be seen at once what possibilities for good there are in having men in the large towns and cities who are ready to visit sick members of this profession, to hold religious services for them and to show friendliness and interest in every proper way. One result of the appointment of these Chaplains, which will become more and more evident to the players as time goes on, will be to relieve that terrible feeling of loneliness and friendlessness which so often assails the people of the stage as they go from place to place, knowing no one, and feeling that they are regarded with suspicion even by many of those who come to see them act. Now they are sure of some sympathetic friends whenever they reach a town or city where Chaplains have been appointed, and if they are overtaken by illness or misfortune of any kind there are persons to whom they can appeal.

As the extension of the Alliance work

proceeds the time will come when there will be Chaplains not only in every large town and city, but full organized Chapters of the Alliance, so that the life of the player-folk will not be so lonely and so devoid of sympathy as it has been.

One of the incidental results of the Alliance work the past five years has been to acquaint many people with some of the trying features of the calling and to bring to notice some of the conditions which they did not know belonged to it. Some theater-goers who go occasionally to witness plays and many young people who have no knowledge of the facts have thought it an easy, well-paid occupation. On the contrary, it is poorly paid except in the case of those who rise to distinction, and it has hardships which are sometimes almost intolerable. It would almost effectually quench the desire of some to go upon the stage if they could realize what a toilsome, uncertain, disappointing life it has been to many. In fact it does not offer to the average performer the ease or emolument which may be found in almost any other occupation, and it should not be entered by any one unless there is, in addition to positive ability, a willingness to put up with a great deal that is hard and trying.

Passing over what would make a long list of the hardships of the player there is one that has loomed up of late into frightful prominence, and that is the *Sunday Performance*. Under existing conditions an actor may be obliged to play seven evenings a week, and in some places seven afternoons beside. One of these overworked players recently reported that he had performed twice a day for twenty continuous weeks. No one, unless he has gone through the strain, can realize what it means to have no weekly rest-period. It is more than physical and mental fatigue. It comes to be almost thorough disgust with everything. Actors all over the country are crying out for relief from this intolerable burden, but although the laws of most states forbid theatrical performances on Sundays the laws are evad-

ed or broken and the theaters are open.

The Alliance has put itself squarely against all Sunday performances, but the thoughtlessness or the eager rush for amusement on the part of so many people and the greed of managers combine to compel the actor to yield to the demand. *The most pathetic as well as the most reasonable appeal that is made to-day comes from the dramatic fraternity to all thoughtful people to relieve them of this burden of Sunday work.* The actor needs a weekly period of rest and, as one of their own number recently said: "it is not only burdensome to him not to have it, but it is a degradation to go on in this way."

All of this is said without giving any consideration now to the question of preserving the sanctity of the Lord's day. Very much might be added upon that point, but here we have a calling where the most thoughtful and intelligent of them beg the community not to demand Sunday work of them because it unfits them to do their best at other times. Perhaps many patrons of the Sunday theater have never realized what such performances cost others in weariness and suffering. Here again we come back to the remedy. It is in the public. If the public will be merciful to the players and stay

away on Sundays, the Sunday performance will be given up.

As before remarked, this Alliance champions the appeal of the actor for a weekly rest-period. It is so reasonable an appeal that we may well suppose our generous American people who have never thought of the matter before will, when it is brought to their notice, accord the accompanying request and stay away from the Sunday theater. Once the Sunday performance becomes unpopular the financial interests of the managers can be relied upon to close the doors of the play-houses on Sunday.

This article might be protracted almost indefinitely, but enough has been said to show the position of the Actors' Church Alliance at the close of its five years of work and to indicate the extent of the field before it. It has certainly justified its own existence and has proven itself worthy of confidence. If it has not done all that some sanguine people expected, we must remember how delicate and how difficult have been its tasks. The misunderstandings and the prejudices of many years cannot be speedily overcome, nor can abuses be corrected in a day.

GEORGE WOLFE SHINN.

Newton, Mass.

THE ATHENS OF PERICLES: THE MOST SOCIALISTIC CITY OF THE WORLD.

By REV. W. D. P. BLISS,
Editor of the *Encyclopedia of Social Reform.*

WE ARE sometimes told that Socialism will check individuality. But facts are the best teachers, and it is the purpose of this article to show that the one glorious city which admittedly has produced a larger number of the greatest individualities than almost any other ten cities of the world put together was also the one city which must undoubtedly be called "the most socialistic city of the world."

We refer to ancient Athens in the supremacy of her civilization; to ancient Athens of the age of Pericles. By this we certainly do not mean that Athens was a complete socialism, or indeed an approximation to a complete socialism; for surely no city that allowed slavery can be called that: we only mean and propose to show by undoubted facts, that Athens in the age of Pericles did adopt far more of the socialistic principles than any other city

has ever done, before or since, and yet did produce,—nay, because of her socialistic principles, produced the greatest number of supreme individualities. Let us look at the facts.

First, we remind ourselves of what individualities Periclean Athens produced. Says Dr. Francis Galton, one of the highest authorities in anthropological science, in speaking of Athens:

“A population of ninety thousand produced two men, Socrates and Phidias, which the whole population of Europe has never equaled, and fourteen men of an ability of which the Anglo-Saxon race has only produced, in two thousand years, five equals.”

He asserts that the average ability of the Athenian race was about as much above that of the English race as that race is above the African negro. This is a strong statement, and yet it is endorsed by J. A. Symonds, one of the foremost literary and artistic critics of our own or any day. Mr. Symonds says that the population of Athens, taken as a whole, was perhaps as superior to ours as is ours to that of the African savage. Surely if these statements be half true, Athens produced unrivaled individualities.

Think for a moment of the names that adorn this Periclean age of Athens. We give them below, with the dates of their birth and death, or the culminating years of their genius, as it bears upon our argument to show within what narrow limits of time this unrivaled galaxy of genius appeared.

In philosophy and morals we have Socrates (469–399 B. C.); Plato (428–347 B. C.); Aristotle (384–322 B. C.). Surely in the history of thought there are no grander names than these.

Turn to the drama: Æschylus (525–456 B. C.); Sophocles (495–405 B. C.); Euripides (480–406 B. C.). These are the great masters of the tragic drama; while Aristophanes (444–388 B. C.) was the great founder of the classic comedy.

In history, Thucydides (470–404 B. C.)

has perhaps no rival, and Xenophon (431–355 B. C.) has but very few.

In sculpture, Phidias (500–432 B. C.), and Praxiteles (364 B. C.) stand out unequaled; while Myron (440 B. C.) stands very high.

In architecture, Ictinus and Callicrates, the architects of the Parthenon (459 B. C.), produced works certainly of their period the most beautiful and of all periods the most perfect buildings in the world.

In painting, Polygnotus (460 B. C.) did work which cultured Athens placed on a par with her sculpture.

In oratory, every school-boy knows of Demosthenes (382–322 B. C.), every college-boy of Æschinus (389–313 B. C.), while their contemporaries compared Isocrates (436–338 B. C.) and Lysias (445–362 B. C.) with these.

In generalship, Miltiades (490 B. C.), the hero of Marathon, and Nicias (413 B. C.), the leader in the Spartan wars, must not be forgotten.

In statesmanship, Pericles (495–429 B. C.), Cimon (502–449 B. C.) and Themistocles (514–449 B. C.) are names that challenge the attention.

Twenty-four names. Where outside of these in history can an approximation to such a list be found? Yet these individualities were all produced in Athens between the limits of the battle of Marathon (490 B. C.) and the battle of Chæronea (338 B. C.), in one hundred and fifty-two years.

Let us ask now the cause of this unequaled efflorescence.

We are told that it was in *race*. But if it was in race, why was it that all this galaxy of genius appeared only in those one hundred and fifty-two years? The Athenian race endured in the main, unmingled with other stock, perhaps fifteen hundred years; yet outside of those one hundred and fifty-two years the barrenness of great names in Athens is almost as marked as its greatness in that period. Nor was this race limited to Athens. The same Ionic race, with little variation from its primitive stock, peopled eastern Greece and

western Asia Minor, colonized the Ægean Islands and cities all the way from Sinope on the Black sea to the colonies upon the shores of Spain. Yet nowhere else do we have any results in the remotest degree comparable with those of Athens.

We are told that the cause was in *climate*. Yet the climate has endured substantially unchanged for thirty-five hundred years, and only in those one hundred and fifty-two years has there been such development. Byron is right:

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet!
But all except their sun is set."

Still

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;"

but Marathon to-day has no Miltiades, and his modern successors defend no Academy of Plato or Parthenon of Phidias and of Pericles.

Some cause must be found which was true of Athens during the one hundred and fifty-two years between Marathon and Chæronea, and was not operative before or since. We can find such a cause only in the socialistic features which prevailed in Athens during that period, and not before or since.

What is socialism? The ownership of land and capital collectively and their operation collectively for the equitable good of all. Now this was not true of Athens as a whole; for the Athenians held slaves. But among the slaves great individuality did not appear. It was, however, to a very large degree true of the free citizens of Athens in the age of Pericles, and among these free citizens the great individualities did appear.

Let us see how socialistic was Periclean Athens.

In the first place Athens, by municipally-owned land and the simple capital of the day, practically guaranteed a liveli-

hood to every free Athenian who was willing to do a little work for the State. This was accomplished by means of the so-called *dicasticon* or daily fee paid to any free citizen of Athens who did jury-duty in the multitudinous Athenian courts. It was first one and then three oboes a day—nine cents, seemingly a small sum, and yet upon this income we are told "most of the poorer citizens lived." And upon this they could live in respectability and reasonable comfort. A small house could be bought for fifty dollars or rented for five dollars per year. Furniture was of the simplest, yet beautiful and durable. A fashionable tunic could be bought for two dollars and a workman's raiment for less. Food was simple, cheap and healthy, so that a man could live well for nine cents a day. Yet any free citizen of Athens could get this income at practically any time, because it was "a device to support all the poor citizens of Athens upon the public money."

Nor was this all. Citizens were paid an *ecclesiasticon*, or fee for attending the *ecclesia* or popular assembly of the citizens to which any free citizen could go. How democratic this was we learn from Protagoras: "When some question of civil administration is to be discussed, they rise and offer their minds upon it. . . . Carpenter, smith and shoemaker, rich and poor, those of high birth or of low degree." Yet they were paid for this service sums varying at different periods from three to twenty-seven cents. The city-state saw that her poorest citizens had food for the soul and the mind as well as the body. During the festivals, which in Athens were more numerous than in any other Greek city, the poorer citizens were paid two oboes, to enable a man and his wife to go to the theater and hear an immortal play by Æschylus, or Euripides, or to laugh with Aristophanes. They were given besides, money for occasional feasts and sacrifices at the socialistic religious festivals. All this was for any citizen, to say nothing of those elected to the *Boule* or council, or who did especial work as clerks

or in the army. The result was that *any free Athenian citizen was assured a livelihood by the State*. The effect of this upon individuality is at once apparent. While the State forbade no individual to enter the commercial world and become rich, no one was *compelled* to enter commerce or trade for a living. The poorest citizen could go to the Academy of Plato or the Lyceum of Aristotle. The poorest citizen could give his life to philosophy, to literature or to art; and the State encouraged this. Wealthy citizens were asked to give public donations for prize competitions in music, oratory, the drama, athletic sports and other arts. Athens had competition, but a competition in the arts, not of the market. No Athenian was compelled to compete to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. Each citizen was encouraged to compete, and all citizens were trained to judge of merit and of worth in the higher arts. The result was that mere money-making was despised. Citizens could become bankers and merchants, but Athens' Four Hundred was artistic, not commercial. Commerce and trade were largely left to the slaves. Does any one wonder that out of such soil high individuality arose?

And let us not fancy that the Athenian State was paternal. The fees paid to the Athenian democracy were not given as a charity, or as a largess, like the *panis et circus* of the Roman imperialism. Athens as far as her free citizens were concerned, was fiercely democratic. Her citizens were paid, not in charity, but in justice, for doing a certain amount of communal work. Said Pericles in his immortal Funeral Oration, preserved by Thucydides:

"We are happy in a form of government . . . original at Athens, and this our form, as committed, not to the few

but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy."

The free citizen of Athens in the age of Pericles was probably freer in the deep sense of opportunity to develop his own individuality than any citizen of any other country of the world has ever been before or since.

The city, too, obtained its ability to maintain this system in socialistic ways. The public revenue of Athens came very largely from the state-owned mines at Laurium and from other state-owned and leased or operated mines, farms, orchards, woods and lands. She received tribute not *from* her citizens, but *for* her citizens, from allies, colonies, aliens, conquests, expeditions. The State, so far as her free citizens were concerned, was a Public Trust, operated for the advantage of her citizens.

Athens, we repeat, was by no means a true socialism, because she had slaves; but all that was best, all that was greatest, all that was finest, all that most contributed to the development of marvelous individuality, she owed to her adoption in the age of Pericles of the above socialistic principles.

Her greatness did not endure because she forsook these principles. Though the germs of the system can be traced earlier, the system itself was only developed after the battle of Marathon, and it was practically abandoned after Chæronea. Greece as a whole was not socialistic, but a loose federation of competing republics. A competitive Greece fell before a united Macedonia, and Macedonia before the greater unity of the Roman Empire. But it was exactly during her most socialistic age that Athens produced her unrivaled individualities.

W. D. P. BLISS.

Amityville, L. I.

THE FIRST CAUSE OF DIVORCE.

BY WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY.

"I cannot dispute the proposition that in the great process of evolution, divorce is an indication of growing independence and self-respect in women,—a proclamation that marriage must be the union of self-respecting and mutually-respected equals, and that in the ideal home-life of the future, that hideous thing, the subjugation of woman, is to be unknown."—*Rev. Frederick Hinckley, Philadelphia.*

BEFORE bewailing the remarkable increase in the number of divorces in America, following the laxity of divorce laws, it behooves the student to investigate the subject in its several phases. First, can it possibly be claimed that the ease in obtaining divorces *causes* unhappy marriages? Surely not. People whom married life satisfies, who are congenial, or who even find their union bearable, are not affected by the passing of new divorce laws, any more than people who do not desire to travel are impelled to leave home by a new railroad-rate. The attempt of legislators to make divorce attainable upon many grounds, is an honest effort to relieve the already wretched, and could scarcely be construed as an invitation to the happy to sever their relationship.

Second. *Making public* an unhappy union does not *create the evil*—it merely exposes it. Corruption in the human body is more easily treated when it breaks out upon the surface than when it remains in the system. This is equally true of the evils of the domestic or social body. A fact which most conservatives never grasp is that domestic misery has existed from the first marriages. It is a part of the "growing-pains" of monogamy. As marriage is a delicate adjustment of two lives voluntarily dwelling together, there must be in the very nature of the new adjustment, a *possible failure*. It is usually conceded by the initiated that there is no purgatory in matrimony—it is either para-

dise or inferno! With the possibilities of the former in mind, it is not surprising that so many risk experiencing the latter.

To return to our premise: Divorce does not create, it merely exposes marital infelicity. No historian has ever portrayed the broken hearts and ruined homes of the past, before divorces were permitted, surely as pitiful and revolting as those sensationally reported by our modern yellow journals. Therefore, we assume that the marriages of our forefathers were models of continence and felicity! That this was so, we have every reason to doubt.

While the ideals of womanhood have been changing, they scarcely have exceeded the rapid changes in the ideals of men. The American man of the twentieth century is as much superior to his grandfather in his treatment of women, as his electric-lights exceed his grandsire's tallow-dip. To him woman is not a chattel, a plaything, blighted by a primeval curse. She is many things to him; the romantic idol of his boyhood, the loving sharer of his joys and griefs, his jolly comrade, his sentimental ideal, the practical companion of a prosy business, the inspiration of his ambitions; any or all of these, but seldom the meek subordinate of his ancestor's days.

With all these improved conditions, we naturally expect fewer unhappy combinations in the matrimonial alliances. The writer firmly believes that there is less misery. However, as ideals become higher, adjustments in personal relations grow more exacting—and properly so. The woman who, in the eighteenth century, was thankful that her spouse did not take advantage of the English common-law, and beat her with a "stick no larger than his thumb," were she living now, might exact sobriety, good temper, and a

divided income! Undoubtedly, many men in the past, strictly adhered to the Seventh Commandment, yet made their wives so utterly wretched, that these might have welcomed a rival who would have engrossed their husband's attention, and left them some measure of individuality and freedom. Undoubtedly, many others did break the Seventh Commandment, but their wives were compelled to endure martyrdom, first because they had no redress from the law, and later, because public opinion was so violently opposed to divorce that the woman in every case, even when innocent, became a social outcast. America was overwhelmed with disgust and horror when Elizabeth Cady Stanton asked the New York legislature, in 1854, to grant divorce for habitual drunkenness.

The writer once knew a "happy, old-fashioned family." The man was a prominent judge, "of excellent habits." They had eleven children, out of which seven died early, and one "went to the bad." The woman had married at fifteen. A year after her marriage, she went to her father, and begged him on her knees to receive her at home, promising to do the work of a servant.

Shocked and severe, he sent her back to the husband she had promised to obey. After this she had eleven children by the man whom she dreaded and despised. People considered their home a typical happy household, and a separation would have caused a sensation and been regarded as a family disgrace; yet no one in that day would have considered it a social crime to propagate that family, nor would any considerable number of people have cared to openly express compassion for the *woman's daily crucifixion*.

We are not to suppose, then, that the past was redolent of sweet unions because most people lived together until death cut the Gordian knot of the marriage-tie.

The past was not pure, although women were trained to endure. The prevalence

of divorce is but frank acknowledgment of an age-long malady.

Men have made codes, creeds, and customs. The woman's side in law has yet to be expressed. In the state* where full woman-suffrage has prevailed for thirty years, there are more marriages, and fewer divorces than in any state in the country!

Divorce has many assigned causes. The final reason is usually known (unless covered by the cloak of "incompatibility"). The *First Cause*, however, of all marital misfortune, is the primal mistake in selection. If laws could regulate marriage, instead of divorce, if a beneficent social control could supervise the first step, many of the intermediate sorrows and the final tragedy or scandal of the last step might be avoided.

It is safe to assert that ninety-nine marriages out of a hundred are founded upon passion; a number also upon caprice and chance propinquity.

The record of divorces among college-bred people is almost a blank, for these universally marry with respect and congeniality as a basis. The law places practically no restraint upon uniting in matrimony, except age limitations, and these merely provide against extreme youth, not against extreme age, or abnormal disparity in the ages of contracting parties. Consanguinity debars from marriage in some states, but the law can be evaded by traveling to others. Some states have enacted laws against persons afflicted with loathsome diseases marrying, but no examination is called for, thus no provision is made for the enforcement of the law.

Insanity and viciousness are transmitted freely by the inter-marrying of invalids and criminals. One criminal pair in New York, the Jukes, produced 1,200 offspring, of whom one-fourth were paupers, and devitalized; 300 died in infancy; there were 7 murderers, 50 prostitutes, 60 habitual thieves, 130 general criminals,

*Wyoming.

400 wrecks early in life; and many imbecile and insane. This criminal family, the result of the unbridled passion of one couple, cost the state thousands of dollars. It would have been fortunate, had this primal pair sought a divorce court, early in their career.

The problems here sketched, are pre-

sented as a suggestion for twentieth-century sociologists, who will grow to consider more earnestly, not divorce and the undeniable tragedies of broken homes, but the canker at the root of all divorces—thoughtless and immoral alliances.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

BY M. L. LITTLETON.

IN THE "hill country," where the arrowy rushing of the Elk river fills the woods with its rhythmic echoes, Will Allan Dromgoole dreams her exquisite poems and finds her dialect stories. Her home is a small, yellow cottage set on a sloping lawn over whose low-roofed porch a tangled wealth of vines showers wild fragrance upon the air. The place is resonant of her personality as is an old violin of musical memories. Close to a path-way that rambles to her door mountain mosses grow and ferns feather in fearless disorder. Across the lawn an oak-tree lies where the lightning felled it to the ground, and over its desolation the gentle authoress has trained an English ivy. Save for the slanting, brown roof, the cottage is hidden away from the roadside by majestic oak-trees,—hoary, old oaks, redolent of forest vigor and mystic with forest-lore.

If you would enjoy a visit to the famous writer, lay aside your Paris hat with its stuffed bird (there are hundreds of birds here singing of freedom); forget awhile the conventionalities of social serfdom, and return to the heart of nature. Common things have a value here, and humble folk a deep, poetic significance. The patched clothes and wrinkled, black face of old Uncle Frank there, mending the fence with such exasperating slowness, will some day shine out upon you through the haze of a little poem, and the ebony arms, "wrenching clo'es" in the tumbling

creek, will be a picture-story. The old blacksmith-shop, where the Farrier's Dog and his Fellow found a home, is on the way to "de sto'e"; I pass it every day and speak often with the blacksmith sitting before "the sooty, old shop, among the dust and cinders and rusted old iron, and drawing at his cob-pipe." Just as in the stories, the sun shines unrebuked through the cracks in the roof, and the anvil rings with the pathos of humble, honest toil.

The laundress who does my "washin'," and does it well, lives in Asia and is the heroine of "The Blue-China Bowl." She likes to tell of "de toomstones" that mark "de graves" of her several spouses. Yes, the blue-china bowl is here and the lady who bought it. "Siste' Pennington," of "George Washington's Bufday" goes often to "de sto'e" with chickens of her own raising. She has a mystified air about her as if she "stedied" profoundly over the perplexing problem of her age. She always answers my inquiry as to her health with, "I's tole'able; is you tole'able dis mornin'?" George Washington waits on the table of the summer hotel. No minstrel caricature could do justice to the thickness of his lips, the amount of white allotted to his eyeballs, and the pride he takes in his place in literature. If you will allow her, "siste' Pennington" will entertain you with wonderful "experiences" in the religious line. She "sho' do think a heap of Miss Willie." When she was down "wid de rheumatiz, en had

to gib up washin' fur de whole winter, Miss Willie brung her bed-clo'es, en a description from de doctor, en hot biskits."

Everybody knows "Miss Willie" here. Worn, old hats come off, and weather-beaten faces brighten at her coming like ploughed fields in sunshine after a rain.

"Mam' Till" has for several generations proved her fidelity and indispensability to the Dromgoole children. She is here for the summer in the big house that runs down the hill, singing to "Miss Willie's" nieces and nephews, "Free grace en dyin' love." Her character as drawn in "A Scrap of College-Lore" is true to life. Hers are the Mammy-songs that echo so musically through Miss Dromgoole's writings, and of which the following, entitled "When Mammy Sings de Bye-Bye," is typical:

"When Mammy sings de Bye-Bye,
En de day gits sort o' late,
You kin hear de soo-cows lowin'
Down by de paschur-gate,
En wil' birds come a-flutterin'
En cryin' fer deir mate.

When Mammy sing de Bye-Bye,
Den de sunlight hides its face,
En you seem ter hear de tinklin'
O' de water in de race,
En de roses gits ter laffin',
En de lilies changin' place.

When Mammy sings de Bye-Bye,
De winter turns ter spring,
En you seem ter hear de rustle
Of de passin' angel's wing;
En all de little stars come out
Ter hear my Mammy sing.

When Mammy sings de Bye-Bye,
De shadders on de wall
Seem ter twis', en grow, en wobble,
Des lack dey bleeched ter fall.
But Mammy holds you tighter,
En you ain't afeard at all.

When Mammy sings de Bye-Bye,
You kin feel de slumber creep;
En you does n't want ter bye-bye,
En you tries ter play at 'Peep',
But the Bye-Bye's got you conjured,
En yer eyes is fast asleep."

Near here, in the hollow where the trees and river make you long for the poet's gift of song, is "de Baptis' Meetin'-House," where that "wonderful experience meet-in'" was held. "Hard-shelled Baptis', honey; sum calls 'em hardsides, sum name's de ole Primunters." Here, when "de foot washin'" is going on, you can hear those negro hymns that haunt your memory after reading Miss Dromgoole's stories. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Oh, De Camalite Chu'ch Am a Mighty New Chu'ch"; and so on, till the singers reach the "Oh, De Baptis' Chu'ch Am a Mighty Good Chu'ch." But you should hear Miss Dromgoole sing them.

Oh, yes, there they are,—those beech and water-oaks, with roots bared by the flooding of the creek, whose branches interlock in wedded constancy over the lonely woodland path where the authoress and her silver-haired father so often were seen "jogging along together."

I had the pleasure of being of the receiving party this summer when Miss Dromgoole entertained the Tennessee Press and Authors' Club, distinguished politicians, railroad representatives, and staff-members from the great daily papers of Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis and Nashville, with many editors from the papers of smaller towns.

The cottage was *en fête*; a rag carpet covered the floor of Miss Dromgoole's study, bird's-nests, horse-shoes, fish-nets, etc., adorned the walls; on the back porch a long towel hung on a roller; on a shelf was a tin pan; nearby, a cedar bucket of fresh spring-water. Under the oak-trees on the lawn a table was spread. The decorations were ferns, mosses and wild flowers. At either end of the hospitable board was a barbecued pig, which was served with hoe-cakes, buttermilk, water-cress, mountain ham, etc. Under a wild grape-vine, on a stump, stood a huge gourd from which the guests drank lemonade in small gourds. Underneath a pear-tree, half-buried in a hollow stump which showed the inscription "Moonshine" cut in bark, was a keg of delicious

wine made from native grapes. Two little darkies (you have read of them in "A Blue-China Bowl") kept off the flies with peach-tree limbs, after the manner of the country "folk." An orchestra played negro melodies and sang coon-songs, the guests joining in the chorus in gay abandonment of conventionality. The souvenirs were tiny horse-shoes, made at the old blacksmith-shop by the Farrier of the story; they were presented while the toasts sparkled around the jovial board and the laughter of voices echoed through the woods. Out of compliment to Major W. J. Thomas, who had tendered a private car for the occasion, Miss Dromgoole's toast was "The Railroad and Its Riders."

Will Allen Dromgoole is doing some of her best work now. Her short stories in *THE ARENA* show brilliancy and force. Her realism is not that dreary thing so often mistaken for it,—materialism,—but rather an intuitive spiritual vision born of a genius for quick, reportorial observation, and cultured by the suffering that is every woman's due who toils upward to artistic success. Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) rejoices, glories, triumphs in her descriptions of nature, which have the wild fragrance, the lavish bloom, the wasteful prodigality of the mountain fastnesses; Will Allen Dromgoole subordinates scenery to character; the dominant note of her writings is dramatic, not lyric; she forestalls any impatience of long descriptions by hastening the human interest. An example of this art is seen in "The Leper of the Cumberland," and "Milsick Mountain," whose loneliness has hardly seized upon us before out of its weird shadows human faces peer, and human destinies appeal to our tears.

It is to this dramatic instinct that she owes her striking, flashlight titles. "The New-Year's Watch" shows dramatic power, the tragic note poetically conceived and struck with a strong, firm touch. Hers is not the drama of a complex civilization; fear, hunger, cold, life, death, the gamut of the common people, appeals to her hearing. Love pervades her work;

not the love of passion, but that love which Saint Paul calls charity; the love of man for his brother man. There is a social status of "niggers" and "pore white folks" in Tennessee as permanent as the hills. This condition she has grasped with a master-hand. The moral strength of her "people" rings true; it is founded on faith, not in the accumulated wisdom of twenty centuries of Christian heritage, but primeval faith,—the faith of primitive man in God the Creator. Her poems in the *Nashville Banner*, of which she is a staff-member, are quite as musical as those of Frank L. Staunton, marked in every way by a distinctive individuality—a certain dash and daring to be true, as if she yet expected to be challenged for not being some one else.

I close with three stanzas from one of her recent poems, because of the note of triumph they contain:

"Should Sorrow come calling and stop at your door,

Remember she's tarried at hearthstones before.

Should Grief come a-knocking, arise, let her in;
There's many a balm where her footsteps have been.

Should Want's hungry visage seem drawing too near,

Throw open your window; there's nothing to fear.

These things are but transient; they pass in a day,

Like pollen on flowers the winds bear away.

There is nothing to run from, and nothing to fear

In ills which at some time all of us must bear.

Admit them; they're merely a part of the plan
Designed at the first for the guidance of man.

Admit them, believing they come soon or late
To the rich and the poor, the humble and great;

To the peasant and prophet, the fool and the wise;

And often they come as dear friends in disguise.

A sob, and a sighing, and lo! at the last,

The Angel of Peace couches where they have passed."

M. L. LITTLETON.

Estill Springs, Tenn.

THE SIGN OF THE REAL.

BY GURNER CASE.

"WHAT'S the use!" exclaimed the girl and she glanced droopingly at her tablet and pressed the point off her pencil. "What's the use!" she said again, and her hand lay passive. That morning she had written to a friend in Cambridge. The letter was begun in the corner of the paper with the brief and direct bulletin "Stormy Day." No date, no address. The other girl was a friend and understood. Time and place were not to be reckoned thus conventionally. Moreover it wasted time to write them, and the girl was very busy to-day.

She had said in the letter: "This is a gloriously glum day to write. Snow in billowy banks descending, and—greater blessing—a quiescent household. Am waiting for the heavenly fire to manifest itself. My paper is due, you know. Think, *think* for and towards me, there's a good lass! Set the psychic's waves a-dancing. If you think to some purpose I shall dedicate my next successful effort to thee," and so on. The letter was in a gay and flippant spirit, she had told herself; she would settle to work and make of the rest of the day a purposeful and profitable one.

And now she sat idly and wondered what her next paragraph would be.

The postman's whistle shrilled softly below, and glancing out the girl saw on the opposite corner a window suddenly raised, and an elderly dame, evidently scant of time and breath was lowering a letter attached to a limp string, while on the sidewalk the postman good-temperedly waited to huddle it into the common pack.

Hillary laughed. "Dear me," she said aloud, "I hope I shall never be as fat and ineffectual as that. Poor lady, she imagines she's growing old!" And the girl's glance wandered to a table of books, and rested on a copy of *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

"She never read it," said the girl.

The copy was unbound and the leaves shifting about in a helpless way, and almost entirely unstrung. The fly-leaves were rolled and ragged and some of them gone entirely.

"You need an outer garment," said the girl, addressing the book from across the room. "You shall have it soon, too, my Trojan!"

No sound after that, for half an hour, save the crisp traveling of the girl's pencil, and once the plaintive chime of her little clock. Then she laid her pencil down, glanced at the table again, then swiftly out through the window across the great city. She saw it not—but just one tiny detail therein—a little attic place wherein Monsieur worked. Dear, old Monsieur, who had been binding books so many years!

Hillary opened the unsteady copy and several loose sheets fell to the ground. She picked them up and read on the top leaf—

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but
go."

"But go," she repeated. Those lines always reminded her of Monsieur, somehow. He was always bright and energetic, and thankful and sure. She would go to see him. She could write no more on her paper, it seemed. So she would go to see Monsieur, and bind her *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. Monsieur had taught her how to bind.

She flung an elastic band around the book, and reached for her cap and cloak.

The book-binder looked up as the door of his little shop tinkled.

"Oh, Ma'm'selle Hillary," and his face brightened, "this is good indeed! You have been a long time away—no?"

"Yes, I have," said the girl, shaking

hands. "Here is my offering for absence," and unwinding her small paper balloon, she shook out a bunch of beaming marigolds.

"Here," said she, holding them towards him.

"Marigolds!" exclaimed Monsieur, "Of all things, marigolds!" He laughed and his look was a blend of animation and surprise.

"Why, 'of all things'?" asked Hillary, hanging up her coat.

"Here—sit here by the fire—Ma'm'selle—such a day for thee to wander forth—the winds and snow quite rampant. Shall I make you some tea?"

"Tea! No, Monsieur, thank you. And are you not growing luxurious?" She smiled brightly at him from behind the stove-pipe. "But shall I make *you* some?"

The binder waved his hand.

"I have brought around *Rabbi Ben Ezra* to bind," she explained. "I had him firmly fettered, and under my arm all the way. Otherwise he would have blown to the uttermost corners of the earth. See, even the threads have nearly gone, and it's fast approaching a state of total collapse. Think of such a pæan to the glory of old age, suffering that fate!"

"I know not much of Browning," said the binder, "but I always liked this. It's heartsome and has a forward outlook."

"Yes, that's it," said the girl. "And I must have an appropriate binding."

She went over to the corner where velums, russias, moroccos, and a crowd of lesser lights in bindings, hobnobbed in tangled sociability. Hillary tossed them about. Blacks, browns, reds and grays were alike discarded. "I'm looking for a green," she explained, "something conveying the idea of perennial."

Meantime the binder had been placing the marigolds in water and when the girl turned around they were standing on the measuring table, a sunny bunch of color in the gray room.

"And now about the posies," said she.

"Why did you say, 'of all things, marigolds!'"

Monsieur had seated himself before his sewing-board, and looked out at her from between the two spindle uprights on either side, as he answered.

"It seems just one bit odd that you should bring them, not knowing. The marigolds have been of interest in our family for years, and if one can believe tradition, for centuries. They are associated with a stone—a gem—that, too, has been in the family. There are strange tales of gems—Ma'm'selle—of talismans and amulets and charms, if one wishes to listen. We French have had these tales so handed down to us. We listen with perhaps more gladness than you."

"Your fancy is livelier," interposed the girl.

"You mean more freakish. Ah, I know!" And he laughed and shook a finger at her.

"There is one superstition among many, about a kind of opal, though, Ma'm'selle. In olden time it was known as the heliotrope stone, or Oriental jasper. It was more violet than most opals, and a bit clearer. It was much valued as one amulet, and when a person wished to become invisible he sought out marigolds and crushed them and anointed the stone in the juice of them and thus the stone became one powerful amulet. You can see, too, that its power could be much abused. It also saved men from drowning, 't was said, and gave long life to those who could use it well."

"Ah!" said the girl.

"Like all amulets it has many garments of fancy and the superstition, and would quite weary Ma'm'selle to follow its changes.

The girl's look was vivid and full of direct interest.

"Is the amulet still living?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, simply, "I have it"; and glanced at her curiously while a little ripple of fun waved in his eyes. After a moment's hesitation, "I'll get the stone," he said; "you may see it."

"The story runs," he continued, going to a square, rough little cabinet in a corner, "the story runs that the stone was first brought in the mouth of one snake, straight into the court of Clovis one day—and a rough court it must have been. The King, it seems, had saved the nest of the snake from one wanton attack by some of his knights while riding. It was no doubt merely his whim, and no especial kindness of heart on the monarch's part. But he saved it. And the grateful creature the next day entered the feasting-hall bearing a gem in its mouth, glided to the table, dropped the stone in the King's wine and departed, while they all sat too agape to move. The King was for running and slaying her. 'Not so,' said a Wise Man among them, 'Tis but for thy healing. Drink thou it.' The King, with a great guffaw, swallowed the wine and straightway a troublesome lameness of the back left him, and he found he could swing his battle-axe with his accustomed valor—which was quite terrible always. He then took the stone from the bottom of the flagon, and tossed it across to one favorite knight—not wishing to seem much moved—and gave it to him. This knight was one worthy gentleman, as knights did go in those days, it seems, for the amulet served him well—he being instructed of the Wise Man of its power. He was some time after slain—for they could not bear marigolds into battle—and the amulet fell into the hands of this good gentleman's enemy—and from then until now it has refused the boon of invisibility."

The binder came toward the girl.

"You must not be wearied with details, Ma'm'selle. This is it." He opened his hand. There lay a ring of very old, dark gold, much wrought. In the center was found the heliotrope, a score of lights darting within. As Hillary took it into her hand and gazed into it, it seemed to gather in its depths a billow of purple shadows—which rose and broke against the surface, the crest sparkling with the life of many lights—then sub-

siding again as to the deep quiet of a pool.

Inside the gold band, was an inscription so fine that the girl could not read it. Moreover, it was in old French. She looked at the binder with a half question.

"It means nothing nowadays," said he, and gave the line: "'For a bound knight who shall loose his own fetters.'"

"It has been a nonsense in the ears of generations of our family. But they have all raised marigolds," he added with sudden amusement, "and I suppose all have had a hand in dousing the patient stone with the juices."

"Yes," laughed Hillary, "poor bloom-lets! I believe I can see myself among the hopeful band of experimenters, though."

She was tossing the ring lightly up from her palm, and watching it sparkle back again.

The binder went to his sewing-board and selected a needle.

"I remember," he said, "my great-grandfather bringing out the gem one eve of the New Year—when we were in France—and telling me that it was an amulet—and much more about it. And afterwards I ran out and searched in the dusk for marigolds, and found one and squeezed it tightly between my thumb and finger, and went in again and asked the grandfather that I might brush it against the stone. He laughed much and let me. But we could not pass the test for we all stayed very solidly in our bodies in the presence of one another, the evening through."

"The Knight is yet to come," said the girl. She was still tossing the ring off her palm, and as she looked away from it to the binder, it fell to the floor and rolled.

"Oh!" she cried, and was on the floor. Monsieur rose quickly to search with her—and brushed against the measuring table, knocking off the marigolds and stepping into their midst.

"Step back, please, Monsieur, I think I see it," said the girl. "Yes, here under the flowers. It's a fortune you did n't step on it. How careless I have been!"

Then she added suddenly, smiling up at him from the floor as she lifted the ring and the marigolds:

"You see, *you*, too, have doused it, after all! These blooms are quite wet and crushed."

They looked at each other, playing with the whim for a moment. The binder slipped on the ring and went to his work again, and Hillary sat down in front of her sewing-board, placed her book in the frame and pulled down the cross-piece between the spindles. Her back was toward the binder. His needle plied rhythmically through the pages. She could hear it. In a moment her needle was plying in and out. A sudden blast of wind, and the windows shuddered—then nothing but the fall, fall of the snow. She sewed carefully two inches down the margin of her book. The room became very quiet. A mouse tripped along the measuring-table and seeing Hillary, fled.

The girl wondered what that old-time knight was like—then scorned herself for vagaries. He must have been of high tone, though. The amulet worked only for the truly gentle—

Another blast of wind and another shudder of the window.

Perhaps Monsieur is the first worthy of its power since that old-time knight. She could hear his needle yet. She wondered if she looked around should she *see* him. She would n't look around. The moment held a fancy. A page flapped faintly behind her. The sleet tapped eerily outside—and then the still, oh, still room again! Queer how that ring should have fallen under those flowers. The purple shadows were pressing into the room. They were the color of the amulet. So were the half-glowing coals in the little stove. The room was full of amulets. She would look around now. She half-turned in her chair.

"Monsieur," she scarcely called. No answer. She looked fully around at the board. No one sat there. In the same moment the binder's book moved *down* between the uprights!

"Now, Monsieur," said the girl, with a little shake of excitement in her voice. She walked to the sewing-board, looked over, and there on the floor crouched Monsieur, manipulating the string by which he had moved his book, and looking happily childish and successful, as he gazed at his audience.

"I saw you were dreamful when you got your second page upside down, Ma'm'selle, and I have only made for you a realistic ending, you see," he explained. "Now we will work again."

This time the girl sat facing him.

She looked at his good head and its shaggy, dark wave of hair growing gray, and thought of the time when he had been happy in the hope of going to the university in Paris. Then the father had died and so Monsieur had bound books instead. And the girl looked at his thin, work-worn hand with the sensitive fingers.

She saw the brown, lean cheek, and the square jaw, and thought of the time when he had worked his way into a position of trust and well-being in a binding-establishment in France. Then the chief died and his son dismissed Monsieur without explanation. Monsieur had smiled at her when he told her that and saw the look of sudden pity and wrath rise in her face. He had smiled and told her it had been quite what he needed. It had been good for his soul. He had begun again and done better.

The binder raised his hand and the gem caught up the light of the coals from the stove.

"*For a bound knight who shall loose his own fetters*!"—

The words flashed into Hillary's mind.

Monsieur looked up and glanced out of the window as a whirl of wind careened around the corner and snatched at the glass.

The girl looked at his eyes—at their steadfast, darkly-gray depths—the eyes with a score of expressions—but always with a mood of the sunshine in behind somewhere.

And then she recalled the man whom

he had trusted with the secret of a vellum dye—and the man had betrayed it and disappeared and used it for his personal gain. His friend had done this. She wondered how his eyes had looked then.

But these things had not changed Monsieur. Things had not changed him to warp him, she meant. He had grown under them. * He had the secret.

"Oh, Monsieur, what good can come of such an evil?" she had asked him.

"We do learn but to trust again, more widely," he had said, simply.

"Are you busy lately?" Hillary asked him presently, as she tied a knot in the section she had sewed.

"Yes," he replied, "History and philosophies—many—much learning to bind. Some stiff and hard to manage," he added, smiling, "and some quite adaptable, and I sometimes do dive under, you know, and forget for the moment their cords and jackets. So much has been written on the art of living, I know—and I have not read much and so have not gained much. It is my fault, I am stupid. It has always seemed to me a glad thing, though, that the good God has reached out to each man of us the gift of conscience. It is a kind of inner sunshine to us. It is a part of man even if he be a simple one, and we may all develop it, no doubt. It shines brighter in some than in the others of us. Some are like this gem here and the flowers there. They store up the sunshine quite easily, and give it out again. With some of us it is more like the dull coal there and needs more friction. But the light is in us all. Yes, Ma'm'selle, that is our conscience,—the light that is in us all. It will shine forth and be a guide to us, I am sure, if we but welcome the friction that makes it to shine or to bloom."

The quick twilight was coming on. The snow swirled outside and purple shadows were hurrying. The marigolds drooped in the little, grimy tumbler, looking forlorn and shocked.

"I must go," said the girl, "and bind Ben Ezra another day. I have finished the sewing, you see? Now you can

choose the chamois for me. I want it cheersome and perennial, remember. None of that blue-green, please."

"Very good, Ma'm'selle Hillary," said he, smiling. "Am so sorry to have stepped on the unhappy marigolds; but to-morrow they will hold up their heads again, no doubt." And the binder whistled softly a gay little tune as he coaxed up their drooping topnots.

As Hillary stood drawing on her cloak and cap, she looked at him standing with the blossoms in his hands—cheery and steady amidst the monotone of a bound-in life of dull round. *Was* it a bound life? And again the line upon the ring came to her. Had not Monsieur loosed his own fetters? Was he not doing so daily—weaving for himself a hearty and simple philosophy—and living in the kingdom of the useful? Such a one was not bound, nor ever could be, even if his shop be somber, his home homeless, his life limited. It was not alone Hillary who knew the helpful atmosphere of Monsieur. Others knew it, and loved him, too. But Hillary knew it best. She was glad he could have trusted her and told her about himself from time to time.

As she stood looking at him the binder replaced the flowers in their tumbler. The heliotrope flashed again.

Hillary's glance traveled from the hand to his face.

"It belongs to *him*," she said quickly to herself. "It is the amulet once more—but only a sign. In his spirit there is set another amulet, and with it each day he rules out of sight the lesser man. Oh, it belongs to him and he does n't know it!"

And as she looked, it seemed that in that instant the form of the binder vanished—perhaps the tears were in the girl's eyes—and out from the mist and uncertainty of the moment there appeared before her an old-time Knight standing, of steady and gentle bearing, and looking like Monsieur. In his hand was a lance, and by his side kneeled a serving-lad. The lance was bright and worn, and on it she read a

name—Conscience. The lad was waiting, and she read across his brow—Circumstance.

Then the girl saw the binder again. He was looking at her wisely. "You should wear your amulet," she said.

"Ah, no—it is not for me," said the binder lightly, pulling off the heliotrope and going with it towards the little cabinet. "It is much too fine. Until I have to] part with it—and poorer days may come—it lies here," and he turned the key upon it.

Hillary stood by the door pulling on her gloves. The binder came towards her.

"Good knight and faithful," she said

softly to herself, looking past him out into the storm.

"Did you say something?" asked Monsieur,

"I said 'good-night'," said the girl, smiling at him suddenly, and shaking hands.

"Take a blossom with you through the snow," said the binder. "You will perhaps not soon forget them—no?"

From outside the door as she went down the stairs she heard him finishing the little French tune.

And she carried the blossom with her through the snow.

GURNER CASE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

VICTOR HUGO'S WISE WORDS ON THE PERIL OF COMMERCIALISTIC DOMINATION IN NATIONAL IDEALS.

BY "GROWAN."

THERE is a strong tendency at the present time in governmental and business circles to subordinate ethics and noble ideals of free government to considerations of commercial expansion and the acquisition of gold. This symptom is disquieting to all students of the philosophy of history. It presages the shifting of the national ideal from that which gives permanence and lasting greatness to a nation to that which is ephemeral and decadent. In his day Victor Hugo discerned this symptom in the national life of France, and thus contrasted the results as writ on the pages of history concerning the fate of the ancient capitals of materialistic commercialism and the great old European capital of thought:

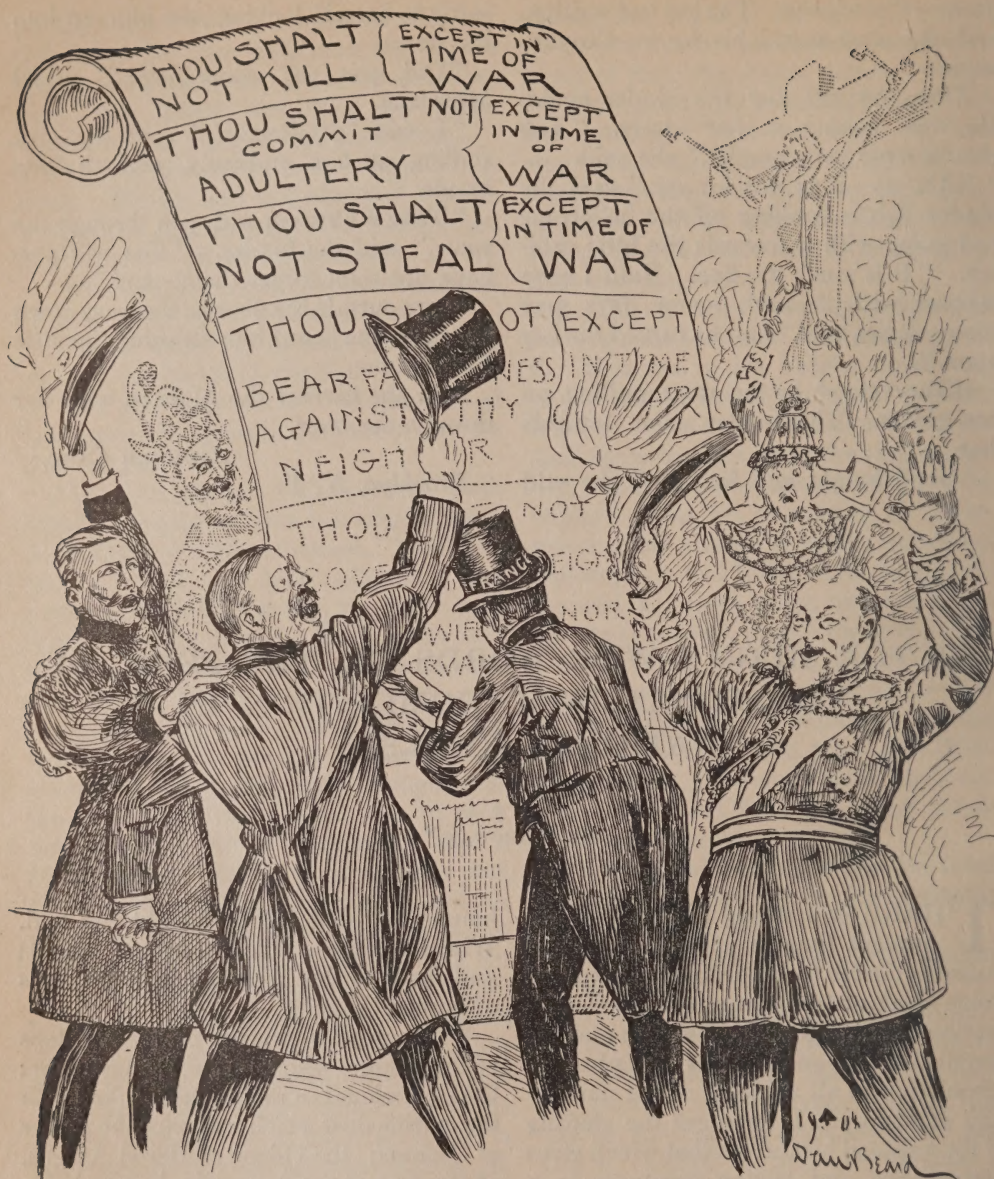
bought and sold; Sidon bought and sold. Where are these cities? Athens taught; and she is to this hour one of the capitals of human thought.

"The grass is growing on the six steps of the tribune where spoke Demosthenes; the Ceramicus is a ravine half-choked with the marble dust which was once the palace of Cecrops; the Odeon of Herod Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis, is now but a ruin on which falls, at certain hours, the imperfect shadow of the Parthenon; the temple of Theseus belongs to the swallows; the goats browse on the Pnyx. Still the Greek spirit lives; still Greece is queen; still Greece is goddess. A counting-house passes away: a school remains."

"GROWAN."

"Tyre bought and sold; Berytus

Boston, Mass.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS REVISED TO MEET THE STRENUOUS IDEAS
OF MODERN CHRISTENDOM.

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.

(See Editorial.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS AND THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

MR. BEARD'S cartoon, drawn for this issue of *THE ARENA*, should arrest the attention of Christian men and women. Two things are so universally recognized in this connection as to be axiomatic: (1) War is demoralizing. It lets loose the savage and base passions of man as does nothing else. During war the "Thou shalt nots" of the Old Dispensation no less than the peerless law of the New are disregarded as at no other time. (2) The weight and emphasis of Christ's precepts and example were against war and violence of all kinds. So positive are his teachings in the lofty ethical code that stands in the forefront of his ministry—the key-note of his message found in his Sermon on the Mount—that it is incredible that anyone claiming to be a follower of Christ would dare to justify, much less advocate, a war of aggression. And yet, practically all the great Christian powers to-day, if we except France, are carrying the "big stick" so dear to President Roosevelt's

heart. In other words, they are preparing for war while insincerely prating of peace, and all of them have either recently engaged in wars of aggression against the weak, or are preparing to crush or exploit some of the small peoples of earth.

Mr. Beard's cartoon should prove disquieting to Christians. Like Count Tolstoi's powerful argument against war, it raises the interrogation point before the conscience of the Christian world. Is it not time that those who profess to follow the Prince of Peace should unite and insist that their governments display more consistency and less hypocrisy in the presence of this great issue—that they talk less about favoring peace, and work more for the establishment of an international congress of nations and a compulsory international law which should make resort to the arbitrement of force no more permissible between nations than it is permissible between individuals in a well-ordered state?

INDUSTRIAL PEACE THROUGH ARBITRATION.

IN THIS issue we publish several cartoons illustrating the evil of one phase of the commercial anarchy that prevails to-day. In almost every instance where there is a strike, the public suffers great inconvenience and financial loss, as well as the employers and the employees. Frequently deeds of violence are perpetrated, and not unfrequently, the State or Federal troops are called out, thus adding materially to the burden of taxation; while above and beyond all this looms the sinister influence of the strike and its immediate effects upon the people at large and their government. The strike is essentially demoralizing and is inimical to democracy, giving excuse on the one hand for reactionary officers to employ the State or Federal troops at the behest of corporations to whom the reactionary officials are beholden for place and power, while on the other it favors deeds of violence and lawlessness that should have no place in a popular government.

In New Zealand, one of the most enlightened and progressive nations on earth, there ex-

ist provisions for Courts of Conciliation or Arbitration, which render strikes impossible; and since the enactment of this wise legislation, New Zealand has enjoyed immunity from the strike and the lock-out. There is no valid or adequate reason why the United States should not promptly enact compulsory arbitration laws that would protect the public at large from the enormous burden in increased prices entailed by the strikes and lock-outs, as well as from the inconvenience and suffering which follow in their wake during such periods as the great coal-strike and the recent meat-strike—legislation which would also render impossible such spectacles of lawlessness, and of official usurpation of unconstitutional power as has been recently witnessed in the state of Colorado.

The time has come when the people should act for their own protection, as well as for the maintenance of law, order, and the principles of free government. New Zealand has shown the way.

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



F. Oppen, in *New York American*.

"THE CANDIDATE AND THE COMMITTEE WERE THEN PHOTOGRAPHED."—*News Dispatch*,
(Reproduced by permission.)



Maybell, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

INGRATITUDE.

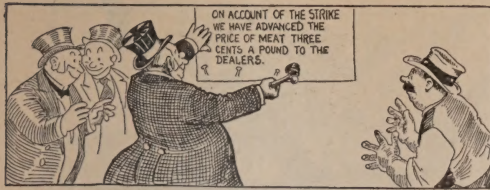
THE G. O. P.—"You're a miserable wretch!"
FARMER—"What's the matter?"
THE G. O. P.—"You have never thanked me for your bountiful crops."

ONE FORM OF IMMIGRATION THAT UNCLE SAM
DOES NOT WELCOME.



Maybell, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE "BLACK HAND" ACROSS THE SEA.



The Packers and the Retailer.



The Retailer and the Restaurant Keeper.



The Restaurant Keeper and the Consumer.

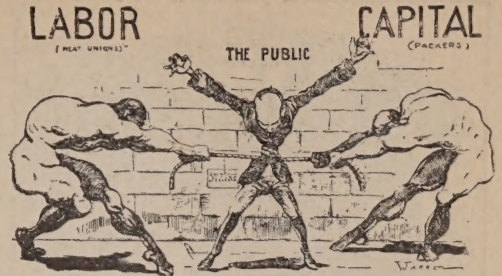
McCutcheon, in Chicago Daily Tribune.

THE POOR CONSUMER ALWAYS GETS THE WORST OF IT.



From the Nashville Daily News.

UNCLE SAM—"Gee-mee-mee! That animal is likely to make me a Vegetarian."



Warren, in Boston Herald.

"HELP!"



Warren, in Boston Herald.

"HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG!"

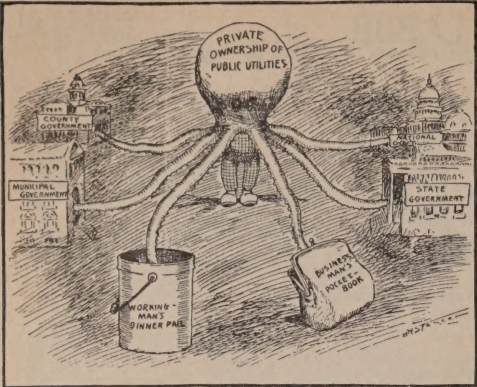


Smith, in Pittsburg Post.

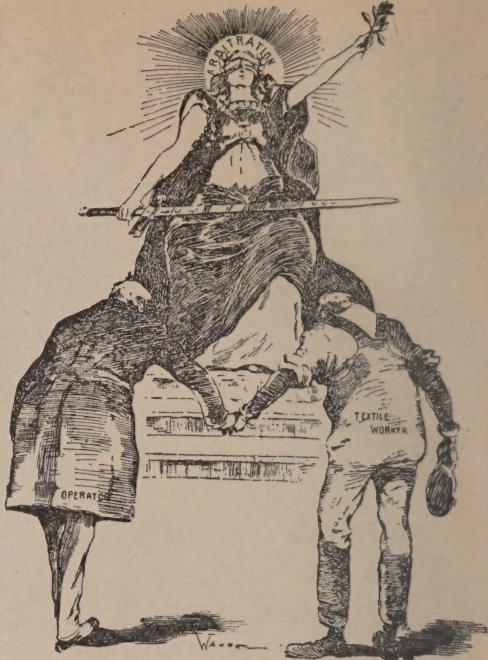
BETWEEN THE MILLSTONES.

WHERE THE PEOPLE COME IN.

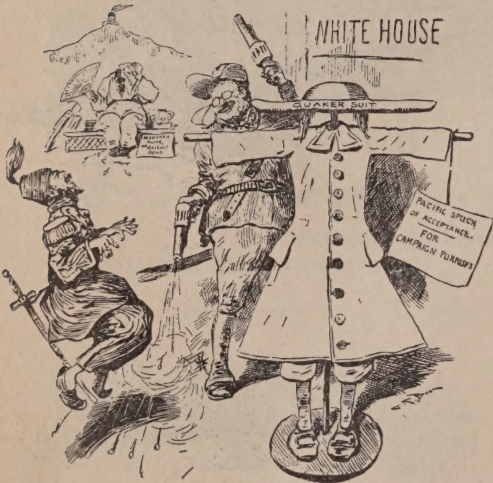
SOME REASONS WHY THE PUBLIC SHOULD DEMAND COMPULSORY ARBITRATION LAWS.



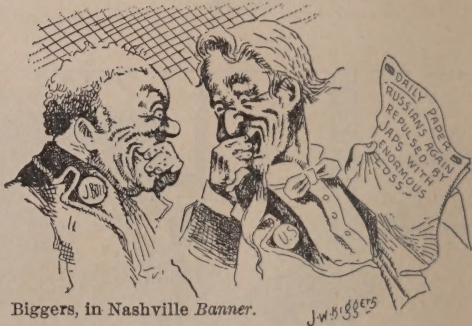
Spencer, in *The Commoner*.
"A HAND IN EVERYTHING."
The Greatest Octopus of Them All.



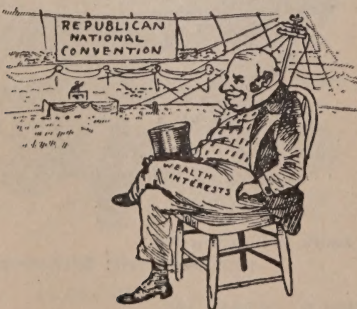
Warren, in *Boston Herald*.
THE ONLY WAY.



Bush, in *New York World*.
THE REAL THING AGAIN.



Biggers, in *Nashville Banner*.
TWO CHUMMY NEUTRALS.



The Most Influential Delegate at Chicago. The Most Influential Delegate at St. Louis.
From the *Social Democratic Herald*.

"GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE?"



MR. CLEVELAND SAYS: "IN JUDGE PARKER THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY HAS FOUND ITS MOSES."



WHEREUPON THE EXPEDITION PREPARES TO START OUT IN SEARCH OF THE PROMISED LAND. Satterfield, in Nashville Daily News.

THE FINDING OF THE DEMOCRATIC MOSES AND THE START FOR THE PROMISED LAND.



Bengough, in The Public, Chicago.

THE HEATHEN AND HIS GOD.

Ex-Gov. BLACK (to the Spirit of Christianity)—"Go away back and sit down: You are only a dream of childhood!"



Leipziger, in Detroit News

"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."

THE HUNGRY DONKEY—"I hardly know where to begin!"



Bush, in *New York World*.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.



Davenport, in *New York Evening Mail*.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHOIR.

By special permission of the *New York Evening Mail*.



Norman, in *Boston Post*.

RUSSIA'S HOUR OF SUNSHINE.



Ratal, in *L'Asino*, Rome.

"ARE WE NOT FOOLS TO FIGHT EACH OTHER?"

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

IMPERIALISM, REACTION AND PRIVILEGE *vs.* THE OLD REPUBLICAN ORDER.

A LARGE proportion of our people, we think it is safe to say considerably more than half of the voting population, believe that the republic is confronting conditions of the gravest character—conditions that are inimical to the fundamental ideals and theories of democracy as understood by Franklin, Jefferson, Washington and others of the founders of our nation. These people realize that during recent years there have crept into the seats of the powerful, men who believe in theories of government that are the antipodes of those which must obtain in any country which is in a true sense a republic, and they see these men transforming the government, either boldly or subtly by legislation and the establishment of anti-republican ideals; by imitation of monarchical governments; by autocratic usurpations on the part of executive officers and bureaux, compassing by bureau rulings ends which the law-makers refused to grant, and in other ways destroying the old order and in its place establishing theories of government imperialistic in temper and which are in fact a reaction back to the old ideals of class-government or the domination of privileged interests in public policy, —the idea of the mastership of the masses through might or craft, something not only inimical but necessarily fatal to the genius of free institutions or the spirit of democracy.

Unfortunately those who hold these views, those who are awake to the grave perils that threaten our government, differ widely in regard to the wisest measures that should be taken to avert what all believe to be a deadly danger. Leaving out of consideration for the moment the most radical group of reformers—the socialists—we find that the great mass of those who oppose the imperialism and rulership by privileged interests may be roughly divided into two groups, a large proportion of whom in each group are sincere, earnest and

nobly patriotic. The members of one class see the question in its larger aspects. They behold in the domination of privileged or class-interests at home, and in the imperialistic policy abroad, the same underlying principles that actuated the enemies of our republic in the Revolutionary era; and they would save the republic by promptly adopting such means as would strike at the root of the evil, and by meeting changed conditions with changed methods, all in perfect alignment with the genius and spirit of democracy, would rejuvenate the nation by peaceful and evolutionary methods—methods which would render impossible the ascendancy of class or privileged interests whose domination makes for the impoverishment of the people and the corruption of government.

The members of the other group would stop at temporary or half-way measures. They fail to see that the question of imperialism embraces in its real scope the reactionary ideals that are the life of class-legislation and protected privileges; or self-interest leads them to oppose only so much of the reactionary movement as relates to our imperialistic and unrepublican policy outside of the republic proper. They see clearly that a condition of affairs which renders the publication and circulation of the Declaration of Independence treasonable in any land or isle where floats the flag of the republic, if tolerated will be followed by other acts recreant to the ideals of republican government. They see with alarm that the ruling that made the circulation of the Declaration of Independence a criminal offence has been quickly followed by the denial of the most sacred right of the individual, recognized by all other English-speaking lands—that of trial by jury; and they agree with the *New York World* when it says that if it is good law for the right of jury to be denied to seven million people under our flag, it is clear that our flag has wandered too far from home. Moreover, they see with grave

forebodings the fostering of the military spirit that has so often proved destructive to republics. They see at the head of the government a man who believes in war and in the levying of great burdens of taxes on the wealth-creators for the maintenance of a great standing army,—a man whose ideals in regard to war and militarism accord with the dominant ideas of the most despotic of the Old-World rulers; and they further view with increasing uneasiness the assumption of autocratic power on the part of our chief executive and the toleration of such dangerous usurpations on the part of his bureau-chiefs as have been seen in several instances of late, wherein the Post-Office Department and other bureaux have compassed ends which executive officials desired, but which the legislative body had distinctly refused to grant them. These and similar acts of recreancy to the principles which made the republic in her early years the day-star of hope for all lovers of free institutions and popular rights in class-ruled lands, lead the members of this second group to demand concerted action to meet what they regard as a supreme peril to the republic. They would strike at these things actuated by the idea that this course is of first importance in order to check the overshadowing evil while giving time for educational agitation by strictly peaceful methods; while others among their number are blinded by self-interest and the enjoyment of privileges which place the people at the mercy of the few, as with the coal-trust for example, so that they resolutely refuse to admit that anything further than these changes in the whole imperialistic and autocratic theory of government is required. Those belonging to the first group are as sincere as the broad-shouldered ones who see further than their fellows; but of the interested second class the same cannot be said, though doubtless among their number are many who deceive themselves, as do hundreds of thousands of the imperialistic reactionaries who have permitted themselves to become the victims of shallow opportunists who prate of things “better than self-government,” and other anti-republican sentiments that one hundred and twenty-five years ago were industriously advocated by the special pleaders for King George’s government.

So much for the larger and more commanding view of the immediate present in our political world as seen by the masses of voters, who, though not socialists, are also not imperialists.

THE TWO GREAT PARTIES IN THE PRESENCE OF EXPLOITER AND EXPLOITED.

BUT there is another issue that concerns the food and raiment or the every-day life of the people, but which unfortunately neither of the great parties have dared to bravely, intelligently or honestly take hold of in any way that even remotely promises to effectively right the all-but-universally admitted injustice and wrongs being perpetrated at the present time by the few against the many, and that is the exploiting of the people by the corporations, the trusts and privileged interests for the enrichment of the few at the expense of the millions, and which has for years led to the debauching of government in all its ramifications and to the bribery, direct and indirect, of the people’s representatives and other public servants.

Twenty-five years ago many of our foremost statesmen expressed the gravest alarm at the rise and onward march of corporate power and plutocratic influence in our government. Then this evil was in its infancy. To-day it is an overshadowing menace to free institutions. But there is no reasonable ground for hope of real relief from either the republican or democratic parties on this momentous question, as will be seen when the issue is considered at length in the light of certain events and facts that bear upon the question.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIVILEGED INTERESTS.

Two things must be considered in this connection: (1) The controlling influence in the party, apart from the President—the temper, desire and tendency of the organization as represented by the machine and shown in its acts; (2) the present attitude of the trusts, corporations and privileged interests toward the President.

In an editorial descriptive of the Republican convention, written by Mr. Louis F. Post for his ably-edited paper, *The Public*, for July 9th, this well-known, careful and conscientious journalist thus describes the convention that nominated Mr. Roosevelt, his statements being based on personal observation:

“The Republican national convention resembles nothing so much as a mass-meeting under the management of a committee of cor-

poration directors. If the delegations had been distinguished by railroad placards instead of State placards, the picture would have been realistic. The LaFollette men understood the situation. 'If we are beaten in the committee on credentials,' said one of them, 'it will be by the corporations, as we were turned down in the national committee.' Continuing, he said, and every well-informed Republican knows he was hitting the bull's-eye in the center: 'If beaten it will be by the man who during thirty years has been the chief lobbyist of the Northwestern railway. I mean John C. Spooner, Senator from Wisconsin. Why, you can see all of the railroads fighting LaFollette here. If you want to get a line on possible members of the credentials committee where do you have to go? Why, right over there in the corner and pump Alexander Mackenzie, the ambassador from the court of Jim Hill, railroad king.'

"What was true of the national committee and the committee on credentials was true of the convention. A more impudent display of corporation authority and humilifying exhibition of political servility was never seen even in a Republican convention."

In this connection it is well to call to mind the fact that Edward J. Addicks and his contesting delegation from Delaware were promptly recognized at the national convention, while Governor LaFollette and his delegation selected at the regular Republican convention was unceremoniously turned down in favor of the bolting delegation of the railroad corporation faction, headed by Senator Spooner. Mr. Addicks was later made national committee-man. He has thus received the seal of approval from the national Republican convention, of which from first to last President Roosevelt was the master-spirit. The revelation of political corruption and the debauching of an electorate through the instrumentality of Edward J. Addicks, as circumstantially and vividly portrayed by the well-known writer, Mr. George Kennan, as well as described by other American writers and editors, constitutes one of the most appalling, amazing and almost incredible chapters in political immorality in the record of free institutions. So notorious has been this scandal that it is difficult to understand how any self-respecting statesman could even for sordid or personal ends sink so low as to seek the preferment of political bosses of the character of Mr. Addicks

and of the late Pennsylvania boss, Matthew Quay, both of whom seem to have been "staunch and loyal" friends of President Roosevelt.*

Two years ago the trust-magnates and Wall-street gamblers were opposed to Mr. Roosevelt, but there is now reason to believe that he has made his peace with them. Before the assembling of the Republican convention, five of the great railroad and corporation-magnates journeyed to the White House and had long conferences with the President. The last of this number was Mr. George Gould, who stayed with the President, it is stated, from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night. The President also is beholden to the railroads as has been no other Chief Executive before him, on account of his accepting for himself and his family far more courtesies than have any of his predecessors.

The recent appointment of Mr. Metcalf, who at the time of his appointment was Vice-President of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, to a position in the President's Cabinet will naturally be appreciated by the railroad corporations as it will secure them a friend at court, a representative as it were in the President's official family.

A very circumstantial statement recently appeared in a dispatch published in the Boston Daily *Herald* made by J. M. Donald, of the Hanover National Bank of New York, which indicated that the President had given the bankers positive pledges that were all they desired. This, coming from a great personal friend and champion of President Roosevelt, indicates that the President has made his peace with the great banking interests. The ready complacency on the part of the President to the urgent wish or demand of the trust and railway-magnates, that Attorney-General Knox should be promoted to a place in the Senate, further indicates how friendly in fact, is the relation of Mr. Roosevelt and the trust-magnates. The strangeness of the spectacle of the law-defying, law-breaking trusts heaping coals of fire upon the head of Mr. Roosevelt's trust-breaking Attorney-General, of whom we have heard so much, even going to

* Since the Chicago convention, where Mr. Addicks was thus signally honored President Roosevelt has appointed his henchman, Mr. Byrne, to the position of Assistant District-Attorney of New York City, after the United States Senate refused in the face of an overwhelming protest from the self-respecting citizens of Delaware to sanction the former nomination made by the President. There are no greater enemies to a republic, no greater enemies against free institutions, than the political bosses who corrupt the electorate.

the trouble to insist upon the new political boss of Pennsylvania having the Governor, without consulting the legislature, appoint him to the United States Senate, is only exceeded by the alacrity with which President Roosevelt complied with the wishes of the great campaign-contributing trust-magnates when they wished to honor his friend, Mr. Knox, in an irregular way. These things and many others all indicate that there is no real hostility cherished at the present time against President Roosevelt by the trusts, the railway corporations and the privileged interests that are acquiring millions upon millions through unjust exploitation of the people.

Mr. Post in *The Public* expresses the views of many well-informed thinkers as to the real attitude of the trust and railroad corporations. He holds that through Mr. Belmont the privileged interests probably spent a million dollars in capturing the Democratic organization and naming Judge Parker; but he believes that this was done less with a view to electing the Judge than to whipping Mr. Roosevelt into line by frightening him with a Wall-street adversary at the polls. Should the President satisfy the corporations that he will "walk their chalk-line," he holds "they will naturally enough prefer Republican to Democratic success, though they are not likely to get excited over an election in which they stand to win, no matter which candidate is returned."

THE TRUSTS AND JUDGE PARKER.

HAVE the people anything better to expect from Judge Parker than from Mr. Roosevelt? In regard to imperialism as it relates to foreign affairs, to autocratic usurpations of executive officials and departments, in regard to a return to a safe and healthy policy relating to military affairs and foreign relations, we think the people have good grounds to expect incomparably better things from an administration headed by Judge Parker than from one over which Mr. Roosevelt would preside. The New York jurist's decisions speak volumes in his behalf as a conscientious judge who always has rendered decisions with a view to the true meaning of the law and the probable result in future cases. Moreover, the Democratic platform is incomparably more in alignment with the spirit of republican government than is the Republican platform or than have been the acts of

the present administration. But when it comes to the question of relief for the people from trust extortion and exploitation by corporate and privileged interests that have directly and indirectly corrupted our government and fostered conditions that have made possible a reign of graft, we think the people have even less to hope from Judge Parker than from President Roosevelt. He refused to allow the people to know whether he held any convictions on any question until after he had been nominated. This may have been wise from a selfish view-point, for if he had shown them that he was in sympathy with the trusts and corporations that are oppressing the people his friends would never have been able to secure the nomination, no matter how much money they might have spent. If he had spoken in favor of the people he could have had little hope of large campaign-funds from the trust and corporation interests.

But evidences are not wanting which indicate what the people may expect from Judge Parker should he be elected. As we pointed out last month, as far back as September 26, 1902, the *Detroit To-Day*, now the *Detroit Times*, in its New York dispatches pointed out the fact that Mr. Morgan and the Wall-street interests had selected a Democratic candidate, and the dispatches further indicated that Judge Alton Parker had been favorably discussed in this connection. Next we find August Belmont, who it will be remembered was one of the Morgan ring of beneficiaries in the shameful bond-deal during the Cleveland administration, becoming the special personal champion of the Judge. He, with Senator Patrick McCarren and David B. Hill, were the special sponsors for the man afraid to speak lest he jeopardize his chance of nomination. Of Mr. Belmont, who is one of the railroad-magnates of Wall street, a great New York daily which is supporting Judge Parker recently said in the course of an editorial leader:

"This gentleman is the typical Wall-street and racing man. As the agent of the Rothschilds, it was his business to get, for them, from Grover Cleveland, United States bonds as far below their actual value as possible.

"His house and his employers, the Rothschilds, profited very largely through the infamous bond-deal, with the assistance of Grover Cleveland. It is not necessary to tell anybody what the public thinks of this bond-

deal, or what effect it has had upon the Democratic party.

"Democrats will not view with complacency any close relationship between their candidate and a Wall-street gentleman who, however estimable personally, sees in the United States President a possible seller of bonds below value.

"August Belmont is a great figure in the gambling business of racing, as well as in the gambling business of Wall street. He is president of the Jockey Club, and an owner of race-tracks.

"Tens of thousands of mothers and wives in this State are heartbroken every year by the losses of their sons or husbands at the tracks over which Mr. Belmont presides. Mr. Belmont is at the head of the organization which takes a hundred dollars a day each from book-makers, giving them in return permission to plunder the public at the race-course."

Of the second member of this triumvirate that was responsible for Judge Parker's nomination and whom he honors with his confidence, the same journal has this to say:

"Mr. McCarren is another gambling race-track man, but of a lower stripe than Belmont. In the Legislature of New York his role is notoriously that of a trust advocate. He is universally recognized at Albany as the spokesman and agent of the gas-trust, the sugar-trust and any other trust wanting advice and assistance.

"Mr. Lawson, of Boston, a man of large means and of intimate acquaintance with public affairs, has declared publicly that Mr. McCarren is on the secret pay-roll of the Standard Oil monopoly at a salary of \$20,000 a year. Mr. Lawson quotes H. H. Rogers and Rockefeller, the rulers of the Standard Oil, as his authorities for the statement. He has offered to donate \$100,000 to the National Democratic campaign-fund if McCarren will prove that he is *not* in the pay of the Standard Oil company. These facts are, of course, unknown to Judge Parker. They will unquestionably cause him to drop McCarren from his list of confidential advisers."

Of Ex-Senator Hill it is only necessary to say that he was one of the strongest and most bitter enemies of the income-tax and is far more in sympathy with privileged interests than with the people.

Of the convention which nominated Judge Parker, Mr. Post, writing from the convention hall, said:

"There is only one marked difference between the Republican convention recently held at Chicago, and the Democratic convention now in session here. The great corporations control here as they did there. The politicians for plunder are in the saddle here as they were there. The "band-wagon" element is dominant here as it was there. But there was no protest there, save LaFollette's, and that was promptly suppressed. All was harmony. The whole Republican convention surrendered to its plutocratic masters without so much as a whimper. But here there is a protest, a fight, an effort at least, however ineffective, to prove that not the whole Democratic party is owned by the corporations and bossed by hungry office-seekers. Therein is the only important difference between the two conventions."

Clearly, in view of the facts revealed and the character of the sponsors responsible for the nomination of Judge Parker, the people have little to hope in the way of relief from trust greed and corporation oppression should he be elected President.

We are not unmindful of the fact that the *New York World*, one of Judge Parker's most enthusiastic supporters, regards him as a valiant enemy of the trusts. The *World* cites an ancient ruling of Judge Parker's to substantiate its contention, and on this point says editorially:

"In the case against the bluestone-trust he anticipated by seven years the decision of Judge Thayer in the Northern Securities case, which was subsequently affirmed by the United States Supreme Court.

"In this decision Judge Parker declared emphatically that it made no difference whether the trust aimed at something reasonable or unreasonable. 'The law assumes,' he said, 'that any attempt by a combination of persons who get together to fix prices so that the community are made to pay more than they otherwise would pay is detrimental to trade and to the public interests.'"

But this decision was made years ago. Since then the trust-magnates and corporation-chiefs have become convinced that the Judge is "safe and sane"—something which they do not concede in regard to any statesman who is

incorruptible and loyal in his support of the people against their aggressions. Does any one suppose that these interests would be ready to lavish money on the election of a candidate who was known or suspected to be antagonistic to their selfish interests?

On the other hand the *Wall Street Journal*, a paper which is certainly as good an authority as the *World* on the attitude and temper of the trusts and corporations toward Judge Parker, recently published the following:

"In February, 1903, the *Wall Street Journal* stated that Judge Alton B. Parker would probably be the selection of the 'high finance' for the Democratic nomination in opposition to President Roosevelt. That prediction has been verified. The *Wall Street Journal* now ventures the opinion that Judge Parker will have in the coming campaign the support, partially open but mainly concealed, of the 'interests,' in the hope that he will be successful in defeating Mr. Roosevelt.

"The signs of this are clear and numerous. Judge Parker is supported, of course, by many Democrats in Wall street because he is the Democratic candidate, apart from other considerations. But he is supported, also, by the 'court-circular' type of newspaper which has no politics but the politics of the dollar, and the 'court-circular' press makes no secret of the reasons why it supports him, these reasons being, in the main, that he will not do what President Roosevelt has done and that he may possibly undo some of President Roosevelt's work. The essence of 'court-circular' journalism is in that it seldom acts without a motive and a motive directly connected with the interests of the 'high finance.' Its support of Judge Parker, therefore, is the best indication that could be desired of the attitude of the 'high finance' in the matter. Judge Parker, in this campaign, is unquestionably the candidate of the 'interests' as against President Roosevelt.

"It is safe to say that, while Wall street will contribute to the campaign-fund of both political parties this year, the largest share of campaign-money will go to Judge Parker. Very confident assertions are made by local Democratic politicians that there will be any amount of 'Standard Oil' money for Judge Parker."

At the present writing the candidates have not published their letters of acceptance; but

letters of acceptance in recent years, like platform pledges, are far less certain guides than the acts of the candidates and the character and interests of those with whom they consort and upon whose financial aid they depend for success at the polls.

Mr. Bryan will support the ticket because of its anti-imperialistic stand and some other excellencies which he holds to be of great moment; but he has announced that after the election he will take up the battle again for the people against privilege within the party organization. No one who knows Mr. Bryan will doubt his sincerity, but many will doubt his wisdom, holding that so long as there are two contending factions within the Democratic party the Republican party and the rapidly-growing plutocracy will become more and more firmly entrenched; while with two strong parties pledged to plutocratic interests, the real friends of democratic government and the masses who are being exploited could unite and form a third party with fair chance of success.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

ON THE fifth of July the People's party in convention in Springfield, Illinois, adopted a platform demanding the following:

The initiative, referendum, proportional representation, direct vote on all public officials, with right of public re-call.

Governmental postal savings-banks and parcels-post.

Governmental ownership and operation of railways, telegraphs, telephones and other public utilities.

On the money question it held that the issuance of money should be regarded as a purely governmental function; that it should be issued in such quantities as to maintain stability in price, every dollar of which should be legal tender, and none of which should be redeemable in other money.

On the land question it held that "the land, including all natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited."

Of the trusts and monopolies that are not natural monopolies it demands that those special privileges which they now enjoy and which alone enable them to exist should be imme-

diately withdrawn. Corporations, being the creatures of government, should be subjected to such governmental regulation and control as will adequately protect the public. It further demands the taxation of the monopoly privileges while they remain in private hands to the extent of the value of the privileges granted, and that Congress shall enact a general law uniformly regulating the powers and duties of all incorporated companies doing interstate business.

The platform also declares that the right of labor to organize should be protected, and it denounces the abuse of the injunction power.

On this platform the Hon. Thomas E. Watson and Thomas H. Tibbles, of Nebraska, are nominated for President and Vice-President. Both these men are incorruptible, high-minded patriots. Mr. Watson was formerly a member of Congress and later the People's party candidate for Vice-President. He is an author of note. His *Life of Washington* and *History of the French Revolution*, published by the Macmillan Company, have been widely circulated and highly commented on in America and England. But in our judgment his greatest literary work is *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*. In it we see the high order of statesmanship of the author as well as his ability as a thinker and writer. If one will compare his life of Jefferson with Mr. Roosevelt's biographical writings of Americans, we think he will agree with us that the work of the former represents a far higher order of thinking and certainly a far truer conception of popular or democratic government than is conceived by our President.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

THERE was a general anticipation that the nomination on the Prohibition party ticket would be tendered to General Nelson A. Miles, but there developed considerable opposition to him from one element in the party, the result being that the General requested that his name should not be placed in nomination; and the Rev. Silas C. Swallow and G. W. Carroll were chosen as the candidates for President and Vice-President on the ticket of the party.

The platform is not so broad and comprehensive as many anticipated it would be, and its demands, beyond the outspoken stand on the liquor question, are too frequently character-

ized by the indefinite and faltering note which speaks of half-hearted interest in a cause, principle or demand. We think the Prohibitionists will probably gain some votes over those cast for their last national ticket, though the vote will of course be insignificant in comparison with what it would have been had General Miles received the nomination.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

THE SOCIALIST party in its national platform, by adopting a working programme to meet immediate demands for the cause of labor and the best interests of all the people, for the protection from reactionary, imperialistic and class-interests of the fundamental principles of democracy, and for the furtherance of the aims of republican government, did the very thing which its most far-seeing enemies ardently hoped and confidently expected it would fail to do. Following the sane and practical programme which was adopted by the Social Democrats of Germany prior to their last victorious campaign, the American Socialists, while emphasizing as strongly as did the German Socialists the fact that their supreme aim was the establishment of the Coöperative Commonwealth through the practical introduction of the economic philosophy of the scientific Socialists, recognized the urgent need for definite action to meet present emergencies; and for this purpose they pledged their candidates to the unequivocal and clearly-defined programme outlined in the following:

"The Socialist party pledges itself to watch and work in both the economic and the political struggle for each successive immediate interest of the working class; for shortened days of labor and increases of wages; for the insurance of the workers against accident, sickness and lack of employment; for pensions for aged and exhausted workers; for the public ownership of the means of transportation, communication and exchange; for the graduated taxation of incomes, inheritances, franchises and land values, the proceeds to be applied to the public employment and improvement of the conditions of the workers; for the complete education of children, and their freedom from the workshop; for the equal suffrage of men and women; for the prevention of the use of the military against labor in the settlement of

strikes; for the free administration of justice; for popular government, including initiative, referendum, proportional representation, equal suffrage and municipal home-rule, and the re-call of officers by their constituents; and for every gain or advantage for the workers that may be wrested from the capitalist system, and that may relieve the suffering and strengthen the hands of labor. We lay upon every man elected to any executive or legislative office the first duty of striving to procure whatever is for the workers' most immediate interest, and for whatever will lessen the economic and political powers of the capitalist, and increase the like powers of the worker."

The adoption of this working programme to meet immediate demands was an exhibition of practical sagacity that we think cannot fail to result in large accessions to the voting strength of the party; for the Americans are among the most conservative people in the world, and among our people the laboring men are the most conservative element. A large proportion of them have heretofore been greatly prejudiced against Socialism, owing to the position taken by leading labor-union leaders as well as by the constant alarmist cries and the pernicious misrepresentations systematically indulged in by the capitalistic press and the clergy. Thus while the trusts and corporations have won politically, through acting as a unit, while they have year by year been entrenching themselves in every department of government as well as in the great daily press, the college, the church and the partisan political machines, they have succeeded through their public-opinion-forming agencies in dividing the labor vote so that it has been a negative quality in our political life. The union laboring men were led to believe that by such actions favorable legislation might be granted as a favor. But the contemptuous treatment recently accorded the labor-leaders' proposed measures by the politicians of Washington; the steady aggressions of the judiciary in the abuse of the injunction power at the behest of corporate wealth; the high-handed acts of the Governor of Colorado and other high officials in overriding the mandates of the electorate; the savage brutality of the soldiery acting under the orders of men who are as unrepugnant and reactionary as the bureaucratic leaders of Russia; and the organization of powerful and aggressive bodies among the capitalistic corporations to completely crush organized labor in

America, have at length aroused hundreds of thousands of laborers to the fact that they have too long slept while their fellows in New Zealand and Australia by united action at the polls have won the control of the government.

A large proportion of these people are not Socialists as yet, but they are heartily in favor of all or most of the above working programme; and since the Republican and Democratic parties have nominated candidates who in the eyes of the trust-magnates and their friends are "safe and sane"—candidates agreeable to the Addicks, Penrose, Platt, Odell, Spooner, Belmont, Cleveland, Gorman, McCarren, Hopkins, and Hill types of politicians, for example, there are hundreds of thousands of voters among the union laborers who have been accustomed to vote the Democratic ticket, who we believe will not support the nominees any more than they will support the Republican candidates who have so repeatedly betrayed their interests to the trusts and the corporations and who have refused to lend a sympathetic ear to the united demands of organized labor in regard to redresses for abuses of the injunction and other admitted evils. A large proportion of these men ardently desire a realization of the measures proposed by the two progressive democratic platforms of the People's party and the Socialist party; and unless we are greatly mistaken, the vote of this class will be cast for one of these tickets.

There is also another numerous and earnest contingent that believes in equality of opportunity for all and special privileges for none; men who are aggressive advocates of the initiative and referendum and who favor popular ownership of public utilities and such radical measures as may be necessary to destroy the extortion and oppression of monopolies and corporations. Some of these people are favorable to Socialism, if it be preceded by the introduction of the initiative, referendum, proportional representation and other safeguards that would insure the preservation of a purely democratic government under the Coöperative Commonwealth; but they would not favor any immediate revolutionary course that would usher in Socialism while present conditions obtained, believing that it would result in a bureaucracy as intolerable as, or perhaps more intolerable than, the present corporation or class-domination. These persons, or a goodly number of them, will also in all probability cast their lot with whichever of these two parties is the stronger in their district, with the

hope that at least some persons on the ticket will be successful, while they will realize that every vote cast for either the People's party or the Socialist ticket will carry its weight in swelling the volume of protest of the electorate against the further spoliation of the people by trusts, corporations and privileged interests. In such an event we shall not be surprised to see several members of the People's party and several Socialists elected members of our next Congress. The people are heartily tired of trust domination. They are heartily tired of an emasculated government at Washington that permits the railroads and the coal-trust to deliberately plunder the people of millions upon millions of dollars every year. They are getting ready to change the present order of subserviency of man to money and the exploitation of the millions for the enormous enrichment of the few; and it is not improbable that the Socialist party may prove the medium through which the aroused masses may register their disapproval, which they cannot otherwise express owing to the fact that the great political parties are in the control of the partisan machines, which in turn are the vassals of corporate wealth.

THE NOMINATION OF MR. FOLK.

ON THE twenty-first of July the Democracy of Missouri, after the most exciting battle in recent years, nominated for Governor the Hon. Joseph W. Folk, a statesman who has proved himself to be as brave as he is incorruptible, as faithful to his trust as he has been relentless in assailing the deadliest evil in American public life to-day. Mr. Folk has proved himself an ideal statesman for a crisis such as confronts his commonwealth at the present time, just as Jefferson was the man of all men to save the infant republic from becoming a class-ruled, reactionary government after the pattern of the European monarchies, and just as Lincoln was of all persons the one statesman for the crisis that lifted him to the highest seat of authority. Mr. Folk has uttered many brave words, but his deeds have in every instance nobly seconded his words. In his address accepting the nomination he uttered these characteristic sentences in speaking of the corruptionists in our public life:

"I have no favors to ask of them and no quarter to give. It is unrelenting warfare to the end. . . .

"The responsibility for the existence of corruption does not rest upon either party, but this Democratic party has assumed the responsibility for stamping it out, and we want all good citizens, of every political belief, to aid us. The battle against boodles has only commenced in Missouri. If I am elected to a larger field of opportunity, I propose to make Missouri the most unhealthy place in all the land for corruptionists to operate in.

"There is work to be done in this State in moral, material and intellectual advancement which you have commissioned me to do. The commission is a sacred one, and I shall observe it as such. Here in your presence, and in the presence of this great multitude, I consecrate myself to the work you have assigned to me, and with your help, and as long as God gives me life and strength to do it, I will combat the things that dishonor and oppress."

THE MISSOURI DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

THE PLATFORM adopted by the Missouri Democracy rings true and is instinct with the spirit of true democracy. It demands "the initiative and referendum, taxation of corporations the same as individuals, and the assessment of franchises; equal rights to both labor and capital; separating the police from politics; the eradication of the granting of railroad-passes to legislators, and the building of good roads."

The overshadowing issue, of course, is bribery and corruption in government, and on this subject, which constitutes the paramount plank in the platform, the party in Missouri says:

"The Democratic party in Missouri not only stands for material and intellectual progress, but for moral advancement, and declares that the paramount issue before the people of Missouri is the eradication of bribery from public life in this State. Other offences violate the law, while bribery aims at the assassination of the Commonwealth itself.

"We hereby declare unrelenting warfare against corruption, and pledge the Democratic party to hit corruption and hit it hard, whether in our own ranks or in the ranks of the opposition party. The decree has gone forth that there is no room in the Democratic party for boodlers. We repudiate their support and do not want their votes.

"The misdemeanor punishment now in

force being entirely inadequate to the enormity of the offence, we advocate a law compelling witnesses to bribery transactions to testify, and relieving them of prosecution by reason of any testimony they may give.

"We favor the passage of laws making null and void all franchises obtained by bribery. We believe the statute of limitations in bribery cases should be made five years."

The nomination of Mr. Folk and the adoption of this splendid platform were followed by an amazing exhibition of the power which the old corrupt ring still exercises throughout the State, in the nomination of two persons to im-

portant positions on the State ticket whose names have been connected with the scandal relating to the very crimes which are made the paramount issue, one of these men having been badly mixed up in the corrupt operations carried on at the State capital. Both these candidates fought Mr. Folk's nomination to the extent of their power. While no one questions the integrity, fearlessness or ability of the gubernatorial candidate, the action of the convention in the nomination of these reactionaries and questionable politicians throws the shadow of doubt over the sincerity of its pledges in the platform and of the genuineness of its professions for reform.

MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL LIGHTING.

THE WISDOM and folly of two Tennessee cities furnishes another striking public lesson in municipal ownership. Our readers will remember that Mayor James M. Head in his able paper published in *THE ARENA* for April, showed that the cost to the city of Nashville for lighting the city and its public buildings during last year (its first under municipal ownership) was \$35,162.96; while the cost to the city, had the old-time private contract continued in force and the same amount of light been furnished as was used by the city, would have been \$69,870, or \$34,707.04 more than it now costs the tax-payers. Thus under municipal ownership the city pays very little more than half what it would be paying at the rate the private company charged before the city went into the lighting business. But this great saving to the tax-payers is only half the good story to be credited to the wisdom of the city government. The private company had been charging its consumers eighteen cents per kilowatt; but before the foundations for the city's plants were completed, the private company reduced the price to private consumers to twelve cents per kilowatt, or one-third less than had been charged, and at the present time the company is taking contracts from the citizens for a term of years at five cents per kilowatt. Thus under this arrangement the citizens are obtaining their light at considerably less than one-third what they were paying before the city stood ready to furnish the lights

if the voters desire. So much for an exhibition of municipal sanity.

In the sister city of Chattanooga the citizens have heeded the specious sophistry of privileged interests which amass fortunes through the folly of municipalities which grant privileges and franchises for natural monopolies. Chattanooga has clung to private ownership, and as a result pays \$85 per arc light, while Nashville pays \$50 for the same amount of light. Thus Chattanooga pays \$35 per light more than Nashville for the luxury of private ownership.

The facts revealed in these two cases give us a clue to the reason why the public-service companies can afford to sustain expensive lobbies and otherwise lavish money in securing franchises and preventing the people from obtaining the benefits that they would enjoy under public ownership.

A YEAR'S RECORD IN MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN SIXTY-SIX ENGLISH CITIES.

ACCORDING to Mr. James Carter, an Englishman who each year makes a careful compilation of tables showing the record of municipal ownership in English cities and towns, there are now sixty-six cities and boroughs in England where municipal ownership obtains. Every one, with the solitary exception of Blackburn where there was a small loss, realized profits during the past year which, in addition to

giving the people better service at better prices than they could have hoped to receive under private ownership, amounted in the aggregate to over five million dollars. These profits came largely from public ownership of gas, electric-lighting, water, tramways and municipal markets. As in the coöperative movement so in municipal ownership and operation of public utilities, England is leading the world and demonstrating the fallacy of the specious claims constantly advanced by the special pleaders for public-service companies which are realizing millions of dollars in profits which should go toward reducing taxes or building schools and beautifying and improving the municipalities.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF STREET-CARS.

ACCORDING to the report rendered by the committee of the Council of Nottingham, England, the municipally-owned and operated street-cars of that city earned a net profit of ten

per cent., amounting to \$65,000, last year, which will be applied to the reduction of the citizens' taxes. A noteworthy fact pointed out by the committee's report indicates the greater precautions taken under public ownership to avoid accidents than is common under private operation. Thus, for example, during the past year the total number of miles traveled by the cars of Nottingham was 2,512,000, much of the distance being through narrow, busy and crowded thoroughfares; yet not one person was killed by being knocked down or collided with.

The company operating the street-car service of Boston, according to its annual report, realizes a net earning of between three and four million dollars. Under municipal ownership a large part of this sum could be applied to the reduction of taxes or to the improving of the city, while the remainder could be used to enable those who travel on the cars to enjoy seats. At the present time during the rush hours at morning and evening a large proportion of the traveling-public is compelled to pay for strap-room in order to earn for the private corporations these enormous dividends.

PEACE AND WAR.

FRANCE SPEAKS FOR PEACE.

WHILE the various so-called Christian nations are preaching peace and industriously engaging in war or preparing to exploit the small peoples of earth, France, under the masterly leadership of her intrepid statesman, Premier Combes, has proved the sincerity of her peace professions as has no other nation. She has reduced her naval programme, she has reduced the period of compulsory army-service, and otherwise has mitigated the rigors of the military service, and she has been wisely and industriously engaged in consummating arbitration treaties and arranging for the settlement of questions which might, if left undisturbed, lead to war in the future. Her action in regard to her armaments and these other matters not only proves that the progressive republic of Loubet and Combes takes the peace profession seriously, but has placed France in the van of progress, making her the great moral leader in a cause second to none in the immediate demand of civilization;

for militarism is the bulwark of despotism and injustice. It is the antipodes of the Golden Rule and the ideal of democracy.

TOLSTOI'S ARRAIGNMENT OF WAR.

OUT OF the midst of a nation wrapped in the gloom of war; from the heart of a land where thousands of wives and mothers are weeping for husbands and sons who will come no more to the home, and where even now want is peering in at the cabin-door, with starvation, vice and despair hard on its heels; out of the darkness of an empire where absolutism falls as night over brain and soul, has come the voice of a mighty prophet bearing a message of life,—a prophet-voice such as throughout all historic ages has been heard in hours of national mental aberration and moral eclipse speaking to the conscience of man. Leo Tolstoi, the moral colossus of Russia, the loftiest example of the Christ-life, and the bravest man in the

land of the Czar, has boldly arraigned his nation and all other lands whose ideals, being materialistic rather than idealistic, have come under the spell of greed for land, wealth and power and the fatal fascination of the Moloch of war.

In his tremendous philippic against the murder of multitudes through the mandates of rulers who resort to the arbitrement of force in national disputes, Tolstoi has shown in a startling way the essential criminality of war and the recreancy of the church in its presence, and the blasphemy of the priesthood which prays Deity to bless deeds of slaughter and the criminality of rulers responsible for the crime of war. His bold arraignment and the manner in which he states great fundamental truths relative to justice for the people, the sanctity of life, and the rights of the masses, have alarmed many conservative upholders of conventional injustice, like the *London Times*, for example, which first published his great protest against the "cruelty, futility and senselessness of war." But the appeal to the conscience of the world cannot fail to increase in a perceptible degree the growing sentiment against the arbitrement of force. In his powerful arraignment against Christians becoming the slayers of their brothers, Count Tolstoi says:

"It is comprehensible that a heathen, a Greek, a Roman, even a medieval Christian, ignorant of the gospel and blindly believing all the prescriptions of the church, might fight, and fighting, pride himself on his military achievements; but how can a believing Christian, or even a skeptic, involuntarily permeated by the Christian ideals of human brotherhood and love which have inspired the works of the philosophers, moralists and artists of our time; how can such take a gun, or stand by a cannon, and aim at a crowd of his fellow-men, desiring to kill as many of them as possible?"

The Count shows how, by the confession of the Russian authorities themselves, they expect at least fifty thousand subjects of the Czar to perish in this war—"fifty thousand unfortunate, defrauded Russian workingmen, guilty of nothing and gaining nothing," are to be sacrificed because Russia wished to rob another nation of its lands.

Tolstoi has long since reached that point of moral exaltation where exile or death are matters of indifference to him when he feels that the duty of plain speaking and brave acting are

required. Had he not preached the doctrine of non-resistance and practiced the Golden Rule, he would long ere this have been removed. He has been a thorn in the side of the bureaucracy and the un-Christian State Church. His moral eminence and intellectual prestige, however, are so great, his place in the affection of the good of all lands is so secure, that even the despotism of Russia fears to lay hands on him. The church in its impotent rage honored the great prophet by excommunicating him, but it dared go no further.

Tolstoi, on the other hand, knows no fear. Regarding duty as divine and death or exile as small things in comparison with the august voice of justice, the Count thus characterizes the inconsistent and reactionary head of the Russian government:

"The Russian Czar, the same man who exhorted all the nations in the cause of peace, publicly announces that, notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain the peace so dear to his heart (efforts which express themselves in the seizing of other people's lands and in the strengthening of armies for the defence of those stolen lands), he, owing to the attack of the Japanese, commands that the same shall be done to the Japanese as they had commenced doing to the Russians—*i. e.*, that they should be slaughtered; and in announcing this call to murder he mentions God, asking the divine blessing on the most dreadful crime in the world. . . .

"This unfortunate, entangled young man, recognized as the leader of 130,000,000 of people, continually deceived and compelled to contradict himself, confidently thanks and blesses the troops whom he calls his own for murder in defence of lands which with yet less right he also calls his own."

Of the attitude of the clergy Count Tolstoi says:

"Christian pastors continue to invite men to the greatest of crimes, continue to commit sacrilege, praying God to help the work of war, and, instead of condemning, they justify and praise that pastor who, with the cross in his hands on the very scene of murder, encourages men to the crime."

The words of this rugged moral Hercules, this brave prophet of righteousness, will sink as germinal seed into the minds of many men in

many lands, and later will bear fruit; for nothing in the universe has greater potency than truths relating to moral development. Once uttered they never die, but rather, like the rippling circles created by a fallen pebble in the mirror-like surface of a lake, move with ever-widening sweep until they reach the farthest

banks. The words of life once uttered touch and light the brains and souls of the few, later the many, still later the multitude, until a nation, a race or a civilization comes under the imperial power of the moral truth. Tolstoi in waging his war on war is sounding the marching orders for civilization.

SOCIAL IDEALS AND IDEALISTS.

COÖPERATION IN AMERICA.

THE RECENT National Coöperative Congress held in St. Louis developed the fact that practical coöperation is taking a firm hold upon the American mind. The pioneer or experimental stages in several lines of coöperative endeavor have been successfully passed. Coöperation with us, as in the Old World, has demonstrated its practicability and gained such momentum that it will be carried forward much as it is being advanced in England and elsewhere throughout the Old World. At the St. Louis convention it was shown that the Rochdale stores were steadily growing wherever they had gained a firm foothold. There are to-day several hundred of these stores in the United States. In California the great wholesale Rochdale store has seventy-five retail stores connected with it. In the State of Kansas there are thirty-five Rochdale stores, most of which are doing a large and increasing business. The State of Washington reported eighteen of these stores and others being organized. The Right-Relationship League, a large coöperative-store movement in the Middle States, reported two great wholesale houses, one at Chicago, Illinois, and the other at Toledo, Ohio. They have four hundred and fifty retail stores connected with them.

The coöperative work in fire-insurance is assuming commanding proportions. There are at present 1,717 of these fire-insurance companies in the United States, carrying \$3,122,000,000 in risks. The report presented to the convention affirmed that the coöperative insurance-companies have proved far safer than the old-time companies, the percentage of failures being much less than with the competitive lines; while the annual saving in premiums as against the old competitive fire-insurance companies is over twelve million dollars.

But in the field of coöperative activity the

greatest results are being achieved among the agrarian population. Here are to be found a number of movements which are assuming commanding proportions. The farmers of the republic are among the most conservative of our people, but when once aroused to the importance and the practicability of a proposition or movement, they evince great determination, while they frequently exhibit the same wisdom that marks modern business methods among the corporate interests. From present indications we incline to believe that within a few years the principal products of the farming population in the Middle and Western States will be handled coöperatively, so that the agrarian population that has heretofore been the victim of the speculators and the trusts will realize what has heretofore gone to middlemen and great commercial organizations, such as the elevator-trust and the beef-trust. At the St. Louis Congress Mr. C. B. Hoffman, who has been the master-spirit in one of the coöperative elevator organizations operating principally in Kansas, shows from the report of his company during the past year that it had paid from one-and-a-half to four cents a bushel more than the prevailing price for wheat, and in addition to this the coöperators had realized a net profit of thirty-three per cent. on the entire paid-up capital. The organization marketed two million bushels of wheat, so that placing the saving to the coöperators in increased prices paid for the grain at the minimum price mentioned,—namely, one-and-one-half cents per bushel—the coöperators realized thirty thousand dollars in excess of what they would have received had they been compelled to sell at the prevailing prices, and in addition to this \$30,170 as straight profits, or a total of \$60,170. The capital of the organization is \$90,537; therefore they realized over sixty per cent. last year on their investment.

The success of the various coöperative ex-

periments has given great encouragement to the farmers, who are organizing in many states and perfecting some very extensive coöperative organizations which in all probability will soon practically command the grain-products of the Middle and Western States. In many instances the mutual understanding and business relationship existing between the railroads and the elevator-trust placed the farmers at a great disadvantage for a time; but the agrarian vote in the west is a determining factor when once aroused and united. Hence the railroads have through fear been compelled in many instances to change their tactics and treat the coöperators more fairly than they were disposed to at first.

Not only are great organizations making admirable progress, but many small and isolated groups of farmers have demonstrated that enormous savings can be realized through wise and rational coöperation. One typical example of this character is in operation at Kenyon, Minnesota, where a coöperative company was formed to market grain and handle seeds. It had a cash capital of \$3,500. It to-day owns a fourteen-thousand-dollar elevator and has paid 125 per cent. in dividends on the original investment. Last year it handled about four hundred thousand bushels of grain and seeds. The dividends paid amounted to \$2,420, and the cash in the bank at the end of the business year was \$8,535.47.

Such illustrations demonstrate the practicability of coöperation. For several years a large proportion of the California fruit has been handled through coöperative organizations, and the volume of business thus carried on is so steadily and rapidly increasing that the indications are that in a few years all the fruit-trade of the Pacific coast will be handled by the producers through their coöperative organizations. Present indications point to the fact that we are in the early stages of a great coöperative movement which is destined to work an economic revolution.

THE SOCIALISTS OF JAPAN TO THE SOCIALISTS OF RUSSIA.

THE REMARKABLE greeting sent by the Socialists of Japan which we give below should serve to make those people who ignorantly parrot the phrases coined by the servants of privileged interests and reactionary thought, consider the wisdom of fairly seeking to know the

animating spirit, the creed, the ideals and the aspirations of the great economic school before applying epithets that are as wide of the truth as it would be to term Russia the home of freedom. Incidentally the following message should show the unbiased Christian how much nearer are the Socialists to manifesting the true spirit of the great Nazarene than is conventional churchanity to-day. Here is the address which the Socialists of Japan sent to their brethren in the empire of the Czar:

"Dear Comrades: For many years we have heard of you and thought of you, although up to this time we have not had a chance to shake your hands and hold intercourse with you, as we are separated by thousands of miles. Twenty years have passed since you began to proclaim noble principles of humanity under the Socialists' banner.

"Undaunted by the serious trials of hunger, poverty and transportation to Siberia, you have not become discouraged. Dear comrades, your government and ours have recently plunged into war to carry out their imperialistic tendencies, but for us Socialists there are no boundaries, race, country or nationality. We are comrades, brothers and sisters, and have no reason to fight. Your enemies are not the Japanese people, but our militarism and so-called patriotism.

"Patriotism and militarism are our mutual enemies. We are neither nihilists nor terrorists, but socialists, and fight for peace. We cannot foresee which of the two countries will win, but the result of the war will be the same—general poverty, new and heavy taxes, the undermining of morality, and the extension of militarism. Therefore it is an unimportant question which government wins."

It is the spirit manifested in the above address that terrifies the Emperor of Germany and all the empire-builders and people-crushing despotisms of the world. Establish the ideal of brotherhood, for which Jesus lived and taught and prayed, in the heart of the people, and militarism, despotism, imperialism and intellectual bondage will disappear.

THE PASSING OF RUSSIA'S EVIL GENIUS.

THE TRAGIC taking off of the Russian Minister of the Interior, M. von Plehve, on the twenty-eighth of July, afforded another illustration of the fact that "Russia is a despotism

tempered by assassination." M. von Plehve was the supreme incarnation of reaction in the worst sense of that term. He was the most striking modern type of the morally insane egoist. To gain his personal ends and reach the coveted heights of an all-powerful minister, he trampled underfoot all sentiments of love, gratitude, humanity, right and justice, while treating as a supreme crime the noble aspirations of the people for rightful freedom. Sometime since Mr. N. I. Stone gave in the *Review of Reviews* the following incident which well illustrates the type of man to which this assassin of liberty belonged:

"He was left an orphan at an early age, and was taken into the house of a Polish nobleman, who reared him as his own son, giving him a first-class education. His first act of gratitude, before he had completed his course of studies, was to betray his benefactor to the Russian authorities by volunteering the information that the former sympathized with the Polish insurrectionists. This landed the man who had been to him a second father on the gallows, but gave an excellent start to the public career of the young graduate of the Moscow University."

Since 1884, Mr. Stone well observes that "he has taken part in every measure of importance that has been directed against the few liberties still enjoyed by the privileged classes in Russia as a heritage from the reign of Alexander II."

He had Polish and German blood in his veins, but when he found that in no way could he so please the Russian bureaucracy as by trampling upon the few liberties still enjoyed by the Russian provinces of the Baltic region, he became a veritable angel of destruction, the most merciless and unrelenting statesman in the empire, in his warfare against the freedom of his own peoples. He was the master-spirit in taking from Finland her rights, and was accredited as being responsible in a large degree for the Kishineff massacre. His supreme aim was to reduce all the inhabitants of the empire to a condition of absolute and unquestioning servility before the Russian bureaucracy. He was a man of great intellectual power and acuteness, and he prostituted his great powers in the service of despotism. With the possible exception of Pobyedonostseff, M. von Plehve was the most baleful figure in Russian public life. Terrible as was his tak-

ing off, it was in perfect keeping with the life he led; and though assassinations are peculiarly abhorrent to western civilization, it must be remembered that conditions prevail in Russia which render this method the only way of relief for the people from the most galling and merciless despotism. For under M. von Plehve's rule no free discussion, no popular petition, and no reasonable demands for redress of wrongs, if they breathed the democratic spirit, were permitted. To protest in the name of human rights and liberty meant imprisonment, exile or death. Such conditions necessarily produce anarchists and nihilists, and until the Russian bureaucracy awakens to the fact that the people have rights, the world will not be surprised if tyrant after tyrant is assassinated by the more fanatical element that, crazed by a sense of wrongs committed and injustice endured, dedicates itself to the freeing of the people from the oppression of those that are riveting the chains of absolute despotism upon the masses.

THE LATE MAYOR JONES: HIS LIFE AND IDEALS.

ON THE twelfth of July America lost one of her noblest children in the death of Samuel Milton Jones, the Golden-Rule Mayor of Toledo. Few men in the public life of recent decades have reflected the spirit of the great Galilean so faithfully as did this simple, sincere, pure-hearted, high-minded, practical idealist who by his life and his victory proved the falsity of the claims of a civilization steeped in sordid materialism, that the Golden Rule is impractical and impossible as a working law of life under our civilization.

As the head of a beautiful home, as a successful business-man in the world of commercial life, and as a statesman, Mayor Jones was an ideal character. To us his death comes as a personal loss, as he was one of the valued associate editors of *THE ARENA*, and besides contributing to this review his letters to us from time to time always came as visits from a wise and thoughtful friend whose simple, sincere, genuine life and loyalty to high ideals gave weight and value to his suggestions. One of the last letters which we received from him insisted upon the supreme importance at the present time of education—that full-orbed schooling that develops character—that

makes the moral nature the imperial power in the realm of the brain; though he did not minify the urgent political needs, which to him were the direct nomination of the people's servants by petition instead of by partisan machines, the initiative and referendum, popular ownership of public monopolies, and the eight-hour law for labor. So long, he held, as partisan machines dictate nominations will the corporations and privileged interests acting in concert with corrupt party-bosses be the real rulers in municipal, state and national government, with the result that there will be general and progressive political degeneration. In his office as mayor he had ample opportunity to see how public-service corporations debauch the people's servants and place the public at the mercy of a few interested and unscrupulous parties; and he was forced to the conclusion that in public ownership lay the only real relief for the people from the baleful influence of the present system, and that with public ownership one of the greatest sources of political immorality would disappear. He was enough of a clear-visioned statesman to see that only through direct legislation, by the initiative and referendum, could the fundamental principles of democracy be preserved under conditions such as obtain to-day.

Born in poverty, his early years were marked by onerous toil. The bitterness of over-much work amid great poverty failed to develop the wild-beast element in his God-illuminated brain, but rather served to make him the passionate servant of justice and love. By hard toil, inventive genius and the rigid observance of the simple and rational laws of life, he succeeded in business and acquired the position of a master among his business associates. His factory gave employment to many persons, and while the mills and manufactories all around him were placarded with rules, regulations and prohibitions, the walls of his work-shops were adorned with but a single legend—the Golden Rule; and by this rule he lived and died. His men received liberal wages and were given the eight-hour day. Moreover, he was incessantly planning for their recreation and happiness. He was known as "Golden-Rule" Jones, and everyone recognized the appropriateness of the appellation. Later he established an open-air church, its only creed being the Golden Rule; and here the ministers of many faiths, including orthodox and liberal Protestants, Jewish rabbis, Catholic priests, and agnostics,

who believed in the practical application of the Golden Rule addressed the people. In 1897 he was elected Mayor of Toledo, and was reëlected in 1899, 1901, and 1903. In 1900 he ran for Governor on a non-partisan ticket, polling a very heavy vote.

Whether in the home, the factory, or in public life, Mayor Jones was uniformly straightforward, honest, conscientious, brave, sincere, tender, just, and true to the ideals of the Golden Rule. He was a practical idealist and demonstrated the supreme fact that only through a noble idealism that places ethics above sordid considerations or short-sighted selfishness can the individual, nation or civilization win lasting victories.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM NEW ZEALAND'S
SECRETARY OF LABOR.

In a personal communication which we have just received from the Honorable Edward Tregear, Secretary of Labor of the Commonwealth of New Zealand, are found the following interesting facts relating to the growing popularity of New Zealand's social and democratic innovations throughout the commonwealth, and also some words of wisdom which the working men of America should take to heart. While our nation is suffering on every hand from strikes, while the consumer is at the mercy of trusts and capitalistic organizations on the one hand and of the labor-unions on the other, and while through this internecine war the people are compelled to pay millions of dollars in increased prices, New Zealand enjoys peace and social concord through the wise operation of her national arbitration and conciliation legislation. In speaking of the attacks against New Zealand appearing in certain American journals and inspired by greedy corporations and monopolies enjoying special privileges through which they are able to exploit our people, Secretary Tregear says:

"As to the abuse of New Zealand by those interested in keeping things as they are, I can only answer somewhat as Paul answered when Festus accused him of being mad: 'Would to God ye were even as I am, yet without sin.' Our debts—so-called—are really profitable investments and good business: we walk upright under our financial burden as easily as a strong man wears his great-coat, not noticing the weight but approving the protection it

affords. I read American papers almost with a shiver of horror at the violence and oppression portrayed, but that shiver passes into intense sympathy with these poor wasteful brothers of mine who blindly consider that there is reason in facing the militia's gatling-guns instead of in capturing the ballot-box.

"How completely the Government of New Zealand has proved itself 'a government for the people' is proven by the hold it has gained on its opponents. There is never at an election in this commonwealth any threat or promise made by a candidate in the direction of

repealing 'progressive legislation.' Those who were its bitter opponents are now in many cases its warmest supporters, and the late illness of the Premier, Mr. Seddon, caused as grave anxiety among the opposition and its followers as among those who, like myself, fight at his right hand. The Government makes mistakes in administration: it sometimes rewards the wrong people, and puts its trust in self-seekers—but always its ideals are high; its hatred of evil intense, and after all, these are the tests of worthiness, especially if the power of hitting hard is added."

IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

THE INTERNATIONAL SALVATION-ARMY CONGRESS.

THE RECENTLY-HELD International Congress of the Salvation Army, which convened in London and at which there were between six and seven thousand official representatives of the Army present from foreign lands, amazed the London public, giving an exhibition of the growth, power, earnestness and living faith of this remarkable organization well calculated to stir the dry-bones of conventional Christianity, which has long largely if not chiefly concerned itself with droning the liturgy or indulging in meaningless platitudes and doctrinal dissertations, while the slums of the great cities were yearly increasing their borders; while the army of the poor remained uncared for and the out-of-works were constantly pressed down toward the lower depths of the social cellar; while children of tender years were being seized by the Moloch of toil, which stunts the brain, crushes out the joy of youth and blunts the moral perceptions; and while the volume of crime and dissipation were steadily growing.

The Salvation Army more than any religious body in Christendom has addressed its attention to the most unfortunate products of our Christian civilization, and as a result it has taken a marvelous hold on the imagination and the affection of society's exiles. In speaking of the Army's work General Booth pointed out the astounding fact that their organization

holds one and one-half million meetings every year, in thirty languages; and he added:

"That this should be possible without the slightest suggestion of assistance from any ecclesiastical source should surely awaken this city and country at least to a realization of what is lost by the theories which have practically silenced and subdued into dull, subscribing helplessness almost the entire laity of the whole Christian world."

The Sunday attendance during the Congress was over one hundred thousand, and tens of thousands of people were turned away from the different halls and theaters where the meetings were held. The Salvation Army is exercising a great and far-reaching influence in touching, brightening and uplifting a mighty multitude who are in the depths, environed by conditions that make for despair. The organization is inspired by a living faith not unlike that which marked the early years of the Christian church, when it exerted an irresistible influence over the mind of Jew, Greek and Roman, and which marks all religions instinct with the over-mastering faith and moral exaltation which ever mark the early period of their history. And however much one may dissent from the religious tenets and disagree with some of the methods which the Army holds and practices, the good which it unquestionably accomplishes entitles it to the sympathy and encouragement of every right-minded citizen.

SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE.

THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE AGAINST A
MISSIONARY OF DEATH.

THE TOWN of Brookline, Massachusetts, was one of the first, if not the pioneer American municipality to institute extensive and successful experiments with petroleum for the destruction of the mosquito. After the demonstration of the fact that the yellow, typhoid and malarial fevers were largely spread through the instrumentality of certain kinds of mosquitos, the town of Brookline, with a view to abating the malarial disorders present among its population, commissioned Dr. H. Lincoln Chase, one of its foremost physicians, to conduct experiments with petroleum. This was done with most marked and satisfying results. In regard to malarial fever alone it was noted that the season before the experiments there were upward of fifty cases reported while during the season following the introduction of the petroleum treatment there were but twelve cases reported.

Since these demonstrations other experiments have been carried on at various points with more or less gratifying results, perhaps the most markedly successful of which have been those conducted under the personal direction of Professor C. W. Woodworth, of the College of Agriculture of California, at San Rafael, an aristocratic suburb of San Francisco, in the vicinity of which there are extensive marsh-

lands. Last year the mosquitos became an almost intolerable pest to the inhabitants, and the scientist was called upon and commissioned to abate the nuisance. After careful examination Professor Woodworth began in the latter part of last March to spray the propagating pools in the marsh-lands with crude petroleum. Between two and three hundred gallons of oil were used in the operation, which proved so eminently successful that during the month of April scarcely a mosquito was to be found, whereas during the previous year they had made the life of the inhabitants almost intolerable. Professor Woodworth advances a new and doubtless correct theory as to how the oil destroys the "wrigglers," as he terms the mosquito-life before it changes into the winged pest. He holds that the oil forms a coating over the water, making it impossible for the little life to reach the surface and obtain the air necessary to its existence. After repeated attempts the "wiggler" becomes thoroughly exhausted and sinks to death.

In view of the discoveries which seem to have demonstrated the fact beyond possibility of doubt that yellow, typhoid and malarial fevers, and other diseases such as leprosy, for example, are spread largely by certain varieties of mosquito, all such experiments as the above are of great importance, demonstrating practical methods by which this disease-spreading pest can in many cases be exterminated.

THE RE-FINDING OF THE CHRIST OF THE NEW TESTAMENT :

A STUDY OF DOCTOR McCONNELL'S NEW WORK ON "CHRIST."*

A BOOK STUDY.

I. THREE MASTERLY RELIGIOUS ARGUMENTS.

THREE representative leaders of thought in the orthodox Protestant denominations have during recent years contributed works to the religious literature of the present wherein the scientific discoveries of the past hundred years have been frankly accepted and in the light of which they have discussed the problem of man in his relation to the universe.

Professor Drummond, representing Presbyterian thought; Dr. Isaac K. Funk, a leading clergyman of the Lutheran denomination; and Rev. S. D. McConnell, rector of All Soul's Episcopal Church of New York City, have in *The Ascent of Man*, *The Next Step in Evolution* and *Christ* given us constructive and deeply-thoughtful volumes in alignment for the most part with the newer discoveries of physical science and psychology.

Professor Drummond undertook the task of reconciling the essential message of the gospel and the revelations of science, and he showed that the materialistic school of physical scientists, with eyes riveted on life in its lowest form, had overlooked a fundamental law of being that runs parallel with the struggle for life and that becomes more and more a dominant factor as life rises, and that is the struggle for other lives. He showed that if egoism was dominant in the lower scale of being, altruism became more and more a factor in the higher phases, until it dominated the lives of the most enlightened of humanity's children, and thus that the law of evolution was not inconsistent with the theory of a universe ruled by love.

Dr. Funk, accepting the evolutionary philosophy, boldly but reverently and with due regard for the strict demands of critical modern science, leads his readers far beyond the point at which the physical scientist stopped. He takes them out upon the promontory of psy-

chology, and with the accepted dictum of modern science on the one hand and the evidences of history, the deductions of philosophy, and the universal demand of the brain and soul as expressed in all ages on the other, he throws a flood of light on problems that have perplexed the master-minds of the ages, and does much—very much—to make the fundamental concepts of Christianity appeal to rationalistic minds while tending to broaden the intellectual vision and to foster hospitality of thought in the minds of Christians who hitherto have closed their intellectual eyes to the revelations of physical science and of the new psychology.

In Dr. McConnell's work we have a brave and masterly attempt to rescue Christianity from the paganism that for almost two thousand years has darkened its luminous message and in a real way satisfy the real heart-hunger or yearning of the noblest Christians of our time which has found voice in the oft-repeated cry, "Back to Jesus" and "Back to Primitive Christianity." Dr. McConnell's work, it seems to us, comes into more intimate rapport with the real gospel of Christ, and reaches nearer the very heart of the message of Jesus than any religious book of recent times.

II. WHY DR. McCONNELL REJECTS THE THEORY OF AN ENTIRELY HUMAN CHRIST.

The author of this volume, though totally rejecting the dogma of the vicarious Atonement as being at once pagan, barbarous, immoral, and no part of the original message of Jesus of Nazareth, is a sincere believer in the divinity of Christ. Therefore the ideal of the entirely human Christ as outlined by such master-spirits of modern Unitarian and liberal thought as Dr. James Martineau, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Ernst Renan, fails to impress him as convincing. He opens the discussion on "The Human Christ" by referring to the Biblical declaration that the gospel was "to the Jews a stumbling block; to the Greeks

**Christ*. By Dr. S. D. McConnell, D.D., LL.D. Cloth. Pp. 232. Price, \$1.25 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

foolishness." Here we have the effect which the life and message of Jesus produced on the minds of the "conventionally religious" and the skeptical.

"The former class," he tells us, "overcame their stumbling-block, as we shall see, by boldly identifying him with the Sacrifice about which all their religious ideas revolved. The skeptical-minded, on the other hand, have endeavored to rescue Christianity from intellectual foolishness by stripping it of all those elements which cannot be conformed to natural reason and experience. They would denude Christ of every miraculous and supernatural quality with the expectation, or at least with the very earnest hope, that there will remain the Ideal man, the personage which will still compel homage and be a fair object for the soul's adoration."

Among the multitude of sane and earnest-minded men who utterly reject the Christ of popular theology he finds two classes: the agnostic, of which Herbert Spencer is taken as a typical representative, and the broadly religious and highly intellectual Unitarian scholars, such as Dr. James Martineau, for example, who "would interpret Christ entirely within the terms of humanity. Can this be done? And is the result worth the pains? I would not speak slightly or even without reverence of those who, within the last century, have tried to fit the man Jesus to the needs of the human soul. Their motive has been, in the main, high and noble. Much occasion has been given them. The reaction from a dreamy and artificial theology in Germany, the burden of a savage orthodoxy in America, the tradition of free thought in Great Britain, and the prevalence of the scientific spirit everywhere,—these and other influences have conspired to produce this purely human interpretation of Christ. The wonder is, not that it should have been elaborated, but that it should have impressed the world so little. When one considers the genius, zeal, and devotion of Unitarians, Ethical Culture apostles, Naturalistic biographers of Jesus, of an Emerson, Renan, and Martineau, and when one contemplates the simplicity and fair graciousness of the Christ they portray, the wonder is at their failure to awake any deep or widespread interest in it. The only explanation can be that there is something fundamentally faulty in the figure which they present. Let the explanation be what it may, the Christ held up by them is a figure so wan and pallid, so feeble and evasive,

that the world looks at it unmoved. . . . And this in the face of the fact that its adherents have been and are among the world's most devoted as well as wisest benefactors. It is a gospel which has no evangelistic potency. To account for this by affirming that the mass of men are too crass and unintelligent to comprehend it, is to condemn it utterly. A philosophy which is too exalted to be comprehended by any save the chosen few may be all the more respectable on that account. But a religion which cannot touch the common people, or which even presupposes a high intelligence, is self-condemned. Not the least profound of the sayings of Jesus is this: 'Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.'"

Before passing from Dr. McConnell's criticism of the Unitarian Christ, we would suggest that the limited acceptance of the Jesus of the great liberal leaders may arise largely if not chiefly from another and an entirely different reason from that advanced by the author,—a reason that he feels the force of when he comes to explain views that do not coincide with his convictions of the truths of churchanity; and that is the intellectual attitude of the whole Christian world to which the new Christ was presented. Almost the whole of Christendom, from the days of the primitive Church, has been taught to believe in the Christ as Deity, just as the Roman, Greek, and Jewish civilizations, and that of the Babylonians and other peoples before them cherished the dogma of a vicarious atonement. Dr. McConnell is quick to see how easily the pagan concept of the vicarious atonement was accepted by a world accustomed to that idea; but he fails to see that the hesitancy to accept the human Christ by a world that for centuries had looked on Christ as God, probably very largely if not chiefly may be due to the fundamentally different concept presented by the liberal leaders. Is it not probable that the failure on the part of the masses to accept the human Christ may be quite as much due to its being so diametrically opposed to all pre-conceived ideas, to all but universal prejudices, traditions and the vast theological literature of Christendom, as well as to the commanding authority of organic Christianity, as to any other reason?

III. "THE INHUMAN CHRIST."

While the human Christ fails to appeal to our author in a compelling manner, the inhu-

man Christ of conventional orthodox theology repels him in a positive way. It is abhorrent to his reason and sense of justice, and however natural it may have seemed to man at a certain stage of advance, is, he believes, as diametrically opposed to the belief, the teachings and the gospel of Jesus as it is unworthy of civilization at the present day. After discussing the various ways in which different classes viewed Christ when He hung on the Roman cross, Dr. McConnell thus advances to a consideration of what he holds to be the paganized dogma that came to take the place of the gospel as first proclaimed:

"For many centuries myriads of Christian eyes have converged upon the same scene, and in have discerned in it, or believe they have seen it, a thing which was not visible to the lookers-on. To their eyes the Cross has been transformed into an Altar; the Man has been transmuted into a lamb; the crucified Galilean has become a Great High Priest; the soldier with stained spear has become an unsuspecting Levite; the gushing blood has become etherealized into smoke ascending to the gratified nostrils of an angry God; the turbid crowd have become, all unconscious, the beneficiaries of a Sacrifice offered under the dome of heaven for all the inhabitants of earth.

"May the event in history be thus construed? Is this the true interpretation of that great world-tragedy? If not, what will explain and account for the strange and ghastly fiction? We cannot disguise the situation. If this interpretation be not true to reality, we must deny one of the most widely-current and generally-accepted notions about Christ present in the Christian world. I say accepted, rather than believed, for when the notion is plainly stated in terms with which the understanding can deal, its intrinsic incoherence and its ethical monstrosity must compel rejection. Nevertheless, it remains as one of those idols of the imagination before which generations have prostrated themselves, and whose grim hideousness is hidden from the devotees by the smoke of their own incense. Of all the religious concepts actually existent within Christendom, this is probably the one most widely diffused. Most Christians would indeed be likely to aver that underlying all their doctrinal and ecclesiastical disagreements they are at one in what they would call the fundamental belief that Christ was a Sacrifice offered to appease the anger of an outraged God, and

that it has been so far efficacious that it has left God with no valid claim against any man who takes the proper steps to interpose this safeguard between God's judgments and himself. It is the burden of the Roman Mass and the Hallelujah lasses' exhortation, of the revivalist's hymns and the cultus of the Sacred Heart. It is the gloomy theme of medieval art, hangs darkly about the stained glass of cathedral-windows, is enshrined in a myriad pyxes, and is what the wayfaring man takes to be the central article of the Christian creed at present. It holds conspicuous place in the accredited formularies of the largest Christian churches. The Greek church says: 'He has done and suffered in our stead all that was necessary for the remission of our sins.'—Macaire, *Orthodox Theology*, ch. 88, sec. 153.

"The Roman Church says: 'It was a sacrifice most acceptable unto God, offered by his Son on the altar of the cross, which entirely appeased the wrath and indignation of the Father.'—*Catechism*, Coun. Trent, XV.

"The Westminster Confession of Faith says: 'The Lord Jesus by his perfect obedience and sacrifice of himself hath fully satisfied the justice of his Father, and hath purchased reconciliation and entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven for all whom his Father hath given him.'

"The two conceptions upon which the dogma rests are, appeasement of an angry God by pain, and substitution of a victim in the room and stead of an offender."

Our author next points out a tendency at the present time on the part of theologians to "retain the terms of the doctrine while throwing overboard its contents," because society has come to recognize that "both its ethical conception of God and its moral estimate of man are unworthy." Against this attempt at intellectual jugglery Dr. McConnell protests, insisting in further elucidating the subject that:

"If it be not true, it ought to be cast out as an intruder within the holy place. Propitiation of God by sacrifice and the transference of righteousness from the innocent to the guilty are of the very essence of it. But these are both survivals from an ancient paganism. To outroot them was the purpose of Judaism and Christianity. In this Judaism failed, and perished through being itself slowly transformed into an idolatry. Christianity has been saved from a like failure only because it

has within it the living Christ. But the time must come, and ought not to be far distant, when his work among men will be interpreted in terms and images freed from the taint of out-grown savagery, terms which will not offend the moral sense of a world which has been led to leave such ethical *betises* far behind.

"Propitiatory sacrifice belongs at a stage of development through which all people pass. At that stage God and the devil for them are one. They suspect themselves to be in the presence of unseen powers which are able to help or hurt. Their gods are even such as they themselves are. If they are unwilling, they can be bribed; if they are angry, they can be appeased by presents. The African savage offers his demon a goat, the South Sea Islander placates his god with a plantain, the Phœnician mother burns her child to please Moloch, the Mexican priest tears the heart from a comely youth and holds it dripping toward the heavens. The motive is everywhere the same. It is to avert the anger or to bribe the good offices of a god. At a somewhat later stage the 'scapegoat' idea enters. Every year at the Thurgelia the Athenians dragged a man and a woman to the brink of the Acropolis and hurled them to death that they might bear away a year's sins from the city of the Violet Crown. The Romans threw their victims from the Tarpeian Rock to the same end. In Babylon a young man was crucified at each summer solstice to bear away the sins of the people.

"It has been a fond device of theology to interpret all these cruel customs as unconscious prophecies of the Great Sacrifice to be made at the right time for the sins of the whole world, as but fragmentary shadows of the Cross flung backward along the dim pathway of human history. Especially has this been claimed for the bloody rites of the people of Israel. This claim is utterly without support. The whole weight of evolutionary science and ordered history is against it. These phenomena are coming to be more and more intelligible, and indeed to have a worth of their own, but this is because they are seen to be the natural and spontaneous expression of religion at a stage of evolution where men are otherwise ignorant and brutal. They bear the same relation to the religion of Christ that the crude moral judgments of savage men do to the morality of Jesus. The attempt to interpret him in terms of primitive cult is to shut up the sun of righteousness in troglodytic caves.

"Nor ought we to be any longer misled by

the theory that the institutes of Moses and the Levitical system bear any different relation to Christ. The Sacrificial System was no institute of Moses, either with or without divine sanction. What that great religious master did in the region of worship was the counterpart of what he effected in the sphere of Law. When, for example, he fixed the law of retaliation at 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' he was not establishing a code of vengeance. On the contrary, he was confining within the narrowest bounds possible a custom of vengeance universally prevalent. . . . So with Sacrifice. It was an ethnic custom, universal, extravagant, prodigal, cruel. The backward people whom Moses led knew no other mode in which to express their piety. What he did was to limit the custom within the narrowest bounds possible at the time and place. He did not pronounce it good, nor did he contemplate its perpetuity. His successors among the prophets strove continuously to give the every-day devotion of the people a higher and more reasonable direction."

■ In speaking of the effort of the prophets to counteract the sacerdotalism of Israel, our author continues:

"The history of Israel is as simple as it is melancholy. The Prophets and the Hierarchy strove together throughout its whole course. Finally the voice of the prophet ceased and the priests remained in possession. Five centuries before Christ that System which was not of Moses but elaborated in pagan Babylon, was set up in all its gorgeous barbarity, and from that time on the moral declension of the Hebrews was steady and inexorable. Religion was for them the placation of a god by gifts; holiness was a ceremonial cleanliness with no moral quality. The prophet had cried in vain his 'thus saith the Lord, to what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me? I am surfeited with burnt-offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts, and I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs or of he goats. Who hath required this at your hands when ye come to tread my courts?' It was a religion of the shambles and the medicine-man, and broke itself to pieces against the Son of Man. His direction was to bury it out of sight in the cemetery of the dead.

"And yet within three centuries of his crucifixion we find this ancient idol enthroned upon the altar of the Christian Church! What will

explain or account for the substitution of this hideous changeling in the holy cradle?"

Did the apostles and early teachers at first believe in or preach the dogma of the Atonement? To this query Dr. McConnell positively replies, They did not. For thirty years, he insists, they had no defined Christology.

"They were immediately concerned with his resurrection and its practical results. As to the Person who had risen, they presented him under a variety of terms, with the general purport that he was a divinely-exalted person, but they did not identify him with God. Six weeks after the Resurrection, Peter, as the delegate of the apostolic band, for the first time preached Christ to the crowd. He introduces him as 'a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders which God did by him,' as 'the Holy One,' 'the Messiah.' A little later, in his next address, he calls him, 'the Righteous One,' 'the Prince of Life,' 'the Servant Jesus whom God anointed,' 'a Prince and Saviour.' Stephen used words of like import. Paul in his great sermon at Athens, spoke only of 'Jesus and the Resurrection.' It is noteworthy that in that same sermon, when he was arguing with the Greeks about the real nature of God, as contrasted with their idols, he makes no mention of Christ at all. At this point they stood for many years."

In the dogma of the Atonement, our author believes, lies the fatal weakness of the church to-day in appealing to the imagination of the world, and especially in appealing to those who are the moral and intellectual leaders of society. They cannot accept this religion that exalts a pagan concept that is revolting to reason, an insult to Deity, and which in its nature is anything but ennobling as the supreme fact in a religious system. The world in the days of the early church had no such difficulty in accepting the doctrine of the Atonement, because it was in keeping with the popular ideals of pagan civilization: and the ethics of the Christians, even after the acceptance of the Atonement as a cardinal dogma, were far in advance of those of most of the barbarian races, such as the Lombards and other northern peoples. Now, however, all this is changed and the writer holds that: "The moral ideals of men have overtaken and passed beyond and above those contained in the doctrinal presentations of Christianity. . . . It is the bald fact that the dogma of the propitiatory sacrifice of

Christ, which has for so long been exhibited as the central truth of Christianity, is now rejected by a society whose moral sense has outgrown it. The whole scheme of which it forms the logical basis is felt to be immoral as well as untrue. The average man of to-day does not believe that human nature is but the moral wreck and debris of an Edenic man. . . . He will not believe that a course of action which would be wrong for a man can be right for God. He believes that justice and equity are the same things for God that they are for man."

It is not strange, then, that the church finds its real hold on the heart of the people weakening at every point. In regard to this our author observes:

"Probably most Christian Ministers will agree that it is growing increasingly difficult for them to gain a hearing for their gospel. They will agree also that those most difficult to win are the good men rather than the bad ones. The late Professor Bruce—whose orthodoxy none will question—has left on record these strange words: 'I am disposed to think that a great and increasing portion of the moral worth of society lies outside the Christian Church, separated from it not by godlessness, but rather by exceptional intense moral earnestness. Many, in fact, have left the church in order to be Christians.'"

The new world in which we live calls for higher concepts than those which obtained in the earlier periods.

"Religious thought no longer moves among governmental ideas and legal fictions. It has become biological. In the processes of the spirit the watchwords are not justification, but development; not salvation, but character; its antitheses are not acquittal and condemnation, but living and perishing. It is known that hereditary evil is a force which works within the life, and not a penal inheritance passed down from an ancestor. It believes that righteousness *is* salvation, and that nothing else is. . . . To a world at this stage 'vicarious' redemption cannot be preached. They will not accept it at any price. If they be still assured that this is really God's method, they will answer, with John Stuart Mill: 'I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellowmen; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.' The well-meant attempts to find analogies for the doc-

trine in the experiences of life are rejected by the intelligence and the conscience both alike."

Dr. McConnell clearly shows how wide of the mark are all these illustrations. "Every martyr of a holy cause sacrifices himself deliberately, but that does not render innocent the multitude who stone him. The soldier lays down his life on the field to save his country, but this does not lessen the guilt of the enemy who kills him. The mother starves herself that her children may eat bread; the engineer goes down to death with his hand on the reverse-lever, that the passengers may be saved; the merchant pays his friend's debt to save his friend's good name. But none of these sacrifices have anything in common with that interpretation of Christ's death which we denounce. In none of these transactions is there anything like a transference of moral status or an 'imputation' of righteousness."

Again he observes:

"Augustine, Anselm, Calvin, Luther, these are great names. They have laid their hands upon the souls of millions, dead and living. Honestly believing that they were preaching Christ, they have propagated a gloomy paganism, which has gone far to render the cross of Christ of none effect. . . . What the Archbishop Magee calls 'this reversion to the worst ideas of pagan sacrifice, savoring of the heathen temple and reeking of blood,' is woven into the very fabric of Confessions, Articles, and Liturgies. And most depressing of all, it is seriously defended by scientific Theology."

After the discussion of the origin and nature of the doctrine of the Atonement and its influence on human lives, Dr. McConnell passes to a notice of the question, Was it a part of the message of Jesus?

"To begin with, let us ask the plain question, Did Jesus himself conceive of himself as a propitiatory sacrifice, or his work as an expiation? The only answer possible is, Clearly he did not."

It is impossible to follow the masterly arguments here advanced to prove that Christ entertained no such idea as the orthodox church of to-day holds. It is sufficient to say that his reasoning is very strong, clear, and, to us, convincing, as is also his argument that such was not the conception of the apostles when the church was founded. How the belief grew

up, why it was so readily accepted, is also shown with great clearness. This part of the discussion is marked by close reasoning and the fearless, candid spirit that characterizes the honest, sincere seeker after the truth, who is ready to follow where'er she may lead. It is an argument that no Christian should fail to consider and one which we believe will more and more engross the attention of the thoughtful.

IV. JESUS CHRIST.

Dr. McConnell holds that in the resurrection of Christ lay the potency of Jesus' message to the early church. "It was not until after that event that his personality assumed any world-wide significance. . . . It was the news of the resurrection which arrested attention. The belief in it has, in sober verity, wrought the most momentous result within human history. It transformed man's estimate of himself and of God. The fact was the essential content of the Apostles' evangel. Their burden was not atonement, or redemption, or heaven, or hell, but the announcement of the possibility of continued existence for the individual man as a consequence of the event which they heralded. . . . Our first introduction, both in the order of thought and the order of history, is to the Risen Christ. But this having been made, the inquiries spring up,—What is he? and what does he signify? The first converts apparently made little or no effort to estimate his nature. They were content to take the gospel as preached. They believed that if they lived according to the 'Way' announced, they would like him, survive their own deaths. Indeed, it may fairly be said that the working formula of Christianity has always been the same, with the modification that 'eternal happiness' has been substituted for 'eternal living.'"

Of Jesus and his message our author observes:

"Two words dominate all his speech,—'Life' and 'Death.' With these two phenomena, which are really one, he concerned himself entirely. His problem was, What can be done with the individual human existence? Can it be extended beyond the term which we call natural? And if so, how? The eternal absurdity is that men die. The higher the individual rises in the scale of being, the more he revolts from the necessity. It puzzles his

understanding. It stultifies his conscience. . . . This inescapable horror is the unique experience of man. He can disguise it, accept it, jest at it, forget it, damn it, according to his mood, but it is, after all, the determining force in his action. It increases just in proportion as his nature climbs and expands. The brute knows it not. The brute-like man is touched by it little, if at all. But, in measure as the individual consciousness of being deepens and expands and entangles itself with ever-extending relationships, it is the more oppressed by this brutal surd.

"To this primal need of humanity Jesus addresses himself. Whatever he accomplished was accomplished here. His problem and his task were biological. But he takes it up at the point where the human biologist lays it down. Is the individual human life composed of such stuff, or does it contain within it such qualities, or can it be moulded to such potencies that it can break through the barrier called death? This is the question he asked; and the answer is Christianity, and nothing else is.

"He pronounces at the outset that the thing is possible, but difficult. He introduces it under the category of a 'Kingdom.' But the moment that word is pronounced, we have to be on our guard lest we miss its meaning. He uses the term habitually in its biological and not its political sense. In other connections we are familiar with that use. We speak of the Mineral 'Kingdom,' the Vegetable 'Kingdom,' the Animal 'Kingdom.' In no other sense does he use the word for his New Kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven. It is a scientific Classification. Had naturalists and scientific men instead of metaphysicians and jurists formulated Christian theology, the world would have been spared an incalculable confusion. . . . His gospel is the 'gospel of the Kingdom'; that is, the new order of existence, the 'New Man.' Those who find their way into the New Kingdom live because life is the law of that Kingdom; those who fail or neglect to do so much are left where they belong, under the old brutal necessity of perishing. He points out what the condition of entrance into the New Kingdom is. It is by transformation—transmutation rather—of the life which the individual shares with the form next below. 'Except ye be born again ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.' . . . Ignorance is suicide. It is a threadbare dictum of the great Synthetic Philosopher that

'life is conditioned upon adaptation to environment.' Eternal life is conditioned upon the discovery of the environing God. This is the open secret of Christ. Eternal life is a stage of evolution, difficult but possible."

V. CHRISTIANS AND CHRISTIANITY.

In his consideration of Christ, the Christian man and the Christian church, Dr. McConnell's position is in many respects similar to that taken by the eminent Dr. Edwin Hatch in a series of notable lectures given a short time before his death, in the Hibbert Course, at Oxford, England. In these addresses, which dealt with "The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church," Dr. Hatch said:

"It is impossible for any one, whether he be a student of history or no, to fail to notice a difference of both form and content between the Sermon on the Mount and the Nicene Creed. The Sermon on the Mount is the promulgation of a new law of conduct; . . . the theological conceptions which underlie it belong to the ethical rather than the speculative side of theology; metaphysics are wholly absent. The Nicene Creed is a statement partly of historical facts and partly of dogmatic inferences; the metaphysical terms which it contains would probably have been unintelligible to the first disciples; ethics have no place in it. The one belongs to the world of Syrian peasants, the other to a world of Greek philosophers."

And again he observes:

"In investigating this problem, the first point that is obvious to an inquirer is, that the change in the center of gravity from conduct to belief is coincident with the transference of Christianity from a Semitic to a Greek soil. . . . The religion which our Lord preached was rooted in Judaism. . . . The Greek Christianity of the fourth century was rooted in Hellenism."

Dr. McConnell also finds the religion of Jesus to be a religion of life. He points out that:

"The foundation-stones of Christianity are these two,—'God is Love'; and, 'Ye are the sons of God.' The small extent to which they are believed to be true is amazing. Judging

from the every-day speech of men, the very opposite belief prevails. God is conceived of as essentially Power; and man a rather contemptible but vain being, in whose fortunes God is not necessarily concerned in any other way than he is with the rest of his creation. Christ's God is his own father, and the father of all his human brethren. . . . 'Love finds a way'; and love takes no account of cost. Christ looks upon men not as manikins created by a divine fiat, but as the fruit of God's loins. Their Father's love for them is inescapable by himself. His own content and his own completeness are bound with them. His fatherhood is not one of majesty but of real parentage. . . . Pain is the eternal concomitant of loving. Whosoever loves places himself within the power of the object of his affection. His happiness is no longer in his own keeping. If the loved one suffer, he suffers; if the love be unrequited, it becomes a torment. Moreover, love is the inevitable product of relationships. In its purest possible form it is the affection of a parent for a child. The higher the nature of the parent, the more inextinguishable the love. Among beasts parental affection is of brief duration, and vanishes away. Among men it lasts long, but is not inextinguishable. If the parent be absolutely good, as God, the love will be deathless. No waywardness of the child, no deformity, no folly, and no crime can beat it off."

The Christian must be born into the kingdom of Love; become in deed and in fact the child of Love, the true altruist.

"If one shall say, then, 'Is this all? Is Christianity simply to do good to one's fellows?' The answer is, Yes; this is all it is. 'For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Verily I say unto you that inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

"It is commonly assumed that the disturbing element in life is that thing which we call Sin. But this is not Christ's view. It is most significant that while he lived he offended the moralist and the conventionally religious by what they thought to be the laxity of his moral judgments. Publicans and sinners were his daily companions. The woman surprised in

the very act of committing the capital offence against social morals was rescued by him from her accusers, and dismissed with only a kindly warning. The leman of Simon the Pharisee received from him no harsher condemnation than 'she sinned much because she also loved much.' On the other hand, Dives, whom he consigned to the torments of hell, had not actively sinned at all. The Scribes and Pharisees, whom he denounced unsparingly, were probably as little liable to accusation as it is possible for men to be.

"His contention from first to last is that the evil in life is not sin, but Selfishness. It would probably be more accurate to say that he reached down to the fundamental truth that all sin at bottom is selfishness. There is really no other sin. All offences are, when analyzed, seen to be but allotropic forms of this one. Lust is but the longing to possess, without regard to the good of the thing possessed. Hate is but the cold determination to rid one's self of the person whose existence disturbs his sense of well-being. Its final expression is murder, for, as Shylock says, 'hateth any man the thing he would not kill?' Theft is selfishness, pure and simple. So of all other 'immoralities' whatsoever, they are but expressions of a personal attitude. Christianity, on the other hand, is Altruism. But it is altruism made dynamic. The amazing thing is that it should be persistently presented as self-seeking, raised to its highest power, and given the sanction of a religious obligation. For what else is the exhortation to the individual to 'seek salvation,' to 'save his soul'? And what other motive impels the monk and recluse to withdraw from the world of affections in the hope of finding his own highest good? Christ's dictum—which is not a paradox—is, 'he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it.' It is the fundamental law of the Kingdom."

Christ was above all, according to our author, the revealer of divinity. And in what way did he draw aside the veil? In what manner did he usher humanity into the audience chamber of the Infinite? Not by way of the mind; not by the door of conscience. No; but through the portals of the heart; by the glorious highway of Love.

"I have said that we only know so much of God as can be expressed in terms of humanity. But humanity opens through one avenue, and through one avenue only, into the infinite.

The flesh is circumscribed within the boundaries of physical law. The mind has wider scope, but even intellectual action quickly reaches a point beyond which it cannot move. The conscience is let and hindered by the infirmity of the will. But the *power to love* is literally without bounds. So far as one can see, there is no limit to its field of action or to its duration. Unlike all other human faculties it appears to be incapable of fatigue. The more it works the more vigorous it grows. It has no point of breaking strain. It nourishes itself with the juices which itself supplies. It appears to be independent upon physical conditions. Love is stronger than death. It is not conditioned upon intellectual vigor, and is largely, if not altogether, outside the operation of the will. Through this rift in phenomenal being Christ exhibits God.

"For, when all is said, Christianity is an affection. All its institutions, its machinery, its codes and disciplines, are but vehicles to convey the emotion of Love. Its triumphs are all measured finally by the extent to which it has shown this affection. Its failures are all failures of affection. For 'God is Love; and he that loveth is born of God.' . . . Christ's dictum is that God is the eternal principle of Love, self-conscious and intelligent, receiving and returning the affection of all in his universe who have attained unto the 'will to love.' . . . The Sermon on the Mount is the pronouncement of his Kingdom. It is 'Love.' 'Love even your enemies; do good even to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' His Kingdom has place, therefore, not in the realms of knowledge or morals, but of the affections."

The heart-hunger of the age is for a religion that shall light the soul with the holy flame of deathless love. Not the dead Christ, not the Christ of theology, not the Christ of the schoolman or the theorist; but Christ the revealer and inspirer,—the revealer of Divinity in its supreme manifestation of love in such a way as to transmute egoism into altruism.

"He who listens attentively to the multitudinous voices of our world of to-day will learn that it is well disposed toward a revival of religion. But it must be a religion which will satisfy its real longings. Its mind has been for

two or three generations stimulated to a preternatural activity. It already begins to show the symptoms of that lassitude which surfeit causes. It has also received and assimilated the contents of that great generalization which is expressed by 'the reign of law.' It is no longer in the mood to be moved by a religion of thought or a religion of restraints; but is groping with all its fingers to find a religion of goodwill."

Such in brief is an outline of this remarkable volume which is so pregnant with spiritual illumination, so vibrant with truth, that it should command the earnest attention of all who love humanity and who are laboring for a broader and a truer civilization. But in saying this we do not wish to be understood as accepting all the views advanced. Some of Dr. McConnell's positions seem to us incongruous, and at times we are at a loss to understand how his views square with the teachings of the great Nazarene. These lines, for example, seem strangely incongruous to us as coming from one who has so exalted and luminous a conception of the meek and lowly Nazarene and the Prince of Peace:

"Nor may the Christian put aside the sword when that is the weapon to which love points. The Puritans had a fine phrase for the character which they held in honor, 'He was faithful even unto slaying.'"

The characterization of Count Totstói's renunciation and his living the Christ-life as he is doing, as "a feeble and essentially selfish way," leads us to feel that at times this usually clear-visioned and independent thinker is overmastered by the imperial sway of prejudice and pre-conceived opinion. Yet in spite of our inability to follow the author at all times, this volume impresses us as being more instinct with the spirit of Jesus and his gospel than any work on Christ that has appeared in many decades. It is a message addressed to the heart of the Christian world, or that part of the Christian world which has found itself in the far country of a soulless, dogmatic theology. Starving, it has naught better than husks upon which to feed, while it yearns for the bread of life. It is a message of hope and cheer that should prove a way-shower to thousands who have well-nigh lost their faith in God and man.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

Essays of the Day. By Theodore T. Munger.
Cloth. Pp. 227. Price, \$1.00 net. Boston:
Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THIS volume of religious and literary essays is marked by the grace and charm of style that characterize all the writings and sermons of Dr. Munger. The essay on *The Scarlet Letter* is one of the most discriminating and on the whole satisfying criticisms of this remarkable romance of Hawthorne's that has appeared. In it the author displays that intimate sympathy with the thinker about whom he writes that enables him to understand and interpret in a luminous and suggestive manner. Indeed we think that nowhere is Dr. Munger so much the master as when he essays literary criticism.

In his religious essays he impresses us as far less fortunate. The first essay in the book, in which he discusses some immediate questions relating to the church, affords a striking case in point. We commenced its perusal with the keenest anticipations of pleasure and profit. We closed it with feelings of mingled disappointment and regret. The opening paragraphs are marked by a broad, tolerant and discerning spirit. Soon, however, we became aware of that play and interplay of liberal and reactionary thought—that sympathy with liberal ideals along certain lines, and distrust of views and theories which are new and at the same time are outside of the range of sympathetic vision—which impairs the critical value of many works otherwise admirable in all great transition periods. Dr. Munger is quick to see the weakness of religious dogmas and creeds within certain churches, when they lead to opposition to the laws of evolution and the higher criticism; yet apparently he fails to recognize how incomparably more intellect-binding are the tenets of a church that boasts of an infallible earthly head and which arbitrarily and dogmatically prescribes what may and may not be read, discussed and believed in.

In the general discussion there is so much

that is fine, discriminating and in tune with the spirit of progress that the weakness of other parts is all the more apparent. It is a weakness that we think is more frequently found among theologians than among any other class of reasoners. They may be broad-visioned and judicial along certain lines, but shift the point of vision, and all is changed. They suddenly become narrow and reactionary. That which was good before, now, on another plane, awakens distrust and calls forth bursts of intolerant expression; and that which was criticised in the first instance no longer calls for censure when it relates to another body. And this confusion of vision, owing to prejudice and the imperfect understanding of theories about which they are not masters, clouds the intellectual perception. This conflict between the inspiration of progress and the instincts of conservatism, of breadth of thought and love of freedom with reactionary impulses, makes an essayist illogical and an unsafe guide.

In this essay Dr. Munger describes in a most admirable manner the present drift among Protestant churches toward union. There are one hundred and forty-seven religious denominations in America. They are the result largely of taking the Scriptures literally and emphasizing certain passages. All have their texts and authoritative utterances that are to them convincing. Yet these churches and their creeds arose "out of the speculative and not the religious spirit." And now the change is coming over Christendom in which the emphasis is being "transferred from the sphere of speculation, where chiefly the denominations originated, to the sphere of action, to psychology and human society." He finds that "the era of division or separation seems drawing to an end." Still he does not see the wisdom or practicability of outward union. In this connection he makes the following thoughtful observations:

"As God is infinitely complex in form but one in spirit, so religion may wear many forms and bear many names, and yet have one spirit.

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Complexity is not the enemy of unity; it is rather the cause of it, but the unity is of another kind than form or name. The multiplicity may be excessive, and then the bramble and forest must yield to make room for better and fewer growths. But the world is slowly finding out that the less the State meddles with the Church, and the less churches meddle with one another, the better it is for all concerned. Religion is an ethereal thing, so personal and sacred that every fine soul holds it to be a matter between himself and God.

"No mistake can be greater than to suppose that shutting up religious truths in binding forms—either of creed or church—acts otherwise than as a fetter. . . . There is one thing that man loves more than religion, and that is freedom."

But this tendency to seek union is but one aspect of the religious question. The dying out of the popular interest in the churches is everywhere apparent, the two chief reasons, it is claimed by the church, being the evolutionary philosophy and the higher criticism. And here Dr. Munger places himself squarely on the side of progress, ably defending the evolutionary principles and those of the higher criticism. He shows how the churches, by opposing these things, necessarily lose their hold upon the more thoughtful of the people. In this connection, however, the author seems to wholly overlook the fact that the church has lost her power over the imagination of the masses more through recreancy to the social ideals than in any other way. She has imitated too frequently the Pharisees and Scribes of olden times and has honored those who, while posing as pillars in the church and patrons of education, are destroying widows' homes and waxing fat by means of indirection—by thinly-disguised forms of usury, exaction and unjust spoliation. The fact that the church to-day would not recognize Christ, were he to come in the habit and employing the same words and ethical teachings which fell from his lips of old, seems to have escaped him. The spectacle of the clergy of all Russia preaching war, while Christ preached peace, does not impress many of our religious leaders as anything incongruous; because the church with us is also doing so many things that are diametrically opposed to the teachings and example of the meek and lowly Nazarene, not the least of which is the exalting and honoring of the rich and the powerful, whom she would

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"Remote as the cause may seem, this change is largely due to the democratic spirit that pervades the nation. A new conception of society and of human relations has led men to feel that their duties to others are equal if not paramount to those due themselves. This impregnating idea is reinforced in no small degree by the pulpit, so far as it has come under the influence of modern thought and learned the real meaning of the New Testament. But the people have outrun the preacher and the church. Strong spiritual movements lay hold of the masses sooner than upon those who live and think among established theories.

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ministration are "needed before Labor returns to the Church."

Dr. Munger's ignorance of or indifference to the fundamental demand of social ethics, which is also the heart of democracy—the demand for equality of opportunities and of rights—leads him to ignore or overlook the most burning question of the hour and, as we have observed, the chief cause of the falling away of the people from the church that has become recreant to the ideal and commands of her Master.

We suspect, however, that the author is wholly out of sympathy with the larger ideals of justice and social rectitude of our time; and herein we can find an explanation for his laudation of the Catholic Church, which certainly should come in for greater censure than the Protestant denominations on the score of failing to approve the evolutionary theory and the demands of the higher criticism. Indeed, we are warranted in these inferences by his statement after quoting some favorable remarks by a professor in the Union Theological Seminary. He observes: "The need which he (the professor) did not name has been met by its position on the labor question." The reactionary position of the author on social questions is evinced in the fact that the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on labor challenges his admiration, but he has no words of praise for that logical masterpiece of fundamental justice which it called forth—*The Condition of Labor*, by Henry George, which shows so clearly and with such unanswerable logic the confusion in the Pope's mind and the sophistry of his arguments. This laudation of the Catholic Church, coming on the heels of his defence of evolution and the higher criticism from the assaults of the Protestant clergy, shows how the reactionary and conventional social theories of a theologian can lead him to utter such equivocal twaddle as the following:

"It (the Roman Catholic Church) stands for sound ethics, for humanity, for learning, and also for science and progress and modern thought, but in a somewhat hampered sense,—encyclically denied, but practically recognized."

If leaders among our Protestant theologians are going to ignore the fundamental or basic demands of social ethics and seek to make common ground with reactionaries, because they wish to stem the onward tide of democracy

and of social justice, they may win the applause of privileged interests and predatory wealth, but they will only serve to widen the breach between the church and the mighty masses of intelligent American manhood. The confusion of thought and absence of a sense of moral proportion, owing to the presence and active interplay of liberal theological and reactionary social ideals, destroy the value of the thought of a writer.

Space prevents our noticing at length the other essays in this volume, but the excellence of the chapter on *The Scarlet Letter* and the defects of his treatment of present-day problems illustrate at once the strength and weakness of the author.

The Castaway. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Cloth. Pp. 443. Price, \$1.00 net. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

IN THIS story the romantic young authoress of *Hearts Courageous* has a theme that must have proved congenial. The life of Lord Byron was filled with love, romance and excitement. It was marked by a florescence of genius, but most unfortunately envied. Handsome of face, deformed of limb, intensely sensitive, and lacking in power of restraint and self-mastery, he frequently committed excesses that must ever be a source of sadness and regret to all who admire his splendid verse. Fate was unkind to him on the social side of life. He was weak when it would have been a supreme excellence to be strong. But he was glorious in death. Here we behold noble consecration to the cause of freedom, and the proud and manly exit from the stage of life that resembles a splendid sunset after a day of clouds for the most and not without its storms.

Miss Rives' strong sympathy with Byron leads her to throw an added glamor over a life which was one of the most picturesque and romantic among England's poets. Her picture of Byron, however, if one remembers that it is painted by an artist enamored of her subject and very jealous for the emphasizing of its charms while not so much concerned with the faithful portrayal of its defects, is excellent; and the picture of the life and times in which Byron lived is admirably drawn. The story throbs with life and is invested with much subtle charm. One finds that he comes nearer the flesh-and-blood creation as he peruses its pages than when reading most of the biog-

raphies of Byron. Still there is of course the objection that is rightly urged against all stories that deal with the lives of prominent personages in the guise of romance: here is truth, and there is fiction. They are blended into one, and the reader not familiar with the subject dealt with becomes acquainted with a life which, however attractive and compelling in its influence, is the creation of the romancer's brain rather than that of the personage supposed to be described. And frequently, very frequently, the accessories to the central setting—the other actors, especially those pitted against the author's idol—are ridiculed and misrepresented in a shameful manner. In this respect Miss Rives sins less markedly, we think, than most writers who take historic characters as central figures in their romances.

The volume is handsomely gotten up. Many of the drawings are printed in color and all are excellently executed. It is a work that we think will be widely read, and in view of the fact that Lord Byron has suffered far more than he deserved from the critics in the past, the present work will perhaps make for a juster estimate of one of the sweetest, most eloquent and gifted singers and poets of modern times.

Huldah. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan. Cloth. Pp. 316. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THIS is a delightful and wholesome story, full of common-sense philosophy expressed in homely speech. It is one of the best books that has yet appeared of a class of stories of the lowly life of our time which have become quite popular of late and of which *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch* is the best-known example. *Huldah*, however, is in our judgment incomparably superior to the former work when considered from an ethical view-point. The philosophy of Mrs. Wiggs impresses us as often fallacious and not unfrequently pernicious, as it is not calculated to develop a passion for justice and right, which at the present time should receive special emphasis from all earnest and thoughtful writers. Again, it teaches at times, as it seems to us, views unfavorable to the development of reserve force and the highest and finest things in life. We do not need the happy-go-lucky philosophy of easy-going and listless content enlarged upon. What we need is robust manhood and

serious and passionate love for justice and human rights so taught as to become the master-ideals in shaping the plastic life of youth.

Huldah, the dominating character who gives the name to the volume, belongs to a large family of frontier philosophers who without book-learning or the educational advantages common to almost all present-day American children, have arrived at conclusions not unlike those taught by the most enlightened sages and philosophers touching life's problems, duties and responsibilities. She is a true woman, whose heart goes out in tender affection for all earth's unfortunate ones with whom she comes in contact. But especially does she love the children, and so it comes to pass that her little home becomes a veritable orphan asylum. Later she moves into larger quarters, but the only change that the new environment brings is seen in the enlarged sphere of usefulness.

The story, though it deals only with the lowly life, is replete with action and incident which sometimes becomes spirited and exciting. No one can read this story without being drawn to Aunt Huldah Sarvice, whose life is a perpetual benediction; a woman of strong common-sense, but whose views of life are usually in alignment with the higher expression of the finest natures and the dreams of the noblest teachers.

The Penobscot Man. By Fanny Hardy Eckstrom. Cloth. Pp. 326. Price, \$1.25 net. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THIS volume is composed of ten short stories of the logging-camps of Maine. It is history rather than romance, being tales of striking happenings, often tragic but always full of human interest, and giving impressive views of a phase of our sturdy American life about which little is known save in the forest-regions where logging is the principal industry. The author has invested her stories with the charm that only marks the writings of one gifted with imagination and the poet's love of life and nature. They are gems of their kind; solemn and mournful at times as the somber-murmuring pines and hemlocks of the primeval forest so well known to the actors with whom she deals.

Yet the stories are not all sad. In every instance they impress the reader with their verity. We are not in the presence of the

puppets of a romancer. No carpet-knights or artificial ladies are here found. The characters are all sturdy flesh-and-blood people of our day and generation—people who are entirely human and who, in spite of their narrow and limited horizon, are by no means wanting in strength and nobility of character. The volume is a distinct addition to the romance literature giving faithful pictures of passing phases of American life and cannot fail to delight lovers of good short stories.

The tales are so uniformly good that it is hard to single out any for special praise, but the little one entitled "A Clump of Posies" will linger in the mind as the fragrance of the blossoms of the wild-grape or the odor of the wild crab-apple blooms linger in the memory of those who as boys and girls have wandered through the virgin forest when these peerless perfumes were borne upon the wings of the springtime breeze.

An Evans of Suffolk. By Anna Farquhar. Cloth. Pp. 408. Price, \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

THIS is a striking romance of modern social life in Boston which will hold the interest of most readers to its closing line. It deals with a beautiful and accomplished girl, Harriet Evans, whose father, a criminal and fugitive, is a dark and sinister influence in her life. Harriet possesses the fatal gift of beauty in an eminent degree. She is regal in bearing and fascinating in manner, but is compelled to earn her livelihood and in so far as possible help support her mother. She battles with the world in the savage struggle so well known to tens of thousands of our American girls. In time she becomes worldly and lives a butterfly life, though behind and beneath her frivolity and the cynicism that such an existence breeds is a strong, fine character, which prevents her from committing those fatal mistakes which lead to ruin. She succeeds in securing a position as companion to a lady of means and goes to Paris. Later, when returning to America, she meets Gordon Fuller, the young scion of a rich and exclusive Boston family. He falls madly in love with her, and the two are married. The story deals chiefly with the thrilling episodes of their married life, in which the fear of being recognized by her old admirers, who would reveal her identity as a Boston waitress in the old days to the social set of the

Fullers, haunts her at every turn. Yet the dread of such exposure is less terrible than the fear that something may transpire by which her husband will learn that she is the daughter of a famous criminal. In an unhappy moment her drunken father appears on the scene and greatly adds to the harassment of the wife and to the complications in the plot.

There are many exciting incidents and some that are highly dramatic. The strong, steadfast love of the young husband and its transforming influence on his bride gives moral dignity and worth to the romance and leads the two into the haven of the Heart's desire.

The stress and strain of the story are relieved by a charming comedy element contributed by the vivacious young sister of Gordon Fuller and her red-headed lover, Bucky Stranger. The latter, after many rebuffs, wins the maiden he has come to love with an affection strong enough to make him settle down to a purposeful and successful business career. The story is well written and is on the whole superior to the majority of present-day novels.

The Watchers of the Trails. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Charles Livingstone Bull. Cloth. Pp. 361. Price, \$2.00. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

ALL LOVERS of nature and the wild creatures of forest and field cannot fail to be delighted with this new volume of nature stories. Mr. Roberts does not belong to that class of authors who endow animals and birds with absolutely human powers of reasoning; neither does he belong to that other but smaller class who seem to regard them as devoid of all reasoning faculty. The author spent much of his early youth on the outskirts of a great forest, where he learned to know and love the denizens of the wood; to understand their habits and mental processes. Animals have personalities differing as widely as do those of human beings, and he who lives much among them will come to recognize these differences of temperament and understand the motives which underlie their various actions. And in these tales, many of which are vouched for as absolutely true in detail, while all are true in essence, Mr. Roberts has endeavored to make clear these motives and mental processes of the "kindred of the wild." With respect to his attempt in this direction Mr. Roberts says:

"The psychological processes of the animals are so simple, so obvious, in comparison with those of man, their actions flow so directly from their springs of impulse, that it is, as a rule, an easy matter to infer the motives which are at any one moment impelling them. In my desire to avoid alike the melodramatic, the visionary and the sentimental, I have studied to keep well within the limits of safe inference. Where I may have seemed to state too confidently the motives underlying the special action of this or that animal, it will usually be found that the action itself is very fully presented; and it will, I think, be further found that the motive which I have here assumed affords the most reasonable, if not the only reasonable, explanation of that action."

The volume contains twenty-two stories, of which perhaps the best are *The Alien of the Wild*, *The Freedom of the Black-Faced Ram*, and *The Kill*. The book is beautifully and profusely illustrated by Charles Livingstone Bull.

Amy C. Rich.

The Twilight of the Gods. By Mowry Saben. Cloth. Pp. 74. Price, \$1.00. New Bedford: The Unity Publishing House.

IN THIS little volume the author takes the legend of the passing of the gods of the ancient Teutonic Valhalla as the text for a plea for wider freedom. The key-note of his thesis is found in the following from his introduction:

"I would fain see life fair, sweet, and wholesome. And I know that the life of Man can never be a blessing, unalloyed with a curse, until men—in the last analysis, all men—are free inwardly and outwardly.

"Unlike some whose cry for liberty is louder than it is deep, I do not expect to see the passing of religion and the higher aspirations of earth as a consequence of freedom. Rather do I look forward with an almost impatient eagerness to that nobler religion and those higher aspirations which are destined to come when we shall have attained unto absolute freedom. Man is not to become something less but something more. . . . Let us, then, be free. Remove all shackles from the mind and body that we may see at last what the ages have dreamed of so long—a Man."

The author holds that the passing of the deities of the old order was due to their imperfections. Errors held the seeds of destruction. Only in proportion as life rises superior to evil can it persist. Growth is the key-note of life, but growth is conditioned on freedom. The present reactionary tendencies makes for slavery, for arrested development, and cast a mighty shadow over the future.

This little work was first delivered as an address in Philadelphia. It is intended to be the opening part of a more pretentious volume entitled *The Gospel of Freedom*. At the present time all works that emphasize the importance of freedom, in which the great subject is thoughtfully discussed, have a special value owing to the fact that we are in the midst of a strongly reactionary and undemocratic period which tends to reestablish the old order which would shackle the mind and place the body, in so far as it relates to the multitude, at such a disadvantage as to amount in many instances to practical serfdom. We need more of that wholesome freedom that gave modern civilization its mighty upward impulse in the revolutionary era inaugurated at Lexington.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

MR. BEARD'S COVER DESIGN: This issue of THE ARENA carries a new symbolical cover design drawn by Mr. DAN. BEARD, of our staff, and representing the Genius of Truth and Enlightenment dispelling the clouds of Ignorance and Superstition. Shakespeare says: "There is no darkness but ignorance"; and in the broadest use of that term as it applies to the thought-world, this is strictly true, for injustice, oppression, and all other evil acts spring from the most appalling phase of ignorance. He is in midnight darkness indeed who imagines that the petty, fleeting advantages or satisfactions he may obtain from a false act can in the end bring aught but Dead-sea fruit of ashes. Only as the soul is illumined by wisdom, only as the Genius of Truth or Enlightenment floods the mind with that "light that never was on sea or land," can the human heart experience pleasures which do not pall, joys which exalt and purify, and delights that also develop all that is finest in man's being. Humanity is one. He who would rise to the heights and live in the love of the ages must open his soul to the truth of all truths, must welcome the Genius of Enlightenment, knowing that in her wake follow happiness and uninterrupted growth.

The Social and Economic Conditions in the Russian Interior: In this issue of THE ARENA Mr. ADALBERT ALBRECHT gives our readers a graphic description and an able analysis of conditions as found in the heart of the empire of the Czar. This paper is of special value as it is the result of a careful personal investigation and a study of conditions as revealed by extensive travels through the interior of Russia. Mr. ALBRECHT has recently completed a commission from a leading German paper which necessitated his traveling to various parts of the Russian Empire and visiting many leading centers of population which are widely separated. He was thus able to personally investigate conditions as well as interview intelligent persons in various stations of life. Hence his conclusions are those of one who has enjoyed such exceptional privileges as have fallen to the

lot of few in recent months who are free to tell the truth. His discussion partakes of the character of expert testimony.

The Reign of Graft and the Remedy: We invite special attention to Congressman BAKER's masterly paper on "The Reign of Graft and the Remedy." The subject is one that deeply concerns every American citizen who cares for the precious heritage of free government, for already the evil is sapping the vitals of our body-politic and disintegrating social and business life. The author's marshaling of facts and the remedies suggested are such as will appeal to the sober judgment of the thoughtful. Mr. BAKER is one of the few morally strenuous statesmen in public life to-day. He is brave and incorruptible. It will be remembered that when elected to Congress from Brooklyn, New York, he offended the railroad-magnates and the editors of papers that are beholden to privileged interests because he refused to be bribed by railroad-passes or courtesies. Editors sneered at his conscientious principles, just as though they were ignorant of the fact that this form of bribery has long been recognized as one of the least expensive and most effective employed in the United States. So great an authority as the late railway-magnate, COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, in one of his letters to General COLTON, complained bitterly of the power that his rival, TOM SCOTT, was exerting over the legislators by reason of being able to fill the pockets of the people's representatives with passes on the roads running out of Washington. One of the principal reasons why the people can get no legislative relief from the secret rebate and oppressive freight-rates is because of presidents, senators, representatives and judges submitting to that indirect but effective form of bribery known as "courtesies." Congressman BAKER belongs to the old type of republican statesman who regards honor, the rights of the people and the conscientious carrying out of the principles of democratic government as sacred trusts. His paper is an able uncovering of one of the greatest evils of the day.

Professor Maxey on Great Crises in the History of Japan: In this issue we present the opening article in a series of three timely papers by Professor EDWIN MAXEY of our board of associate editors, on "Great Crises in Japanese History," considered politically and diplomatically rather than from the military or strategic view-point. The discussion this month deals with the opening up of Japan to the Western world. Next month the Chino-Japanese war will be noticed, and it will be followed by a discussion of the present struggle with Russia.

Professor Sheldon's Examination Into the Causes of Disquieting Social and Economic Phenomena: In "The School and Certain Social Conditions and Tendencies of To-day," by Professor WINTHROP D. SHELDON, LL.D., of Girard College, Philadelphia, our readers will find a paper of special interest and value. It touches upon some of the gravest aspects of present-day life in the republic in a serious and thought-compelling manner. Some of these facts are most disquieting, but they are truths that must be recognized before we shall be in a position to intelligently meet and master the evils that have too long been insidiously permeating individual and national life. Few more important discussions of a like character have appeared in recent years than this analytical and comprehensive paper by the Vice-President of Girard College.

Professor Stimson on the Japanese Renaissance: In the papers by Professor MAXEY and ROBERT TYSON the empire of the Mikado is considered historically and politically. These discussions are admirably complemented by Professor JOHN WARD STIMSON, the brilliant and scholarly author of *The Gate Beautiful*, in his interesting and suggestive discussion of the great moral, intellectual and artistic awakening in Japan. Professor STIMSON has long been a great admirer of the Japanese, whom he in common with many other scholars regards as the Greeks of the Orient.

The Window of the Soul: We call the special attention of our readers to the thoughtful paper by Dr. C. C. ABBOTT in this issue of THE ARENA. Among the well-known authors who have achieved fame on account of their works based on close observation of Nature, no living

American is entitled to higher rank as a careful and conscientious authority than Dr. Abbott. Unlike most writers of his class, he brings to his research the trained mind accustomed through years of patient research to the modern scientific methods. His observations, though directly opposed to the conclusions of some more superficial authors, are based on personal knowledge which is the fruit of years of investigation and observation. Dr. ABBOTT, after being graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, engaged for many years in scientific work in the Peabody Museum of Cambridge, Mass., and later performed the same service for the University of Pennsylvania, where he also was a lecturer. He is the author of several highly-important scientific works, and among his Nature books, *In Nature's Realm*, *Upland and Meadow*, *Notes of the Night*, *Outings at Odd Times* and others have proved especially successful.

New York as an Art Center: Our frontispiece this month is an excellently-executed portrait of General di CESNOLA, who has done so much to make the Metropolitan Museum one of the greatest art-homes and instructive institutions in the world. The fine pictures of the exterior and interior of the Museum are published through the courtesy of General di CESNOLA. Mr. ELWELL, who prepares this thoughtful paper, is the Curator of the Department of Ancient and Modern Statuary in the Metropolitan Museum. He is also one of the great sculptors of the New World, and our only regret that he is now filling his present position is that it is preventing him from giving us some more masterpieces such as his "Dickens Group," "Egypt Awakening," and "Diana and the Lion." This contribution is the opening paper in our series of discussions dealing with American art, which will be features of THE ARENA during the coming year.

The Drama as an Aid to Advancing Civilization: Believing as we do that the Stage may be made one of the most powerful engines for advancing civilization, we propose to publish from month to month notable papers that cannot fail to prove of special interest to the more thoughtful of our people, both in the dramatic profession as well as in society in general. This series was inaugurated by our symposium which appeared in our July issue on "A National Art Theater for America," in which F.

F. MACKAY, EDWIN MARKHAM and F. EDWIN ELWELL urged the establishment of a great endowed home for the American drama which would ensure the successful presentation of original works of merit, while at the same time tend to raise the popular standard and ideals in regard to dramatic productions and the interpretation of the same. This month we publish the second paper of this series. It is prepared by one of New England's cultured and broad-visioned clergymen who from the inception of the Actor's Church Alliance movement has been prominently identified with that important work. Other papers of equal interest will follow, and during the coming year we also propose to publish several critical papers on the greatest plays and players of the present time. They will deal with the work that will live in literature and with the men and women whose interpretations are such as to place them in the first ranks of living artists. The brief paper on the great actress REJANE in this issue may be considered as an introductory paper to this series.

The Electoral Wisdom of Japan: Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that Proportional Representation obtains in the empire of the Mikado. Mr. TYSON's extremely interesting paper, which is one of our series of contributions appearing monthly on electoral reforms, will be followed next month by an article by the same writer on some of the best-known systems of Proportional Representation, after which he will discuss the practical operation of Proportional Representation throughout the Swiss Republics. Mr. TYSON was for several years editor of the *Proportional Representation Review*, and is without question the ablest authority on this subject in the New World.

The President and the Trusts: In Mr. BENSON's keen and able discussion of "The President, His Attorney-General and the Trusts" we have a clear statement of unquestioned facts advanced with moderation and presented in a manner that must appeal to thoughtful people, especially to the millions of citizens in the United States who, because of Mr. KNOX's tender consideration for the coal-

trust, are paying millions of dollars in extortion for one of life's necessities which is the common gift of the Creator to all His children and which, were it not for the criminal conspiracy of the coal-trust and the railroads, and the complacency of Mr. ROOSEVELT and the Department of Justice, would be accessible to the people at reasonable prices. The shallow sophistry and essential falsity of Mr. Root's special pleading at Chicago are admirably exposed in this paper. Mr. BENSON was, until a few weeks ago, the editor of the *Detroit Times* and is one of the most sincere and able among our American journalists who serve the people rather than privileged interests.

The Most Socialistic City of the World: Mr. W. D. P. BLISS, editor of the monumental *Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, and one of the most widely-read and scholarly thinkers among the reformers of our day, contributes a paper of special interest to this issue of THE ARENA on "The Athens of Pericles" which cannot fail to prove a source of instruction and delight to our readers. Mr. BLISS was for many years a prominent clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Boston. During recent years he has given special attention to social and economic problems. He is a Christian Socialist of the school of Canon CHARLES KINGSLEY and FREDERICK D. MAURICE.

In the Footsteps of Will Allen Dromgoole: This month we publish a delightful sketch of the home of our popular contributor, Miss WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, the peerless short-story writer of Tennessee. Our regular story from the pen of Miss DROMGOOLE reached us too late this month for publication. It will, however, be a feature of our next issue.

The Sign of the Real: This month we present a sweet and wholesome little story written by a gifted author of the Empire State who veils her identity under a *nom de plume*. This story is published in lieu of Miss DROMGOOLE's regular contribution which, as stated, arrived too late for publication.

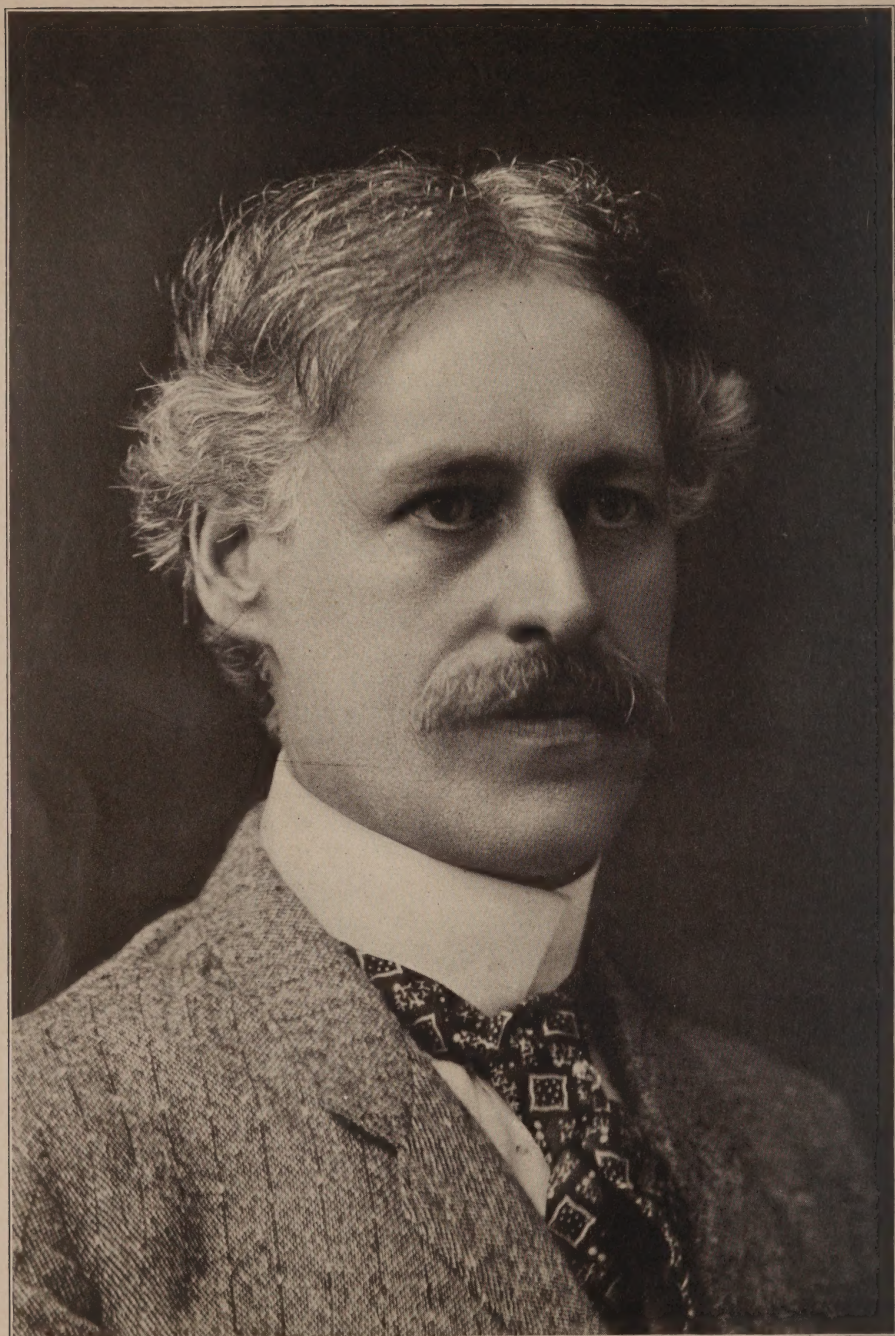


Photo. by Purdy, Boston.

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

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AMERICAN ART AND THE NEW SOCIETY OF AMERICAN SCULPTORS.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

IN ORDER to show a *raison d'être* for the formation of the Society of American Sculptors that shall do the work of the serious organizations in Paris, London and Continental Europe, it may be well to show the public at large our point of departure, and make them sensible of the fact that sculpture is not a dead art as many maintain, but it is in a measure the people who are dead to its great possibilities, and the part it plays in the ripe civilization and culture of any great people; for, as the distinguished French critic, Taine, puts it: "Art itself, which is the faculty of perceiving and expressing the leading character of objects, is as enduring as the civilization of which it is the best and earliest fruit."

The present organization has not come into existence by chance, but it comes in the natural order of progress and is a part of the evolution of the American people; for the art-world is much the same as the world of nature, and the time is now ripe for the development of a great national art. Before the supreme and perfect art of Hellas, it is necessary to have the crude, strong, Prephidian sculpture that has in late years been found close to the Acropolis.

How many influences it takes to develop seed-life in nature! What preparation must go before the crystal is dissolved and

the earth made ready. It is the law of evolution that the lower gives way to the higher. So with art, as much thought must be given to ripen it, as much time and more than is necessary to the development of a grain of corn or the flower that springs by the wayside.

Browning, with his wonderful insight into human nature, and the human nature of the modern latter half of the nineteenth century, struck the keynote of the thing we have to do in art to-day, when he said that the one supreme effort that is left for earnest man is the depiction of character. To him the development of the human soul was the only thing that he found worth studying. As he closed his long and useful career, he declared everything in life to be, "machinery just meant to give Thy soul its bent."

If then, as the Greek voiced the thought more than two thousand years ago, the character of a man foreshadows his destiny, so is it eminently true of a people; if order and temperance enables a man to lead a useful, dignified, happy life among his fellows, it is equally true with that larger association of men that we call a nation; and we hope to show that over and beyond all the arts, sculpture contributes more to this order of living than any other art.

We shall show the relation of the artist to the present time, his duties as a citizen and a patriot, and his place in the social life of to-day. I do not mean to give a history of sculpture, but to touch upon both the art and artist and the conditions that have developed both to the highest extent in the past civilizations; for we must reason from experience in the past and not build upon theory and vision.

In order to know how the American people rank to-day in the art of sculpture, and what possibilities are ours for the development of a great national art, we must determine, first, what constitutes greatness in plastic art, and secondly, what are the conditions that produce such greatness. Having considered these two questions, we shall be able to decide, by comparing our conditions with those of other great art-epochs, what probability there is that America will achieve distinction in the art of sculpture.

We shall have to review briefly the history of those nations which have achieved such distinction; the cause of their success and how their art arose; its highest period and its decadence. Then, applying the tests of experience and history to our time, we shall be able to form our conclusions upon facts.

All men, no matter what their state of civilization, have practiced the art of sculpture. From the first, men have had pleasure in imitating natural objects and sounds. From this love of imitation, the art of sculpture came into existence. While all men have the imitative faculty, but few are creators; and a piece of carving can only be called a work of art when it embodies an esthetic or artistic idea. The mere imitation of a natural object is not sufficient; art demands that something be added to the natural. No better definition can be given, perhaps, than that of Bacon. "Art," he says, "is man added to nature." Such art we are wont to call ideal or supernatural; that is, something in harmony with and embodying our highest thought. Ideal art, then, is the embodiment of a thought; such embodiment

alone has the right to be called fine art. Art that lifts us above the commonplace and trivial, into the calm regions of the infinite, cultured people are wont to call great. Art, to be great and ideal, must appeal to the wide intelligence of a people, and it must express their noblest life.

A work of art is the natural product or result of refined and cultured living. It is so of necessity. Then, too, experience and history prove it to be so. A modern Frenchman, with his distorted ideas of life and abnormal moral conceptions, could no more produce a statue like the "Venus of Melos," than could Phidias, living in the calm, normal, refined atmosphere of Hellas, have produced a figure like a "Diana" of the French Salon. An artist is the voice of his people and time. It cannot be otherwise, or the time will not own him.

History shows that great art has existed only where great ideas were current; and history also shows that every statue or monument of artistic worth has come of an intelligent people, and come, not isolated, but together with other like works of art, and where schools of sculpture have existed. There is no exception to this rule. As in later days Shakespeare was the natural climax of the Elizabethan age of letters and dramatics, so was Phidias, in antiquity, the result of the age of Pericles and Plato, and Michael Angelo the perfect flower of the Renaissance. A great critic has shown that we may trace a work of art back, not only to the period and school which produced it, but to the artist himself, and the very time of his life when he created it. The rise, climax, and decadence of an art is one with the rise, climax, and decadence of a people.

The art of sculpture has its limits; its laws are firmly fixed, and plastic ideas can be properly expressed only by one who understands its conditions. We shall see, then, that to speak plastically, or to embody a thought in harmonious and enduring form, requires knowledge, self-restraint, and a mastery over the material from which the thought is to be cut or fused. This art requires complete knowl-

edge of the limitations and laws governing plastic art, and thought sufficient to create a suitable idea. The sculptor must also have acquired sufficient technical power to master the material he works from, and to make it obedient to his thought. A sculptor's natural vehicle of expression is form, as is music to the musician.

There were peoples of antiquity who had no great original art, and yet were known throughout the then civilized world for their wide commercial importance. The Phoenicians were such a people. When a nation has no ideas worthy to be perpetuated, no sculptor arises to put them in enduring form. So, Tyre and Sidon, famous in their day, are known to us only as lying between Egypt and Assyria, and copying the art idea of both these nations.

Having discussed our first question, namely, what greatness is in art, and more particularly sculpture, let us consider the conditions that have been found necessary to produce such great art and artists. If genius in man is like the vital, germinating force in all seed-life, so, like this force, does it depend on benignant and congenial surroundings. A tempered atmosphere is needed to develop that which otherwise would remain undeveloped, or at best remain an abortive growth. Genius in art is dependent upon prevailing tendency, the trend of life, what ideas or purpose may be current; and these decide what manifestation, if any, genius shall take on. To the begetting of a great art, certain moral and political conditions have been found necessary. Calm joy and clear faith are present in all great works of art. People given over to skepticism and despondency seldom produce a great statue or monument. A nation must enjoy a certain tranquility if it is to practice the plastic arts. Statues must be thought out.

Prosperity, too, is necessary to the development of a rounded art. Art cannot flourish in abject poverty. The conditions of life and society must be such as to enforce a proper respect for the artist's

calling. Ancient Rome never had a native artist, because the calling was thought undignified and effeminate. An artist, to produce great work, must be a part of the highest culture of his time. Ruskin has said that he should be fitted for the best society and keep out of it. Is it not truer that he should be fitted for the best society and keep in it? No great art is born of an attic-studio alone. Art must have breadth and depth, must strike its roots deep into the soil upon which humanity lives if it is to live. If it is not so, it will become the dry, hard, suffering, ascetic art of the monasteries, that cannot stand the light and joy of every day.

Great artists, then, are heirs to all that has gone before, as well as part and parcel of their epochs. Great art may be pathetic as well as joyful, but never despairing; it is the pathos of unstable man looking upon the calm, eternal repose of the mind's creations. The pathos, after all, is subjective rather than objective. In the joyful eras of time, the conditions of life have been such that men have had leisure to create and care for the embodiments of their noblest aspirations; and wishing to perpetuate such ideals, they have put them in stone and lasting bronze.

Let us look at this question of condition more closely. Taking the Greek school, for example, which attained the highest perfection possible, what conditions had it more favorable to sculpture than had Egypt and Assyria, from which she took her beginning in art? These nations furnished each an indispensable letter of an alphabet, which, in the hands of the clear-eyed Greek, was made to express his free-born intelligence, symmetrical idea of human life, and the forces that govern it.

The first condition of Greek life was freedom. The Greek citizen served neither priest nor king. He elected his own magistrates and pontiffs, and might, in turn, be elected to any office himself. He was liable to be called upon to judge important political cases in the tribunal, and to decide grave matters of state in the

assemblies. Every man was a trained soldier as well as a politician. It was necessary to be able to protect one's self from a possible inroad of the barbarians. All men were eligible to national offices. The warfare of that day called for personal prowess and agility, and the individual was developed to his highest possible capacity, capable of the utmost human endurance. The producing of fine physical form was the chief art among the Greeks. The Olympian games consisted of a triumphal display of the nude figure. Before the eyes of the whole nation, the Greek youth contended for supremacy. Poets chanted the praises of the victor, and his name was given to the Olympiad. His native city received him in triumph, and the deeds of his prowess became her pride. Many tales are told of the excessive admiration and constant joy which the Greek had in perfection of human form. The costume was light and easily put off, while the long, sweeping folds of the mantle gave dignity and grace to the draped figure. We know that the flower of Athenian youth entered into these contests; and it is recorded that Sophocles, when a youth, and distinguished for his beauty, stripped off his garment to dance and chant pæans. Phidias not only entered to admire and study the nude form at these joyful festivals, but was wont himself to contend; so he knew from experience all possible movements of the human body and every expression of the face. At the baths, too, sculptors had the opportunity of studying the human figure in a thousand listless, graceful attitudes.

Not only did the Greek admire a finely-developed human form, but he considered it to be actually the abode of divinity. To him the body was the temple of the spirit, as the word is used in its pagan interpretation. It is natural for the Greek to have sought an enduring expression for the beautiful human forms it was the chief end of his existence to develop; and a successful athlete, when crowned, was entitled to a statue.

Their greatest sculptor, Phidias, lived at the same time as their greatest architect, Ictinus, their most revered philosopher, Plato, and distinguished dramatist, Sophocles. We see, then, that the age which produced the greatest men in literature, art and science produced the grandest works of sculpture in Greece. We know that Pericles, the chief statesman of that era, was the friend of Phidias, and could, no doubt, talk as intelligently about art as Phidias could converse about letters and affairs of state.

Athenian civilization was at its zenith. The fragments which remain of the frieze and pedimental groups of the Parthenon exhibit the handiwork of a firmly-poised, symmetrical mind, and a hand thoroughly trained to execute its bidding. Were we not charmed with the perfect proportion and satisfying beauty of the whole, it would be easy to lose one's self in the subtlety of finish and the delicate relation of plane to plane. Dignity, reverence, and self-control are their chief characteristics, and must have distinguished the man who created these marvelous works. Supreme knowledge of the laws and limitations of sculpture is shown. Each figure is perfectly adapted to the place it fills.

After several hundred years of effort, Rome conquered Greece, and robbed her of her art treasures to decorate her own gaudy villas. Glancing for a moment at the condition of national and private life at Rome, we shall see why she never produced a great art or even one single distinguished sculptor. Could we have followed Greek art from the moment of her supreme glory to the second period of her career, of which epoch Praxiteles was the most illustrious creator, we would have seen her stripped of her sublimity, but still beautiful. The distinguishing characteristic of this second epoch, 150 B. C., when the decadence of art had begun, was a sensuous loveliness. The spiritual meaning was becoming more and more confused, the standards of life were lowered, and all that was ennobling and poetical in the Greek religion was fast becoming lost

in affectation. As life was degraded, art followed its footsteps. Art had still, however, its canons of modesty. After the death of Praxiteles, sensual representation became its chief object.

To be a great artist in Greece was to be the equal of the greatest in the land. In Rome it was not so. Artists were relegated to the mechanic classes. The Roman was a distinct realist, and never rose above the level of portraiture and imitation. The chief object of Roman life was to possess and dominate. Amid such selfish and ignoble surroundings, art could not flourish. Cæsar, Agrippa and Augustus affected a love for the fine arts. The plundering of Greece finally led to the establishment of a second-rate school at Rome, which we may call the Greco-Roman. The conditions of life at Rome were utterly opposed to the creation or development of a national school that can, with any propriety, be called great. Their chief art was warfare, and in this they excelled. Public and private life was immoral to the point of licentiousness. Rome may be quoted as a negative example, to show the conditions under which art cannot exist, or reach any lofty development.

The little art which Rome possessed was swept away or buried by the barbarian hordes. What followed upon the invasions is painful enough, when we think of monuments mutilated that were once the glory of Greece. In the ten centuries that follow upon the fall of Rome there is no art worthy of record; nor has this brutalized, debased existence any direct bearing upon the subject. The conditions under which men lived were not those from which art is developed.

With the Gothic period, new life was infused into sculpture, as well as into architecture. But sculpture was for the most part decorative and so much the handmaiden of architecture that it is difficult to separate one from the other. The workmen who carved the ornaments of these vast Gothic cathedrals became, by practice and aspiration and by study of

new-found classical models, the sculptors who formed the early Italian Renaissance. Human life was taking on new aspects. Man's restless, feverish desires were satisfied by the new ideals which Christianity had planted in his breast. Life became joyful once more, as it was in ancient Greece, and expressed itself in manifold lovely forms, weird, mystical and enchanting. Sculpture was more personal than with the Greek. Life was more direct, and every moment, to the Christian, was of divine importance.

There is a happy blending in this Renaissance period of the grand style with a style so tender and full of human affection, that we may best characterize it by the word, "Christian." Human life was again serious, beautiful and expansive. Human rights were respected, and law was reëstablished. Life became once more normal, intelligent, and free; and art, corresponding to these conditions, arose and was developed to a marvelous degree of perfection. Donatello and Michael Angelo are the men whose art makes up and colors the new-found Renaissance school. The art of Donatello shows classical influence, and that of Michael Angelo consummate knowledge of antique sculpture. The greatest men of this school in sculpture were roundly-developed men of broad ideas and liberal culture. The relief work of Donatello is known throughout the world. It is tinged, but sweetly, with the mystical spirit of those who created Gothic art. It is a happy blending of a contented, Christian living, with calm, classical feeling for outline and form.

We have already spoken of the art of Michael Angelo, and need not return to it now. Art was again down-trodden, or lost sight of, in the skepticism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Life was not worthy of perpetuation in sculpture. Human thought was too fickle and changeable, so we may pass over the interlude after the Italian Renaissance, until we come to the modern rebirth of art in France.

France was the cradle of modern sculpture. Whatever criticisms or strictures we may see fit to make upon French sculpture, we must give her credit for the splendid and fearless way in which she initiated a new art-era. In dealing with the modern art of France, it is difficult to be just,—to hold the matter at arms' length, as it were, and look upon its every side. We are apt to be fascinated with its brilliant qualities and forget that the first test by which we must judge it, is whether or not it be *sculpturesque*. While France has produced some fine work and isolated statues, here and there, taken as an art, as a school of sculpture, it cannot be called great,—not in the sense, certainly, in which we have applied the term to the art of Greece and that of the Italian Renaissance.

The French have shown intimate knowledge of the human form, together with much technical skill. Certain of their statues exhibit action and force and even original genius. If the conditions of French life had not demanded the sensual realism that dominates their art, the art of France might have become great. Then, too, this realistic tendency has carried them so far that their statues are little more than literal copies of the nude models one may see at the Julian schools or at the academy. The statue of St. John, by Rodin, is only a common Italian model of a low type, with a head that forbids any intellectual activity. The statue is an exact copy of this model. This example may stand for most all of their statues. The too close following of the living model has led them into a style that argues a sure decadence.

French sculpture reflects French life. Can we call that life great? I think not; nor can we call their art great. The conditions of life in France are not true and noble enough, not pure and frank enough, in their essence, to produce a great and lasting art, and no amount of artifice will enable them to do so. It is clever, brilliant, if you will, but no one can say that France has produced a great school of sculpture. Is not the supreme test for

work of art this? Does it teach us to live better, more calmly and greatly? If not, it cannot be called great and will not endure.

The beginnings of our modern school were made by men who had studied in Italy and France, many of them in both schools. Of the early American school of sculpture, which has almost entirely passed away, and left to us, alas, so many dull, lifeless, pseudo-Greek works, it is scarcely worth while to speak. No sculpture of this school rose even to the level of Canova or Thorwaldsen, and these sculptors were simply imitators of the Greek school.

We, like the Greeks, are free men. The conditions of our life, the new life that is beginning everywhere, are much the same as those which existed in Athens in her palmy days of art. Education is free and universal. We are not harassed by warfare or by a military system that takes a number of the best years of a man's life and devotes them to military routine. We are a prosperous people; abject poverty is rarely found. Then, too, we have numerous processes for reproducing works of art, and carrying them into every home in the land, so all may know what other people have achieved in art and letters. We are the heirs, more than any people, perhaps, to-day, of the past history of the world. Life with us is, in the main, frank and open. Every man is thought to have some occupation. Our religion does not fetter us. We are free to represent what we will in sculpture or painting, as long as our representation be not ignoble or licentious. There are laws prohibiting representations of this order. We are a people who love the beautiful; this is amply manifested by our poets, historians, and novelists. Our art is yet in its youth, but there is something in the American genius akin to the Greek—a most precious quality—that power to be evolved and evolve itself unendingly,—capacity for indefinite expansion. So far, it has shown itself chiefly in science and mechanics; but these are the natural pre-

cursors of art-epochs. Among the Continental nations of Europe, we are held to be a great people. Is it not natural to assume, then, that our art, when it has had time for a proper and rounded development, shall also be great?

It is for this purpose, I take it, that American Art was called into existence and we must let no criticism deter us, and no past fetter us. Art is not to be borrowed or stolen or invented. It comes only by evolution. The evolution of art and the artist works according to an universal unchangeable law. We are confronted with new problems that call upon us for independent solution. We are the heirs of all the ages, and surely we are not willing to accept tamely and supinely the opinions and achievements of the people who had a different light and a different social environment, and who were great and good according to the interpretation of their ages.

I believe the outlook is very bright for great art in America,—Art second to none the world has known. Not like that which Greece gave the world. Nor, indeed, will it be an imitation of any foreign school, be that Greek, Florentine, or French. We are to give these schools and nations their meed of appreciation and reverence and then to say with Michael Angelo: "I go my way alone."

Having, then, given some instances of the evolution of art in past civilizations, of its rise, reason for existence and its decay, we may return to the work undertaken by the present Society of American Sculptors, and the movement inaugurated by the men who have broken away from the old association and formed this new society.

No immediate clash or disturbance has brought about this movement. It is the result of a number of meetings held by

the new men to consider the welfare of their art and to organize a society that shall be of the greatest benefit to the people and the sculptors; to provide a suitable housing for the sculptors with a club-house and permanent exhibition-room where works can be seen by the public, and the artists brought in close touch with the people; to provide, also, for sculptors who are often in great need and have no resources to fall back upon; to try to save the sites in our great cities especially suited to memorial sculpture or ideal works, and to see that the works erected are those of an artistic nature and not the result of political intrigue; to form pleasant relationships with societies of a like nature in England, France, Italy, and other countries; to beget and foster a brotherly spirit among the artists working in the same craft; to encourage the young men to higher ideals by lectures and a well-ordered library, and giving all an opportunity who have the ability to become members of the association, from which many may have been excluded by an arbitrary Board of Directors; to interest thoughtful laymen in the ends of this society and form a propaganda for the dissemination of ideas about what is truly *sculpturesque* and which may save our country from the product of the stone-yard; to have a bureau in connection with the association to which any committee or individual may appeal for an opinion regarding the best kind of memorial for a given site or purpose, and to induce the National and civic governments to take down such memorials as are a disgrace to our people and to replace them by works in sculpture of dignified and artistic nature.

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THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHARLES Frederick Holder, of Southern California, devotes nearly a dozen pages in the August ARENA to the history of and in advocacy of the Chinese Exclusion Act, to expire in December.

This act for the exclusion of these most sober, honest, industrious and patient little people was about the worst thing that ever happened to this fertile state so much in need of reliable labor. Californians, the real Californians, desire this act modified, if not entirely abrogated. It must not be perpetuated. California wants, needs, labor; and within their limited scope, the Chinese are by great odds the best laborers we have or ever have had. Fortunately, they do not enter largely into competition with white men. They do women's work, in the main. They are largely domestics, launderers, gardeners and such-like light workers. One of Mr. Holder's most serious charges against them, to use his own words, is that "they washed the clothes of the early San Franciscan so cheaply that the few white Irish women were in despair, gave it up, and in some instances married rich miners."

This was hardly a bad thing for "the early San Franciscan"; it was certainly not a bad thing for "the white Irish woman," and let us hope it was not quite a bad thing for "the rich miners." In fact, you may detect some of the progeny of these people in Dan. Beard's cartoon in the August ARENA.

Mr. Holder further complains that "there was not a white man on the Pacific Slope making a living selling garden vegetables which he could raise easily in the virgin soil." And then he proceeds to quote from General Grant's memoirs to show how he tried to plow and plant potatoes and failed because he got flooded out. All this was up in Oregon, in the early fifties, where there was not, as yet, a sin-

gle Chinaman; but Mr. Holder says there was "great over-production, not due to Americans, but to Chinese."

The fact is, the Chinamen are the finest gardeners in the world, except the Japanese, and can get more out of a garden, two to one, than a white man. They know when to plant, where to plant, how to plant, how to gather truck and how to market it. And that is why they can and do pay from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre for annual rent and make money, where a white man, even though educated at West Point, would starve. And that is one reason why we need them and want them. They are not farmers at all, in the sense that we understand farming in California, only gardeners. And they never own the land; only rent from year to year; so that many small farmers in California try to rent a garden to the Chinamen; for they can get four-fold more in that way than in handling the ground themselves. Here you can see clearly why this very desirable element, the small farmer, abhors the Exclusion Act. It literally takes the bread out of his children's mouths.

Says Mr. Holder: "The people demanded that the 'Chinese should go,' and a series of riots occurred that were a disgrace to the State and country. The people were being over-run and vainly endeavored to throw it off. Employers of cheap labor, and the railroads wished the Chinese, and the East, that had no conception of the situation, took up arms with them. The press, particularly of New England, the home of the abolitionist, raised a hue and cry about the equality of man; siding with the Chinese against their own countrymen."

Mr. Holder says "the people demanded that the Chinese should go." But who were the people at that time? The Irish washer-woman referred to and their kindred, under the lead of Denis Kearney

and like foreigners. (And by way of parenthesis let me say here that Denis Kearney has quite turned his back on his old associates and is now a quiet and highly-respected citizen. He visited me here lately, and when I referred to the old sand-lot rioters he shook his head and changed the subject).

San Francisco is by no means California; but if a vote could be taken to-morrow for or against Chinese, there would be a vast majority for the Chinese, even in this one troublous city of labor-unions in California. An army officer, sitting at my table last month, said, in answer to a question from my mother: "No, madam, I shall never bring my family to California again till I can have reliable servants,—Chinese."

Mr. Holder seems to think that the Sons of the Revolution and the sand-lot-ers are the same! Here is what he says:

"At first the native-born American did not realize this, but the truth soon came home that the man with a birthright, the man whose ancestors fought for the country in 1776, the man who had a wife and children was being pushed to the wall, starved out in the garden-spot of the world."

The fact is, it is the real American, the man who has a wife and children, that wants and most needs the presence of the Chinese.

Mr. Holder shows great research and learning. He is in all ways an able man; the ablest, perhaps, that the cause he advocates could produce. Referring to the well-meaning people of the East, he says:

"Their sentiment was appealed to, while the crowded-out California farmer and his wife and children were forgotten."

I have said, and I repeat, there is not a small farmer, nor a big farmer, as to that, in all California who is not suffering for Chinese help. He not only wants to rent land, but he wants to lift his daughters out of the drudgery of the kitchen and keep

them at school. The Chinaman is a natural domestic and is happy at his work, as he hopes to soon go home. But the white girl, the daughter of a land-owner, does not belong in the kitchen all the time.

Hear this final appeal!

"California demands a class of labor that will not compete with whites. She demands laborers that will become citizens, grow up with the country, rear their children here, invest their savings in her products. The question is no longer one of affecting the Pacific Coast, but the entire world. The 400,000,000 Chinese, mostly laborers, living upon six cents per day, are a menace to the civilized and Christian world; they should be restricted to China."

The truth is, California demands a class of labor that is willing to get out and labor. And that is what the Southern States want, what all the States want. We want that and just that, be the laborer white, black or brown.

The serious charge that Chinese do not bring their families, buy land and live with us, answers itself. They do not want to raise their families here because we have less real Christian humanity here than prevails in China. You may spend days in San Francisco and scarce see a single native Chinese. But I venture to say that when you do meet with one you will find him much gentler and better bred than those who are urging his exclusion and who are entirely white to look upon.

Mr. Holder puts the entire Chinese population now in the United States at possibly 80,000. Let us accept his statement and recall the fact that when the first Pacific railroad was being built we had more than twice that number in California alone. As they returned to China of their own will, what becomes of the stock-in-trade and bogie-cry about "Asiatic hordes"?

The fact is, the Chinaman is a home-body by nature. It is a part of his religion to be content at home. Confucius forbade that a man should change either

his habitation or his trade. He taught that a man should leave his bones in the land of his birth, lest the land should, in the course of ages, become barren and worn out.

Their graves are all very shallow and, as in Mexico, the box, or coffin, is only used to carry the body to the grave. The very next year the plow passes over the remains and the leveled grave is planted. There are no grave-stones in China, with a single exception. A father, by imperial decree, may be permitted, on payment of a big sum, to raise a stone to a daughter who has lived and died a widow. As you sail along the thousands of miles you see, on the marshy sea-banks, what seems to be great haystacks. These are mounds raised to the memory of famous men on the vast, somber marshes. These marshes belong to the Empire. All the salt of the Empire is made here. But not one foot of tillable land, save for the tombstone of the faithful widow is used for permanent graves. We laugh at these people, but there is a humane and honest purpose in all their most simple ways. It is time we learned to do something better than abuse a people of whom we know almost as little after fifty years' intercourse as Russia knew of Japan a year ago.

I assert that farmers, great and small, women, inside of cities and outside of cities, all peoples of all places, with one single exception, desire a modification, or better still, an unqualified repeal of the Restriction Act: and that one exception is the labor-unions.

And now, lest there should be some one to question this, let me quote once more at length from Mr. Holder's long and learned article so often referred to. In this you find the whole matter in a nutshell. We all want the Chinese to come to California and help us except the contentious labor-unions of one city, San Francisco. But here are the words of their ablest advocate:

California, the vineyardists, desire Chinese labor, as cheap labor is not only a desideratum but a necessity to enable them to realize a profit. The railroads require the Chinaman in default of being obliged to import the cheap labor of Mexicans who can withstand the intense heat of the Southwest. Another field is that of domestic labor or as house-servants. Householders would gladly welcome thousands of them to take the places of inefficient aliens from other lands. All these classes will welcome a modification of the existing treaty, but the labor-unions will insist on the present restrictions."

I call the attention of Congress and the President to the facts, as set down by the ablest champion of the Exclusion Act. We all need and all want the Chinese with us; all, all except the labor-unions!

The Exclusion Act was a sop thrown from time to time to "the Irish washer-woman" element to catch votes, and the Republican politicians even out-Heroded the Democratic politicians in this. The real Californian who bears the burthen of State hardly took note of what was being done till too late; but now he wants the whole thing undone. And as a matter of fact, it would be better for the only element that now desires the Exclusion Act in any form, if it were swept aside. Some of the laborers of the labor-unions have homes and they want cheap Chinese help as much as any of us; and if the doors were opened to-morrow, so that we could get a good domestic, as was the case a few years ago, for one-fifth the price that we now pay for a poor one, you would find many a labor-union man taking in a Chinaman and turning his daughter out to school, a good thing for all concerned. I well remember in the old days how we were often amused to see the "Irish washer-women" take to themselves a housefull of the hated Chinese the day they married "the rich miners."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Hights, Dimond, Cal.

"Ranchers on the great fruit-farms of

THE TRADE OF MEXICO: WHY THE UNITED STATES DOES NOT HOLD A LARGER SHARE OF IT.

BY MORRELL W. GAINES.

THE EXPORTS of Mexico run to \$75,000,000 a year. The imports come to nearly the same amount. This is an international trade well worth considering. It is growing rapidly with the peaceful development of the nation's resources, having increased by 50 per cent. during the last ten years. The most noticeable single increases are in the exportation of agricultural products and in the importation of fuel and machinery, both of which are indices of a healthy general expansion along solid lines. The near future will no doubt show still greater advance, because the main resource of the country, its agriculture, has by no means been fully exploited. It is capable of a tremendous further growth which will as it progresses augment the volume of the international exchange of raw material and food-stuffs for fuel and finished products. These are the four main elements of Mexico's foreign commerce proper.

The precious metals, which are of course included in the total exports, still constitute about 60 per cent. of the whole, but are not, strictly speaking, to be considered in all respects as articles of trade.

Of the imports about one-half come from the United States. Of the exports about three-quarters go to this country. In the latter figure, however, is included a large amount of gold and silver which comes to us for the reason that the routes of quick transportation lie in our direction. In strict truth that heavy proportion of these metals that is sent here simply for purposes of immediate realization in the open market, should be deducted from the share of Mexico's export-trade that we have been calling our own. One half at the most of the total foreign commerce of our next neighbor is all that we can with justice lay claim to. This, in view of our transportation advantages

and of the fact that our investments in Mexico are larger by two or three hundred million dollars than are those of all the other outside nations put together, is not a flattering showing for our all-powerful, market-conquering commercial organization.

Worse than this, we have as yet made hardly any headway in competing with Europe for the more profitable and valuable part of the import trade. The imports that do come from us are of such things as coal, petroleum and its products, machinery, railroad materials, and in general, articles of industrial consumption. Europe, on the other hand, supplies the great bulk of the articles of personal consumption. This covers of course, the main body of the merchandise subject to retail handling; the dry-goods, hardware, groceries, jewelry and the multitude of diverse commodities that make up the ordinary store-trade of the nation. With occasional outposts upon each other's territory the position which the two contestants occupy is substantially this: the United States sells bulk commodities and certain other articles of which the sales can be made direct to the ultimate purchaser, or the distribution effected by means of central agencies; Europe sells the things in connection with which rehandling by middlemen is required. The internal channels of trade, in short, are fed from European sources and we are simply outsiders.

It is not necessary to go into the question of comparative merits or prices of the things sold to find the reason why Europe occupies such a commanding position at our very door. Our wholesalers and manufacturers are fast approaching the point, if they have not yet altogether reached it, where they can meet the world in quality and in cost so far as the impor-

tant staples and semi-staples of commerce are concerned. The European ascendancy in Mexico is not due to industrial superiority. It comes from a superior adaptation to the financial needs of the Mexican trade, in part, and in part from a vastly more effective sales-organization in the country itself. As the Mexican trade is immensely profitable, yielding a net margin out of the final retail selling-price that is from two to five times what we are accustomed to in the United States, it is somewhat surprising that we have not put forth more serious and more intelligent efforts to capture a share of this extremely valuable field. All the points of strength are ours. Europe holds the ground simply because her strength is applied effectively while ours is not.

In order to understand the salient points of the European position it is essential to review briefly the general elements of the commercial situation in Mexico.

The most striking features of the retail trade are the long credits allowed to customers and the high margins of profit. An effort has recently been made among the importing houses of Mexico City to reduce the usual term of retail credit to four months. This has not proved entirely successful because some of the more important houses could not refrain from attempting to seduce patrons of other institutions by secretly offering the old accommodation. Elsewhere in the Republic no effort has been made to alter or to shorten the ancient arrangements. Collection is not pressed for six or eight months or even more. Open accounts are often kept that run along for years without ever being completely settled up at any one time. This system of credits has arisen because almost all of the desirable trade is with the wealthy, with professional men to some extent, but more particularly with the landed proprietors. The middle class has not yet become very important as a purchasing factor, except possibly in the city itself, and the masses of the poor do their scanty trading in little shops of their own and for cash. In prin-

ciple, at least, the patrons of the large importing houses are still exclusively of the gentry, as they were in fact before the upheaving advent of the railroads. Hence the personal accommodation, and hence also the existence of high profits. Trade is attracted and held by display, personal interest shown in the customer and courtesies extended to him, rather than by sharp price-competition. Indeed, all the circumstances preclude doing business on small margins. The profits must be ample enough to carry the whole easy-going, loose system of doing business. There is, besides, comparatively little incentive to cut prices close. The custom of the country is to hold to generous profits.

This general tendency towards high prices has been materially aided by the fluctuations in the value of the silver currency. Merchants buying their goods from abroad have been forced for very safety's sake to add a wide margin to the silver cost-price in order to be sure of getting back the correct gold value from the sale. For the same reason there is no real knowledge on the part of the purchaser of how much an imported article ought properly to be worth. Standard prices, if there were such a thing, would vary from day to day with the rise and fall in foreign exchange. As it is, all possible varieties in price are ascribed to the state of the silver market, and the purchaser has little means of telling how near the truth the representations may be. A year ago exchange on the United States went up to 275. Merchants thereupon marked their costs up to an exchange of 300 as a basis, in order to have no mistake about the profits. Since then exchange has fallen to 220. The old cost-basis of 300 is still in use, however, on the goods marked up at that time, and it will be a good while before the consumer gets through paying the merchants the 80 points of difference. The demand for low and reasonable prices is not powerful enough nor intelligent enough to force the abandonment of the extra margin. After all, the mere cost of an article does not matter so deeply in

Mexico if the time of meeting the bill be put off far enough into the future.

The stores employ an immense number of clerks. Each one of the latter is supposed to have his individual clientele of customers, which he is instrumental in drawing to the house. At any place where you may have traded you will invariably be waited on by the same man each time you come, who will make it his business to know your wants and your temptations. Even where the store is so large that it is impossible for any one man to know the whole stock, you are met at the door by your particular friend who conveys you through the different departments and acts as go-between in each one. The army of unemployed standing behind the counters of any first-class establishment is enough to make an American manager gasp. The custom of dealing only through men that one knew doubtless arose from the practice of selling without fixed prices, but with much of haggling and special bargaining to be gone through with each time a purchase was made, a custom that still prevails even among very good shops. Obviously it is better not to trust to the mercies of a chance acquaintance to say nothing of a complete stranger, in dealings of this nature. Some one, known to be well-disposed and reliable must be responsible both for the quality and the price of what you buy. There must be some one to hold to account in case of dissatisfaction. The proceedings in the store are of a piece with the still-observed custom of sending you your first statement of account three months after you have made your purchase, with the mild request that you will please signify whether or no it is all right, so that the proper entry may be made on the books. Still later you may be asked to set a time when it will be convenient to make the payment. The extreme measure of a deliberate dun lies yet further off in the misty future. The whole relation of store to customer is a carefully-nursed personal one in which courtesy on the part of the store is broken over only

under the extremest provocation. Bad debts, of course, sometimes occur under these lax conditions. They are, however, much less numerous than would be anticipated and the generous cloak of wide profits is looked to to cover them all. With the increase in business the times have, it is true, brought some diminution in the proportion of profit that may be levied, and there is a certain tendency toward hardening and strictness in the relations with patrons. The standing of a prospective customer especially is apt to receive a closer scrutiny than used to be the case. But all in all the system still meets the needs of a wealthy, leisure-loving, non-commercial people very well, and the failures among mercantile houses are conspicuously few.

Before the time of the railroads the country *hacendados* or estate-owners made their purchasing journeys twice a year, just before the six months' rainy season and again a short time after. This was both on account of the condition of the roads and because of convenience with reference to the crop seasons. At these times they would buy in immense quantities. Although it is now possible to travel even in the time of the rains, custom and the change of the seasons still induce the making of the main purchases before Easter and late in the fall. In addition to the habit of making six months' purchases at once the wealthy *hacendados*, as well as the country store-keepers, have a predilection for picking out the actual physical bolt of cloth, piece of furniture or bit of hardware that they want. They are altogether distrustful of purchasing by sample and must go over the cases of goods in detail to select the exact article that they care to buy. They want also to pick it out from the largest available stock of similar articles. For this reason every first-class house carries an enormous stock of goods and that, too, not in reserve, but opened up for display. The carrying of a year's supply in this way is a very usual circumstance.

With the slow turn-over of the stock

and the long credits to customers, the credit that the merchant himself receives from abroad is of the most vital importance, especially since the banking system at home does not provide for extending the same amount or sort of credit to active business operations that is customary where banking capital is more plentiful and less in demand. It is also essential that the foreign credit be sufficiently elastic to allow of payments being postponed from a time of unfavorable exchange to one of favorable exchange. The possibility of an extension of six months or a year, or still longer, is of greater moment to the importer than a reduction of 10 per cent., or even of 20 per cent., in the price of the goods themselves. The merchant who does business on a silver basis can never tell how near ruin the exchange is going to bring him if he must meet a large foreign debt by a fixed date. He must be free to avert the worst effects of his currency by gambling in it. Thus the debts of the last two years of bad exchange are being paid up with a rush, now that the rate has gone down to 220. To such an extent is this true that a great scarcity of money has resulted from the drain on the country's supply of cash. Elastic credit on purchases is evidently a prime requisite for the Mexican importing trade.

In Europe this elastic credit is readily obtainable. The reputation of Mexican commercial houses for solidity is absolute there. The managers and owners are European without much exception, and they are in touch with their own countrymen abroad. During long years of supplying regular clients in Mexico, Europe has come to know that the actual failures are a negligible quantity. Then, too, the retiring partners of Mexican houses go back to Europe to live, and, by their wealth and connections, furnish a strong alliance with the capital of the old world. Germany sells goods on six months' time with two per cent. off for cash, giving permission to renew for successive periods of six months at six per cent. per annum in-

terest. France and Spain adopt practically the same course.

Naturally, under the circumstances, our own sixty-day and ninety-day drafts are not looked upon with favor. Such quick payments are not only contrary to established custom, but they are beyond the means of the merchants to meet in any volume. Our jobbers must face squarely the credit advantages offered by Europe before they can invade the Mexican field successfully on a large scale. This is a rather difficult thing to do from the outside, because in spite of all that is good among the mercantile class in the Republic, commercial morality towards strangers is not highly developed. That is especially true so far as it applies to matters of time. The fact that a note or piece of paper calls for payment on such and such a date does not mean that the signer feels it incumbent upon him to exert himself to get the money on the day designated. If it is not convenient for it then, he considers himself entitled to the usual accommodation between gentlemen of a further extension. It will take intelligent men well versed in the ins and outs of the business world of Mexico to keep watch over the increased credits that ought to be given.

There are two especial ways in which the necessary amplification of American credit might be taken care of. One is to follow the example of Europe and establish American importing concerns or branch houses that can call upon American money and American banking to the same degree as the European houses can call upon Europe. The other is to organize an American mercantile bank which will be prepared to supply in Mexico the additional credit that the jobber and the retailer alike stand in need of.

The first of these two methods will naturally be followed more or less as time goes on. Already there are some American retail houses operating in certain lines in Mexico with sufficient capital and backing to enable them to do a large business. But our powerful jobbers have apparently

not yet felt inclined to tie up the large amount of money necessary to get a wholesaling opening of the first magnitude.

The second method is one that should by all means be taken up by American capital. Nothing could be a stronger stimulus to American trade or a more profitable investment on its own account. It is true that there are already American banks in Mexico some of which look with longing eyes on the time when they may be able to handle commercial paper. Banking capital, however, is already so overworked with the attempt to supply other forms of loans that there is no money available for the building up of this form of credit. Besides that, since the old-fashioned importing houses are, in consequence of the peculiar Mexican credit customs, loaded down with loans secured by personal notes, it would be a matter of time and effort to develop a good and clean business in handling strictly commercial paper. It needs a powerful bank free to devote strong energies to the promotion of that one thing. With such a bank once established, or an existing bank

strengthened in such a way that the American could get the same amount of accommodation on his business that the other nationalities enjoy on their various personal connections, a veritable revolution in the Mexican trade would be inaugurated. The bank itself would without a doubt prove extremely profitable.

Year by year business in Mexico is becoming more business-like and has less of the character of personal relation. The adoption of the gold-standard, which will probably take place within a twelve-month, will ultimately operate to do away with another considerable part of the wide margins and lack of price-competition. Already the pressure of numbers is forcing a progressive abandonment of the easy-going attitude of the past. The trend of the times is thus to favor the entrance of the American. Surely where there is so much money to be made and so much prestige at stake the novelty and the difficulties of the trade conditions cannot long stand in our way.

MORRELL W. GAINES.

New Dorchester, Mass.

EXECUTIVE USURPATION BASED ON UNWRITTEN LAW; OR, A DEFENCE THAT CONDEMNS.

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR: Below we give our readers a most remarkable letter from Hon. E. F. Ware, Commissioner of Pensions, of the Department of the Interior. It was called forth by Professor Parsons' open letter to President Roosevelt which appeared in the August *ARENA*. We give this letter in full, as it is presumably the ablest apology that the Commissioner feels can be made for the extraordinary act of executive usurpation which we believe establishes a precedent fraught with the greatest perils to the Republic. We also publish Professor Parsons' masterly reply. It is well for our country that in the presence of acts so essentially subversive in character, we have trained minds, men of courage, conscience, and scholarship; who

dare to expose the wrongs and point out the perils lurking in such seemingly innocent rulings which, however, are in essence destructive to the fundamental principles of Democratic Government.—B. O. F.]

I. COMMISSIONER WARE'S LETTER.

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
"BUREAU OF PENSIONS,
"OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., August 9, 1904.

"*Prof. Frank Parsons,*
"*Boston, Mass.*

"SIR: In your recent open letter to President Roosevelt you take up the questions of pensions.

"Referring to my recent Order No. 78, which is on page 123 of the magazine, you say:

"The order provides that old age should be deemed a disability within the meaning of the law of June 27, 1890, but that law provides pensions in case of disability resulting from military service during the Civil war."

"I am not finding any fault with your article, nor is it the object of this letter to do so, but I desire to set you right upon a matter in which so many thousands of people are mistaken that they criticise Order No. 78 unjustly.

"Now as a matter of fact the law is directly the opposite of what you say it is, and if you will permit me to illustrate it you will see the force of my statement.

"Suppose, for instance, an old soldier is perfectly able to work and earn his support by manual labor and cannot be pensioned under any law of the United States. Supposing that to-morrow he is run over by an automobile and rendered incapable of earning his living by manual labor. In this case the disability was not received in the service and has no connection with it whatever, yet nevertheless he is entitled to the maximum pension for total disability (providing he is totally disabled) and he is pensioned accordingly.

"Now in contemplation of law it makes no difference whether the wheels of time or of an automobile run over the man, he is pensionable because he was a soldier.

"It is to me a matter of regret that there are a thousand orators in the United States, who do not understand what Congress has by law continually enacted, that are criticising Order 78.

"It is an unwritten law that no old soldier shall go to the poor-house, no matter whether his disabilities are of service origin or not, providing they are not of vicious origin.

"Very respectfully,

"E. S. WARE,

"Commissioner."

II. PROFESSOR PARSONS' REPLY.

My Dear Commissioner:

I thank you heartily for your favor of the 9th. If the letter and spirit of the law can be fairly interpreted to cover disabilities clearly not connected directly or indirectly with the fact of service in the Civil war, and to include old age under disability, that is a strong point in favor of the Department. But if so, why was it that Congress was urged to pass an old-age pension-bill, the Department coming into the matter only when it became clear that in spite of the approach of a Presidential election there was to be much difficulty about getting the bill enacted, and why do you say in your explanation or defence of the order: "It is an *unwritten law* that no old soldier shall go to the poor-house whether his disabilities are of service origin or not"? If the written law, the statute of June 27, 1890, protects the soldiers from disabilities not of service origin as you claim in the first part of your letter, why do you afterward rest your case upon a statement of the unwritten law? In that unwritten-law paragraph I think you have unconsciously given away the whole case. The secret is revealed in that phrase. I do not doubt the good faith of the Department or of the President, and do not think they were moved by any conscious intent to usurp legislative power, but in their *subconsciousness*, all the time, Order 78 was not in pursuance of the statute, but of the unwritten law you refer to. Now, it is precisely this unwritten-law business that we object to. It is simply another name for Executive Legislation. All the laws passed by Congress are written, and Congress is the only authorized law-maker under our Constitution.

I am sorry you do not speak of another point raised in the pension part of my letter to the President. Your contention on the service-origin point might be admitted without justifying Order 78 in the least degree. It is vitally defective for a reason entirely independent of the origin of the

disability. Whatever may be thought of the service-disability question, the law we are discussing (the Disability Act, June 27, 1890) is perfectly clear on one point, namely, that to entitle anyone to a pension he must be actually unable to earn a support. The disability must be such as to "incapacitate him from the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render him unable to earn a support." Now Order 78 says:

"In the adjudication of pension claims under said act of June 27, 1890, as amended, it shall be taken and considered as an evidential fact, if the contrary does not appear, and if all other legal requirements are properly met, that when a claimant has passed the age of sixty-two years he is disabled one-half in ability to perform manual labor, and is entitled to be rated at \$6 per month; after sixty-five years, at \$8 per month; after sixty-eight years, at \$10 per month, and after seventy years, at \$12 per month."

In other words, old age is to be deemed a disability whether the person is able to earn a support or not. Is it not so? If he were really disabled at sixty-two, sixty-five, sixty-eight, or seventy, he would have his pension under the statute according to your own statement.

It follows from your interpretation of the law that no order was necessary for real disability, but only for fictitious disability, a condition outside of and contrary to the law. The statute contemplated and was based upon *need*. The Order gives the pension whether it is needed or not. The Order is in clear opposition to the law, not merely beyond its limits, but a reversal or nullification of its most vital provision. The Order is not an interpretation of the law, but an absolute violation of both its letter and its spirit.

New light may come that will put a different face on the matter, but in the

light of the facts so far known to me, I cannot but feel that Order 78 should open with some such words as the following:

"Be it enacted by the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Interior in Legislative Session assembled" or "Be it enacted by the President of the United States in Legislative Session assembled, by and with the advice and consent of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Pensions, that whereas Congress has neglected and refused to pass the old-age pension-bill, therefore, sixty-two years shall be decreed as one-half disability within the law; sixty-five years as two-thirds disability; sixty-eight years, as five-sixths disability; and seventy years as complete disability; and the corresponding pensions paid whether there be any real disability or incapacity to earn support or not, anything in the law to the contrary notwithstanding, Executive Orders from this date on being decreed to amend, supersede, annul, repeal, or otherwise dispose of legislation enacted by Congress, in such manner and degree as may be determined by his Majesty the President of the United States, and their Assistant Majesties of the Cabinet."

Every decent man who risked his life for his country should have a pension when he *needs* it. No old soldier should be allowed to go to the poor-house, or any other old person for that matter. Industrial veterans who have built their best years into the country's prosperity are entitled to pensions as well as military veterans. But in neither case has the President of the United States a right to grant such pensions. It must be done by Congress in accordance with the provisions of the National Constitution. The value of the end sought cannot atone for the wrongful and dangerous method of its attainment.

FRANK PARSONS.

Boston, Mass.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: "A HEALING AND RECONCILING INFLUENCE"?

BY PROFESSOR ROBERT T. KERLIN, M.A.

IT IS NOW just a generation since Matthew Arnold's first essays in theology and biblical criticism were published. How does it stand with him as a factor in the thought of to-day? Is he, as he desired to be, "a healing and reconciling influence"?

When he was a lad of eleven years, his father in a letter to the family wrote: "May God grant to my sons if they grow to manhood, an unshaken love of truth, and a firm resolution to follow it for themselves with an intense abhorrence of all parties, save the one tie which binds them to the party of Christ against wickedness." There is a virtue in a father's prayer, which tends to bring about, as prophecy proverbially does, its own fulfilment. Independence at any rate, was a masterful trait in the character of Dr. Arnold's eldest son. This son was the true spiritual offspring of his father. He in truth belongs to no party but the party of Christ, the party of enlightenment and of progress. The Arnold of the *Essays in Criticism*, of the *Poems*, of *Literature and Dogma*, is of the same mental temperament, the same self-reliant, independent spirit, the same courage and the same faith, the same breadth and comprehensiveness, as the Arnold of Rugby, the Arnold of the alarming theological and political pamphlets, the Arnold of the bold and novel theories of the interpretation of Scripture. To build upon the foundation laid by his father, to carry his father's speculative beginnings out to their legitimate, their inevitable conclusions, was the master-aim of the son. Devotedly reverencing his father's memory, the son was constantly testing his conduct and his work by the standards which he believed Arnold of Rugby would approve. He strove to be as a spiritual force, as an enlightening

influence, the successor of his father. His work was by himself regarded as the fulfilment of his father's. Rightly understood, it is so.

Dr. Arnold, for his day, was a liberal thinker in religious matters. He was even "startling." He belonged to no party, political or theological, for, as he said, no party would claim him. He was assailed for heterodoxy—he was guilty of inculcating the principle which is the root of all heresies, the principle of liberty and of self-reliance in thinking out each one for himself, his way to truth. To his sons he left both precept and example. And one of them, one in whom the spirit of Rugby was embodied, became one of the chief intellectual forces of the nineteenth century. It was as if the mind of Dr. Arnold had been reincarnated and sent back to earth to lead another generation forward to new positions of more enlightened thought.

To-day, in all matters wherein Dr. Arnold was heretical, the thinking part of the Christian world has gone far beyond his then advanced positions. We of to-day wonder that these so reasonable views could have aroused such alarm and called forth such heated denunciations,—such, in spite of hierarchical obstruction, has been the advance, in respect to reasonableness and light, of the Christian world during the last three-quarters of a century. But how stands it with the son? Arnold of Rugby, before his untimely death, in 1824, lived long enough to see his triumph, to know his doctrines were conquering. But the author of *Literature and Dogma*, in his endeavor to gain still more advanced positions, faced even severer conflicts than his father had fought out. The results are somewhat different, it may be, but the honor of the protagonists in the successive conflicts is the same.

We believe it can be said that while the churches do not accept and proclaim the views of Matthew Arnold, yet a large part, and that the really serious and intelligent part of the Christian world, hold with him in almost all essential respects. He is recognized by us to be a true Spokesman, in matters of religion and culture, of the age in which we live. Readers of his books will agree with this view, and they alone matter. Readers of narrowly-sectarian papers probably will disagree, but only those, I repeat, who have studied the writings of the man with open and honest minds merit consideration in any degree. Some of us have found Matthew Arnold's writings a source of light and strength to us. He has been a help against unbelief, a foe of despair. And even when he failed to convince us, or to help us through our difficulties, we still were obliged to acknowledge the ability, the candor, the honesty of purpose of the man who had applied himself to so great tasks.

But it would be too narrow a view of Matthew Arnold to think of him only as a critic of religion. There was no department of life, no institution of society, no activity of the mind, which did not engage his thought and upon which he has not left us some well-considered utterance, some masterly essay, after his judicious and impressive manner.

After he had given to the world a body of poetry sufficient in quantity and in quality to rank him as one of the three or four chief poets of the Victorian era, he turned to prose as a more suitable means of achieving the results which the conditions of his age, as he understood those conditions, called for. Information, clear intelligence, right aims, and sound guiding principles, he discerned, were the need of the English nation. He set himself, with as splendid an equipment as ever a public teacher possessed, to the arduous task of supplying these. His chosen medium of expression for this purpose was rightly prose, and he created a style all his own,—an incisive, luminous, and effective style. His prose writings, a doz-

en-and-a-half volumes, come under the category of Criticism. But by virtue of his thorough-going works, this department of literature now possesses a dignity it never had before, and the term "criticism" has a vastly-enriched, enlarged, and more honored significance.

His conception of the function of criticism will afford us a starting point for an exposition of his doctrine of culture, his estimate of the function and value of literature, and his views on religion. By giving our attention to his utterances on these four great concerns of the human mind—Criticism, Culture, Literature, Religion—we shall get before us the ideas for which Arnold preëminently stands and by which he is distinguished.

Then in his earliest prose work (1865) Arnold wrote: "Criticism tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature." Then, in language now familiar to everybody, he thus describes the great service of criticism: "Its business is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world and by making this known to create a current of true and fresh ideas."

True is this in the sphere of politics, of education, of literature, and of religion. With this conception of the function and efficiency of criticism Arnold took up the questions which were before his contemporaries in every field where sounder principles seemed required. In this work, furthermore, he strictly followed his own doctrine that criticism must be absolutely and entirely independent, disinterested, leaving alone all questions of practical consequences and applications. These warp its judgment, stifle its freedom. Each sect, each party, each class, makes criticism subservient to its particular interests. Instead of a critic, a judge, one becomes an advocate. "The critic must

keep out of the region of immediate practice in the political, social, humanitarian sphere, if he wants to make a beginning for that more free speculative treatment of things, which may perhaps one day make its benefits felt even in this sphere, but in a natural and thence irresistible manner."

Therefore Arnold set himself to fulfil what he conceived to be the high mission of criticism: "The disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas." The end attained by criticism, most comprehensively stated is culture,—culture as a means towards "rendering an intelligent being yet more intelligent," and "making reason and the will of God prevail." Inasmuch as Arnold has been often called the "Apostle of Culture" we should seek to get his own conception of the nature and scope and aim of culture. Therefore, in recommending culture as the sure and efficient help out of the difficulties of his time, this is what Arnold actually recommends: "Culture," he says, "is the pursuit, the study of perfection both for ourselves and for mankind. It has its origin in the love of perfection: its aim, in its first intention, is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, 'to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent'; and in the second view of it, its motto is, 'to make reason and the will of God prevail.'" Agreeing with religion, it "is inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased light, increased life, increased sympathy." It is not therefore "a smattering of Greek and Latin," as scorners say. It is an enrichment of life, enlightenment, enlargement, spiritual power. Religion gives its sanction to culture; and not only so, but has indeed the same aim. But culture has a broader scope, a freer activity. It seeks to attain its end, the total perfection of character, "through all the voices of human experience, art, science, poetry, philosophy, and history, as well as religion." Culture places human perfection, as does religion, in an internal condition: "In the ever-

increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature." It is the surest defence and ally of religion: "Culture disinterestedly seeking in its aim at perfection to see things as they really are, shows us how worthy and divine a thing is the religious side in man, though it is not the whole of man. But while recognizing the grandeur of the religious side in man, culture yet makes us also eschew an inadequate conception of man's totality."

The most frequent charge against culture is that it is selfish. But is this charge just? It would not be just to accuse religion of selfishness on the ground that many of its professors are conspicuously selfish in their ideas and their practices. The true conception of culture as of religion—and both require defending against false representatives—precludes the idea of selfishness. "Perfection as culture conceives it," says Arnold, "is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward."

On this matter of the unselfishness of the true spirit of culture Arnold is explicit and emphatic. To the detractors of culture, betraying, by their misrepresentations and their loss of temper in debate, the absence of just those qualities which Arnold praises and himself exemplifies—sweetness and light—he answers: "Culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light." His doctrines, misunderstood or wilfully distorted,

brought upon him sneers and ridicule. He was called a "kid-gloved high-priest of culture" a "spurious" and an "elegant" Jeremiah. He was reproached with preaching the doctrine of "cultivated inaction," and of "trifling with esthetic and poetical fancies" while things were going to wrack. To us who know the seriousness of the man and who discern the eminent need, in every generation, of just such calm, judicious work as he was doing, he seems quite other than a "kid-gloved high-priest of culture" or an "elegant and spurious Jeremiah." No man trifled less with any sort of fancies.

In *The Grand Chartreuse* he writes:

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Show'd me the high, white star of truth
And bade me gaze, and there aspire."

Again, in *Rugby Chapel*, he says:

"And there are some who a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!"

His answer to the charge of teaching "cultivated inaction" is, thirty-five years of arduous labor as lay inspector of schools. Drudgery this of the most ungracious, soul-quenching kind. The third greatest poet of the time spent his energies upon inspecting schools, reading examination papers, making school-reports, and writing the plainest of prose tracts and essays on questions of the day. At such a man were the taunts of unlearned, ill-tempered and obstructive sectarians tossed like mud-balls. These zealots and bigots complain that this "kid-gloved high-priest of culture" will not join their

societies for the improvement of the human race. They would make a partisan of him, after their own pattern. He stands aloof, coldy critical, indifferent, as they think. So every self-poised man appears to those whose zeal outstrips their knowledge. In the rougher and coarser movements going on around him these sectarians complain that Arnold will take no part. He is a spurious, an elegant Jeremiah! "But what," he answers, unruffled, "what if rough and coarse action, ill-calculated action, action with insufficient light, is, and has for a long time been, our bane? What if our urgent want now is not to act at any price, but rather to lay in a stock of light for our difficulties?"

Such a calm, lucid suggestion produces thoughtfulness in an open mind. His luminous and thorough-going exposition produces conviction. We perceive that Arnold sees clearly, while the majority of those throwing mud-balls at him see cloudily. He acts with deliberation and reason, with a set purpose, and toward an end which he understands. His assailants act like the mob at Ephesus, shouting all the more for their idols. Indeed Matthew Arnold's calmness, self-possession, and telling force of expression, as he moved steadily towards inescapable conclusions, must have been extremely provoking to his confused adversaries.

Odium theologicum of their sort they might have been able to endure from him: they could have rendered like for like. But his sweet reasonableness they could not endure: they were unable to reciprocate.

Despite sneers, Arnold continued in perfect serenity, through a quarter of a century, putting into the clearest and most convincing prose the ideas which he considered to be the most important for his age. And that, too, with hopefulness. "Is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us?" Again he writes: "The

times are wonderful, and will be still more so; and one would not willingly lose by negligence, self-mismanagement, and want of patience what power one has of working in them and having an influence on them."

It was reproachfully said of Dr. Arnold that, with Coleridge, he had "found and shown the rat-hole in the temple." Pious folk, but knowing little of the safeness of truth, looked upon this as an unforgivable sin. What God had caused to be, they would cause to be concealed. This may be piety but it is essential unbelief. I have said the spirit of the father was in the son. Arnold the school-inspector no less than Arnold the head-master waged his battle for a pure faith and a surer foundation of religion. They were equally assailed as the enemies of religion, the destroyers of its institutions. In the preface to *God and The Bible* Matthew Arnold wrote: "*Literature and Dogma* had altogether for its object, and so too has the present work, to show the truth and necessity of Christianity, and its power and charm for the heart, mind and imagination of man, even though the preternatural, which is now its popular sanction, should have to be given up."

A comprehension of the change that had come over men's ways of thinking in the middle portion of the nineteenth century, together with his knowledge of the human spirit gained from a wide acquaintance with literature, brought him to this conclusion: "Two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anybody with eyes in his head. One is, that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is." He would defend Christianity against such of its assailants as the brilliant mathematician Professor Clifford, who calls it "that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live amongst men." In a familiar letter in 1870 he expresses his desire "to be a healing and a reconciling influence." A few years later he writes:

"It will more and more become evident how entirely religious is the work I have done in *Literature and Dogma*."

In the preface to this book he had given utterance to some startling judgments upon the religious situation of the times; startling judgments to be followed by still more startling criticisms of the Bible and of current religion. "An inevitable revolution, of which we all recognize the beginnings and signs, but which has already spread, perhaps, farther than most of us think, is befalling the religion in which we have been brought up." This is the sentence with which *Literature and Dogma* opens. He proceeds shortly to quote the following from a workingman's letter: "Despite the efforts of the churches, the speculations of the day are working their way down among the people, many of whom are asking for the *reason* and *authority* for the things they have been taught to believe." The author of this epoch-marking book, which undertakes the momentous task of expounding a sure way of faith, regrets the abandonment of the Bible and of religion, he affirms, as much as the clergy can regret it. But what remedy is there? "To reënthrone the Bible as explained by our current theology, whether learned or popular, is absolutely and forever impossible! as impossible as to restore the feudal system or the belief in witches." The horizon has lifted up. Men's views have broadened. Even workmen are demanding "reason and authority." The aim of *Literature and Dogma* is to put the right construction upon the Bible and thus to ensure the Bible its continued influence.

And what is necessary to the right understanding of the Bible? Culture, an acquaintance with the history of the human spirit, a wide knowledge of other sacred books. The Bible is literature, not dogma. It follows the method of poetry. "To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible."

In this view Arnold is absolutely sound. Exegetes however, have commonly proceeded upon a contrary view and have thereby created dogma out of literature, dead theology out of living, glowing oratory and poetry. Then again, the sectaries would narrow the scope of culture, of education, and of intellectual life. They would confine men exclusively to the Bible and to a rigid, bold interpretation of its poetry as fact, understanding its large figurative manner as the definite statement of dogma. The British and Foreign School Society makes its watchword: "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible!" This is nothing short of bibliolatry. Such a sentiment is more in accord with the genius of Mohammedanism than with the spirit of Christianity. "Knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world," a large acquaintance with the activities of the human spirit and with its achievements in many ages and countries, will make manifest that no one can take upon his lips this watchword without self-stultification. Arnold characterizes the theology of his time as "mechanical and materializing," "It does not trace God in history," hence its bibliolatry and hence its belief in miracles. It has but a scanty sense of the life of humanity, hence its misreading of the documents of religion. "He that cannot watch the God of the Bible, and the salvation of the Bible, gradually and on an immense scale discovering themselves and *becoming*, will insist on seeing them ready made and in such precise and reduced dimensions as may suit his narrow mind."

Arnold's confidence in the intellectual progress of humanity is clearly expressed: "The free-thinking of one age is the common-sense of the next, and the Christian world will certainly learn to transform beliefs which it now thinks to be untransformable." His efforts were prompted by the noblest of motives and guided by the soundest reasoning. He would purge Christianity of its dross, and make it again the mighty force it once was in the world for the government of men's lives.

He would re-attach men's affections to it, re-kindle their imagination by it, re-enlist their interest for it.

"The power of Christianity has been in the immense emotion which it has excited; in its engaging, for the government of man's conduct, the mighty forces of love, reverence, gratitude, hope, pity, awe."

A revolution is taking place,—nay, has already taken place. As Michelet writes of the French Revolution: "La révolution est faite dans la haute région des esprits; elle est en train de s'accomplir dans l'âme du peuple." Arnold would aid this inevitable revolution by calling in reason and light, that it may not be ill-guided, that it may lead mankind forward to their proper goal.

For the enlightenment needed, he directs men to literature. For the help which religion once gave, but no longer gives, he turns to poetry. The famous *Essay on Poetry* opens with these memorable words:

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever-surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

Therefore he concludes: "More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete, and most of what passes now

with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry." Now this view will appear reasonable or ridiculous according to the conception we have of poetry. Poetry has always been indeed a chief consolation, light, and source of strength to men. The prophets were in reality poets; we read them now, when we read them properly, as poets, poets of wonderful ethical insight and moral genius. But this view has not yet grown common, therefore the whole Bible is neglected. To a considerable number of souls—and they the salt of the earth—the *Divine Comedy* is infinitely more valuable as an aid to the spiritual life than large portions of the Jewish Scriptures. It is unquestionable that thousands in our own time who have ceased to turn to the Bible for spiritual help have gone to Tennyson, to Browning, to Matthew Arnold. Of Arnold's influence it remains to speak briefly. From his letters written to his mother and his sisters we gather our chief items. He writes in 1869: "However much I may be attacked, my manner of writing is certainly one that takes hold of the people and proves effective." Later: "I am really surprised myself at the testimonies I continually receive to the influence which my writings are gaining." To his mother in the same year he wrote, relative to her approval of *St. Paul and Protestantism*: "I was much interested and touched by your letter, showing your willingness still, as always, to receive and comprehend what is new, instead of shutting your mind against it."

Some years later (1876) when he had heard that such persons as Gladstone, George Eliot, and Carlyle had professed great admiration for his books and when by the most intelligent among all classes, including the clergy, he was being quoted, he wrote: "It is a great and solid satisfaction, at fifty, to find one's work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflection and labor, getting recognition amongst those whose judgment passes for the most valuable." This was all said of his prose writings. His poetry was slower

in coming to its own. But he waited in confidence and it conquered. "My poems represent on the whole," he wrote in 1869, "the main movement of the mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it." George Eliot seven years later declared that of all modern poetry, his was that which kept constantly growing upon her. The Bishop of Derry said that it was the center of his intellectual life. By 1878, twenty years after he had turned from poetry to prose, a high rank for Arnold as a poet was assured. "It is curious," he writes in that year, "how the public is beginning to take them (his poems) to its bosom after long years of comparative neglect. The wave of thought and change has rolled on until people begin to find a significance and attraction in what had none for them formerly."

But will the Christian world—this is the final question, and it remains to be asked—will the Christian world ever bring itself to an acceptance of Matthew Arnold's "Eternal Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness"? Such a result is not incredible. Anthropomorphism is already obsolescent. It is inevitably doomed, for it is barbarous. "I beseech you," cried the Bampton lecturer, in an Oxford pulpit, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of Christ, to hold fast the integrity of your anthropomorphism." But against the advance of a spiritual religion, which science is fostering and guiding, a religion that is largely banished from the churches, but which is growing more and more prevalent, anthropomorphism cannot stand. It will still be championed by the clergy, nay, they will go to wonderful extremes in trying to prop up and stay the fast-crumbling and ruinous fabric of medieval theology. A bishop of a very large American sect will proclaim, in a book on *The Personality of the Holy Spirit*, such an argument as

the following for the said thesis: "Perhaps the most notable proof of the personality of the Holy Spirit is his contribution to the literature of the world. He was the author of letters, and the earliest of the world's literature, as certainly the most influential, was that which came to us from the world's first and greatest Thinker. His first theme was what we might expect—the poem of creation, as he sings of what none other can more than imagine, but of what he was witness." That utterance came from this distinguished cleric—incredible as it may seem—in all seriousness: and it is quoted by the Dean of the theological department of Vanderbilt University in a spirit of admiration. Let us consider this astonishing "proof." It makes the Holy Ghost a contributor to the literature of the world: "The author of letters," "The first and greatest Thinker." He gave the world "its earliest and most influential literature." After this it is easy for one to fancy one hears the

bishop cry: "My brethren, I beseech you, by these proofs of the personality of the Holy Ghost, hold fast to the integrity of your anthropomorphism."

From such confusion, we turn to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer in search of something whereon the mind may stay itself. This is what we find: "Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he (man) is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy. from which all things proceed."* We say that with this affirmative, which is substantially one, as far as it goes, with Matthew Arnold's, the wisest men from Plato down, are in agreement. But with this tritheism of the bishop we do not know what we can do, except put it upon the shelf with other things that were, but which can never be again.

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CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM IN ANGLO-SAXON HISTORY AND ITS MEANING TO CIVILIZATION.

"THE REFORM PRESERVATIVE OF REFORMS."

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ON THE several planks in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, respectively, different persons will place importance according to their interest or their information. The Monetary standard, the Race question, Imperialism, the Trusts, etc., will each have its adherents. But to the Reformer none will compare with the planks on Civil-Service. For without it no reform is permanent, and with it all reforms are possible.

And of all the subjects touched on in the two platforms there is none on which not only the general public, but the average statesman, is so ignorant or misinformed.

A brief review of its progress abroad and at home is therefore not only desirable but necessary.

The unreformed Civil-Service in both Great Britain and the United States was founded on the theory of feudal times that public offices were the property of the ruler, and upon this theory they were filled for his benefit, and without regard for the fitness of the officer, or the public welfare.

The forty-fifth article of Magna Charta has therefore been aptly styled, "the first Civil-Service rule." By that article, the King engaged not to make any justices,

* *Religion: A Retrospect and Prospect*, p. 35.

constables, sheriffs or bailiffs but such as know the law of the realm. But for a long period there was no public opinion, and much less any law, that condemned the use or abuse of the appointing power. Probably the first instance of the coercive power of such a public opinion was early in the thirteenth century, when the voice of the nation was expressed strongly in favor of Reform, and the King was compelled to choose his subordinate ministers with some reference to their capacity for business. For in the "runder ages of British history" all the powers of Government were prostituted "to extort the earnings and hold down in poverty and ignorance the masses of the people; to fill the treasuries, to minister to the vices and luxuries, and to fight the battles of kings."

The reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors may be regarded as the palmy days of the despotic spoils-system. It was a time when a king could "confer two hundred manors upon a brother," and when charters and monopolies were tossed by him to some great officer in a moment of good nature, and as arbitrarily revoked in a fit of anger or drunkenness. And while it is a fact that at an early date offices in Great Britain became hereditary, this did not rise from any sense of Reform, *but from the desire to make their market value in the first instance the greater.* Hence arose the spirit which supported a hereditary crown and nobility.

But not only offices and charters, but "the highest human function,—that of administering justice,"—was openly sold for money. This accounts for the clause found in Magna Charta, that: "No man shall be taken, or imprisoned, or outlawed, or exiled, or anywise destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor send upon him, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny or delay right or justice." In fact, at the time Civil-Service Reform commenced in England, every possible exercise of official authority, by every grade of officials, from the lowest to the highest, was on the market as a mer-

chandise. And in France the purchase of offices was legalized, a bureau opened for their sale, and the Kings, in order to raise money, made the *judicial offices* in Parliament saleable.

The persons who sanctioned all this corruption, moreover, were the wealthy and educated classes; so that the cause of administrative reform was necessarily the cause of the "common people." So much so that there were two great popular uprisings, one in the thirteenth, and another in the fourteenth century, owing to the "outrageous corruption and oppression of the spoils-system."

But in the generation of Wyckliffe following, great ideas were beginning to stir the heart of England, and there were brave and true utterances, the predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and Burke. "Foreign wars, made more disastrous by incompetent officers, had led to crushing taxation"; and "lordly officials interfered with the freedom of elections." A Parliament was called and the great offenders were impeached and removed from office. A grand inquest of abuses was ordered through a High Commission. But the great undertaking was never completed.

Parliament, however, having little patronage, stood boldly forth for Reform. But it is noticeable that it exerted its influence from the outset to secure patronage for itself. As its power increased, there was a growing abuse of patronage, and usurpation of Executive power, until Parliament became more corrupt even than the Executive. "At every stage corruption has prevailed, in either department, in the proportion that it has controlled patronage." The most notable clause of the statute passed by this Parliament was that: "None shall obtain office by suit or for reward, but upon desert."

But in a milder and more secret form the spoils-system became again supreme; and "continued wars, both foreign and domestic, aided its growth." Public opinion, however, grew apace, and feudalism and despotism lost their strength and

terrors. But the spoils-system, though mitigated, survived till the time of Cromwell. Indeed Civil-Service principles could be carried into effect only when the base of Power in the State had changed; and when liberty had increased and education become extended.

There flourished under the Plantagenets and Tudors "a spoils-system of favoritism, influence, nepotism and venality, which frowned on personal merit and scorned the idea of official responsibility." This is necessarily the case under arbitrary monarchy, where "all authority comes from above," and "the ruling force is fear." The spoils-system is the "natural outgrowth of despotism and aristocracy," and "not a republican agency of government." For this reason when the American patriots denounced George III. because "he made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries," and for other similar abuses, they really assailed the theory of arbitrary government. Those persons, therefore, who regard the spoils-system as original and congenial in our institutions are wholly at fault; in fact, "our spoils-system is only a faint reproduction, in an uncongenial age and government, of vicious methods, of which the coarse and more corrupt originals are to be found in the most despotic periods of British history." Indeed it is the only part of our system which Henry VIII., or Elizabeth, or James II., or George III. would like. Under its debasing influence "Parliament became little more than a body of servile placemen, named by the King and the great nobles, to endorse their policy and pay their henchmen and relatives in office."

The demand for Reform first made itself greatly felt in the election of 1614 which brought such men as Pym and Eliot into Parliament. The great law called the "Petition of Right," was an expression of the reform-spirit, and its principal demand was "that no man hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift,

loan, benevolence, or tax, or such like charge, without common consent by Act of Parliament." But it was Cromwell who gave "the first blow to the despotic spoils-system which was heavy enough to break in its framework." The necessities of the times, however, and his own arbitrary temper induced him to substitute a vigorous "partisan-system" later; but, notwithstanding his mighty grasp, as he went on under it, his power steadily declined, and "upon his decease, his followers melted away." Thus "the greatest genius for government England ever produced was not able, through the most skillful use of patronage, to leave gratitude enough behind him to save his own bones from being dragged from the grave and exposed on a gibbet to the jeers of the Royalists." However, under his regime, the number of those who thought and acted boldly upon political questions was permanently increased, and the old system lost much of its prestige, which it never regained.

Profound depths of corruption and villainy followed the Restoration. Charles II. declared "he would not have a company of fellows looking into his actions and examining his ministers and accounts," meaning by "fellows," members of Parliament. It was in this reign that the systematic buying of votes began and it spread rapidly. A minister of Charles II. declared that to pocket the bribes, members flocked round him like "so many jackdaws for cheese." It is unnecessary to say that Parliament made no serious attempts at reform in this reign.

From Charles II. to James II. the short step is downward "from one corrupt administration, that was graceful and cautious, to another that was brutal and reckless." The latter had no higher conception of the appointing power than to make it "the instrument of his vengeance, his vanity, his lust, and his bigoted ambition." He removed even judges and justices at will, until "the packed Judges of the Court of King's Bench gave, as a matter

of course, judgment in favor of the Crown." But all this use of patronage and spoils, of threats and solicitation, failed to increase his power. An angry people hurried the infamous Jeffreys to the Tower and drove James into exile.

When William III. came to the throne, the official life of England was at the lowest stage of degradation it had ever reached. With rare exception all those in office and all those connected with the Court or politics were seething sources of corruption. "The very fact of a man being a public officer or a politician brought a suspicion upon his integrity and his manhood." But the Bill of Rights exacted of him guaranteed certain reforms and others were soon enacted into law. Chief among them were the freedom of election of members of Parliament, and the raising of the Judiciary above Executive interference. The earlier Civil-Service rules related mainly to "qualifications for appointment"; but under William, "independence was secured in the proper discharge of duty while in office."

The King, in an endeavor to harmonize contending factions, took opposing elements into his Council. He soon found, however, that even a small body, which contained antagonistic elements, could not successfully exercise Executive power. Accordingly, he selected from the majority in Parliament, a small number, since called the Cabinet, under whose direction he should carry on the Government. This important change was the origin of political parties, and of party government. But the change also naturally and speedily led to the partisan-system of appointment to office. It went into effect practically in 1693, and was continued, with some modifications, until 1853, when the first elements of the "Merit-System" were formally introduced.

Under the party-system, the power of the House of Commons increased, and, of course, its patronage; parliamentary elections became corrupt, and the votes of members became venal, till we find the

greater corruption in connection with Parliament than with the Executive. It soon became clear that "the only hope of reform was in a coercive influence, from a higher public opinion, to be developed outside Official Circles." Fortunately there were a number of eminent men then living who gave their talents to political literature. Such were Swift, Bolingbroke, Prior, Addison, Steele and Defoe. The reforming sentiment to which these times gave utterance acquired a vast power when proclaimed by Burke and Chatham in the next generation.

By this time corruption had reached such a point that there were many who imagined that they had certainly gained little by exchanging an arbitrary King for a corrupt and often tyrannical Parliament. Nor were justice and liberty "much more cared for by an arbitrary party majority than by an arbitrary King and nobility." Members of Parliament claimed that the proceedings of their own body were a part of their own secrets, as to which it was an impertinence for the people to seek any information. And it was not till the close of the reign of George III., after a long and dangerous struggle, that the right of printing debates in Parliament was won by the English people. During the struggle several reporters were whipped by the hangman, and others compelled to apologize on their knees at the bar of the House, all for having written in opposition to the party majority of the hour. The ever-widening circle of corruption had spread from Parliament to the Constituencies, and tainted all the approaches to political life. Crime and immorality of every description were rapidly increasing. Even the watchmen and constables were so utterly inefficient, that one was forced to travel "even at noon, as if one were going to battle."

George III. and his favorites adhered to the spoil-system as long as possible. Not only had the Government servile henchmen at every desk, but paid spies everywhere. Spies followed Wilkes "dogging his steps like shadows." The

high officials of George III. claimed the right to break open and read the letters of their opponents. Even Mr. Pitt complained that his correspondence with his family was constantly ransacked in the Post-Office. The same tyrants sought to make the public press their servant or their victim. Offices were multiplied abroad, and America became for years the "hospital of England." Infants in the cradle were endowed with colonial appointments, to be executed through life by convenient deputies.

Lord North's administration fell in 1782, four months after the fall of Yorktown. It was succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham, the first ministry distinctly pledged to administrative reform. And it is interesting to notice that the leading friends of reform were also the friends of America,—Rockingham, Burke, Chatham, Conway, Barre, and others less distinguished.

With the fall of Lord Bute, the last phase of the spoils-system in English politics was reached, and the era of practical reform opened. The character and practical methods of the administration became a great issue before the people, and the famous letters of Junius began to appear. From that time administration has been converted into a science which all the leading statesmen have studied. The struggle for reform was opened in Parliament by Chatham in 1766, the same year in which he openly "rejoiced that America had resisted." Mr. Burke bent the whole force of his mind "to the reduction of that corrupt influence which is, in itself, the perennial spring of all prodigality and of all disorder, which loads us with debt, takes vigor from our army, wisdom from our Council and authority and credit from the more venerable parts of our Constitution." Parliamentary and economical reform became the watchword. The press, suddenly become a political power, voiced the sentiments of the people. Rockingham's policy declared for "independence to America, abolition of offices and the exclusion of contractors from Par-

liament." Thus the independence of America was of twin-birth with administrative reform in England.

The partisan-system continued till later. Between 1834 and 1841, during the Melbourne administration, a demand for examinations as a condition for admission to the service, came both from the higher officials and the thoughtful public who held it unjust and demoralizing for members of Parliament to control the power of appointment. At first "pass," and later, in 1853, "competitive" examinations were instituted. It is to be noticed that the initiative for the "Merit-System" came from the Executive, not from Parliament. The latter was simply compelled by the "higher public-opinion" to acquiesce in the reform. The "Merit-System" was perfected in 1870, and now, with the exception of a few score of persons, the civil servants of Great Britain are permanent. It may be added that the disastrous management of the Crimean war was largely brought about by the "lack of official capacity, both in the military and civil administration," due to the spoils-system; and that the South African disasters were due principally to the incompetency of the military officers, who were appointed, and one-fourth of whom were officially declared unfit for their duties.

At the creation of the Republic of the United States the absorbing questions concerned rights, liberty and independence. Corruption bred in the daily work of administration, partisan tyranny and debasement growing out of contentions for patronage, office, and power, were almost unknown, and they were but feebly imagined in the first generation. "No nation had, at that time, perfected itself against the evils of corrupt patronage and favoritism in bestowing office."

But that the "spoils-system" was repugnant to our theory of Government is illustrated by the fact that some of the most pernicious and characteristic elements of the original system are made impossible by the Constitution itself. The

granting of titles of nobility, the laws respecting the establishment of religion, and other requirements therein prohibited, were not only "bulwarks of the system, but a prolific source of injustice and corruption." But unfortunately the great power of removal from office was left to mere inference; and it is, therefore, without expressed limitation, or safeguard, in the government of the United States. However, for years after the establishment of the Republic, there was no thought of removal except for cause.

Besides, nowhere in the Constitution is the power of removal affirmatively to be found. That document merely says: "The President may, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint Ambassadors," etc. He is also authorized to fill any vacancy that "may happen" during the recess of the Senate, subject to their subsequent approval. And a clause in the bill introduced during the first session of Congress, giving the President a limited and partial power of removal of the Secretary of the State without the consent of the Senate, met with the most strenuous opposition from the best and ablest men in the House, on the ground: "That the admission by inference of any control, however limited, by the Executive, was anti-republican, and would in time degenerate into control over the freedom of opinion and political rights of all persons in the Civil-Service, and make them slaves and tools of an unscrupulous political party."

The whole number of removals during the first forty years of the government was but seventy-four, an average of less than two for each year. On May 15, 1820, however, the "Tenure-of-Office" act was passed, providing that thereafter, all district-attorneys, etc., "shall be appointed for a term of four years, but shall be removable from office at pleasure." It was intended to promote the election of W. H. Crawford to the Presidency in 1825, and was the first step in the introduction of the "spoils-system," though its natural results were delayed nine years by the uni-

form practice of Monroe and Adams to re-appoint worthy officers.

Mr. Jefferson, writing to Mr. Madison, in 1820, says of this law:

"It will keep in constant excitement all the hungry cormorants for office, render them, as well as those in place, sycophants to their Senators, engage these in eternal intrigue to turn out one and put in another, in cabals to swap work, and make of them what all executive directories become, mere sinks of corruption and faction."

This condition continued to 1829, when the "spoils-system" was inaugurated by Andrew Jackson. A striking feature of his policy was the sweeping removal of minor officials, and filling their places with his partisans.

Henry Clay, in a speech in the Senate in 1832, speaking of the system, said:

"It is a detestable system, drawn from the worst period of the Roman Republic; and if it were to be perpetuated, and if the offices, honors, and dignities of the people were to be put up to a scramble to be decided by the result of every Presidential election, our government and institutions becoming intolerable, would finally end in a despotism as inexorable as that at Constantinople."

It was in reply to this speech that Senator Marcy, of New York, made the oft-quoted statement: "The politicians of the United States see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy." It was, however, "not a deliberate statement of policy, carefully considered and formulated, but rather an extemporaneous attempt to parry an unexpected thrust."

The historian Schouler, speaking of Jackson's administration, says:

"The circle surrounding the old man (Jackson) fed him with gross flattery. All this gave soon the smirch to decent self-respect. Personalism came to tinct-

ure all politics, all policies, all politicians, under his arbitrary and exacting administration; and the painted Jezebel of party patronage seized upon the public trust for her favorites. Such a state of things was sure to breed corruption sooner or later. Prætorian bands showed the first symptoms of Rome's decay; bands of office-holders, united by the necessity of keeping the spoils and salaries from other hands equally ravenous, may prove an early symptom of our own, if the people submit to it."

The spoils-system continued with more or less virulence till the close of President Grant's administration. Civil-Service Reform was a feature of President Hayes' administration, and in pursuance thereof he removed Chester Alan Arthur from the position of Collector of the Port of New York. Mr. Arthur, when President, was, however, a friend of Civil-Service.

In January, 1883, Congress passed a law to prevent the abuse of the appointing power of the officers of the government. The President was authorized to appoint, with the advice and consent of the Senate, three Civil-Service Commissioners, whose duty is to aid the President in preparing suitable rules which shall provide for open competitive examinations for testing the fitness of applicants for the public-service. The first Commissioner appointed was Mr. Dorman B. Eaton. The Commissioners are, however, appointed for only fixed periods, and are removable at the will of the President. This fact, under an administration hostile to the reform, leaves them in a condition of "innocuous desuetude." They do things better in Australia, where the Commission is appointed for life, removable only for cause; and to them all charges against clerks must be referred for consideration and adjudication.

Presidents Cleveland and Harrison were, in general, friendly to the Reform idea. At the close of Mr. Cleveland's second administration, however, he "covered" into the service a large number of

the more highly-paid officials, whose predecessors he himself had removed. This caused a violent reaction, and while Mr. McKinley did not repeal the order, he, for four months after his inauguration, permitted the removal of many of the appointees. And a distinguished author has said: "It was on the best and most efficient men the blow fell heaviest; the spies, tale-bearers and backbiters often retained their positions."

In pursuance of this reactionary spirit, Mr. McKinley also took from under the Civil-Service some ten thousand positions outside of the City of Washington. In July, 1897, however, he formulated a rule limiting the power of removal, which was amended May 29, 1899. It provided that:

"No removal shall be made from the competitive classified service, except for just cause and for reasons given in writing; and the persons sought to be removed shall have notice and be furnished a copy of such reasons, and be allowed a reasonable time for personally answering the same in writing."

This was a long step in the right direction, but it fell fatally short. The accusers are left to be the judges, and while the incumbents are safe under a just judge it is not against him, but against prejudiced and partial and partisan judges, protection is needed.

The success which attended the application of the "Merit-System" to the Federal Civil-Service has encouraged its application to a number of States and cities in the United States. Speaking of Municipal Reform, in 1898, President McVicker, of the League of American Municipalities, said:

"Such a change involves the necessity of Civil-Service Reform. To my mind it would be suicidal to enlarge the function of municipalities without providing for the thorough application of the Merit-System in appointments, promotions, and removals."

We have endeavored to lay bare, in a general way, the most glaring features of the "spoils-system." And now to conclude:

"Mr. Eaton," says a writer in the *North American Review*, "has demonstrated in his book (which all should read) that Great Britain, at the close of the last century, was sinking under a load of patronage in Church and State, of bribery and corruption, of Parliamentary and royal usurpation, of favoritism, nepotism, and maladministration, by unselected and unfit office-holders; that this deadly system of patronage was so imbedded in and inmeshed with her aristocratic and hierarchical constitution, so tangled up with her royal usages and traditions, so favored by the Church and nobles, and so upheld by the Courts, that the prospect of reform was dark and dreadful beyond comparison."

And Von Holst, writing of conditions here under the "spoils-system," asserts that: "It is only to the astonishing vitality of the people of the United States, and to the altogether unsurpassed and unsurpassable favor of their natural conditions, that the State has not succumbed under the onerous burden and curse."

There has been considerable relief from the "burden and curse," in both Great Britain and the United States, since the above words were written, but much more remains to be done. The abolition of the British House of Lords is a *sine qua non*, for the bestowal of titles has always been a prolific source of corruption. It besides tends to keep mediocrity and senility in important government positions, and has so militated against the development of ability in the Tory party, that they were forced in the last generation to take Mr.

Disraeli, an ex-radical, as their leader and now are practically dominated by Mr. Chamberlain, another ex-radical, much to the detriment of British institutions in both cases. And even in the race for the House of Commons, young men of ability are handicapped by the presence in the constituency of some scion of the nobility who desires the nomination. In this way men of genius, like Mr. John Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison, are kept in the back-ground till they are too advanced in years to make a great political reputation, or are never elected to Parliament at all.

In the United States, legal protection against arbitrary promotion, reduction or removal is a *sine qua non*. No one who has properly entered must be removable, except by "due process of law," even if a constitutional amendment be required. For while a Monroe or an Adams may not take advantage of the arbitrary power, a Jackson is sure to come, who, casting aside all sentiment and all precedent, will make sweeping changes, and the last condition will be worse than the first. In any event, the ever-present fear of removal will be there, which in itself is ruinous physically, financially and morally.

May we not hope that, as in the past, men were found fearless and conscientious and disinterested enough to work out in the face of almost superhuman difficulties the reforms that have been effected, so in the present and in the future, there will be found in both countries and finally in all countries, men who will bring to perfection Civil-Service Reform, the "Reform preservative of Reforms." For, to end as we began: "Without it, no reform is permanent; and with it, all reforms are possible."

M. F. O'DONOGHUE.

Scientific Library, United States Patent
Office, Washington, D. C.

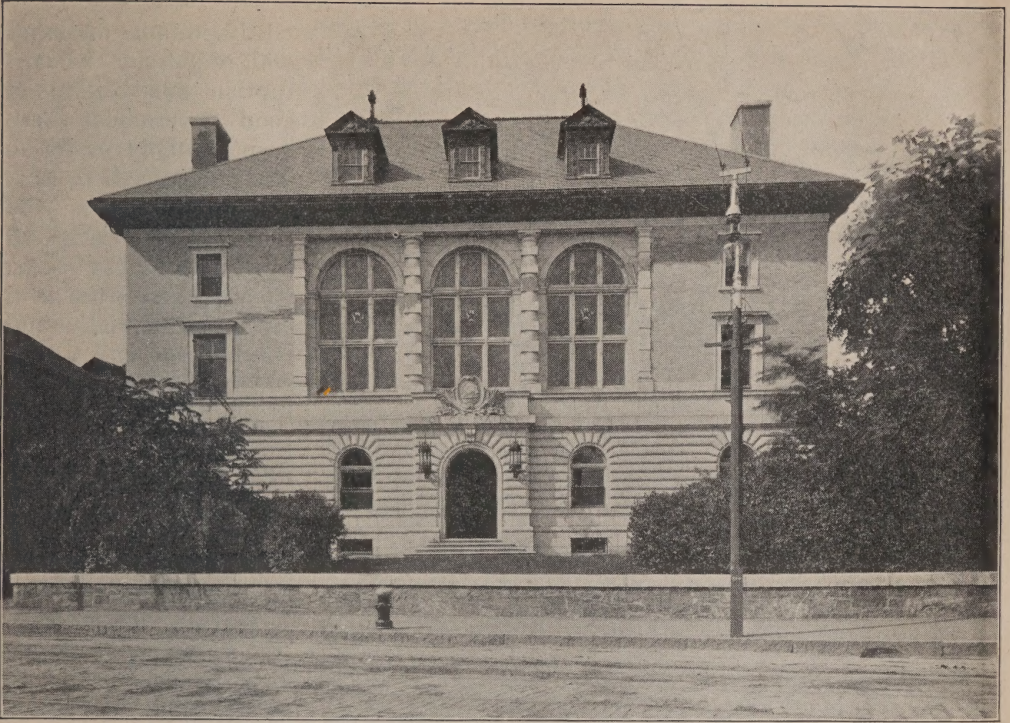


Photo. by Partridge, Boston and Brookline.

BROOKLINE MUNICIPAL BUILDING.

DEMOCRACY AND MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT; OR, HOW THE RICHEST TOWN IN THE WORLD IS RULED BY THE REFERENDUM.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE HEEL OF THE DEMOCRATIC ACHILLES.

AMONG the grave problems confronting the American citizen, that of municipal government has recently assumed the proportion of an overshadowing issue. The startling revelations of political debauchery in New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and the multitudinous outcroppings of the same evil in smaller cities and towns indicate the presence of wide-spread and ever-increasing corruption, with the inevitable accompaniment of the lowering of the standard of integrity in public

and private life and that moral disintegration that has ever sapped the vitals of a civilization where it has obtained a dominating influence in government. The reign of graft, under a rule of rings, has become so general that the American people have been forced unwillingly to accept as the simple truth the observation of the famous English author and statesman, James Bryce, when he said of our municipal rule: "There is no denying that the government of the cities is the one conspicuous failure in the United States." The corruption of our municipal life has proved to be a moral contagion that has spread rapidly through the body politic,

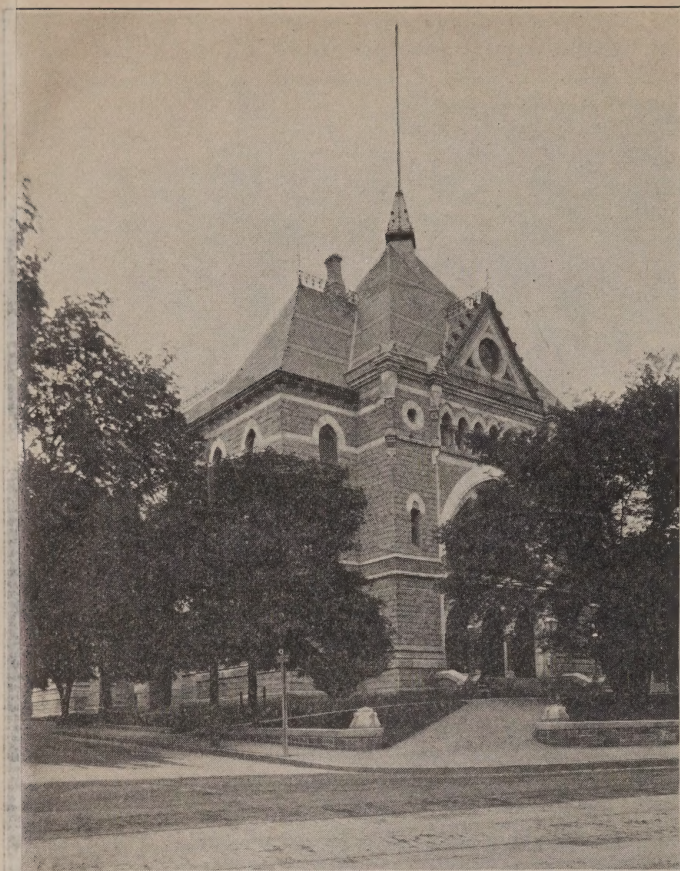


Photo. by Partridge.

BROOKLINE TOWN-HALL.

Where the People make the Laws for the Municipality.

contaminating state and national life on the one hand and lowering the moral ideals of American citizenship on the other; while through this riot of corruption the tax-payers are being victimized on every hand and the moral sensibilities and patriotic impulses of the various communities are being blunted and deadened.

Nowhere has the failure of democratic government been more marked or startling than in our municipalities, and it is a noticeable fact that this failure has been in proportion as the government has been taken directly from the voters. Where the people have been permitted to govern themselves most completely the evils have been the least; where the opportunity has been denied the people of passing directly

on important measures and proposals, the corruption and failure of good government have been most in evidence. The difference between a community governed by the old New England town-meeting system, which embraces the principles of the initiative and referendum, and a city governed under the political boss who operates a partisan machine or a ring of politicians enriched by special privileges and interests, is the difference between popular and free government and a corrupt despotism—the difference between pure democracy and an irresponsible autocracy. We say irresponsible autocracy, because we have reached the pass in more than one of our great municipalities where the power of privileged interests or of the party-boss and the unscrupulous party-ma-

chine is so absolute that only their creatures are selected or at least considered in an election. The oft-quoted expression of a Philadelphia politician who spoke by the card in that most ring-ruled and corrupt municipality—"We do n't care a d—who is elected; we are going to count our man in"—illustrates one of the most sinister and disquieting conditions present in more than one American municipality to-day.

Mr. Lincoln Steffens in his masterly exposures of corruption in *McClure's Magazine*, has given detailed accounts of the methods, reduced practically to a science, by which in St. Louis the corrupt Democratic boss, Butler, in collusion with the opposing political ring as well as with

those of his own party, rendered his own success and mastery of the city's affairs absolutely certain, and through which he was enabled to acquire millions of dollars by plundering others as well as the municipality. The exposure made in *THE ARENA* for July, 1903, by a citizen of Philadelphia and those of Mr. Steffens in dealing with other cities, indicate that similar conditions, although they may not have reached in all cases such scientific precision, prevail in many of the greatest American municipalities to-day. So general have become the exposures of corrupt practices and public spoliation and betrayal of public trusts, and so overwhelming and unanswerable has been the evidence presented that it is no longer necessary to dwell on a condition about the facts of which there is no longer any controversy.

But the arousing of a people to a realization of the general corruption that has obtained and which has in many instances brought about a practical break-down in democratic government in our municipalities is but the first step in the reclamation and purification of our cities. The next thing that must be accomplished if any fundamentally important results are achieved is the adoption of some definite programme that shall take the place of the system that has debauched and degraded our municipal life, and which shall also more perfectly meet the democratic ideal of government. The known extent of corruption, the general spoliation of the people,* and the prevalent demoralization of municipal government under present partisan-machine and ring-rule methods make immediate and well-considered action on the part of the people imperative. To close our eyes to prevailing conditions

would be to condone offences that are fatal to free government or public morality and to render well-nigh impregnable the power of the corruptors and the corrupted. Nor is it enough to turn the rascals out. We have had altogether too many of those temporary and hysterical spasms of public indignation which ignore fundamental political facts and seek nothing further than the temporary overthrow of some conscienceless ring and the installation of a reform party or an opposition ticket pledged to clean government, but which was usually composed of impractical theorists unschooled or inexperienced in municipal affairs and wanting in knowledge of the history and philosophy of government which would enable them to successfully combat the system that is the fountain-head of the evil. The result in almost every instance has been that either the reform government has adopted machine-methods and has degenerated into a partisan organization little if any better than the ring-rule it overthrew, or the people have wearied of the mistakes of the well-meaning but incompetent reformers and have gone back to the old *regime* when its masters have pretended to repent and have headed their tickets with persons supposed to be eminently respectable.

The evil lies in the system which obtains in city government—a system which has rendered possible a departure from the principles of democracy and the substitution of autocratic power; sometimes that of a boss, sometimes that of a ring, sometimes that of a partisan machine, but in each case that of an undemocratic power which has thwarted and betrayed the interests of the people whom theoretically it represents and whom in reality it exploits for personal emolument and partisan success.

And in this connection we cannot too solemnly emphasize the fact that in proportion as we have departed from the basic demands of democracy,—in proportion as the people have been removed from immediate discussion of vital measures and participation in the control of their

* "In New York the ring's plunder was at one time estimated as equal to a mortgage of 7.02 per centum on the total value of the real estate of the city, while the like mortgage in Philadelphia's case was 10.06 per cent. In more than one city in this country it may be said that public opinion and the popular will have almost nothing at all to do with the selection of officers."—*Limited Town-Meetings*, by Alfred D. Chandler.

affairs, has corruption obtained and our municipalities have been plundered and and exploited for the benefit of politicians and special interests.

Another fact that should be borne in mind is that experiments in government have demonstrated that sound systems and provisions that are inherently democratic, which have proved sufficient to correct grave evils and fatal tendencies in popular government, can be adapted or modified so as to meet the requirements in similar but more extended theaters of activity. All that is required is wise, lofty and single-hearted statesmanship pledged to the success of the highest demands of free government, and an earnest and fixed determination on the part of the conscience-element sufficient to overthrow the efforts of venal political bosses, corrupt party-machines and special interests that are ever seeking to secure without just or adequate compensation privileges that belong to the whole people and that are immensely valuable.

II. THE NEW ENGLAND TOWN-MEETING.

Nowhere in the history of American municipalities has government been so free from all taint of corruption or so marked by wisdom and public spirit as in the old New England town-meeting. Here we find one of the happiest and most convincing illustrations of an ideal democratic government in practical operation, for here is found a community as a whole actively interested in the management of public affairs; and through direct discussion and participation in the solution of all the important questions a wholesome public interest is stimulated and maintained. It is interesting to remember that Thomas Jefferson attributed the breakdown of the Embargo Act to the New England system of town-meetings, by which the people as a whole were educated on political affairs and kept in perfect touch with economic issues and were able by public meetings, resolutions and systematic and effective agitation to powerfully influence public opinion far beyond

the confines of the states where these conditions so favorable to democratic government obtain. President Jefferson, though bitterly regretting the failure of the Embargo Act, greatly admired the system of government which made its defeat possible, because in it he saw the perfect out-blossoming of the democratic ideal and the potentiality and majesty of an united, educated and alert electorate exercising its sovereign right. In 1816 he wrote:

"How powerfully did we feel the energy of this system in the case of the Embargo. I felt the foundation of the government shake under my feet. . . . There was not an individual in those states whose body was not thrown with all its momentum into action."*

Jefferson, as Mr. Parton points out, strove long to introduce it into Virginia. The system embraced in the town-meeting, modified to meet more complex and exacting requirements but retaining the vital and fundamental principle—that of Direct Legislation—we hold offers the true solution to the momentous question of honest, clean and efficient municipal government; for here we have a system that is thoroughly democratic and which the history and experience of New England have for centuries justified, while the same principles as applied to state and national government in Switzerland during the last half-century have proved equally effective in achieving the ends of pure, economical and wisely-progressive government, showing that ring-rule and the despotism of bosses and party-machines or of special class-interests can and may be effectively broken up and supplanted by honest government of the people, by the people, for the benefit of the whole community in all departments of civic life.

III. BROOKLINE AS AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Since nothing is so convincing and therefore valuable in the presence of powerful,

* See James Parton's *Life of Jefferson*.

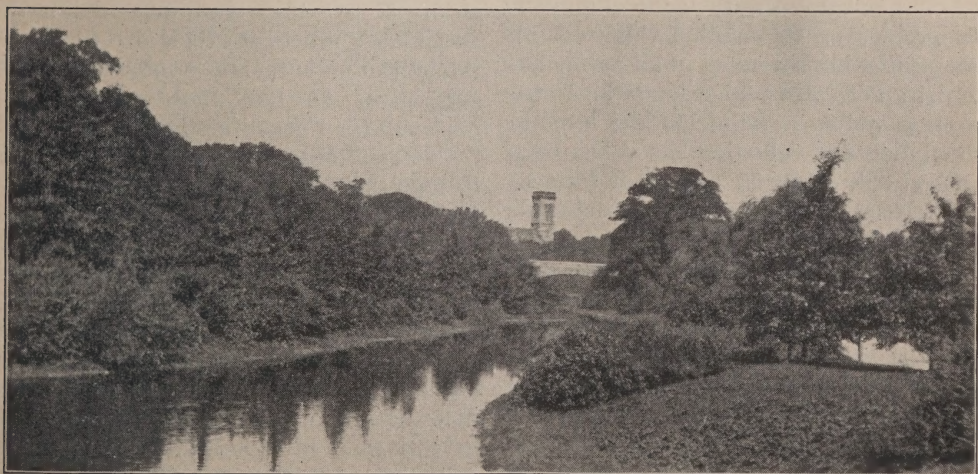
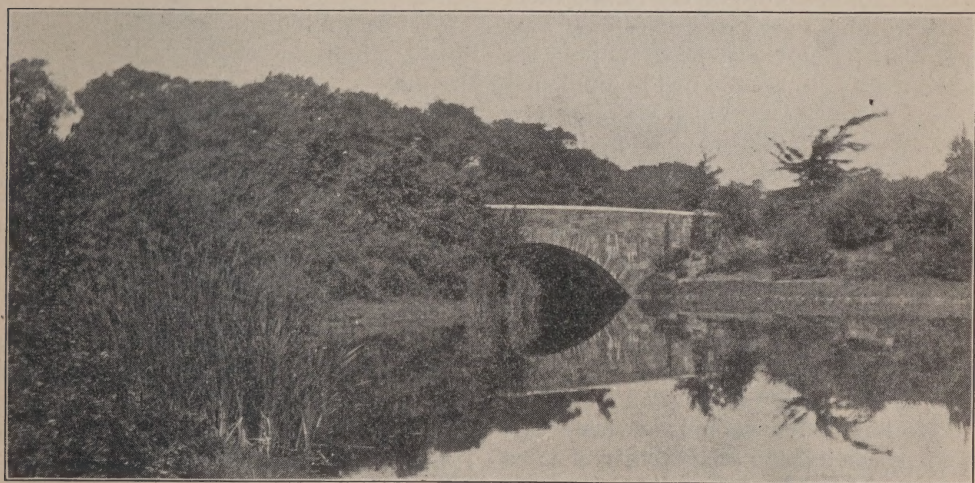
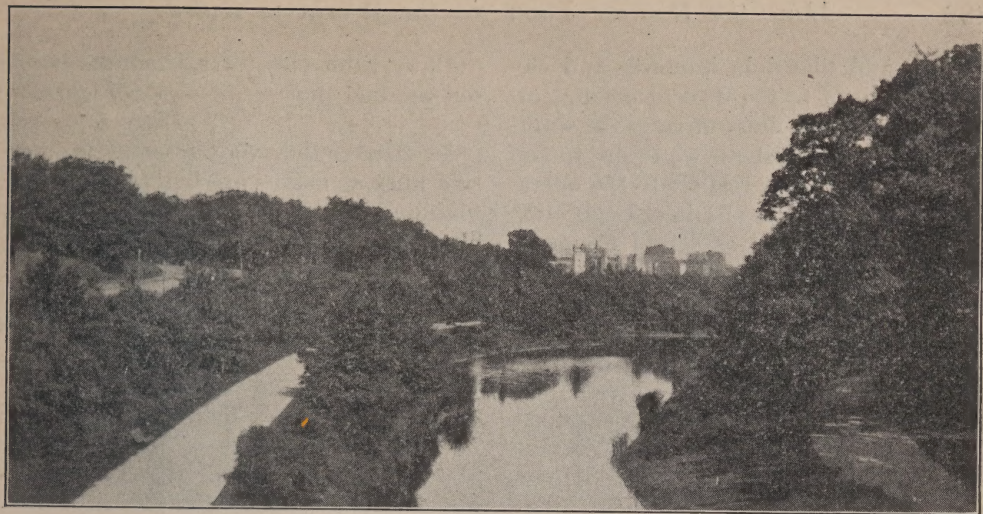


Photo. by A. C. Rich.

SCENES IN RIVERWAY PARK, BROOKLINE.

shrewd and plausible interests and elements pledged to the present corrupt order as a practical illustration of the workings of a better system, we desire to call the attention of our readers to the operation of the principles of Direct Legislation in municipal affairs as found to-day in Brookline, Massachusetts; for here we have one of the most striking and successful illustrations of government by the people under the town-meeting system to be found in the world, and here we also find a complete refutation of the most plausible and most persistently urged objections to the town-meeting system that its enemies have advanced.

Brookline is said to be the richest town in the world. Last year's assessment was levied on \$87,172,900. The population of the town is estimated by the municipal officers to be 23,500, which we think is a moderate calculation in view of the fact that the poll-assessment was on 6,134 citizens. The town is surrounded by the cities of Boston and Newton. Mr. Alfred D. Chandler, one of the prominent public-spirited citizens of Brookline and an eminent Boston lawyer, thus admirably characterizes this unique example of pure democracy:*

"No town offers such a demonstration of the elasticity and adaptability of town government as Brookline. It furnishes the clew to help solve the general municipal problem. Its solution will work an astonishing improvement in all public administration. How to extend the town-meeting system to municipalities large in population and valuation has at last been worked out, either for special or for general legislation. This was impracticable until the Australian ballot-law, and recent unusual municipal tests pointed the way. No town in New England has repulsed such attacks upon its existence as Brookline. It is completely surrounded by cities. . . . It presents town government at its best, in the very heart of city governments."

In the same paper Mr. Chandler points out the fact that:

"Under sound, vigorous and progressive lines of action are here revealed astounding financial contrasts between the operation of a wholesome town government and enfeebled city government. . .

"Thus, while Boston, between 1880 and 1900, increased in valuation about 78 per cent., and Newton about 137 per cent., Brookline increased about 231 per cent.

"While Boston's debt in that period doubled, and Newton's debt increased about four-fold, Brookline's debt was about \$100,000 less than twenty years before!

"While Boston's and Newton's rate of taxation both increased in that period, Brookline's decreased from \$12.60 to \$10.50 on a thousand, and now is only \$10, with Boston's at \$14.90 and Newton's at \$16.80.

"Brookline's borrowing capacity, January 31, 1902, was about five times as large as Boston's in proportion to their respective valuations."

We mention the fact of Brookline's wealth because one of the two principal theoretical objections advanced by the enemies of the town-meeting and Direct Legislation is that wealth would be insecure in a municipality where direct government by the electorate obtained. Brookline's practical experience touching this objection is therefore interesting and suggestive. In 1860 those who merely paid poll-tax "constituted 42 per cent. of the voters," observes Mr. Chandler, "but in 1900 those voters who paid only a poll-tax in Brookline were 54 per cent. of the whole number of voters." Rich as the town is, it is those who merely pay a poll-tax and those who have a very moderate income who are the real masters of the town. Yet it is safe to say that nowhere in America have the voters evinced less desire to be extreme, unjust or unreasonable than in this modern American municipality. And in passing let us emphasize a fact

*Signed editorial in the *Boston Globe*.

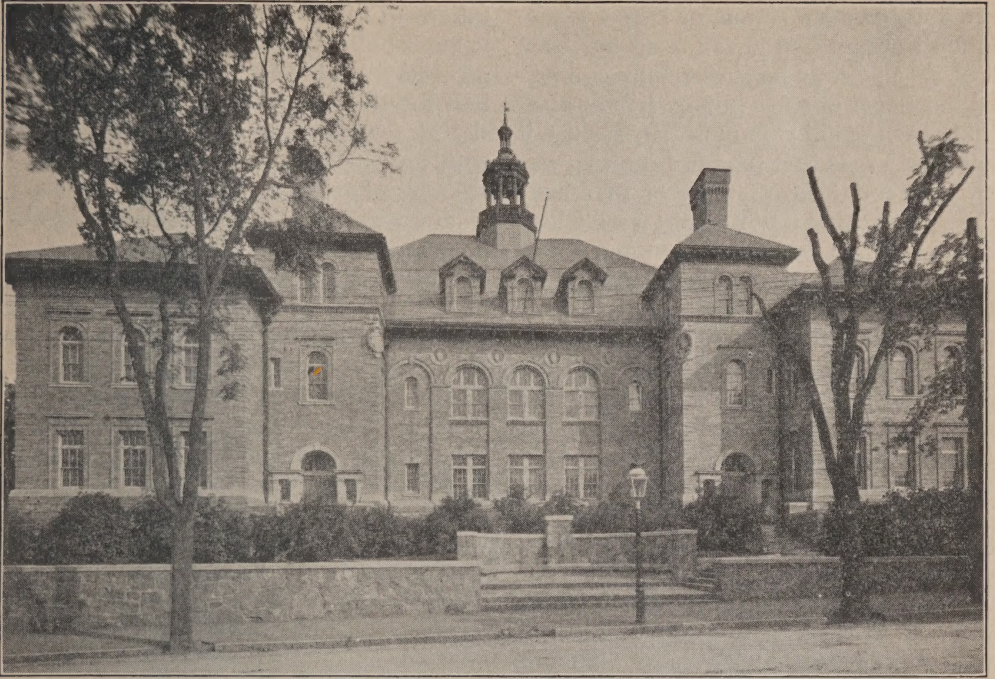


Photo. by Partridge, Boston and Brookline.

BROOKLINE PIERCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

which the un-American reactionaries fail to appreciate: the mass of the people in any nation enjoying a reasonable degree of freedom and justice are conservative, and democracy tends to foster a wise conservatism by instilling justice and the principles of the Golden Rule into the working ideal of national life. Clothe a people with freedom and environ them with justice, and the unreasoning and revengeful spirit begotten of injustice and despotism disappears. This fact has been very strikingly illustrated in the republic of Switzerland since the adoption of the initiative, referendum and proportional representation. These simple democratic measures gave the people the power and means of righting whatever things they conceived to be unjust and wrong, and the steadying power arising from this consciousness of mastership on the part of the electorate has been remarkable. The knowledge that the people are in very fact the sovereigns, the source of laws they hold to be necessary, and the arbiters of

all statutes that are passed by their representatives, has allayed revolutionary discontent on the one hand and on the other has made their public servants the true representatives—something which too frequently they are *not* with us. Furthermore, the American people are preëminently a conservative people, and when the power of government is lodged with them in fact as well as in theory, they are fair, reasonable, safe and honest—something which cannot be truthfully said of political bosses and the manipulators of partisan machines who have in fact usurped the rights and functions of the popular electorate.

Brookline is not only the richest town in the world, but it has a population of considerably more than twenty thousand persons; and next to the alarmist cry of machine-politicians and those who represent special interests and anti-republican ideals, that property would be imperiled if direct administration was left with the electorate, the favorite argument against

the town-meeting system or Direct Legislation in municipal government has been that it could only be successfully employed in villages of a few hundred, or at most thousands of inhabitants. How often it has been urged that the town-meeting was all right for towns of three or four hundred people, and that it might work where the population was from one thousand to fifteen hundred or even two thousand, but that it was impracticable in places of over five thousand inhabitants. Yet Brookline, since November 13, 1705, has been under the town-meeting, and during the last quarter of a century her population has numbered between twelve and twenty-three thousand, and her history is one that any municipality might be proud of. It has been singularly free from taint of scandal or the odor of corruption. The town has grown and prospered in every way. Its affairs have been administered with conspicuous ability, and though a nobly generous spirit has pervaded the government in all matters looking toward the education, the moral development and full-orbed manhood and womanhood, as well as the comfort and happiness of all her citizens, the administration of public affairs has been marked by honesty and economy. Having lived in Brookline for more than a decade, we can speak with assurance in regard to the excellence of the broad and wise policy of the municipality in its dealings with its citizens. Those things that make for the real welfare of the people have received first consideration, as will be appreciated when we consider the following facts relating to the schools and other public institutions and measures for the common weal as found in this town.

The public-school buildings and grounds of Brookline are valued at \$1,419,500. There are twenty school-houses. Most of them are pressed-brick structures, many being models of artistic and architectural excellence, and all constructed with a view to practical utility and the health and comfort of the scholars. The high-school building is one of the best-equipped insti-

tutions of the kind in New England, and the new building devoted to manual training and domestic arts is a model institution for the purposes for which it is designed. Brookline furnishes her scholars with text-books and supplies used in the schools. Last year these expenses, including text-books, reference-books, blank-books, drawing-materials and laboratory and other supplies, amounted to \$4,636.96. The cost of maintaining the public schools for the last year, ending June 30, 1904, was \$178,389.88. There are 3,888 children enrolled in the day-schools, under the 130 instructors employed. Under the efficient management of the present superintendent, Mr. George I. Aldrich, the schools are marked by a high order of excellence. Special efforts are made to give the pupils a full-orbed education and development worthy of the most advanced ideals of twentieth-century education. The graduates from the high-school are well-fitted to enter the great universities and technical institutions, as will be seen from the fact that among the graduates in June, 1903, nine were promptly admitted to Harvard University, five to the Lawrence Scientific School, four to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one to Vassar, and one to the Boston University.

The broad, fine spirit that marks the municipal life of Brookline is much in evidence in the administration of public education. Many things not required are nevertheless cheerfully undertaken by the school authorities and teachers. One example of this character will illustrate this point. It was the opinion of the school-board and the instructors that methods of thrift and economy would be encouraged among the young if the schools established and fostered a penny-savings system, in principle much like the admirable postal savings-bank system of England. Accordingly the chairman of the board and the teachers inaugurated and carried forward a penny-savings system. It was started in 1899. By January, 1904, more than \$12,250 in stamps had been sold, returned and canceled by the deposi-

tors. The bulk of this sum found its way into the Brookline Savings Bank, which opened an account with any pupil when his stamps amounted to two dollars.

These facts will prove sufficient to indicate how this town under direct popular government exalts that bulwark of a free state—the public school.

Another illustration of the high value which the citizens place on education is

enlightened scientific treatment under the direction of Dr. H. Lincoln Chase. The record of these hospitals affords a striking illustration of the progress being made by our most enlightened physicians in hospital treatment of serious diseases. Take, for example, the contagious-disease patients treated in the Brookline hospitals last year. There were no cases of small-pox in the town, but there were treated in

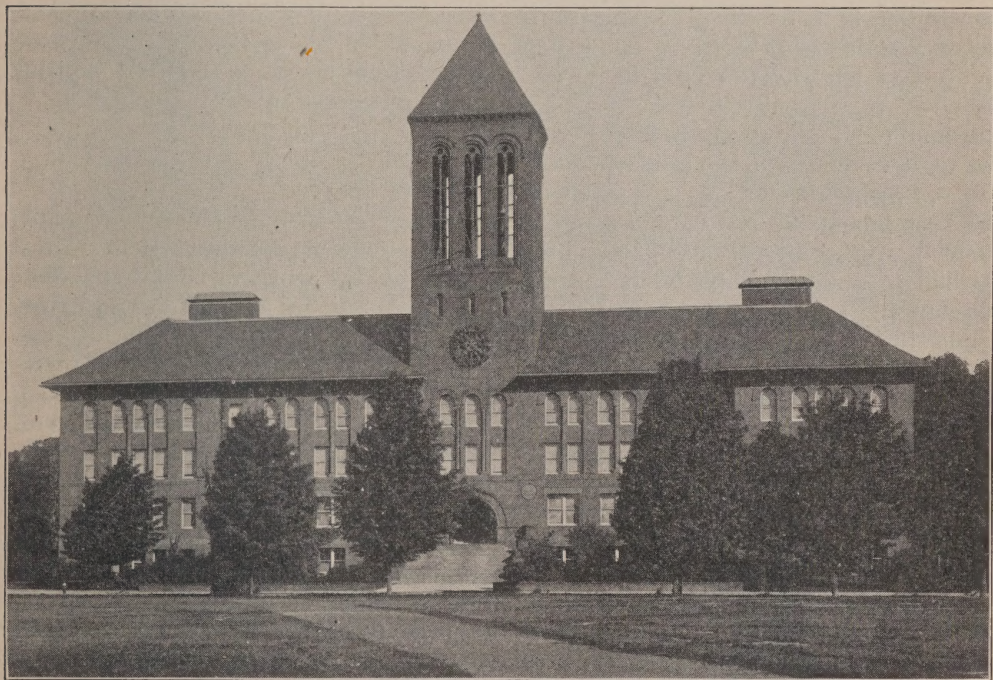


Photo. by Partridge, Boston and Brookline.

BROOKLINE HIGH-SCHOOL.

found in the fine public library, which at the present time contains 64,700 volumes. Its popularity with the citizens may be inferred from the fact that last year the circulation of books for home use was 137,144 volumes.

The health of the people as well as their moral and intellectual well-being is a subject of first concern. We know of no town where sanitary science is more in evidence. Recently three fine hospitals for contagious diseases have been erected. The sick who are to be isolated receive unsurpassed care and the benefit of

the hospitals thirty-five cases of diphtheria twenty-five cases of scarlet fever, and five cases of measles. The entire number of deaths was four, two from diphtheria and two from scarlet fever. A few years ago these diseases were accounted among the most fatal of the common maladies.

The town supports a fine bacteriological laboratory where, under the direction of Dr. Francis P. Denny, the town bacteriologist, free examinations for the germs of pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, and typhoid fever are made when physicians or citizens desire positive knowledge

regarding cases where any of these diseases are suspected.

Another provision for the health and happiness of the citizens is found in the handsome and commodious public natatorium. This bath-house, which was built in 1896 at an expense of about \$50,000, exclusive of the land, is a model building. It was constructed scientifically and arranged on the most modern lines under the personal direction of Dr. Chase. In addition to its excellent bathing facilities it contains two swimming-tanks, one eighty feet long by thirty-six feet wide. The cost of the baths to the citizens is nominal, ranging from five to fifteen cents per bath, according to the time when it is taken. Swimming lessons are given by the best procurable instructors, and one point of special interest and value is the introduction into the public-school curriculum of free systematic instruction of the pupils in swimming, diving, life-saving, and the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. Last year the number of free lessons in swimming given to the school children was 3,507. That the baths and swimming-tanks are popular is seen from the fact that 57,669 baths were taken and 5,629 lessons were given in swimming last year, in addition to those received by the school children. The bath is now largely self-supporting. Brookline is the second municipality in America to establish an all-the-year-round public bath containing swimming facilities.

The broad and liberal spirit illustrated in the above matters is seen in the generous provisions for parks and play-grounds, for public entertainments on holidays, and in various other matters, as for example, the removing of all snow from the sidewalks of the citizens by the municipality and the watering of the streets in the summer.

The tax-rate of Brookline is \$10 per thousand. That of Boston, which almost surrounds the town, is \$14.80. That of Newton, the other city that borders Brookline, is \$16.80. Those of other nearby

towns and cities are as follows: Cambridge, \$16.80; Dedham, \$15.80; Lynn, \$18.00; Woburn, \$18.50; Malden, \$16.60.

We have given this somewhat detailed account of some of the public works and special features of Brookline for the purpose of showing that the pride of her citizens is not without foundation, and also because we desire to show how the most democratic of municipalities looks out for the education, development, comfort and happiness of all the people. We now come to a consideration of Direct Legislation as illustrated in this municipality.

IV. HOW THE TOWN IS GOVERNED.

While New England citizens are familiar with the town-meeting system of municipal government, we have found that many people living in the South and West have only vague ideas regarding this method of government. We shall therefore briefly outline the manner in which Brookline is governed. The members of the Board of Selectmen are in fact the city fathers. They are elected by the voters, but they have no legislative function. That important right is retained by the electorate. At the annual town-meeting and at adjourned or special meetings all important matters relating to the town government, or acts calling for the ratification of the authoritative democratic power, are brought before the electorate and accepted or rejected by them. At these meetings also the reports of special committees on subjects pending action are heard and voted upon.

The annual town-meeting is the principal municipal event of the year, though frequently adjourned and special meetings are held. Several days before such meetings take place warrants are issued and delivered at the homes or lodging-places of all voters, summoning the citizens to meet at the town-hall at the time specified for the holding of the meeting, and giving an itemized statement of the different



BROOKLINE PUBLIC BATH.

(Interior.)

measures which will be brought up for the action of the electorate. These warrants are supplemented in the case of the annual meeting, or when there is anything of special importance, by a report of the Selectmen of Brookline on the articles in the warrant. These reports as they relate to the annual meeting are quite extended when there are several questions of special moment to be decided or when there is much diversity of opinion among the Selectmen or committees appointed to investigate certain questions to be submitted to the electorate. This year the report occupies more than twenty-two closely-printed pages. It contains an elaboration of the summary given in the warrant, and here we find the various proposed measures that are to be introduced on the initiative of the voters given with the signature of the petitioners. As this is an illustration of the limited initiative which is a part of the town-meeting system, we reproduce Articles Seven and Eleven in this year's

report as showing how the popular initiative under the New England system is proposed and presented:

"Seventh Article.—'To see if the town will appoint a committee of twenty-five, a part of which number shall be ladies, to consider the matter of the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Brookline as a town, which anniversary will occur November, 1905. This committee to outline a programme or plan for such celebration with an estimate of cost and report in print to the town on or before the Annual Town-Meeting of 1905.'

"This article is inserted at the request of the Brookline Historical Society. The Selectmen approve of the suggestion.

"Eleventh Article.—'To amend Section 31 of the Schedule of Annual Water-Rates of the town of Brookline, so as to reduce the price to be charged for water furnished through meters, such reduction to take effect as of January 1, 1904.'

"This article is inserted in response to the following petition:

"*To the Selectmen of Brookline:*

"The undersigned legal voters in Brookline respectfully request that an article be inserted in the warrant for the next town-meeting, as follows:

"Article—. To amend Section 31 of the Schedule of Annual Water-Rates of the town of Brookline, so as to reduce the price to be charged for water furnished through meters, such reduction to take effect as of January 1, 1904.

"BROOKLINE, February 23, 1904.

"ALFRED D. CHANDLER,

"PRENTISS CUMMINGS,

"WM. E. LINCOLN,

"CHARLES PELHAM GREENOUGH,

"LESLIE C. WEAD,

"HORACE N. FISHER,

"WM. H. LINCOLN,

"W. R. CHESTER,

"JOSEPH W. HOMER,

"BENJAMIN P. RICHARDSON."

This illustration of the principle of the people's initiative is of course far less satisfactory than the popular initiative as it prevails in Switzerland, Oregon and elsewhere to-day, because it is not mandatory in its provisions. Still, when we remember when it was introduced, we will see how excellently it met the simple requirements at the time of its origin. It is also a striking illustration of how our Pilgrim Fathers reached out intelligently for methods in government that were purely and fundamentally democratic. The Swiss method, which provides that on the petition of a certain specified percentage of the legal voters a question *must* be acted upon, is an ideal democratic measure that has worked most satisfactorily wherever introduced.

Another peculiarity of direct legislation by the town-meeting as found in Brookline is the publication of the arguments for and against important proposed measures, when there is diversity of opinion among the Selectmen or the members of special committees investigating the measure in

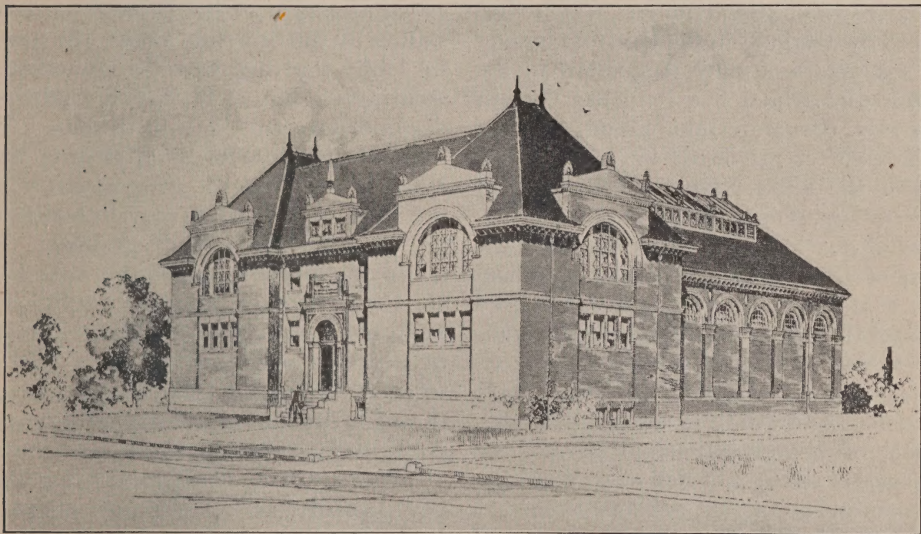
question, in the report on the articles in the warrants. This enables voters to weigh the arguments for and against measures and then to vote intelligently at the town-meeting. An interesting illustration of this kind is found in this year's report, in which the question of a site for a new public-library building is discussed at length. Three sites had been suggested by citizens, and at a previous town-meeting money had been voted to obtain expert opinions from the best architects and landscape architects on the question. At the same meeting the citizens appointed a committee to consider the whole question and report at this year's meeting. The expert opinion and advice of Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, architects, and of Olmstead Brothers, landscape architects, was spread before the voters in the report on the articles in the warrant, after which follow the majority and minority reports of the committee of nine. The latter reports present clearly and succinctly the opposing views and suggestions of the members of the committee. In this manner the electors obtained a clear and definite idea of the question before attending the town-meeting and were therefore enabled to consider and pass upon the question judicially.

These are some of the many strong features of the town-meeting system, in which not only are the people the real legislators, but their few officers remain in such intimate touch with the voters that their actions can easily be challenged. Under no other system do we find such perfect working of the democratic ideal, and nowhere else is there so little opportunity for corruption, graft or the granting of special privileges as under the town-meeting system of government.

Brookline has shown in a conclusive manner how groundless and sophistical are many of the theoretical objections that have been persistently advanced by those who are consciously or unconsciously the enemies of democratic government, and by all special-pleaders for machine-rule

and privileged interests. It has given the New World the most impressive practical illustration of the fact that in the town-meeting system or the basic principles which it incorporates are found at once the most perfect embodiment of the purely democratic ideal in municipal government and the method of rule that most happily and effectively conserves the best interests of the people individually and collectively while rendering difficult if not

munity is small enough to permit of the assembling of the majority of the voters in the town-hall. The time often comes, however, when a town becomes so populous that a modification of the system becomes imperative. In large towns of from twelve to twenty-five thousand inhabitants the town-halls are inadequate to hold the voters, or if large enough the meetings are liable to become unwieldy when questions are up that deeply con-



BROOKLINE PUBLIC BATH.

(Exterior.)

impossible the prevalence of bribery and corruption which is the supreme menace to free institutions to-day. It has demonstrated the excellence of the town-meeting system in fostering a healthy public interest in government and in preventing the blunting and degrading of the civic conscience which is the invariable sequel to machine municipal rule.

V. HOW DIRECT LEGISLATION CAN BE
MODIFIED AND EXTENDED TO MEET
THE REQUIREMENTS OF LARGE
COMMUNITIES.

The town-meeting is an almost ideal municipal government so long as the com-

cern the voters and when public sentiment is ranged in rival camps. Brookline has met this difficulty in the past by the appointment of committees of representative citizens who elucidate the various views held by the citizens, after carefully considering the mooted question, and their conclusions have been, as we have observed, incorporated in the reports sent out before the holding of the town-meeting. So satisfactory has the appointment of large representative committees proved that it might, we think, well be introduced as a permanent feature of town-meeting government, as has been proposed.

The supreme excellence in the system of the town-meeting, however,—that

which makes it at once the most democratic and the safest system of municipal government, is found in the *placing of the government directly in the hands of the people*; the provisions which enable the citizens to be the initiators and the legislators and which make them the supreme arbiters and final court of appeal on all questions of importance, without having to trust to delegate powers which may and in time invariably do misrepresent and betray the public. The principle of the initiative and referendum, which has placed Switzerland in the forefront among the exemplars of pure democracy in the world, and which has rendered corrupt ring-rule, corporate domination, and the mastership of privileged interests impossible in the Alpine States, is *the* feature of supreme excellence in our town-meeting form of government. Therefore the one thing of vital importance in any modification of the town-meeting system required to meet the demands of larger municipalities, is the embodying in a full and practical manner of the principle of Direct Legislation. And owing to the complex conditions of modern municipal life and the presence of strong and rich powers seeking the acquisition of vast fortunes at the expense of the citizens, or the enjoyment of millions of dollars of annual revenue from the use of public franchises that are in the nature of the case by right the property of the people or the municipality, it becomes a point of paramount importance that the right of the popular initiative and the referendum in legislation be recognized in all municipalities in order that the citizens, through possessing the right of petition and the veto-power, may be the final arbiters on all important questions, especially those relating to the disposition of public franchises and the expenditure of the people's money.

Once give the voters the power to initiate legislation on the demand of, say ten per cent. of the legal voters, and to exert the right of veto on all important propositions when there is a demand of from five

to seven per cent. of the voters, and the evil of bribery, corruption and ring-rule will have been destroyed. This has been proved in every instance when these provisions have been given a fair trial. The fact that the people can veto measures inimical to their interests and the public weal makes it inexpedient for special interests to sustain a costly lobby or submit the people's representatives to the temptation of direct or indirect bribery. In Oregon, after the establishment of the constitutionality of the Direct-Legislation statute by the Supreme Court, the powerful lobby that had been so influential in securing legislation for favored interests, disappeared from the halls of state. The same results have been apparent in Switzerland and, indeed, everywhere where the right of the people to veto legislation has been fully and freely granted. The giving of the right makes the need of its employment unnecessary or rarely necessary; while wherever it has been denied the people, corruption, bribery and the betrayal of the voter's interests have ensued through the union of special interests, political bosses and partisan machines.

These are facts of supreme importance that no friend of free institutions can afford to ignore; and any attempt to adapt the admirable town-meeting system to large municipalities that does not recognize the right of the voters to initiate legislation and to veto measures is wholly unworthy of serious consideration, because the soul of the town-meeting system lies in the recognition of the citizen as the arbiter in vital matters concerning municipal government.

It is far less important to modify the machinery of city government as it now exists than it is to restore to the people the right of insisting on being allowed to vote on certain questions and the right of vetoing measures that are inimical to the interests of the community. Grant the people these rights, which the very theory of democratic government concedes to be theirs, and the day of the grafter in mu-

nicipal life will be at an end; and in the place of an increase of corruption, such as is undermining republican institutions with us, we shall have a renaissance of republicanism in its purity, with a rapid rise in the ideals and standards of civic life and the return of the fittest to government from which they have been banished

by the corrupt party-bosses, the partisan machines and the rich corporations and privileged interests seeking special privileges and public rights at the hands of venal politicians who have long misrepresented the people.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE PENDING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

A SYMPOSIUM.

I. WHY I PREFER THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ALTON B. PARKER.

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.,

Author of *The Story of New Zealand*, *The City for the People*, etc.

MY OPEN letter to President Roosevelt published in the August ARENA was written before the St. Louis Convention, and the Editor wishes me now to tell why I prefer President Roosevelt to Judge Parker.

In the first place, Judge Parker is the choice of the machine, while President Roosevelt is very distasteful to the machine, which only consented to his nomination because the sentiment of the rank and file compelled it to do so. That the machine dislikes a man because he is too good for it, too independent and strong for it, is one of the best recommendations a candidate can have.

Second, Judge Parker appears to be satisfactory to Wall street, the giant gambling-den of this continent. It seems quite certain that he will do nothing to disturb it. But most of the master-spirits in this colossal gambling-hell cordially hate President Roosevelt. He has shown a disposition to intrude upon their preserves and they think him a dangerous man. The more dangerous he is to Wall street the better I like him. I wish he were still more dangerous to the gilded gam-

blers who rob labor of hundreds of millions of dollars a year. I love President Roosevelt for the enemies he has made; only I wish he had made a few more.

Third, I do not know much about Judge Parker's personality. He is said to be a fine man in many ways, but he appears to be decidedly conservative. About President Roosevelt, on the other hand, I know a great deal that is inspiring in spite of his faults, which are neither few nor feeble. He is courageous, independent, powerful, conscientious, and mildly progressive in the directions in which he has got his eyes open. As President he has been responsible for many things that I cannot account for on the principles of his past; yet, I believe that when he turns his conscience loose on any question, he is likely to come out right within the limits of his understanding. It is in the understanding business that the main limitations come in. If I thought he *deliberately* usurped legislative power, or if I believed his combativeness so great as to amount to love of war, or if I regarded him as an imperialist, or a friend of aggressive trusts, I would not vote for him; but I believe his *intent* is



MISS NINA DAVID.

(See "A New Prima Donna," in "The Mirror of the Present.")

good; it is his judgment and impulsiveness that in some cases lead him into error. And it is his lack of understanding of some of the great movements of his age that chiefly limits his progressive usefulness. He sees the possibilities for material advancement, but he does not seem to see the splendid possibilities of progress toward higher human relationships in industry and government, to realize which a man of his power and backing could do so much. Nevertheless the conscience, power and progressiveness he has shown, together with the vast influence he possesses with the people, make him in my judgment the best available candidate. He is the friend of labor and the friend of capital, and if he gets his eyes open a little wider he will do a great deal to bring them into closer harmony.

Fourth, Judge Parker represents a

party composed of wholly incongruous elements, held together only by the desire for party victory, and likely to split on any important measure; while President Roosevelt represents a party that is comparatively well acquainted with itself and comfortable in its own society, and likely to stand by its President on any reasonable progressive measure. If there was a party pledged to Mr. Bryan's programme of income-tax, eight-hour day, industrial arbitration, anti-monopoly, public-ownership of railways and telegraphs, etc., with a leader like Mr. Bryan or Mr. Folk, neither of the present great parties would have much attraction for me, but under present conditions I regard President Roosevelt as the hope of progressive men who have at heart the interests of the common people. FRANK PARSONS.

Boston, Mass.

II. WHY I SHALL SUPPORT JUDGE PARKER INSTEAD OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

BY C. VEY HOLMAN,

Lecturer on Mining Law in Boston University and the University of Maine.

IF I SUPPORT Judge Parker for the Presidency, it will be because I hope for a restoration of the Republic, betrayed subtly, insidiously, but as absolutely as by a *coup d'état* by the Treaty of Paris after the war of 1898—a consequence for which Mr. Bryan will be held by historians fully as responsible as President McKinley. The latter, with all the power of the administration behind him, was unable to force the ratification of that treaty—but Mr. Bryan drove it through the Senate for him.

In my judgment, the election of Judge Parker would reopen for vital consideration the temporarily closed question of Republic as against Empire, and would signalize the return, actual and not merely academic, of the American nation to its

primitive ideals of representative civil government, controlled by law, responsible to the Constitution, and dedicated to liberty.

As a Democrat who has been for eight years disfranchised on national issues by the heresies of the party's official declarations and by the folly of its leadership, I am not insensible to the fact that to win the support of that intelligent electorate which, as between the rank-and-file following of the two great political machines, carries the control, by its exercise of the balance of power of all elections turning on questions of public conscientiousness, Judge Parker must steer a course of remarkable directness between the Scylla of partisanship and the Charybdis of opportunism.

He is opposed by an honest-hearted, clean-minded young man in whom the common people of the entire country have great confidence, who enjoys the vast strategic advantage of the present tenure of executive power and, as a life-long, persistent office-seeker and practical politician, knows well how to utilize its obvious instrumentalities of influence and pressure.

He must face the indisputable fact that the radical hysteria of the past eight years has largely reduced the membership of his party in our national legislature, and, particularly in the matter of the Senate, has diminished its representation from States north of Mason and Dixon's line to a figure never reached even during the stress of the civil war.

He must recognize that the policy of his party's leadership in the two preceding national campaigns has been one of exclusion and reduction, rather than of augmentation of its voting strength; that the Democratic party is not now in entire control of the governmental machinery of a single State in which a full ballot, freely cast, is honestly counted; and that its Southern leaders who so eloquently plead for the enfranchisement of the brown populations of the Philippines, have unrighteously and unconstitutionally robbed of the right of suffrage the Afro-Americans of their own communities.

On the point of the so-called "color-question" in this country, I regard the position of Theodore Roosevelt as unquestionably and eternally right; and were it the crucial question of the campaign, I should view with considerable complacency the prospect of casting my ballot in his support.

But, as an issue, it is dwarfed to insignificance by the two dominant questions of tariff revision and recurrence to constitutional republicanism.

And I cannot be unmindful that on both these points, the present occupant of the Presidency, as well by the fealty of party allegiance as by his voluntary obli-

gation at the moment of his assumption of its incumbency and his equally voluntary reiteration thereof on the occasion of receiving the notification of his nomination, stands pledged to adhere to the policies and programme of his assassinated predecessor.

Such of the so-called trusts as are the illegitimate offspring of the concubinage of government favoritism with corporate selfishness can be curbed in the interests of the toiling masses by a proper readjustment of the present grossly unfair tariff-schedules. And let me add that I am no advocate of tariff-revision except as it leads to that ultimate free-trade which Garfield declared to be the true *raison d'être* of Republican protection.

Such of the "trusts" as are not dependent on tariff pabulum can be best dealt with by stern and impartial applications of common-law principles which, courageously and intelligently utilized, will provide an adequate remedy for every wrong. We need fewer, rather than more, statutory attempts at their inhibition. Here will be found the most pressing need and the greatest advantage of having at the head of our government a trained jurist, learned in the law.

Judge Parker settled rightly, for his party and the country, the question of the gold standard for our currency, removing it finally from the realm of partisan controversy by a brief, pointed, manly telegram.

It is because I believe that he will settle with equal firmness and with a directness consonant with his virile, straightforward nature and his eminent judicial capacity, the troublesome questions arising from Republican mis-handling of the trust-breeding tariff, and Republican betrayal of the finest example of a democratic frame of government ever established among men in favor of a mongrel form of quasi-imperialism, that I incline to work and vote for his election.

C. VEY HOLMAN.

Boston, Mass.

III. A WESTERN STATESMAN'S REASONS FOR SUPPORTING HON. THOMAS E. WATSON.

BY HON. WILLIAM V. ALLEN,

Ex-United States Senator from Nebraska.

I SHALL vote for Thomas E. Watson for President, for the following, among other, reasons:

His competency is unquestioned and unquestionable, while his life stands as a pledge for the fulfillment of promised reforms which we stand sadly in need of at this time. The Populist platform irrevocably pledges its candidate to the doctrine that the issuance of money is purely a governmental function and cannot be delegated to corporations, and that the Constitution confers on Congress the exclusive power to issue money and control its volume. It demands that money shall be issued in a quantity sufficient to maintain the stability of prices and that every dollar shall be a full legal-tender for all debts, public and private, and shall not be redeemable in any other money. It demands the establishment of government postal savings-banks and a return to old-time simplicity and modesty and honesty in administration. It declares for the right of labor and that an attempt to place capital above labor is contrary to the established traditions of the republic. It favors the initiative and referendum whereby the people may authoritatively and directly speak on proposed laws. It favors shorter working-hours and more time for recreation and intellectual improvement. It opposes sweat-shops and the degradation of any class of people. It finds the solution of the railroad problem in government ownership and operation, and it speaks strongly in favor of many other reforms which I do not here have the space to mention.

The Republican platform pledges a continuance of the gold standard; the maintenance and enforcement of a system

of criminal taxation from which the few derive great profit, and the many poverty and misery. It praises as worthy of admiration a spectacular and offensive cowboy administration. It seeks to make a man President who would plunge the country into inextricable confusion and endanger its safety in a useless and profitless world-policy for personal gain; it believes in the domination of corporations and corrupt corporate influence and in the industrial servitude of those who labor. In a word, it supports those measures which make for empire and are destructive of the Republic and would curtail the right of the people to rule.

The Democratic platform is but little better. On the money question it is absolutely cowardly, but its failure to make an open declaration on that subject has been supplied by the pledge of its candidate that the gold policy is fixed and shall be unchanged. It is crude and lacks scholarship and cohesion. It is patchwork and a botch. It is full of declarations that no one questions, but points to no remedy for existing evils and holds out no hope to the people for reform.

The candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties are the friends of the money-power, and the corroding political influences of the United States are divided in their support. Neither has the slightest thought of enforcing the anti-trust laws or of dissolving any of the gigantic combinations that are destructive of the ends and purposes of the republic.

The Populist party will receive large and valuable accessions in this section of the Union from both old parties.

WILLIAM V. ALLEN.

Madison, Neb.

IV. A BOSTON BUSINESS-MAN'S VIEW OF ROOSEVELT, PARKER AND WATSON, AND THE IDEALS THEY REPRESENT.

BY GEORGE F. WASHBURN,
Head of the Washburn Department Store.

I CANNOT conscientiously vote for Roosevelt, for no man living is great or good enough to hold the destiny of another man in his hands; and Roosevelt may yet claim the "divine right" to do this. The ruthless way in which he overrides Man and Constitution marks the autocrat. His cruel treatment of General Miles revealed his dictatorial nature.

Second: Because in his attempts to dictate the judicial and usurp the legislative function of the government, and in his trenching upon the prerogatives of Congress, he has already weighed the Constitution in the balance against his personal ambition and found it wanting.

Third: Because his career is that of an impulsive, erratic, dangerous man. We know not what the morrow may bring forth. His restless, vaulting ambition to go down in history as the martial figure of his day might plunge us into a great war before the expiration of another term; and I cannot invoke the specter of the "man on horseback" at Washington.

I cannot vote for Parker, because he represents a reactionary party that would adopt any platform expediency might dictate regardless of principle.

Second: Because his convention telegram bids for the gold Republican vote and because if elected he would be the servile tool of the very men who are exploiting the republic to-day for private gain.

Third: Because he is dominated by the same subtle Wall-street influence that Thomas W. Lawson is just now exposing to the American people.

In the language of Bryan, in determining between these two men, we have to choose between the god of war and the god of gold.

Aside from the candidates themselves, any reason why I should not vote for one party applies with equal force to the other. Both are bidding for the favor of the same master, both are owned by a political syndicate composed of the same men who control the moneyed, industrial and governmental interests of the nation. This capitalistic machine is so thoroughly established in both parties that nothing short of a political revolution can overthrow it, and any man who votes for the two old parties this year, casts his influence for machine-rule and trust-domination.

I can vote for Watson because he is a man of many talents, great ability, absolute honesty and cannot be dominated by corporate influence. In his energy, courage and broad statesmanship, he resembles "Old Hickory," the synonym for power, patriotism and principle.

Second: Because the platform he stands upon—which demands, among other important measures, sufficient money to be issued by the government to properly transact the business of the country and maintain stability of prices, public ownership of natural monopolies, and direct legislation—is one that commends itself to my best economic judgment and political common-sense. It was formed in the spirit of liberty and good-will to all the people, and is not a "cunningly-devised fable" to deceive. The very soul of the movement which inspired it is pledged to

the highest good of the greatest number.

Third: Because the People's party is today the one compact, national political party which flings down the gauntlet to the robber-barons, the trusts, and the two political organizations they subsidize and control.

Fourth: Because Mr. Watson stands

for an immediate return to the spirit of our fathers, the far-seeing founders of the greatest republic on earth.

I can thus conscientiously vote for the People's party candidate, Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

GEORGE F. WASHBURN.

Boston, Mass.

V. MY POLITICAL CREED, OR WHY I SHALL VOTE THE SOCIALIST TICKET.

BY REV. GEORGE ELMORE LITTLEFIELD.

I SHALL vote the Socialist ticket because I believe in Socialism. I have almost as many reasons for being a Socialist as I have for living; and life is as precious to me as to any one—indeed, all the more precious just because I am a Socialist.

Here are a few reasons or statements for being a Socialist which I am ready to elaborate and substantiate any time for THE ARENA, or any of its readers:

First: Socialism means economic security to every worker; substituting co-operation and equal opportunity for competition and class-privilege. No "dividing-up," as the "Standard-Oil Crowd" does it, no drones, and saving the present enormous waste will assure all an easy and plenteous livelihood.

Second: Socialism will prolong human life and make it happier. The workers average thirty-nine years; capitalists, fifty-five years. When the People is its own capitalist, the treadmill of toil and the worry of loss will be eliminated, so that the average life will be nearer the Psalmist's three-score-and-ten, and happier on account of all these reasons.

Third: Socialism will foster nobler incentives. When our present chief incentive—the desperate scramble for the dollar—ceases, the incentives of art, truth, craftsmanship, and social-service

will be released. Rational emulation will displace brutal competition.

Fourth: Socialism will help evolve a higher individualism. As the plant unfolds its beautiful individuality in a carefully-cultivated garden better than when cast along the stony, trampled wayside, so humanity—God's soul-flowers—will develop best in the social garden of Socialism.

Fifth: Socialism will advance morality. The present system is dishonest, for it allows a cunning capitalist-class, by means of rent, interest and profit, to exploit the toiling masses, and breeds every form of corruption; graft, swindling, gambling, robbery and murder, as well as national sneak-thievery—sneaking through Panama and thieving from the Filipinos. Socialism will cease plastering and patching a rotten system and substitute justice for injustice, placing the premium upon the Golden Rule instead of on the anarchy of "every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Sixth: Socialism will make religion real. Every known form of religion, including Christianity, at a certain stage of its development, has been perverted to sanction the social system of some ruling, exploiting class. This perversion causes the grossest materialism and atheism under sacerdotal disguises. This hypocrisy will be removed, and the soul of man will naturally

flower out toward Divine love when economic righteousness is established.

Seventh: Socialism will secure the home, save women from shame, and stop the sacrifice of children to the Moloch of commercialism.

Eighth: Socialism will make for temperance. The saloon will go out of business when the incentive of profit is removed, and men will less crave stimulants when we have more wholesome conditions of life.

Ninth: Socialism will purify politics and perfect true democracy. The efforts of the "outs" to get in, and of the "ins" to stay in, and the bribery of business, besides the fact that there is but one office to some four hundred seekers, corrupts politics. When all are "ins"—every one has a governmental position—and the social ideal of civil-service is raised, and business cannot bribe, politics will become truer to the definition: "the public welfare." Government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich will be replaced by government of the people, by the people, for the people.

Tenth: Socialism will abolish war. International comrades in a world-wide

Coöperative Commonwealth will not kill one another.

Eleventh: Socialism will settle the labor question and thus avert another possible civil war. Industrial partners will not strike against themselves.

Twelfth: I am a Socialist because Socialism is inevitable. Capitalism and wageism, like two cobras, will crush each other. Besides, economic evolution shows that as slavery gave way to feudalism, and feudalism to modern capitalism, so capitalism must give way to socialism. Economic evolution also points out that first came the single proprietor; then partnership in business; then the corporation or partnership of partners; then the trust or partnership of the corporations, and now finally must come the merging of the trusts into a greater partnership, through the public-ownership of all the means of production and distribution—the People's Trust, or Socialism. Either this, or else the world goes back into the melting-pot through another dark age of despotism.

GEORGE ELMORE LITTLEFIELD.
Westwood, Mass.

VI. WHY I SUPPORT THE PROHIBITION TICKET.

BY JOHN G. WOOLLEY,
Editor The New Voice.

IT SOUNDS like affectation when one speaks of himself in connection with the higher moral altitudes. This is due merely to some unpleasant and unfortunate associations of ideas, and ought not to weigh much as against an opportunity to be heard, even briefly, in behalf of a great movement, by the great, thoughtful public which appertains to THE ARENA.

My children have sometimes made free to say that I am deficient in the sense of humor, and it may be so. At any rate, I take my ballot seriously. I regard it as my declaration of independence, my bill of rights, my petition, my protest, my

mandate, my cheer, my warning, my bayonet, my siege-gun, my fortification, my navy, my ammunition, my commissariat, my medicine. It is not much one man can do in the politics of eighty millions, but whatever he can do, he can do with his ballot. Money-politics and vice-politics have apprehended this, and acted on it, but to "labor"-politics, and Christian-politics, it it remains a mystery. The labor-vote and the temperance-vote this year will probably divide about equally between two parties, both of which are dominated by capitalism and liquorism. They equally please the liquor-trade, and

the only question as to which will win in the coming election, is the question which pleases best the money-power.

Naturally, my vote seems to me important, first as to its truth to my own convictions, and second, as to its power to accomplish. I insist on this order. If a ballot ignores, or misstates the voter's intention, it is a mere yawp, or a lie. The times in my life when I have in this way uttered a yawp or a lie have invariably left me ashamed. That is the most uncomfortable and unnerving sensation I have ever had. I refuse to incur it again. Henceforth, when I vote, "I celebrate myself," as Walt. Whitman says. Henceforth, my vote must represent my own highest, clearest conception of public morality and wisdom, which is, of course, the same thing.

The beverage liquor-traffic is the greatest weight upon the limbs of civilization, and to a sad degree, immovable at present. As to the colonies, the territories, the District of Columbia, and the interstate common-carriers, it is a Federal creature. That it has a legal status, obtained from year to year by paying money, is not only an immorality, but also an infamy. A nation that deliberately and finally adopts, or accepts such a relationship to a system that is naturally, directly, invariably, persistently and criminally opposed to good morals, good health, good government and good times, ought not to have an eagle for an emblem, but a louse. I am for the eagle, and, therefore, against a legal status for the saloon.

It is always fair, as to political action, to ask, is this practical? and the answer is by no means always easy, but it seems to me certain that it is never practical to go against the grain of conscience and self-respect, and any man who aspires to be a good citizen in a democracy, ought frankly and heartily to honor his own high thought though it arrive on an ass, or the foal of an ass. This is my apology for being a party Prohibitionist.

Shifting the basis a little, the same point is reached by the process of exclu-

sion. I am a responsible fraction of the sovereignty. In a measure, my will is the national will, and my character the national character. The Republican party asks for my endorsement. I cannot give it. I do not believe in the Republican party. Its record is bad. Forty years ago it took the wheel of a great moral reform, and ran it on the rocks for fear it might fall into the hands of its owners, the people. Its present platform seems to me a piece of the coarsest and vilest brag, unrelieved by any convincing references to those eternal values for which real statesmanship is most concerned.

I think the Republican tariff is not only the mother of trusts, but also the mother of the more fearful distrusting which are breaking up the population into warring classes and breaking down, in church and school and trade, the hearty, helpful, hopeful intercourse of the people, without which the republic cannot live well, nor live long.

I think the tendency of the Republican party is to the establishment of a plutocracy, the worst conceivable form of anarchy. It has certainly given the working people better wages than they had before, but has also raised the cost of living, and at any rate, the gain is doubtful. The working people would far better be poor freemen, than well-kept servants of rich masters.

The Democratic party asks me to vouch for it. I cannot. It does not seem to me to be a *party* at all. It is only a *charivari* under the window of Republican prosperity. When in power it has no power. When in opposition, it has no position. It is full of patriots, but is itself a mere adventurer.

Then there are some reasons against my supporting them which apply to both parties equally. They are both friends, servants, pensioners, of the organized liquor-trade. The success of either means the continuance of the license-system. Both are machine parties. I think a machine is treason, that a boss is a traitor, and that a party which can be ruled or

fooled by them is more dangerous than a mob. I am for home-made politics.

I am devoutly and utterly converted to faith in the people. I believe that universal and untrammelled suffrage without regard to sex or color, would ennoble and enrich this country beyond the dreams of the most sanguine optimist now living.

Both of the old parties deny, or as yet have failed to realize that the chief material concern of good government is to assert and protect the right of competition. One is destroying competition, and the other is flirting with a kind of socialism that would make us a nation of paralytics.

I can think of no completer definition of Heaven than this: Fulness of life with a fair show; and a fair show is incompatible with special privileges.

I am for breaking with the distillery, the brewery, the saloon, and the political boss, and for restoring power to the people by the Initiative and Referendum. I think these are the greatest matters before the country in this campaign. The Prohibition party gives me a chance to vote as I think; and as a citizen thinketh into a ballot-box, so is he.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

Chicago, Ill.

CRISES IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

II.

THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.DIP., LL.D.,
Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

IN THE last number of *THE ARENA* we discussed the opening of Japan to the world by Commodore Perry. In the present article the war between Japan and her great Oriental neighbor will be considered, and in order that we may get our bearings a brief retrospect is necessary, though we need not go into the history of the ancient relations between China, Japan and Korea.

Since 1876 Japan had recognized the independence of Korea. This she considered so necessary to her own safety that it has been the leading tenet of her foreign policy ever since she may be said to have had a foreign policy. As between herself and Korea the Japanese policy was one of peace. The verification of this statement will be found—the failure of Japan to declare war in 1882 and again in 1884, when the Japanese legation at Seoul was sacked and burned by the Koreans and Japanese officials were forced to flee for

their lives. Had Japan been seeking an excuse for war she could readily have found it in the above outbreaks. But she was not. The policy to which she has steadfastly adhered is to maintain friendly relations with Korea and to keep her from falling into the hands of any other power.

As a part, and indeed a necessary part, of the above programme, Japan has consistently striven toward securing reforms in the internal administration of Korea. For such was the corruption of its administration that unless it was reformed the condition of affairs would furnish an excuse for interference by Russia, who was even then attempting to secure a coaling-station at Gensun. By opposing all reform in the internal administration of Korea, China was simply playing into the hands of Russia.

By a resort to underhand methods China had exercised a considerable influence at the Korean court, and this influ-

ence was used to defeat the plans for reform proposed by Japan. The underlying cause of the war was therefore the irrepressible conflict between the forces of reaction and the forces of progress, though the immediate occasion of the war was the Tong-hak rebellion which was brought on by the unbearable corruption in the Korean administration. So widespread was the discontent that the revolution had about swept the government from power. At this juncture the government called upon China for protection.

According to the treaty of Tien-Tsin, entered into by China and Japan in 1886, the independence of Korea was recognized by both, and it was agreed that neither should send troops into Korea without notifying the other. In this case China, in characteristic fashion, gave no notice of her intention to despatch troops until her army was on Korean soil. This was, as Japan claimed, a violation of the treaty, the intention of which clearly must have been that notice should be given a reasonable length of time in advance, as it would be unnecessary to give it when once the invasion was an accomplished fact, or even when their army was upon the point of crossing the Korean border. This violation of the treaty naturally bred in the Japanese mind distrust of the Chinese intentions. The Japanese, therefore, despatched troops into Korea at once.

When the rebellion was put down, as it soon was, by the aid of Japanese and Chinese troops, Japan proposed to the Korean government a plan of reform which was at first favorably received, but owing to the machinations of China was soon rejected. The ultimatum from China that the Japanese forces be withdrawn within a certain number of days forced the hand of Japan. The horns of the dilemma between which she had to choose were: to refuse, and thus bring on a war with a nation with resources many times greater than her own and with a population outnumbering hers ten-fold; or to yield and by so doing postpone the issue. She chose the former.

From the start it was evident that the outcome of the war would depend upon the control of the sea. To Japan this meant everything, for once it was lost, she would be helpless. On paper her navy was inferior to that of China, as China possessed two first-class battleships, the "Chengyuen" and the "Tingyuen," and Japan none. In gun-power the Chinese navy outclassed the Japanese in the proportion of four to three. The navies were about equally modern, as all the Japanese ships had been built since 1878 and the Chinese since 1881. Japan must therefore depend for success upon superior skill and organization.

Things moved rapidly; for though war was not declared until August 2, 1894, the Chinese army was decisively beaten at Ping Yang on September 15th and 16th, and her navy was beaten with equal decisiveness at the Yalu on September 17th. Thus within less than seven weeks Japan had so clearly demonstrated her superiority on sea and land that the issue was no longer in doubt. The Japanese followed up their advantage with such vigor that six months had not passed before the remnant of the Chinese army had surrendered at Wei Hai Wei, and the Japanese had become masters of Korea, Southern Manchuria, including Port Arthur, and were threatening Peking.

With her army thoroughly beaten and her navy gone, there was nothing for China to do but make peace. The more important terms of this peace, which was concluded at Shimonoseki, were: the recognition of the independence of Korea by China and Japan, the payment of an indemnity by China, and the cession of the Liao Tung peninsula to Japan.

This result was no small surprise to the rest of the world, which then, as at the beginning of the present war, had expected to see Japan crushed by the superior bulk of her antagonist. It is hard for people to cease measuring strength by numbers merely. The fact was that Japan had learned something which China had not, and it was the effect of this supe-

rior intelligence that enabled Japan to triumph over her larger and apparently stronger antagonist. What this something was will best appear by quoting from a letter of Count Oyama, then as now in command of the Japanese army, and Vice-Admiral Ito, to Admiral Ting, in command of the Chinese navy:

"To whatever causes the successive failures of the Chinese arms by sea and land may be attributed, we think your Excellency's sound judgment will not fail in assigning them to that true cause which must be apparent to any unprejudiced observer. In China the literary class is still the governing class, and literary accomplishment is the chief if not the sole way to rank and power now, as it was a thousand years ago. We do not venture to deny that this system is excellent in itself, and might be permanent and sufficient if China were to stand alone in the world. *But national isolation is no longer a possibility.* . . . To throw away the old and adopt the new as the sole condition of preserving the Empire is as necessary with your government as it was with ours. The necessity must be attended to, or fall is inevitable sooner or later. Now, at such a juncture, is it the part of a truly patriotic man, upon whom the necessity of action devolves, to allow himself to be simply dragged along by the force of circumstances? Compared with the re-establishment on a sound working-basis of the oldest empire in the world, with its glorious history and its extensive territories, what is the surrender of a fleet or the loss of a whole army?"

But China was far too bigoted to take advice or learn from the example of Japan, to whom she had for centuries considered herself superior. In fact it was the exhibition of this feeling of superiority that contributed largely toward making the war inevitable. When China will profit

by this advice and adjust herself to changed conditions it is yet too soon to say, but certain it is that eventually either adjustment or effacement must come.

Had the crisis ended with the victory of Japan over China, it would have been indeed fortunate for Japan, for China, and for the peace of the world. But no sooner had peace been restored in the Orient than Russia drew Germany and France into a coalition for the purpose of robbing Japan of the first fruits of her victory. The name under which this robbery was to be consummated, solemnized and made respectable was the preservation of the integrity of the Chinese Empire and the peace of the Orient. Japan was told that it would be dangerous to both of these for her to retain a foothold upon the mainland. She was therefore *advised* to give up the Liao Tung peninsula, and was given to understand that to disregard this advice meant war with Russia, Germany and France.

It was indeed hard to be thus cheated out of what she had won by the valor of her soldiers, but when one is surrounded by highwaymen it is usually the part of prudence to "stand and deliver." Knowing that she could not hope to contend successfully against the coalition, Japan forced her sentiment to give way to her practical sense, and submitted. The fact that she submitted did not, however, keep her from remembering that she had been robbed. She at once went to work in a practical, business-like way to prepare for the clash between herself and Russia which the above action rendered inevitable. Besides strengthening her army and navy, she formed an alliance with England to prevent a recurrence of the "regrettable incident" which followed the war with China. The effectiveness of this preparation will be discussed in our next article.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

THE SINGLE VOTE IN PLURAL ELECTIONS.

By ROBERT TYSON.

METHODS OF BALLOT-TRANSFER.

MY PREVIOUS article, entitled "Japan's Electoral Wisdom," described the simple system of Proportional Representation used for electing members to the Japanese House of Commons. It is the Single Vote in Large Electoral Districts; that is, each voter has but one vote in a district from which several members are elected. In Japan, this vote is untransferable and stays with the candidate to whom it is given, whether he be elected or not. An improvement on the Japanese plan would be to provide for some simple method of ballot-transfer, by which no votes would be wasted on defeated candidates, and no candidate would ultimately get any more votes than were actually needed to elect him. Here are brief descriptions of some systems designed to effect this object:

THE HARE OR HARE-SPENCE SYSTEM.

If you are voting on the Hare-Spence system in a seven-member constituency, you mark your ballot for seven candidates (or less) in the order of your choice, with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. The man whom you like best you mark No. 1, and so on in rotation. If your vote goes to help the candidate of your first choice to be elected, then it does not count for anybody else. But if the candidate whom you have marked No. 1—your first choice—has enough votes without yours, or has so few votes that he cannot be elected, then your vote goes to the man whom you have marked No. 2. If your No. 2 does not need or cannot use your vote, then it is passed on to No. 3, and so forth.

In counting the votes, the first operation in the Hare system is to sort out the ballots into as many compartments as there are candidates, according to the first choice or No. 1 votes, paying no attention for the

present to the other figures on the ballots. While this is being done two tally-clerks are keeping tally of the votes. When the total number of votes is thus ascertained, it is divided by seven, which is the number of members to be elected. This gives the "quota" or number of votes required to elect any one man. For instance, if seven members are to be elected and fourteen thousand votes have been cast, the "quota" will be two thousand.

Then any one of the candidates who has a quota or more than a quota is declared elected. If he has more than a quota, his surplus ballots are transferred to such of the other candidates as may have been marked No. 2 on the ballots so transferred. If the candidate marked No. 2 on any of these ballots has already been elected, then the ballot goes on to No. 3, and so on.

It never happens that the full number of members required have quotas of first-choice votes; so we then begin at the other end, take the man at the foot of the poll, with the lowest number of votes, declare him "out of the count," and then distribute the whole of his votes amongst the remaining candidates, according as indicated by the voters themselves, each on his own ballot. This process is repeated until seven of the candidates either get a quota or come the nearest to it.

I have put this description first and devoted most space to it, not because I advocate or prefer the Hare system, but because it illustrates best the transfer principle; throws light on other methods; and is a solemn warning against mathematical complexities.

The Hare system has been used in the British State of Tasmania for six separate elections: namely, twice in the cities of Hobart and Launceston respectively for the members of the island Legislature, once for the election of Tasmanian members to the Australian Senate, and once

for electing Tasmanian members to the Australian House of Representatives. In 1902 a Government Bill was introduced into the Australian Parliament, providing for the use of the Hare system to elect Senators. The bill was prepared by Professor Nanson, who fills the chair of mathematics at the Melbourne University. Fierce attacks were made on the bill because of its extreme complexity, and it was rejected. The complexity related chiefly to the transfer of the surplus votes of a candidate over and above his quota. This can be done with comparative ease on a mathematical basis when the second choices only are concerned, but when we get to third and fourth choices, and surpluses caused by transfers and things of that sort, it takes a clear head and close attention to steer through it all. Consequently, the rough-and-ready way of taking the surplus by chance is frequently adopted, and is good enough for practical purposes; but it is a continual invitation for superficial criticism.

THE GOVE SYSTEM.

Under the Gove system each candidate publishes, after the nominations and before the elections, and in a certain formal way, a list of the candidates to whom he will transfer (1) his surplus votes if he gets more than a quota, or (2) all his votes if he does not get votes enough to be elected. The order of preference of such transfer may either be settled by the list or determined by the comparative number of votes cast for the others whom he names; that is to say, the man having the largest number of votes on his own account may have the first claim on transferred votes, if he needs them.

It is, therefore, only necessary for the voter to mark one name on his ballot, and the result of the election can be obtained by dealing with statements furnished by the deputy-returning officers from the polling subdivisions, instead of the actual ballots being sent to the returning officer.

The Gove system is chiefly objected to on the ground that the candidates deter-

mine the transfer of ineffective votes, whereas the voters themselves ought to determine this.

To this objection the answer is that the voter takes into consideration both the candidate and his list of proposed transferees. Those whom a candidate puts on his list are usually men of the same party as himself, or those in harmony with his opinions; and these are just the persons whom in most cases the voter himself would choose. The making of an improper list would seriously injure a candidate's chances; whilst the very making of a list is useful information to the voter as to the political position of the candidate, especially if independently nominated.

On the other hand, the counting is much quicker, and the ballots have not to be taken to a central place to be counted.

The mechanical voting apparatus now coming into use could be easily adapted to the Gove system.

Any citizen, when the vote is announced, can figure out the transfer for himself. At every election a thousand checking pencils would prevent even the suspicion of fraud in the transfers.

The admirable simplicity of this system should commend it to the most careful consideration of electoral reformers.

THE LIST SYSTEMS.

The method of ballot-transfer in widest use for actual legislative elections is where the candidates are divided on the ballots into party lists. This plan is in operation in Switzerland and Belgium, and has met with pronounced success. Besides the division of the candidates into lists, the following are the chief features:

Any group of voters entitled to nominate candidates, either by convention or petition, may nominate as many candidates as it sees fit up to the whole number to be elected.

Votes count individually for the candidates as well as for the party or group to which they belong.

The sum of all the votes cast is divided by the number of members to be elected,

and the quotient is known as the quota of representation.

The total vote of each party or group of voters is divided by this electoral quota, and each party is allotted as many seats as the quota is contained times in its vote. Should there not be enough full quotas to elect all the members, the required number is taken from the party or parties having the largest unfilled quotas.

The proportion of candidates to which each party is entitled is taken from its list in the order of the votes received by the candidates.

The foregoing features are subject to variation, but give the general idea. Exception may at first sight be taken to my calling the list systems a method of ballot-transfer. There is no direct transfer, but the use of the lists makes an indirect transference within the party lists.

List systems are a partial exception to my rough formula: "The Single Vote in Large Districts." The Single Vote is not essential in list systems, although the large districts are. In Switzerland the multiple or block-vote is used; that is, each voter has as many votes as there are candidates to be elected. This plan was recommended a few years ago by the American Proportional Representation League. Some words of Mr. Stoughton Cooley, the Secretary, probably indicate the main reason for this choice. He says:

"The system that most nearly conforms to our present institutions and methods is the Swiss, or Free List. Whatever may be the ultimate form adopted to give Proportional Representation expression, it would seem that this offers the least resistance as a means of introduction."

Mr. Cooley then proceeds to describe the Free List with the block-vote.

But the Single Vote can be quite well used in the list systems, and is used in Belgium for all parliamentary elections. Considerable controversy has taken place on the respective merits of these two ways of using the list method. I frankly own myself strongly in favor of the Single Vote,

and so long as that be used I care but little what form of direct or indirect transfer is used, if only it be simple. In this view I follow the lead of two of the most active American proportionalists—Governor Garvin, of Rhode Island, and Hon. William H. Gove, of Salem, Massachusetts.

It was matter for sincere rejoicing when Belgium in 1899 adopted "*la Représentation Proportionnelle*" on the plan of a list system with the Single Vote, as already described in *THE ARENA*.

THE CUMULATIVE VOTE.

A plan called Cumulative Voting has been used for thirty years in the election of English school-boards, and has just been adopted for the election of the Board of Control of the Toronto City Council, and also partially for the Toronto Board of Education. It is easily described. Each elector has as many votes as there are candidates to be elected, and he may divide these votes amongst several candidates or "cumulate" them all on one or two of the candidates, as he pleases. The more the voters cumulate, the more proportional is the result. To bring the Cumulative method within my rough formula, I would call it "the Single Untransferable Vote with liberty to split your vote."

CONCLUSIONS.

I venture to suggest the following salient points:

1. That proportionalists should emphasize the essential features of their reform, namely, Large Electoral Districts, and the Single Vote.

2. That the method of transfer should be regarded as of minor importance. Example: In the six Tasmanian parliamentary elections already spoken of, the transfers made no difference to the result. In each election the candidates heading the poll on the count of first choices were those ultimately elected. Transfers, therefore, being only necessary to meet exceptional cases, should be on the simplest plan possible.

3. It is not advisable to advocate the Single Untransferable Vote as a complete system, because it occasionally fails to give a full proportional result. My experience in conducting some dozens of elections on the Hare-Spence plan in clubs, trades-unions, etc., has shown me that some plan of transfer is especially desirable in small elections.

4. Complexity is sometimes excused by saying that the voters are not concerned with the method of counting, and all that they have to understand is how to mark their ballots. The excuse is not valid. Tasmanian voters continually questioned candidates as to the details of the Hare

system. The method of counting ought to be such that a plain man can understand it, otherwise election frauds are facilitated and the people look with suspicion upon electoral results.

5. Any simple kind of Proportional Representation is better than the present inefficient and unfair methods.

6. Direct Legislation and Proportional Representation are kindred reforms, mutually helpful, and should be together on reform platforms: greater prominence being given to one or the other, as circumstances suggest.

ROBERT TYSON.

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VOTERS ALWAYS SOVEREIGN.

BY MAURICE F. DOTY, M.D.

THE SUCCESSFUL completion of the two-hundred-million-dollar referendum petition, whereby 131,247 voters authorized the Election Commissioners to place the street-railway questions on the ballot for April 5, 1904, has forced upon the voters of Chicago the duty of compelling an apparently unwilling City Council to obey the known will of the people. Whether the aldermen will obey remains to be seen. Of far greater importance is the attitude which the courts may take in case the city fathers in their infinite wisdom (?) decide to obey the Traction Company instead of the people.

Have our paid representatives the legal right to legislate contrary to our known will?

The importance of this question becomes plain when we remember that the national, religious, physical, industrial, political and financial independence of the people are all dependent upon the presence of good laws or the absence of bad ones. The laws are but the rules of the game, the earth and all upon it is the prize,

and the people are the players. The class which can make the rules of the game or control legislation will of course win, while the others must necessarily lose. In every country where the few control legislation the many sooner or later find themselves harassed by laws, ordinances, franchises, etc., which enables the financiers to levy tribute upon the people by means of exorbitant prices.

The founders of this country bequeathed an everlasting safeguard to mankind in establishing the principle that the people are the sovereign power in the United States. Their plans for enabling the people to really be the sovereign power have not been very successful, as for various reasons our legislative bodies have not always enacted the people's will into law. But the principle still stands, backed by the Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, State Constitution, Election Laws, noted speeches, traditions, and—the people themselves.

The following quotation shows that the signers of the Declaration of Independence

intended the people to always be the sovereign power:

" . . . Governments are established among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed*. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness) *it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute new government*, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them will seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Our Federal Constitution does not indicate any intention on the people's part of giving up the sovereign power, as the following quotation shows:

"*We, the people of the United States, . . . to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.*"

"Article I. Sec. 1. All legislative power *herein granted* shall be vested in a Congress of the United States. . . ."

"Article IX. The enumeration in the constitution of certain *rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.*"

"Article X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, *are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.*"

That our government should obey the expressed will of the people is only plain common-sense. Those who signed the Declaration of Independence, those who adopted the Federal Constitution, and those who voted for the State Constitution had no intention of establishing an oligarchy anywhere. If representatives have the legal power to legislate contrary to the known wishes of the people, then they practically have the legal power to dictate how the people shall stand upon all questions, and might as well have the legal

right to cast one ballot for all of the voters at the polls, as they actually now do in the city councils and legislatures. Furthermore, if it be legal for an alderman to thwart the people's will by voting contrary to their wish, why is it a crime for an alderman to thwart the people's will by stuffing the ballot-box to suit himself? The alderman who stuffs a ballot-box is no worse than he who stuffs a franchise down the throats of the unwilling voters of his ward. It makes no particular difference to the people whether they are betrayed by a satanic ballot-box stuffer or a sanctified misrepresentative. The danger lies in the betrayal,—betrayal, because no public official was ever elected in this country on the platform that his will instead of the people's should prevail; betrayal worse than treason, because it destroys faith in the government; and the betrayed voters cannot know whether they were betrayed for conscientious scruples or scruples of gold.

Any authority giving to a representative the legal right to vote contrary to the known will of his people would be a direct violation of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, section I. ("Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction"), in that when he so votes he is compelling his people to involuntarily serve him as certainly as though they had to go to the polls and vote as he dictated, or sign a check, or saw a cord of wood; for they are legally compelled to sanction his vote.

Without the referendum the voters are usually legally compelled to vote against their own judgment on matters affecting their own ability to be independent and earn their own living. Specific instructions prohibiting legislation that would thwart the popular will is not in the Constitution, probably because it was not believed that a man elected, honored and paid by the people to be their representative would be so foolish, ungrateful, treacherous and devoid of honor as to de-

liberately misrepresent them and legislate contrary to their known wish. The fact that many of the laws misrepresent the will of the people does not necessarily reflect upon the honor of our public servants nor affect the greater fact that the laws should represent the people; but only goes to prove that representatives cannot be depended upon to represent unless they use the referendum. The only way to learn what the people want is to ask them, and the only way to ask *all* of them is by means of the little ballot—the referendum.

Without the referendum representative government is absolutely impossible and the one purpose of our Constitution is destroyed. The right of the people to instruct their representatives and the duty of those representatives to *obey* are clearly a constitutional right and duty. *Any* action by representatives contrary to the known will of the people is plainly unconstitutional and a denial of popular sovereignty.

MAURICE F. DOTY.

Chicago, Ill.

THE GOLDEN-RULE FACTORY:

THE LATE MAYOR JONES' CONTRIBUTION TOWARD THE SOLUTION OF INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS.

BY FRANK T. CARLTON,

Fellow in Economics in the University of Wisconsin.

“**T**HE BUSINESS of this shop is to make men; the making of money is an incidental detail.” Such is the unique motto under which the S. M. Jones Company has carried on a successful business during the past ten years. The head of that firm has been the late lamented Golden-Rule Mayor of Toledo. Modern political economy is teaching that men, not wealth, are the end and aim of all productive efforts; that our complex industrial system exists for the benefit of mankind,—of all men, not only employers and capitalists, but employees as well. This doctrine has a strange ring when sounded in the ears of many well-meaning people, and is said to be impractical, visionary. Manufacture and commerce are often looked upon merely as methods of making money, of amassing material wealth without regard to the welfare and happiness of the workers.

Primitive man toiled early and late in order to satisfy the simple wants of himself and family. Primitive industry was always a means to an end, never an end in

itself. This believer in humanity, in the common people, would return to the old-fashioned but ever-correct idea that men, not goods, should be the true product of modern industry; and has dared attempt to work out the problem concretely in order that the way may be made plain for those who come after.

In 1894 the now famous shop was opened on its present site. Previous to that time, Mr. Jones had been engaged in the oil-fields both as an employee and an employer. Upon coming to Toledo, he was for the first time brought into actual contact with the conditions existing in cities. He felt that many laboring men received such low wages as to make it impossible to maintain a decent standard of living for themselves and their families. Early in his career as an employer he accepted, and ever afterward adhered to, the doctrine of a “living wage.” The usual or customary wage was never the sole factor in fixing the remuneration of his employees.

His peculiar beliefs and methods were of gradual growth. He first began to print words of caution and rules of con-

duct upon the pay-envelopes. Soon the sole rule of the factory—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them"—was printed on a piece of tin and hung up in the shop. Last Christmas this was framed by the employees and now occupies a conspicuous place in the dining-room of the factory.

Painted on the wall of the shop-building over the entrance facing Golden-Rule Park is another characteristic motto: "Every man who is willing to work has a right to live. Divide up the day and give him a chance." Acting upon the sentiment expressed in the first sentence of this motto, all applicants for work were hired as vacancies occurred, no investigation as to the character or the previous record of the person asking for a job being made. The "No help wanted" sign was not displayed; if work could not be given, the applicant received a kind word of advice or admonition, as the case seemed to require. Eight hours was adopted as the proper length of the working day, and was the practical result of the belief in "dividing up the day." Another important innovation was the inauguration of a profit-sharing scheme. Early in the history of the firm, the men were made stockholders in the company and were made to feel that their interests were closely identified with the prosperity of the business.

The building itself is a dingy, weather-beaten affair; it is not a modern factory and has few of the conveniences of the up-to-date shop. Mr. Jones evidently minimized the effect of material environment; he believed more strongly in the influence of man upon man. In one corner of the lot stands Golden-Rule Park and Playground; on the second floor of the shop are found Golden-Rule Hall and Dining-Room. In these the Mayor took particular delight. Here his theories regarding the brotherhood of man were practically and theoretically demonstrated.

Golden-Rule Park comprises about one acre of ground. It is nearly square and is situated at the intersection of two streets. On one side the shop is located, and the

fourth is bounded by a high board-fence. Several trees furnish shade; but no ornamental shrubbery or fountains adorn it. Along the wall of the shop a narrow border of flowers is planted. Seats are scattered about the park under the shade of the trees. Swings and a sand-pile are provided for the children. At almost any time of day children may be seen playing. Mothers wheel their babes here to enjoy the shade of the trees. On the fence at one side of the park a motto from Walt Whitman is printed in large letters: "Produce great persons, the rest follows." This little oasis in the industrial desert of the city furnishes a convenient and much-needed breathing-spot for the families living in the vicinity of the shop; and it is used as freely as any public park. Men and women, rich and poor, high and low, are all welcomed, any time, all the time.

Near the center of the little park, under a large, spreading willow-tree, is placed a platform surrounded by benches. Here, on Sunday afternoons in the summer season, the Mayor, his employees, their families and friends would assemble. An address was usually given by Mr. Jones or some other man of broad and liberal views. The Golden-Rule Band, selected from the employees, furnished instrumental music. Frequently a chorus would sing some of Mayor Jones' compositions. In the winter season the service has been held in the hall. These simple exercises were conducted without pomp or needless ceremony. At the conclusion the Mayor walked quietly among the people assembled, talking freely and kindly to all.

The dining-hall has justly been termed "the most democratic dining-hall in the world." There are no reserved tables, distinguished guests walk in with the workers and take any convenient vacant chair. Worker and student, employer and employee, rich and poor, sit in absolute equality around this unpretentious board. Here is pure democracy. Fraternity and equality, plain living and high thinking, are the watch-words. The dining-room is a symbol of the great brother-

erhood of man in which the late Mayor so fervently believed. On the walls hang many pictures and mottoes, the latter taken chiefly from the Bible. It is not a beautiful room, but it is permeated with the spirit of fellowship, kindness and forbearance. The table is only a board; no cloth adorns it. Jeffersonian simplicity reigns supreme. Yet around this board some of the great thinkers and doers of the nation have gathered and gained inspiration and experience. It was a custom of the late Mayor to invite guests to take dinner with him at the shop. Every Friday noon a smoke was enjoyed. After dinner, talks and music were the order of the day.

This shop does not, perhaps, offer a solution to the question of the relation of labor to capital; but it does teach us that sympathy and kindness have a place in the busy business world. Here is a concrete, tangible example of what a liberty-loving humanity-loving idealist, dreamer, and practical business-man can do. It proves that business is not necessarily industrial warfare. The ultimate question, as the quotation on the park fence asserts, is the improvement of men. Progress takes place only as men improve. The worker is a man, the brother of the employer and of all other men; he is not a machine. Industry is more than bread and butter; it is education; it is life. As Mr. Jones

has told us: "To live we must work, and we must work to live. It is not birth, nor money, nor a college education that makes a man; it is work."

That old, discredited and discarded rule of business, known as the Golden-Rule, has been for a decade the rule and guide of a successful and growing business. Here was charity for all. No weak and erring sinner was turned away because of his short-comings or past failures. Within the walls of the plain, unpretentious structure men felt a power which uplifted and benefited each and all. Through the instrumentality of this business, Mayor Jones taught, by example as well as by precept, the brotherhood of man. He was distinctly a man of peace, a believer in the power of "love," a man who never lost faith in the honesty of purpose of those with whom he was associated. He has taught us the lesson that work, the accomplishment of some service to humanity, is rather to be desired than great riches; that rules, regulations and laws cannot make men good or solve the vexed question as to the relations of man to man. Kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, and love should influence each in his treatment of others. Mr. Jones' life points out to all that love, not force, is the most potent influence in the world for good.

FRANK T. CARLTON.

Toledo, Ohio.

THE HARP OF LIFE.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

A WOMAN stands between me and the light.

Through all the tireless years that lie upon my small, misshapen body, since the day she took my fingers from my mother's—dead, and led me over here to be her boy, I've seen her thus; and see her now, though years her body has been dust, between me and the light—my Aunt Regina.

That light men shun, because its radi-

ance will disclose the gaping, unhealed wound within the soul. And yet, we're better for the hour we sometimes snatch from care, when first we feel the hand of Age come stealing o'er Life's harp-strings, to sit before the light of Memory and muse on things that youth held sacred.

Regina: sweet, old-fashioned name to some; to some a trifle stilted, aping ancient lore. To me, beyond the old-time

quaintness of the syllables, I see my Aunt, my foster-mother, my woman-saint; and seeing, I hear no longer the Regina of the tongue, but Regina—Queen.

A queen behind the counter of a shop? Aye, in a factory, 'mong gunny-sacks and bags and common men's most common furnishings.

A throne will sometimes dignify a queen—not all women lend dignity to labor.

From my lounge here in the corner I watch her draw her chair before the fire and reach down in the basket at her side for socks and darning-thread. Busy, always busy. It is scarce three little hours since bell and factory-whistle set her free; yet we, the six of us, and she have had our supper, lessons done and tasks looked after, and now she settles to her humble work of darning.

Lone women have need of stout hearts no less than shoulders, and there are some in whose souls self dies grandly in the arms of brother-love. And such my Aunt,—Regina.

First, there is Uncle Clay, her heaviest care; brimful of hobbies that require her constant watching to prove their worthlessness before he mounts.

And there is Robert, just starting out upon the sea of common business-life; his craft needs guiding till the reefs and rocks are mastered.

And Frank, generous and tender, impulsive as a tinder-box, with May always to set the fire to that same tinder.

And then there is Richard; careless, happy Dick, of whom my Aunt is never sure until her hands have tucked him into bed; and I, a hunch-back cripple. Six of us—six penniless orphans, and looking for our meager crust to her, a penniless aunt.

The firelight plays about her small, gray head and sets a halo 'round the calm, sweet face. And as I watch I feel the salt tears steal along my face, recalling the time when that same white-haired woman was the merriest maid in all our village.

"And the handsomest," John Eastman said; to which she answered:

"And the happiest, John."

My father owned the factory, and my uncle took my orphan aunt to live with him,—a rollicking, happy girl whom Mother called her "little sister 'Genie."

Aunt 'Genie, they said, was just a trifle selfish, fond of her own sweet will and loving girlish nonsense. Only John Eastman, the factory superintendent, saw none of this; for John had always found his jewel flawless, and had sought and won it to wear in his heart forever.

Selfish? May be, may be. Her girlish grief when my poor mother died and gave me to her keeping, asking that she postpone her marriage-day one little year for my poor sake,—her grief, I say, was natural. She wept, 'tis true, but promised, and sent for John and told him they must wait. He begged, scoffed and protested, but my Aunt was firm. A promise to the dead is always weirdly binding.

"A year," she said, "and we'll be then more fitted to assume our strange, new care."

Burden she would not say; but I knew it was a burden to lay upon young shoulders; a cruel sacrifice to ask of one, a woman too, who never having home had halted, breathless with joy, one brief, bright moment on the threshold of a throne, a husband's heart and fireside.

"'T will be a long, long year to me," John said, when at last he yielded.

Selfish? May be, may be. Perhaps 't was selfishness that wrung the cry of rank rebellion from her lips when at the year's end my uncle's wife, too, left the walks of earth, and two more orphans clamored for her mothering.

"I can 't," she told her brother. "Oh, George, I cannot."

"Just a little season, 'Genie," he begged. "Just till we've learned to start the home-wheels moving without their mother."

"But John?" she argued. "I owe him something, too."

And then my Uncle, with cool, cutting words, set the silence on her lips forever:

"And no one else?" said he. "I remember Eunice once, and I gave love and shelter to a little homeless girl."

Her lips went white before the unanceled obligation. Her debts had come, like other debts, to face her at the unexpected moment. She shivered, as in the presence of a terror, and bowed her head in silent acceptance of his terms.

That scene and hour will haunt my heart forever. Boy as I was, I understood it was a battle of a woman's soul. I drew my twisted body high upon my pillows then, and from my shadowed corner watched the conflict that I could not share.

My Uncle leaned against the mantel, heavy-eyed and weary. My Aunt stood straight, stricken dumb, her hand upon a chair before him. Was it the premonition of the future that sent the shadow to her eyes, the strange calm to her lips? The young face bowed, lifted, and in that brief space the girl gave place to woman. And with the change the sun shifted in the half-drawn window and lay upon the bright, brown head in loving tenderness, just as the firelight caught the gray strands later.

"I will come, George."

Did self die in the promise? Not quite. Before the year was gone self struck another blow for home and husband's arms.

But even self stood dumb before the visitor that came with unexpected haste one night, tapped at our door, and beckoned; and my Uncle George, with time for just one hurried call:

"God bless you, 'Genie; do n't forget the children," and he made haste to follow forth with that strange presence.

A scourge! The cry passed from throat to throat, from lip to lip. The fever, the fatal Southern scourge, was sweeping o'er the land. Self hid her head one fleeting moment while the dying wailed. The next day little Annie laid her hot cheek to my Aunt's, and sobbing just a little as she went, whispered in her ear:

"The blesseddest, best Auntie," and left us, with that blessing.

Death played on many heart-strings in that stricken Southern village, but none were swept as hers, my Aunt's.

Selfish? Ah! it was time for self to

die in her proud soul. The scourge had willed it so. A runner came at midnight, when the third day's dust was hardly dry on little Annie's grave. And this time it was John; dear, loving, patient John, who held death back to say:

"Do n't blame yourself, dear heart; you did your duty, 'Genie, and —— God bless you."

Self? Self heard the cry her soul sent up, and bowed its head in sackcloth.

We never called her 'Genie after that, but once—the day they buried John; and with a look of hopeless pain upon her face she answered:

"Say Aunt Regina, child."

The years have crowded fast since then, in spite of crippled feet, and crippled hearts that give back echoes for answers.

Five and thirty: they are notched upon my crutch here.

Five and thirty. The factory passed to strangers, and the gaunt wolf found our door. There were no hands to work but hers; and laughing in self's own rebuking face, she went forth to her humble duty.

Regina, Queen!

My Uncle Clay? A wanderer somewhere on the earth until, but yesterday (it seems) the news that she was gone had served to bring him home.

A woman stands between me and the light; a queen in factory garments, the marks of common labor on her hands, and a halo 'round her hair.

She paid her debt; her obligation canceled with her soul's best longings. When love died, the love of others warmed her breast; and in the factory where she toiled hungry little children lifted up their eyes to see her pass and caught Peace's heart-beats in her passing.

Selfish? May be, may be. At first; till "Love took up the harp of life," and self passed out of sight in music.

A throne may dignify a woman; not many women give a dignity to labor, feed the hungry, nurse the sick, shelter the homeless, as she did—Regina, Queen.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Estill Springs, Tenn.

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



Davenport, in New York Evening Mail.

LEST WE FORGET.
(By special permission of the New York Evening Mail.)



Bush, in New York World.
"LET US HAVE PEACE!"



Bush, in New York World.
"S-S-SH!"



Johnson, in *Denver Times*.

"THIS IS THE NATURAL RESULT OF YOUR POLICY, GOVERNOR!"



Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

WHERE THE BIG STICK IS NEEDED.



Ryan Walker, in *Appeal to Reason*.

A SOCIALIST VIEW OF GEN. BELL OF COLORADO.



Ryan Walker, in *Appeal to Reason*.
A SOCIALIST VIEW OF THE LABOR SITUATION.

SOCIALISM.—Brother, I am going to free you. You have nothing to lose but your chains.
OLD-PARTY UNION MAN.—Can't let you. As a union man, I must keep out of politics.



Ryan Walker, in *Appeal to Reason*.

THERE MAY A BE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE IN THE EARS, BUT THAT'S ALL.



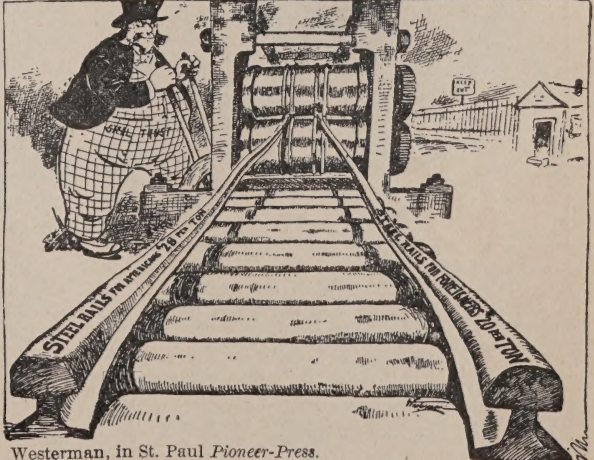
F. Opper, in *New York American*.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)
MAMMA AND THE BABIES—NO RACE-SUICIDE FOR HERS.



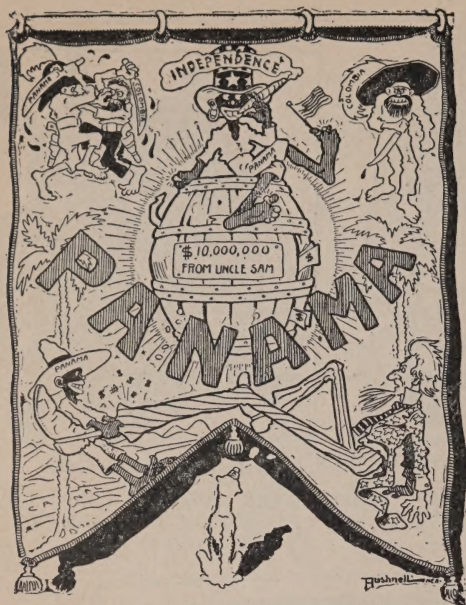
Rehse, in *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*.

"ME ALLEE SAMEE VELLY MUCH NEUTTAL!"



Westerman, in *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*.

AT HOME AND ABROAD—OUT OF THE SAME MILL!



Bushnell, in *Nashville Daily News*.

HOW WOULD THIS DO?

Panama is offering a \$200 prize for an acceptable design for a Coat-of-Arms and National Flag.—*News Item*.



Reeves, in *London Justice*.

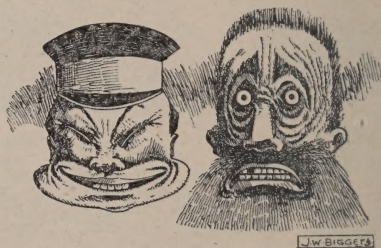
THE IMPERIAL INDIAN JUGGERNAUT.

A Lahore message states that the wheat harvest in the Punjab has been so heavy that the grain cannot be cleared. "Hundreds of thousands of bags," it is stated, are lying at the railway stations, "and in many instances the contents have even been left to rot." It is the most melancholy characteristic of Indian famine, as we have had occasion to point out before, and a lamentable commentary on Indian administration, that the people starve, not because there is no food in the country, but because there is no money wherewith to buy.—*Morning Leader*.



De Mar, in *Philadelphia Record*.

HAVE WE TWO GODDESSES OF LIBERTY?



Biggers, in *Nashville Banner*.

THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST.



Bush, in *New York World*.

STILL LURING 'EM ON.

EDITORIALS.

PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP OF STREET-RAILWAYS: A CRITICISM AND A REPLY.

I.

BELOW we publish in full an article which recently appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, because it affords an admirable illustration of one unfortunate phase of modern urban journalism, wherein recklessness in the employment of epithets is frequently not un-mixed with mendacity—a phase which we believe is largely due to the ethically demoralizing influence exerted by public-service corporations and interests dependent upon special privileges, which through having stockholders in various newspapers or through advertising patronage or other methods of exercising their influence frequently place editors in a position where, even though they may at times mildly favor public ownership editorially, find it expedient to publish more or less specious special-pleadings which are to say the least inaccurate, misleading and unwarranted.

Articles of similar tenor to the following are by no means surprising when they appear in papers that are recognized as special-pleaders for private corporations against the best interests and the palpable rights of the people, but in times past the *Transcript* has been known to frankly champion the interests of the people and to refrain from the cheap pettifogging and misleading methods of special-pleaders that are common among papers given over to the advocacy of corporation interests. This was notably the case in the autumn of 1899; when the Boston Elevated company succeeded in convincing all the leading dailies of Boston excepting the *Transcript* of the wisdom of supporting its scheme for having the tracks relaid on Tremont street. Then, it will be remembered, the *Transcript* stood for the cause of the people and subjected itself to much of the kind of sophistical criticism it now employs in the article we are now considering. Hence it is the subject of deep regret to observe such slurring and unwarranted language and assertions as the following employed in reference to our editorial note in the August *ARENA*:

“*A Word About Municipal Ownership.*
—THE *ARENA*, in commenting on the results

of municipal operation of the street-car lines in Berne, Switzerland, indulges in some unwarrantable comparison and criticism. The comments in question are typical of a species of argument from unfounded assumption and unsound analogy, very popular with certain advocates of municipal ownership. THE *ARENA* states:

“The city of Berne, Switzerland, bought the street-car lines in 1902, and has since been operating them in the interests of all the people. Last year the system showed a net profit of over \$35,500, and it is needless to say that the people are gainers in many other ways, for where a monopoly is operated by private individuals the public is invariably compelled to put up with conditions that the electorate would not tolerate from the public service. This fact is frequently pointed out in England, where in every instance after the municipalities have taken over the roads the service has been markedly improved from what it was under private ownership.

“In America the public pays princely dividends on watered stock, and as a result a large proportion of the citizens are compelled to pay for strap-service instead of seats. In Boston alone the net earnings of the street-railroads are from over three million dollars to four million dollars annually, yet a very large proportion of our citizens are compelled each morning and evening to stand during the entire trip. Only the influence which the private-service companies have over legislators and over the great daily press render such shameful conditions possible under the circumstances.”

“This criticism of the Boston street-car service is undeserved and misleading, and the critic himself doubtless knows that it is. The ‘strap-service’ of which the critic complains results not from the inefficiency or greediness of the operating company, but from the peculiarly difficult conditions with which it has to deal. The necessity of moving during rush hours an enormous volume of traffic from a highly-congested business-center of very small area, is the troublesome factor in the Boston

transit-problem. None of the English cities—not to mention little Berne—has anything like this to contend with. There is no reason to believe that municipal enterprise would cope with this difficulty more successfully than does corporate enterprise. Indeed, no one who is accustomed to look at conditions and facts rather than to deal with theories and assumptions, can doubt that private operation of the street-car lines in this city gives results far more satisfactory than could be obtained through municipal ownership. Only purblind zealots for municipal ownership can persuade themselves to think otherwise."

Two propositions are advanced above as excuses for the attempt to belittle the facts and comparisons employed by us. Both call for examination.

1. To quote the *Transcript*: "The 'strap-service' of which the critic complains results not from the inefficiency or greediness of the operating company, but from the peculiarly difficult conditions with which it has to deal." In other words, it is due to the inability of the company to handle the traffic, and not to its cupidity, that a large proportion of our citizens are compelled to pay for "strap-service" and platform and running-board standing-room during rush hours.

2. It is claimed that there is no reason to believe that under public ownership conditions would or could be better. Nay, more. We are assured with that spirit of recklessness that characterizes much present-day special-pleading, that "the private operation of street-cars in this city gives results far more satisfactory than could be obtained through municipal ownership."

II.

It is difficult to believe that the above could be the result of pitiful and inexcusable ignorance on the part of the author. We are inclined to believe that he is merely parroting the sophistry of the unscrupulous special-pleaders for the railway, without stopping to investigate the subject sufficiently to see the falsity of the claims.

A few facts that are incontrovertible and that show how large a number of our citizens are placed at a shameful disadvantage by the action of the street-railway company will serve to illustrate how inaccurate and wide of the truth is the sweeping statement made above in relation to the inability of the company to accommodate the public.

The vast majority of the South-End surface-cars, as all familiar with Boston know, enter and leave the Subway at the Public Garden. During recent years the lower part of Boylston street, between the Colonial Theater and Berkeley street, and the adjacent territory has been largely given over to stores and great office-buildings in which numbers of persons are regularly employed, a large proportion of whom live either in Cambridge, Allston, Brighton, Brookline, Jamaica Plain, Milton, Roxbury, Newton, Watertown, or the upper parts of Huntington avenue and adjacent streets; while the upper parts of Boylston street and Huntington avenue and their feeders have enormously increased in population, due not only to the many large apartment-houses and hotels which have gone up, but also to the opening of schools in these regions which are largely attended; such institutions, for example, as the New England Conservatory of Music, Tufts Medical and Dental Colleges, the Emerson College of Oratory, the Massachusetts Commercial College, the Felton Piano-forte School, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As a result, almost every night of the year during the rush hours large crowds of people are found at the mouth of the Subway and at the corners of Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon and Darmouth streets, waiting for an opportunity to obtain standing-room on cars that are already crowded before they emerge from the Subway. I speak from experience. For several years my office was in the Pierce Building, Copley square, and during that time I was compelled to depend upon the "strap-service" in over-crowded cars, or, what was still more frequent, I was obliged to stand on the front or rear platforms, even during the most inclement weather. In the morning the great majority of persons who have occasion to go down into the city to their employment and who board or lodge on Huntington avenue, Boylston street and adjacent streets are compelled to stand because the suburban cars are usually crowded long before they reach these streets.

Now at Park square, at the junction of Boylston, Charles and Eliot streets and Columbus avenue, is the Park-square loop, on which, if the company was as desirous of serving the people as it is of earning enormous dividends, it could easily run, say one car on each line that now leaves the Subway at the Public Garden, every five minutes during the rush hours; and in this way the enormous number

of patrons on the streets mentioned, who have at the present time no chance for seats, could be accommodated, and the congestion at the Boylston and Tremont-street Subway-station would also be materially lessened, as the close proximity of Park square would lead a large proportion of the people who now enter the Subway to go to the former starting point. And under municipal ownership, judging from the improvement which has marked the service when cities of the Old World have taken over the street-car lines, such accommodations would be promptly given to the public, although of course this would tend to cut down the large dividends about which our critic would have us believe the Boston Elevated Railway company is so indifferent.

This is one typical illustration of what could and would be done if the interests of the people and not the question of dividends were of first concern.

Moreover, the Subway congestion plea has been largely over-worked. All persons familiar with the ingenuity and mental fertility and resources of the adroit special-pleaders for private corporations know that certain plausible statements and catch-phrases are relied upon to prevent the people from receiving their just rights. One of these false but to the railway fortunate sophistries, long employed in Boston with success, was the claim that it was impossible to enclose the front and rear platforms of the cars in winter, because of the congested character of Boston's thoroughfares. It was dogmatically asserted, when we claimed that other cities had no difficulty, that conditions in Boston were entirely different and that the introduction of the glass-protected platforms would be attended by numerous and serious accidents. This sophistry was advanced by special-pleaders for the road and was echoed and parroted by the unthinking on every hand for a long time before the sincere friends of the people could arouse public sentiment to the point where the state compelled the company to go to the expense of protecting the platforms, which the dividend-seeking corporation had so long claimed was impracticable.

The congested Subway argument is of much the same character, as was shown a few years ago when the *Transcript* stood with the people in opposition to the relaying of the tracks on Tremont street. It was loudly claimed at that time that the road could not—not would not, but could not—expeditiously handle the Subway traffic; whereupon the leaders of the citi-

zens' movement which was represented by the *Transcript* but opposed by other dailies, showed conclusively that when the road *desired* it could expeditiously handle crowds far greater than the crowds during the ordinary rush hours. It was shown that on Dewey Day and on the day of the Yale-Harvard football game, when there were tens of thousands of visitors in the city, the company had no difficulty whatever in promptly handling the enormous crowds.

Many of our citizens will call to mind the various special pleas advanced in the fall of 1899 by the Boston daily press, which represented the railway interests, but which were effectively answered by the *Transcript* and those who led the movement for the people. Especially was the misleading special-pleading and palpable sophistry of the advocates of the road exposed in the famous Socratic presentation of the people's side of the case which was issued by a committee of public-spirited citizens, of which Mr. B. F. Keith, Dr. Morton Prince and Professor Frank Parsons were leading spirits. In this popular presentation of the case, which unquestionably largely contributed to the overwhelming defeat of the railway company by a majority of 25,331 votes, this very question of the inability of the company to handle the traffic through congestion in the Subway, which had been so vigorously employed by the advocates of the road in precisely the manner that the *Transcript* now uses it, was ably met and disproved, as will be seen by the following questions and answers which appeared in this famous circular:

"Question—Are the through tracks in the Subway fully occupied?

"Answer—The Transit Commission reports that they are *not used to anything like their full capacity*.

"Question—If the crowds of Dewey Day and Harvard-Yale football Day were handled with complete success, why not the every-day crowds?

"Answer—Because, as the Transit Commission officially charges, the Subway is not worked to its full capacity.

"Question—Cannot the Elevated Railway get two additional tracks in the Subway from Shawmut avenue to Scollay square if they should be needed?

"Answer—Yes, by simply carrying out its contract with the city to accept and pay for enlargement of the Subway whenever required.

See Railroad Commissioner's Report for 1898, page 232.

"*Question*—Why should any workingmen vote for surface transit?

"*Answer*—So that the Elevated Railway can save money by not enlarging the Subway.

"*Question*—Who said the public would never use the Subway and tried hard to make such the fact?

"*Answer*—The Elevated Railway's predecessor, the West End Street-Railway.

"*Question*—Who said it would not raise a finger to put the tracks back on Tremont street?

"*Answer*—The Elevated Railway, but it is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for this purpose."

III.

If in the assertion about the inability of the Boston Elevated Railway company to abate the "strap-service" we have an exhibition of inexcusable ignorance or of mendacity, the assumption that municipal ownership would give no relief, and indeed would give poorer service than that from which the private company is reaping from three to four million dollars annually, is also wholly unwarranted from legitimate inferences based on the results of public-ownership where it has been most fully tested. Take Glasgow, for example. We have in our possession, and shall probably give to our readers in our next issue, a full statement of facts relating to public-ownership and operation of the street-cars of Glasgow, furnished us by the highest officers of the service in answer to thirty questions which we addressed to the head of the department of municipal tram-service. These answers, among other things, show conclusively how immensely the service has been improved in every respect since the city took the street-cars over from the private corporation. Mr. Bellamy, the

head of the municipal tram-service of Liverpool has clearly shown that a like result has there followed the city's operation of the car-service. Similar reports come from Leeds, Sheffield and other cities of Great Britain where public ownership has superseded private ownership. Not only do the actual results conclusively prove our position to be sound and that of the *Transcript* unwarranted, but reason also indicates that such would be the natural result.

So long as the public press is silent when not engaged in special pleadings for the street-railway corporations, and the company is busily engaged in seeing how many millions of dollars in net earnings it can acquire each year, it stands to reason that there will be little relief from over-crowded cars or "strap-service." But when the city owns and operates the street-car service for the benefit of the whole community instead of for the enrichment of the few, the first concern will be to give the passengers seats and comfort in transit, and secondly to earn money to be applied to lowering of car-fares or to the reduction of the taxes of the citizens.

We have dwelt at length on this question because it is a typical example of reckless newspaper criticism in which the writers who play the part of special-pleaders for special interests invariably seek to belittle the import of the facts advanced by friends of public-ownership and strive to break the force of the arguments set forth by slurring epithets and resorts to inaccurate, misleading and not unfrequently false statements, and also because this question of public ownership is bound to become more and more a living issue in America; and as the magazines which are now among the greatest aggressive conscience-forces in the republic succeed in arousing the public, we may expect many more examples of this species of attack from the special-pleaders for private-corporations.

THE BLUE PERIL; OR, THE UN-AMERICAN SITUATION IN OUR GREAT MUNICIPALITIES UNDER THE REIGN OF GRAFT.

ONE OF the most alarming features of present-day American municipal life is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Beard in his cartoon drawn expressly for this issue of THE ARENA. Through the union of the political boss, the partisan machine and the public-ser-

vice corporations there has grown up a condition which has resulted at once in oppressing the masses and deadening the public conscience,—a condition that is becoming more and more intolerable and which is striking a deadly blow at the very life of free institutions.



THE BLUE PERIL.

THE UN-AMERICAN SITUATION IN OUR GREAT MUNICIPALITIES UNDER THE REIGN OF GRAFT.

"What are you going to do about it?"

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

No republic can live with justice blindfolded, the spirit of democracy gagged, and law, liberty and religion under the foot of an irresponsible constabulary.

The startling illustrations of crime enthroned in municipal government and becoming all-powerful through a venal and conscienceless police-service are strikingly brought out in Mr. Beard's cartoon. These conditions are not new in New York. They have obtained, with brief intermissions, from the days of the Tweed ring. Corrupt wealth and privileged interests have made the reign of graft of frightful reality, not only in New York, but in St. Louis, Chicago, and various other municipalities. This is an evil that calls for the union of all citizens who would preserve popular government and reestablish purity and justice in municipal life. It calls for the active, untiring efforts of all high-minded electors; for consecration to a cause that is vital to republican institutions; for enlistment in a battle in which there should be no truce, no parleying, and no quarter granted to the corrupt criminal element

in power and to the trinity of the pit responsible for its presence in municipal life,—the political boss, the party machine, and the public-service corporations which render the boss and his machine invincible through enormous campaign contributions given with the pledge or understanding that in return the donors shall receive free immensely valuable franchises or immunity from the just consequences of unlawful acts or callings. Despotism, corruption and moral degeneration working through public and private life will increase until the people unite for the destruction of conditions that render possible this debauching of the public-service. Direct Legislation or the introduction of the initiative and referendum into municipal government, by which the people could compel action on desired measures and could veto any corrupt or undesirable acts passed by the municipal authorities, would effectively destroy this deadly evil and give us again in our municipalities pure, just and republican government.

"SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY RELIGIOUS CONCEPTS AND IDEALS": A CRITICISM AND A REPLY.

WE HAVE received the following thoughtful and suggestive criticism of our editorial in the July *ARENA* on Sir Edwin Arnold. It is from the pen of a Doctor of Philosophy who is a well-known educator, holding at the present time an important position in a state institution of learning in one of our great Western commonwealths. He veils his identity under the pen-name of "Frater Occidentalis," which he has at various times employed in the past when discussing religious questions:

"The strong and able editorial entitled 'Sir Edwin Arnold and Nineteenth-Century Religious Concepts and Ideals' published in the July *ARENA*, finds no more enthusiastic believer than myself in its main proposition. But incidentally it asserts, or rather takes for granted, a proposition which I deem a pernicious heresy. You say:

"As Dr. Watts reflected the popular religious ideals of the England of his day in regard to death, . . . so did this poem express

the newer concepts of death, or rather the concept that was new to the modern Christian church; for it must be remembered that the thought in these verses was expressed by an Arabian poet in the twelfth century."

"You very ably elaborate this thought, and this is the impression you leave with me: The modern Christian and medieval Arabian view of death is that it is simply the entering into a larger, fuller, more God-filled Life, that the body left behind is simply the discarded shell, the worn-out garment of the soul. That hence this life should be looked on only as an introduction to the life eternal.

"Now I submit that this, instead of being a nineteenth-century acquisition of the Christian church, is its oldest dogma. This is precisely the one doctrine about which there is no dispute among religious people. Watts and Wigglesworth, Luther and the popes, the monks in the middle ages and the Salvation Army to-day, sixteenth-century theologians and twentieth-century revivalists, all can subscribe to every sentiment in the quoted poem. More than

that: Every shade of sentiment expressed, every figure of speech used in that poem can be duplicated from Christian literature from any one century you choose since the Christian Era.

"Alas the opposite is true. The modern world is de-Christianized, and with our Christianity we have lost our faith in personal and individual immortality. In any Christian century before the nineteenth Sir Edwin Arnold's religious ideas would have been so commonplace that it is doubtful if they would have brought any fame; but the nineteenth century so seldom heard any living voice proclaim the belief in immortality that they snatched hungrily these delicious morsels from the rich table of faith that was their fathers'.

"Yes, Mr. Editor, we might just as well admit it. You and I, the orthodox and the 'new-thought' people are in the minority. The vast majority of civilized mankind does not, indeed, *deny* immortality, O, dear no! but they do n't *believe* in it. Their names may be in church registers, and they may listen to the doctrine every Sunday, but it is not a *living* belief. Their thoughts, their hopes, their aspirations, their plans, all end at the grave. They think of their departed friends as annihilated. How many of your acquaintances would, provided some one could settle the question authoritatively for them, dare to bet as much on the proposition of the immortality of the human soul as on the success of their side in the next political election?

"As a whole, our civilization is atheistic, materialistic, and agnostic in its attitude to immortality. We have no vital, popular belief outside of our faith in atoms, cells and vibrations. It was not always thus. There have been Ages of Faith. Coarse and crude they were, but man then believed that there was something that was Infinitely Worth While.

"But now mankind knows of nothing that is infinitely worth while.

"Hence the supernal value of Sir Edwin Arnold's or anybody's else message which contains an echo from our forgotten paradise."

With one thing which our critic says we are in hearty accord. We agree that the dead hand of materialism is resting on the heart and soul of the church as well as the world. That there is a deep-seated skepticism within the rank and file of the membership of our modern churches is palpably in evidence in the moral inertia that is everywhere apparent and which

would be impossible were the church aflame with the ethical enthusiasm that a living faith inspires. It is true that nominally Christianity is flourishing. More and more costly sectarian schools, colleges and churches are being builded. Nominally and when it comes to the defence of dogma, rite, ritual and the externals, the church is much in evidence; but as a mighty regenerating influence such as was the primitive church, Christianity to-day is to a great degree a comparative failure.

But on the other hand, within and without the church is seen a growing spiritual and moral enthusiasm among those whom Matthew Arnold called "the remnant" that promises, we believe, a spiritual renaissance immeasurable in its rejuvenating potency.

But this vital, religious element is strong and effective because it is not under the spell of the old theological concepts or the old "religious ideals" relating to God and the future that darkened the religious world from the days of Calvin till the liberal reaction led by such master-minds as Dr. William Ellery Channing in the early part of the last century, and Beecher and Drummond among the orthodox and Hale and Savage among the liberals of later days.

If our critic and our readers will compare Arnold's reasonable and we think thoroughly twentieth-century concept of God and the future estate of man after the crisis called death with the theological discussions, the poems and hymns of the master-spirits of orthodoxy, from Calvin and Milton down to Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth, the difference in the point-of-view—the radical difference in the concept of God and the future state—will be perfectly apparent. Compare, for example, the picture of the spirit released from the body but in no wise changed further than being liberated from that which was the source of most of its temptations, that which obscured the spiritual vision—a spirit that was cognizant of all going on around, from the time of its transition, so beautifully drawn by the Arabian poet and retouched by Sir Edwin Arnold, with the following extracts from the once-popular hymns of Dr. Watts—hymns embodying the popular orthodox concepts of the hereafter as entertained long after the death of the great hymnologist:

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,—
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains:
 Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry:
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans."

Here is another companion hymn:

"With holy fear, and humble song,
 The *dreadful God* our souls adore;
 Rev'ence and awe become the tongue,
 That speaks the terrors of His power.
 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
 The land of horror and despair,—
 Justice has built a dismal hell,
 And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
 Tormenting racks and fiery coals,—
 And darts, t' inflict immortal pains,
 Dy'd in the blood of damnéd souls.
 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.

Their guilty ghosts of Adam's race
 Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod:
 Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
 But they incens'd a dreadful God.
 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
 Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
 Else your damnation hastens on,
 And hell gapes wide to wait your fall."

Below, the pious author gives us a graphic pen-picture of God as seen by his mental vision:

"His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
 And, from his awful tongue,
 A sovereign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder rolls along.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
 When the incenséd God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad!

What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
 He once defied the Lord!
 But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
 And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
 To blast the rebel worm,—
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm."

Again, take Dr. Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*. Not less than nine editions of this work were sold in New England in early times. It was also twice republished in England. From a commercial point-of-view it was the most remarkable success in the history of colonial literature, as it is stated that, next to the Bible and the almanac, more copies of *The Day of Doom* were sold than of any other work in colonial times. This success must have rested chiefly on the popularity of the thought contained, as, aside from weird poetic flashes now and then present, the literary quality of the work is far below mediocrity. The book was bound in sheep, exactly like the binding employed for Bibles and hymn-books of the period. Each page bore marginal notes, giving the passages of Scripture which suggested the scene described. How different from the Arabian poet's concept of death are the ideas all-but-universally accepted by our fathers and which in his poem Dr. Wigglesworth thus presents:

"Before his throne a trump is blown,
 Proclaiming the day of doom:
 Forthwith he cries, 'Ye dead arise,
 And unto the judgment come.'
 No sooner said, but 't is obeyed;
 Sepulchres opened are:
 Dead bodies all rise at his call,
 And 's mighty power declare."

The saved are then judged, or rather their salvation is thus described:

"My sheep draw near, your sentence hear,
 which is to you no dread,
 Who clearly now discern, and know your sins
 are pardonéd.
 'T was meet that ye should judgéd be, that so
 the world may spy

No cause of grudge, when as I judge and deal impartially.

Know therefore all, both great and small, the ground and reason why

These men do stand at my right hand, and look so cheerfully.

These men be those my Father chose before the world's foundation,

And to me gave, that I should save from death and condemnation."

The elect having been thus disposed of, Jesus turns to those who were not of the company chosen for Him by God before "the world's foundation." After dealing with various classes of sinners in a manner which might well excite the envy of an Oriental despot whose heart had long been steeled against all the divine emotions, Christ proceeds to judge those whose lives had been pure, holy, honest and upright, but whose greatness of soul had rendered it impossible for them to grovel before a God represented by His most zealous followers as infinitely more brutal and cruel than the worst man born of woman. The scene described is characteristic of the thought of the age, and when reading it one ceases to wonder that witches were hanged in Salem, or that Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Colony; for a firm belief in such a God would naturally inspire persecution. This is the picture as seen through the poetical spectacles of the reverend gentleman:

"Then were brought nigh a company of civil, honest men

That loved true dealing, and hated stealing, ne'er wrong'd their brethren;

Who pleaded thus, 'Thou knowest us that we were blameless livers;

No whoremongers, no murderers, no quarrellers nor strivers.'"

Jesus admits that they have been all they claim, but proceeds:

"And yet that part, whose great desert you think to reach so far

For your excuse, doth you accuse, and will your boasting mar.

However fair, however square your way and work hath been,

Before men's eyes, yet God espies iniquity therein.

You much mistake, if for their sake you dream of acception:

Whereas the same deserveth shame and meriteth damnation."

This picture, however, pales into insignificance before what follows. Dr. Wigglesworth had a case to make out; it was a bad case; it outraged every instinct of justice and love in the fiber of manhood, but he had the audacity bravely to face the issue; and though we cannot praise his logic, we are forced to admire his courage. This is the fate he describes awaiting millions of little buds of humanity who passed from life in infancy:

"Then to the bar, all they drew near who dy'd in infancy,

And never had or good or bad effected personally.

But from the womb unto the tomb were straightway carried,

Or at the last e'er they transgressed who thus began to plead:

If for our own transgressions, or disobedience We here did stand at thy left hand, just were the recompense;

But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt, his fault is charg'd on us;

And that alone hath overthrown, and utterly undone us.

Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit was interdicted:

Yet on us all of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted.

How could we sin that had not been, or how is his sin our

Without consent, which to prevent, we never had a pow'r?

O great Creator, why was our nature depraved and forlorn?

Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd whilst we were yet unborn?

Behold we see Adam set free, and sav'd from his trepass,

Whose sinful fall hath spilt us all, and brought us to this pass.

Canst thou deny us once to try, or grace to us to tender,

When he finds grace before thy face, that was the chief offender?"

Jesus is then represented as replying in the following language:

"What you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,

You call amiss to call it his, both his and yours it was.

He was design'd of all mankind, to be a public head,

A common root, whence all should shoot, and stood in all their stead.

He stood and fell, did ill or well, not for himself alone,

But for you all, who now his fall, and trespass would disown.

If he had stood, then all his brood, had been established

In God's true love never to move, nor once awry to tread:

Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd through Adam so much good,

As had been your for evermore, if he at first had stood?

Since then to share in his welfare, you could have been content,

You may with reason share in his treason, and in the punishment.

You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect,

Such you shall have; for I do save none but my own elect.

Yet to compare your sin with their who liv'd a long time,

I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.

A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell;

But unto you I shall allow *the easiest room in hell*.

The glorious king thus answering, they cease, and plead no longer:

Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are the stronger."

Having disposed of the sheep and the goats, the worthy divine lingers on the field of victory and despair much as a bee lingers over the honey-cup of a fragrant flower. While his observations were intended to illustrate the majesty and vengeance of offended Deity, they cannot be considered complimentary to either the head or heart of Jesus:

"Now what remains, but that to pains and everlasting smart,

Christ should condemn the sons of men, which is their just desert;

Oh rueful plights of sinful wights! oh wretches all forlorn:

"T had happy been they ne'er had seen the sun, or not been born.

Yea, now it would be good they could themselves annihilate.

And cease to be, themselves to free from such a fearful state.

O happy dogs, and swine and frogs: yea, serpent's generation,

Who do not fear this doom to hear, and sentence of damnation!

Where tender love men's hearts did move unto a sympathy,

And bearing part of others' smart in their anxiety;

Now such compassion is out of fashion, and wholly laid aside:

No friends so near, but saints to hear their sentence can abide,

The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she shed a tear

For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his doom doth hear.

He that was erst a husband pierc'd with sense of wife's distress,

Whose tender heart did bear a part of all her grievances,

Shall mourn no more as heretofore because of her ill-plight;

Although he see her now to be a damn'd forsaken wight.

The tender mother will own no other of all her numerous brood,

But such as stand at Christ's right hand acquitted through his blood.

The pious father had now much rather his graceless son should lie

In hell with devils, for all his evils, burning eternally,

Than God most high should injury, by sparing him sustain;

And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice adjudging him to pain.

Who having all both great and small, convinc'd and silenc'd,

Did then proceed their doom to read, and thus it utter'd.

Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprites, that work iniquity,

Depart together from me forever to endless misery;

Your portion take in yonder lake, where fire and brimstone flameth:

Suffer the smart, which your desert as its due wages claimeth.

What? to be sent to punishment, and flames of burning fire,

To be surrounded, and eke confounded with God's revengeful ire!

What? to abide, not for a tide these torments, but forever:

To be released, or to be eased, not after years, but never.

Oh fearful doom! now there's no room for hope or help at all:

Sentence is past which aye shall last, Christ will not it recall.

There might you hear them rend and tear the air with their outcries:

The hideous noise of their sad voice ascendeth to the skies.

They wring their hands, their caitiff hands, and gnash their teeth for terror;

They cry, they roar for anguish sore, and gnaw their tongues for horror.

But get away, without delay, Christ pities not your cry:

Depart to hell, there may you yell, and roar eternally.

Dy fain they would, if dy they could, but death will not be had.

God's direful wrath their bodies hath for ev'r immortal made.

But who can tell the plagues of hell,

The lightest pain they there sustain more than intolerable.

But God's great pow'r from hour to hour upholds them in the fire,

That they shall not consume a jot, nor by its force expire."

Does our critic see no difference between such religious concepts of God and the future state and the rational and noble ideas beautifully set forth by the Arabian bard and so rhythmically reset by Arnold? In our opinion

it was the monstrous concept of God and the future state so universally taken for granted by painters, poets and theologians of the past, which, finding expression on Angelo's canvas, in Milton's stately rhymes, in Watts' hymns, in Mather's sermons, and in Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*, is directly responsible more than anything else for the materialism that is to-day found in the church. Men and women worship a God whom they conceive as doing deeds which they would shrink in horror from committing cannot express the true nobility that would flower in their lives if their ideals of Deity and duty were more exalted. The God of our fathers was fashioned on the plan of an implacable Oriental despot, who created a race of human beings even though His very attributes necessitated His knowing beforehand that the multitude would forever be doomed and the few saved; and the future state as conceived by our fathers was a tomb or a place of comparative isolation, to be followed by a bodily resurrection, after which the multitude were to be condemned to everlasting fire and brimstone as described by the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, and the saved were to be so dehumanized and brutalized as to be able to see their dearest friends thus condemned without experiencing any agony or regret. Such conceptions could not fail to produce infidels and agnostics among the nobler children of earth; and certainly such ideals are not present in the poem of the ancient Arabian bard which Arnold used as the basis of "He Who Died at Azan."

NEW PARCELS-POST BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND NORWAY.

FOLLOWING closely upon the parcels-post treaty between the United States and Japan, which we recently mentioned in *THE ARENA*, comes the announcement that a parcels-post convention has been concluded between our country and Norway by which after October first the same postal relations will prevail as now obtain between this country and Germany, the maximum weight of parcels taken being four pounds, six ounces, and the maximum value fifty dollars. Owing to the

influence of the express-companies over our own politicians, the citizens of this republic are deprived of the benefits of the splendid parcels-post that is the glory of the British service and of other nations where a progressive spirit prevails and where special interests have not been able to thwart the ends of good government or prevent the people from enjoying the full measure of service which a well-ordered postal-department should afford its citizens.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP VICTORIES IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE RESULT OF MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP OF STREET-CARS IN SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

SHEFFIELD, England, since 1896, has operated her trams or street-cars. About two-thirds of the cars have double-decks. The maximum fare is two cents or one penny. Passengers riding short distances between given points pay one cent or one half-penny. During the year ending March 25, 1903, there were 56,812,049 fares paid, of which 10,672,550 were for passengers paying only one cent. The net profits for the year were a little over \$140,500 (£28,167). From June, 1896, when the city took over the service, to March 25, 1903, the surplus amounted to over \$530,000 (£106,955). Over \$200,000 (£40,979) had also been handed over for relief of rates. The city sets aside two cents per car-mile run for a reserve fund. This amounts at the present time to about \$100,000 (£20,000). For the year ending March 25, 1901, the first year after the city introduced electric traction, the municipality realized a profit of a little over \$109,000 (£21,817). For the year ending March 25, 1903, though in the meantime the city had reduced the fares, the profits realized amounted to over \$140,000.

We now come to the report for the past business year, ending March 25, 1904. Through the courtesy of Mr. Charles F. Wike, M. Inst. C. E., City Surveyor of Sheffield, we have received the following facts from the official record of the past business year:

Miles run	5,768,231
Passengers carried	61,450,993
Receipts per car-mile	9.818d.
Total working expense, £156,402. 17s. 8d.	
Total working expense per car-mile	6.507d.
Gross profits	£79,578. 17s. 5d.
Net profits	£27,309. 13s. 5d.

It will be observed that the net profits for the last year were in round numbers £27,309, or about \$136,560. This is about \$4,000 less than the net profits realized the previous year. This

is doubtless due to an increase in the sum set aside for the sinking-fund, depreciation or some other fixed charge. The number of passengers carried last year was over 4,600,000 more than were carried the previous year. The expense of the car-runs for the year ending March 25, 1903, was 7.03d. per car-mile run, while it is only 6.507d. per car-mile-run for the past year, and the gross profits during the past year were in round numbers £79,578 against £76,668 for the preceding year.

The fact that the service has been greatly improved under municipal-ownership, while the fares have been substantially reduced and the city is now realizing a net annual profit of \$136,560, so overweighs all the sophistry of the paid pleaders for private corporations that in Sheffield it is needless to say there is none of the foolish twaddle about the incapacity of a city to successfully operate her street-cars, or the equally absurd and mendacious claim that private ownership and operation give better service than would be possible under municipal ownership, such as we are constantly hearing in the columns of American dailies where the owners of the papers hold stock in street-car and other public-service companies, or where the papers are obtaining valuable advertisements from the companies that are taking hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars out of the pockets of the people which should go to the reduction of fares, the improvement of the service, and the reduction of taxes.

SPLENDID VICTORY OF MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP OF THE STREET-CAR SERVICE IN LEEDS, ENGLAND.

UNITED STATES Consul Hamm, of Hull, England, has done a real service to our country in reporting the result of municipal-ownership of street-railways in Leeds, England. The following facts, given in the *Daily Consular Reports*, should cause our people in American municipalities to awake from the torpor into

which the daily press, beholden to public-service corporations or the slaves of political machines and bosses, has lulled them by specious sophistries advanced in the interests of private companies.

The net profits realized by Leeds from her tram or street-car service for the year ending March 25, 1903, was \$371,242.66; and that realized for the last year, ending March 25, 1904, was \$416,619.79, after the following amounts had been deducted from the profits: For depreciation, \$140,837.26; for interest, \$256,450.91; and for income-tax, \$41,800.57.

From the above it will be seen that the net profits for the past two years amounted to \$787,-862.45. From this amount \$198,468.15 was placed to the account of the redemption-fund, leaving a surplus of \$589,394.30 for reduction of the citizens' taxes. Thus over a half a million dollars in the last two years has been realized by Leeds in reduction of taxes as a result of municipal ownership. Nor is this all; for

Consul Hamm adds that fares on the street-car lines are now two and four cents and that the wages of the employees have been advanced, while bonuses are given to all motor-men every three months who have had no accidents when in charge of their cars. Thus, the consul points out, "the public are benefited in two ways,—by having lower street-car fares and by reduction in taxes."

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP OF ELECTRIC-LIGHTS IN LEEDS, ENGLAND.

THE CITY of Leeds, England, owns and operates its own electric-lighting plant, with the result that the people are receiving their light at an extremely low figure; while during the year ending March 25, 1904, after deducting \$224,079.24 from gross profits for sinking fund and interest, the city realized a net profit of \$16,672.28.

DEMOCRATIC ADVANCE-MOVEMENTS IN THE OLD WORLD.

HOW THE GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY IS PERVADEING ITALY.

THAT the spirit of democracy is more and more taking possession of the imagination of the Italian people is evidenced by many significant happenings. The splendid development of the coöperative movement and the steady growth of sentiment in favor of democratic Socialism and its spirit of unrest at the slow and at times reactionary and unjust acts of the government are both impressive illustrations of the hold which the ideals of a larger and nobler because juster and freer life are taking upon the imagination of the more intelligent and rational among the masses of Italy. The recent passionate outburst of delight which thrilled Italian life in all its great centers when the radical republican government in France fraternized with the Italian government and indignantly resented the impudent assumptions of the Vatican, is another straw indicating the direction of the general liberal current of thought in Italy.

But perhaps nowhere is the leavening power of pure democracy more obvious than in much of the recent legislation relating to the material and moral welfare of the people, extending as

it does to the most unfortunate of all the citizens—the criminals. Among recent typical measures looking toward the betterment of the material condition of her citizens may be mentioned the legislation passed at the urgent demand of Rome and Naples which abolishes the taxes on flour, vegetables, oils, iron and other materials in general use; the removal of all customs-duties in Naples for ten years on machinery, materials for construction and all things necessary for establishing manufactories in the community. In Rome all new buildings are to be free of land-tax, so as to encourage the building of homes, and thus relieve the unhealthy and immoral congestion, and the family-tax is to be extended so as to include members of religious orders and the strangers in the hotels. Among the proposed measures is the establishment of postal pawn-shops. The poor of Italy, as elsewhere, are the victims of the Shylocks. Pawn-shops flourish, but the general rate is about fifteen per cent., which results in the majority of cases in the loss of the articles pledged. Now the State proposes to establish at all post-offices pawn-shops where money will be advanced on pawnable articles at a reasonable rate of interest.

The greatest advance, however, in Italian

legislation to-day, which speaks most clearly of the presence of the noble spirit of progressive democracy such as Mazzini so splendidly reflected in his life and labors, is found in the recent measures for criminals. The legislation enacted has been so framed as to immensely raise the standard of government in the prisons. The directing officers must be properly instructed in medical science, so as to be able to intelligently understand pathological conditions that are often the cause of criminal acts, and to so treat such patients as to conserve the best interests of the state by curing or benefiting the unfortunate individuals. Many employees of the prisons in the future will be taken from the elementary teachers in Italy, that the prisons may become schools for the development of the body, brain and soul as well as places of detention for the protection of society. The suspension of sentences and probationary systems for first offences will also in the future mark penal administration in Italy. This exhibition of the wisdom of enlightened statesmanship and its recognition of the high duty of society to carry the spirit of true religion into the treatment of our most unfortunate class indicates as does nothing else the moral advance and the out-blossoming of the spirit of true democracy in Italy.

THE RUPTURE BETWEEN THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE VATICAN.

SEVERAL events of deep general interest have recently taken place in France. The practical severance of the old-time relation existing between the republic and the Roman hierarchy since the signing of the Concordat indicates the advent of a new epoch in the religious history of France, and there seems little doubt but what the stand taken by the government will be sanctioned by parliament when it assembles. Prime Minister Combes, to the amazement and confusion of the reactionaries, seems to possess the confidence of the nation in his bold and radical course. This fact was strikingly indicated in recent elections, where the government has been overwhelmingly successful at the polls. When one remembers that nominally France is one of the most Catholic nations of Europe, it appears singular that the drastic measures taken by the republic meet with such general favor. But those who have followed the history of France during recent decades and who know how intimate were the relations existing between the Jesuits and other reactionary orders and the monarchists and

militarists, so strikingly brought out in Zola's great novel, *Truth*, will find a clue to this phenomenon. Whenever Rome seeks political domination and the people gain a reasonable amount of freedom and enlightenment, or in a word when the spirit of democracy is actively present in the public imagination and dogmatic religion attempts to meddle with secular affairs the people resent such intrusion. We remember a few years ago being astonished, when visiting Mexico, to find in that nominally Catholic country that no monasteries or convents were permitted by the government, and that the republic would not recognize marriages performed by the church. Yet the republican government and its great President were passionately loved by the people, though the vast majority were nominally Catholic.

PRIME-MINISTER COMBES OUTLINES THE POLICY OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

IN A NOTABLE address recently delivered at Carcassonne, the Premier of France thus summed up the policy of the present government:

"We have assumed the responsibility of direction of public affairs solely in order to realize a determined programme, of which France already knows the main lines: before all and above all the complete secularization of our society by the complete victory of the lay spirit over the clerical spirit; in the second place, the reform of our military organization and the reduction of the duration of the service to two years; in the third place, the introduction into our financial legislation of imposts upon the revenue as corrective of the inequalities and injustices of our fiscal régime; in the fourth place, the passage of laws for the assistance of the workingmen and the establishment of old-age pensions for them, aims which have been always understood and which have been in a sense the object of all the laws, projects and propositions of laws of social order, which have secured or retained in the last fifteen years the solicitude of the republican assemblies.

"The ministry has devoted itself assiduously to the execution of this programme. It has accomplished the first part; five hundred congregations of men and women have been suppressed, twelve thousand congregationalist establishments have been closed. The reduction of military service has been voted by both Chambers, and is only delayed for final deliberations on some questions of detail. The Government has set a day immediately after the

opening of the Extraordinary Session for discussion for the impost upon the revenue. The month of January has been fixed for the debate on pensions for the laboring classes. One other question, a very important question in the relations of Church and State, presents itself together with the two first and with great urgency. Recent incidents have thrown upon it a startling bright light. They are of a nature to favor that solution which is wished for by the whole Republican party. If our internal policy, financial and other, defies the impartial critic, our foreign policy is the object of envy, and I may say of admiration, to the entire universe. We are not dreaming, as are others, of the glory of battle. We are not seeking warlike adventures and colonial conquests. We have the modesty to think that we are acting wisely in utilizing the territories acquired before thinking of other aggrandizement."

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU AND HIS SERVICE
TO FRANCE.

IN THE death of M. Waldeck-Rousseau France has lost one of her great statesmen and a man who seemed raised up at a most critical period in her history to save the republic and the cause of democracy and progressive government. He assumed the position of Prime-Minister when the various Republican factions and the Socialists were neutralizing their power by warring against each other and seemingly were oblivious to the imminent peril which confronted the nation by reason of a united reactionary opposition in government. An army officered largely by intense reactionaries, and a public whose mind had been inflamed by the persistent and venomous efforts of a clerical press and of monarchal and militarist elements, were well-nigh all-powerful in the republic. If ever a nation called for wise statesmanship, France demanded it when M. Waldeck-Rousseau became Prime-Minister. If ever the cause of progressive democracy seemed forlorn it was in that momentous hour when the new Prime-Minister succeeded in impressing the gravity of the situation upon the master-spirits among the various Republican factions and the Socialists in Parliament to such a degree that they rose as one man to meet the emergency, uniting with the Prime-Minister in a firm, aggressive, yet eminently temperate programme which comprehended rescuing the republic from clerical and military domination, and recovering to the people the blessings of a popular and effective secular education and wise

and progressive democratic, social, reformative measures.

The people, to the amazement of the reactionaries, accepted the new programme with manifest delight. "The heart of the people was sound," and though it was predicted that the cabinet could not stand for a week, or a month at most, it was sustained in its course and wrought a veritable transformation in the republic. From the darkness of reaction—of monarchal, military and clerical domination to which the nation seemed committed—she turned to the light of progressive democracy; and the people, finding the spell of clericalism broken and the fear of the brotherhoods no longer paralyzing their mental faculties, became more radical than the great Prime-Minister, who sought to maintain a spirit of temperance and justice at all times, and so far as the safety of the state permitted it, to favor a conservative spirit rather than that of radicalism.

Hence the time came when he retired and the bolder and more determined statesman, M. Combes, succeeded him. The latter doubtless entertained views such as Zola enunciated in his last great novel touching the fatal influence to the cause of republicanism exerted by the Jesuits and other religious orders which so long had systematically fostered reactionary, monarchal and anti-democratic sentiments, such as had been brought to the surface during the Dreyfus agitation. Certain it is that M. Combes believed that the life of democracy demanded the suppression of the reactionary orders, and in that matter as in other measures which he has introduced and passed with the determination of a man bent upon the realization of what he deems to be demanded by the exigencies of the state, he has been strongly seconded by the people's representatives and the electorate at large.

To us some of the measures recently introduced do not commend themselves, as they seem to infringe upon that degree of liberty which democracy should guarantee to all the children of the state; and the fact that certain orders or individuals have manifested a similar spirit in no way lessens the duty of statesmen to hold inviolate the fundamental demands of democracy. Beyond these excessive acts, however, the ministry of M. Combes has been marked by great ability and wisdom, and the successful carrying forward of the reform programme which has been one of its distinguishing features entitles him to a place second only to that of his illustrious predecessor in public esteem.

AMERICAN POLITICAL ISSUES.

THE DUTIES OF VOTERS IN WISCONSIN
AND MISSOURI.

THE LINE of demarcation between the defenders and representatives of graft, political corruption and corporate domination in municipal and state government, and honesty, clean politics, and justice and equality of all men before the law had never been more boldly or strikingly drawn than to-day in the commonwealths of Wisconsin and Missouri.

In the former state the candidate for Governor is a Republican of the Lincoln stripe, and against him he has arrayed the corrupt political machine, dominated by the railroads and other special interests and led by United States Senators Spooner and Quarles, Congressman Babcock, and Postmaster-General Payne, together with much of the worst element in the present-day political life of the commonwealth. The conflict is a battle between light and darkness; between equal justice for all, the fundamental principles of free government and honesty and the domination of reactionary and unrepudican ideals, the mastery of the people by the public-service corporations and a saturation of corruption through the union of the grasping corporations and an unscrupulous political ring. There is probably in public life to-day no prominent figure that is more thoroughly reactionary and unrepudican in thought and action than United States Senator Spooner, for years the special-pleader for the great railways and other corporate interests; a man who would like to see presidents elected once in twenty years; an upholder of imperialism and all the reactionary ideals that follow naturally in the wake of the domination of corporations and special interests over the republican or democratic ideal of government.

The leader of the Republican forces in Wisconsin is the antithesis of Senator Spooner. He represents the genius and the ideals of true republicanism. He is a statesman fashioned after the order of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. He is a man who has won the undying enmity of the railways and other public-service corporations, the trusts and the beneficiaries of special interests, the corrupt lobby

and the unscrupulous political machine, because he has withstood all the temptations of the corruptionists as well as their threats of political ruin; and he has from first to last upheld and defended the best interests of the people in their battle against the enemies of the republic and the exploiters of the masses.

The effort that is now being made to draw from the electorate enough votes to support the corporation, ring or stalwart Republican ticket and the Democratic ticket, to defeat Governor LaFollette, should be met by an overwhelming vote cast in favor of the Governor and pure government—a vote whose volume should be swelled by the ballot of every honest, liberty-loving Democrat as well as Republican in the state; for in a battle like the present, between the fundamental ideals of free institutions and the reign of corruption through corporate domination, no patriot should hesitate in casting his vote for the man who personifies in so splendid a manner the ideals of true democracy or republicanism.

In Missouri conditions are reversed in so far as the position of the parties is concerned. Here the leader of the movement for honesty in political life, for clean government and the domination of the principles of justice and freedom, is a Democrat who has single-handed waged such a warfare against corruption by special interests and political machines as has never before been carried forward by one man in the history of any democratic commonwealth. Mr. Folk's position was in some respects even more unpromising and difficult than that of Governor LaFollette, for his political prestige was small in comparison with that of the eloquent Governor; and as in the case of Governor LaFollette, Mr. Folk had the determined opposition of the United States Senators in his own party from his State; also the united opposition of the Democratic machines, both state and municipal, in Missouri; the opposition of most of the congressmen, and the implacable enmity of the most powerful and corrupt political boss west of the Mississippi river. The great urban press of his party in Missouri lent him little encouragement, when indeed it was not in open opposition. Moreover, he had the state government hostile to him; and yet this man, who a few years ago

was an obscure circuit-attorney, uncovered a condition of political corruption, first in St. Louis and later at the state capital, such as is perhaps only exceeded by that which flourishes in Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania and which is undermining the very life of republicanism in our nation. Under his unremitting and unrelenting efforts one after another of the prominent thieves in the municipal and state government were exposed, and the conviction of about a score of these men was obtained in the face of the most stubborn opposition on the part of the officials in the state.

From first to last Mr. Folk has claimed that the heart of the people was sound, and in spite of the opposition within his party more than one hundred democratic papers throughout the state demanded that he should run for governor. Then it was that a battle royal was fought in Missouri, as in Wisconsin, between the forces of darkness and light; between corruption, personified by Boss Butler and the corrupt machines of St. Louis, Kansas City and the state machine, aided and seconded by the Governor of Missouri, the United States Senators, several Congressmen and the political leaders in the Democratic party on the one hand, and an aroused electorate on the other. The result was that in spite of all opposition, Mr. Folk has been nominated for governor.

Now, however, the railroads, the street-railways and other public-service corporations, special interests that fatten through corrupt practices, Boss Butler and his henchmen who have long rendered the city of St. Louis second only to that of Philadelphia as a cesspool of political corruption, the guilty officials in the Democratic party, and those who hold briefs from the corporations, are leagued with the Republicans in their efforts to defeat Mr. Folk; and their hope is based chiefly on the fact that the election methods in Missouri enable the most gigantic frauds to be perpetrated in St. Louis, where Boss Butler has so long carried forward his criminally corrupt operations.

Here, as in Wisconsin, a clear duty devolves upon every self-respecting patriot. As the Democrats of Wisconsin should support Governor LaFollette, so every honest, fair-minded and republic-loving Republican in Missouri should vote and work for the election of the incorruptible young statesman who is carrying forward the banner of pure government. In each state the friends of progressive republicanism or democracy have a solemn duty to per-

form. The pending battle in Wisconsin and Missouri is in our judgment far more vital and important to the fundamental principles of free government than the presidential election of this year.

WHY WISCONSIN DEMOCRACY SHOULD BE OVERWHELMED BY DEFEAT.

THE Democrats of Wisconsin have proved themselves recreant to their high trust by catering to the corrupt corporations and privileged interests and opposing the fundamentally democratic and vitally important Primary Election-law. They have proved themselves to be reactionary Bourbons of the worst type, the Esaus of modern democracy; and for this shameful recreancy as well as because Governor LaFollette has proved himself to be the friend of pure and just government and the fundamental principles of free institutions, every Democrat worthy of the name should rebuke the Esaus who have gained control of the party-machine, by loyally supporting the present Governor. The election of Governor LaFollette in Wisconsin and of Mr. Folk in Missouri would do more for honest government and the rescuing of our institutions from the oppressive and corrupt rule of bosses backed by corporations and privileged interests than anything else that can happen at the present time. Let every patriot in Wisconsin work loyally and whole-heartedly for the election of Governor LaFollette.

WHAT PRODUCES AND SUSTAINS THE TRUSTS.

MR. HAVEMEYER, the great sugar-trust magnate, a few years ago gave expert testimony on the trust question, stating that the tariff was the mother of trusts. In this he was doubtless correct, but it is equally true that monopoly in land is the father of oppressive combinations, while private ownership of transportation and transmission facilities is a nurse which sustains, protects and fosters the trust-evil,—the third element in this wicked trinity that stands between the masses and the prosperity which they should enjoy, and which serves in a great degree to neutralize or minimize the blessings which would otherwise flow from democratic government.

THE "BIG STICK" AND THE DEPLETED TREASURY.

A YEAR ago the government's deficit for July and August was one million dollars. This year the deficit for a corresponding period is twenty-four million dollars. Though seven millions of this amount is due to decrease in revenue, the major part is due to lavish appropriations, largely for the "big-stick" policy so dear to the President's heart. On this point the *New York World* well observes:

"Greater expenditure is due in the main to an increase from 1903 in only two months of nearly \$6,000,000 for the War Department and \$7,000,000 for the Navy. Yet even last year we were spending for these warlike purposes \$118,000,000 more than we did in 1897.

"The only possible means of restoring cash to the depleted Treasury—the Treasury so recently overflowing—is to sell new bonds or to increase taxation or to cut down expenditures, and especially our mounting military costs.

"The last named is the method of business common-sense. It is idle to expect its application by the present administration, military-mad, crazed by the obsession of the Big Stick."

Beyond and above the enormous increase of the military burdens rises the moral danger of thus encouraging the brutal and warlike in our nature and the sinister shadow which a large standing army always casts over a democracy. The contempt for constitutional restraint which the military arm is always liable to exhibit when undue power is given to soldiers or their masters was startlingly illustrated in the lawless and unconstitutional act of General Bell of Colorado. A large standing army is a crushing burden to taxpayers. Its influence is morally destructive, and it is a perpetual threat against the weak which in the hands of officers beholden to privilege and class-interests may at any time be made an instrument of injustice and despotism.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER TO PRIVILEGED INTERESTS.

NOTHING in the political events of the past two months is more self-evident than that President Roosevelt has made his peace with the railroad interests, the Wall-street gamblers and the trust-magnates. His appointment of Mr. Metcalf, who, it is stated in the public press, was formerly a representative of the

Southern Pacific Railroad company's interests, and Mr. Morton, vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, to positions in his Cabinet, if not made as a condition on the part of the railways of their support, must have been immensely gratifying to the great law-defying corporations that through excessive freight-rates and discriminations are impoverishing the millions and enriching the few in defiance of the rights of the people, as has been for many years so clearly pointed out by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its annual reports.

But the trusts and other vested interests have also clearly experienced a change of heart in regard to President Roosevelt during the past six or eight weeks. It is a noticeable fact that the most anti-republican and reactionary daily paper of the middle West—the paper that most perfectly represents the mastery of wealth over manhood, the rule of the corporations and of privilege instead of the rule of the people,—the *Chicago Chronicle*, which heretofore has been nominally Democratic, came out after the St. Louis convention as an ardent supporter of Mr. Roosevelt; while the *New York Sun*, which had been among the most rampant critics of President Roosevelt, neglecting no opportunity to savagely denounce him, suddenly turned its coat and is now busily engaged in championing his election. These two papers are the two most typical representatives in America of the feudalism of capital. On August 12th the *Boston Herald*, in editorially commenting on the *Sun's* sudden conversion to President Roosevelt, observed:

"This declaration of the *Sun* signifies to all who understand its representative character that the great capitalistic forces centered in New York have determined to support the candidate whom they have disliked, denounced and ridiculed with fervid heat ever since his initiation of the proceedings against the great Northwestern railroad merger and his interference to compel a submission of the issues in the anthracite strike to arbitration. The great combinations of capitalists that constitute the trusts and promote them may be presumed to have come to the conclusion that he and his party are safer for them than Parker and his party."

Should President Roosevelt be elected to the office of Chief Executive in November, we hazard the prediction that the next Attorney-General will be a man as thoroughly accept-

able to the trusts and law-defying corporations as any attorney-general who has been appointed to that important office since corporate wealth has become the predominating influence in our national life.

ARE WE TO HAVE BAYONET-RULE AT
THE POLLS IN COLORADO?

WE HAVE just received a letter from a prominent journalist who has recently visited Colorado to make a study of the war being waged between the corporations and labor in that State. In this letter our correspondent says:

"Bell hinted to me that he expected to have the troops out at the Presidential election in Denver. He called it 'protection of the ballot-box.' Bell and Peabody are Republicans; Denver is normally Democratic, as is Colorado. You can draw your own inferences."

The unlawful and unconstitutional act of Bell, who from his inception in office has acted as though he were the subservient lackey of the great trusts and corporations which dominate Colorado, in arresting and deporting citizens of the State against whom there was no scintilla of evidence that they had been guilty of any wrong-doing, is not only a moral crime that in its effect is a bid for lawlessness on the part of labor and that must necessarily breed contempt for official authority, but it has established the most evil and dangerous precedent that could be established in a republic. It is the sowing of the dragon's teeth from which worse things are sure to spring, unless the moral crime receives prompt rebuke from the electorate. A man who by speech and act exhibits such supreme contempt for law and the Constitution as has Mr. Bell is a dangerous character in a republic. His place is in the Ottoman Empire or in darkest Russia.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Now that the man who has proved his contempt for the Constitution by deporting innocent men, and who has acted as he would have acted if he were the hired man of the corporations, has expressed his purpose to use soldiers at the polls, let all intelligent and Constitution-loving citizens unite in an effort to protect the ballot-box from a Constitution-defying militia as well as from any and all attempts to defeat the voice of the people through tampering with returns. Let there be no further attempts at usurpation of Constitutional rights and the Russianizing of an American commonwealth.

TWO SIDES OF THE PROSPERITY PICTURE.

TIME and again the people have been deceived by the persistent reiteration by the partisan press of slogans and catch-phrases which were hollow, false and misleading. The unscrupulous partisan leaders know full well that in every community there are large numbers of echoes of echoes—men who do not think or reason for themselves, but who are always ready to wisely repeat any more or less plausible catch-phrases that are persistently repeated, and it is held that through this army of echoes the attention of the masses of the voters may be diverted from the real truths and ugly facts which special interests and their hired advocates wish obscured. Thus, for example, we are in the presence of trust oppression that is robbing the people of millions upon millions of dollars of their own wealth in ways that would be absolutely impossible in a government like that of New Zealand, where the best interests of the nation and the prosperity of all the people are the supreme concern of the statesmen. Extortion and freight-discriminations on the part of the railways are only two of the many shameful methods tolerated and rendered possible by a recreant government whose representatives, from the President of the United States down through the senators and the members of the lower houses, are complacent in the presence of admitted outrages, because they are directly beholden to the railway interests on account of being the recipients of passes and other courtesies, or because they have become partners with the oppressors in order to secure princely campaign-funds.

Again: We are to-day in the presence of executive usurpation such as has never before been tolerated in this republic. We are confronted by a treasury deficit as a result of shameful and dangerous military extravagances, and there are other grave evils confronting the nation which are essentially un-republican, reactionary and imperialistic in character. Yet a tremendous effort is being made to divert popular attention from these things by the hollow and ingenious cry about prosperity. On every hand spellbinders have been taught their story and are parroting it to the electorate; and the daily and weekly journals interested in the present *régime* of corporate domination, extravagance and reaction are vying with each other in attempting to revamp the old Hanna slogan, though they discreetly touch lightly on the full-dinner-pail.

A typical example of this kind appeared in a recent issue of the *New York Financial News*, from which we take the following extracts:

"With an iron production and consumption increased from 9,000,000 tons in 1897 to 18,000,000 tons in 1903, what have we to fear?"

"With a country able to undertake, as a matter of course, the construction of a canal to cost \$200,000,000 or more, what have we to fear?"

"With an internal commerce of \$21,000,000,000, surpassing the external commerce of all the nations of the world, what have we to fear?"

"With all our matured debts paid and hundreds of millions of gold dollars in the bank, what have we to fear?"

"With more actual gold in our treasury than was ever before possessed by any one nation at any one time since time began, what have we to fear?"

"With 600,000 factories, 7,000,000 factory-workers and a home market of 82,000,000 people, free from competition of cheap foreign labor, what have we to fear?"

"With farms worth \$20,000,000,000, and a yearly product worth nearly \$4,000,000,000, what have we to fear?"

"With our diplomacy successful at every turn, with our dollar good at every market of the world, with no entangling foreign alliances, with our national conscience 'void of offence toward God and man,' with a people strong in purpose and ambition, with the energy born of a short but heroic past, and with our flag honored wherever it waves, what have we to fear?"

On the other hand almost every daily paper contains news-items that tell a far different story. We are in a season of the year when little is usually heard of extreme want, and yet the papers are constantly publishing facts that show only too plainly that though great fortunes are being augmented, the conditions of the masses are not nearly so prosperous as they were during the past six or eight years, when we had bountiful crops and war-stimulated prices. Here is a characteristic example illustrating the other side of the prosperity picture: On the 28th of August, the *New York World* published the following statement by Captain Henry who dispenses the free loaves of bread at midnight from Fleischmann's bakery, Broadway and Tenth street, New York City:

"We have had more applicants for free bread this summer than during any previous summer of the fourteen years I have been here. I do not know how to account for it, but it is a fact. We

have been giving away on an average more than 400 loaves a night recently week-days, and still more than that Sundays."

The *World*, in commenting on the above, observes:

"Captain Henry has his finger on the pulse of poverty which nightly comes to his door in a long line of poorly-dressed, hungry men. There are no pretenders in this line, for there is nothing for them to gain but a piece of bread. It is certain that every man in the line is in direst need of the bare necessities of existence. If he did not want for bread he would not be there.

"There were 410 persons in the 'bread-line' last Friday night when the distribution began. The line extended from the side entrance of the bakery on Tenth street, east to Broadway, and then north along Broadway beneath the shadows of Grace Church, past the big wholesale stores and to a point within twenty feet of the intersection of Twelfth street. It was a solid line with never a break except at the corner of Tenth street, where a big, well-fed policeman had cleared a space for the crossing of pedestrians. Persons who passed in the streets gazed curiously into the faces of the waiting men, which caused several in the line to turn their backs and face the gutter in order not to be closely observed."

The enormous number of men that have been discharged during the past six months by the great railways, the trusts and the large corporations afford another illustration of the hollowness of the prosperity cry. The *St. Louis Daily Post-Dispatch* recently made a careful investigation of the army of the unemployed in America during the summer caused by discharge and on account of strikes. Its conclusions were as follows:

"Railroad employees	120,000
New England mill-operatives	80,000
Packing-house employees	75,000
Iron and steel-workers	140,000
Coal-miners	60,000
Workers in other trades and industries, estimated	180,000
This gives a total of 655,000 idle men."	

It is believed that this estimate is conservative; but even if we deduct 155,000 from the figures, we still have an army of half a million able-bodied men out of work, with a far greater army on the narrow verge of want; and these facts are typical.

SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE IN THE HEALING ART.

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF MENTAL DISEASES BY PSYCHOTHERAPY.

A PIONEER work by a great physician and scientific authority on mental diseases has recently appeared in Europe, which judging from the extensive reviews and extracts presented in Continental and English-speaking periodicals we are led to believe will prove one of the most important contributions to medical science of recent generations. The work is entitled *The Psychoneuroses and Their Moral Treatment*. The author is Dr. Dubois, professor of neurology in the University of Berne, and the volume is an able and scientific attempt to systematically present and prove the enormous potential value in the successful treatment of the insane of the rational application of the latest discoveries in psychology, or the scientific employment of mental treatments for mental disorders.

It is safe to say that nowhere in the realm of medical science have there been nobler or more persistent efforts to successfully treat the sick than are found in the care of the insane since the days of Pinel. The savage brutality and shameful neglect of this most unfortunate class of invalids under the old order have given place to gentleness, kindness and the spirit of enlightened humanity. On every hand noble institutions are to be found where the comfort and care of the mentally-disordered receive material attention worthy of the spirit of enlightened civilization; and any exposure of neglect and brutality instantly arouses public sentiment in a manner that indicates the steady rise of man in the scale of civilization. Yet in spite of all this there is perhaps no department in medical practice where so little definite progress has been made in the cure of the afflicted as in the realm of mental disease. We incline to believe that this is largely due to the almost exclusively materialistic methods employed. Our physicians have addressed themselves to the body rather than to the mind of the patient. Now the proper treatment of the body is of course an important factor in any rational system of cure; but more than this is demanded, and the assured results in the hands of many of Europe's greatest scientific physi-

cians through hypnotic suggestion, and later through mental suggestion unattended by hypnosis, in the treatment of various diseases and in overcoming appetites for drugs and liquor, would seem to point the way for great results in the field of mental disease. This inference is further strengthened by the remarkable achievements that have followed the treatment of children who, being hereditarily cursed, have exhibited vicious habits and criminal tendencies, under such savants as Bernheim, Liebeault and others at Nancy. In great numbers of cases the treatments have proved completely successful, and children addicted to vicious habits and manifesting criminal tendencies have been rendered normal and morally healthy through mental suggestion.

In his work Dr. Dubois holds that many forms of mental disorder can be successfully treated by rational psychotherapy or suggestive treatment and the systematic education of the reason and will. At first Professor Dubois, Professor Dejerine and other physicians whose experience and success with neurotic mental diseases has entitled them to a front rank in their special departments of therapeutics, relied on hypnotic suggestion, but later experiments proved that in many cases far better results can be obtained with psychotherapeutic treatment unattended by hypnosis. Professors Dejerine and Dubois, in common with other leading specialists, long relied on the old and inefficient methods of isolation, rest, diet, electricity and medicine; but the results were so disappointing that they began to utilize the discoveries of psychological investigators, with such satisfactory results that they now insist that mental diseases demand mental treatment, and that the most effective remedies are the establishment of confidence in the mind of the patient, the destruction of his fears, the restoration of reason to its rightful sway, the education of the will through systematic mental treatment, and the installation of high moral ideals, supplemented by hygienic physical conditions. It is claimed that through this method the most remarkable results have been obtained in the complete destruction of false ideas and abnormal associations of ideas, illogical reasoning, auto-suggestion, fears and men-

tal apprehension. By the systematic education of the reason and will it is claimed that it is possible to affect the cerebral conditions in a manner as surprising as it is gratifying to the physician. The facts set forth in this volume should carry hope to all earnest men and women interested in the cure of the mentally sick. We believe the new treatment will prove revolutionary and mark a distinct advance step in the healing art.

FOOD AND HEALTH.

THE OLD and once popular theory that plenty of meat was essential to a strong and vigorous body has been pretty well exploded in recent years, while articles of diet formerly held in general contempt by flesh-eating peoples have been proved to possess food-values little suspected by our fathers. We remember reading learned disquisitions some years ago in which the writers undertook to prove that rice as a staple article of diet was as a rope of sand, especially if strain and hardships were to be endured. But a short time after the appearance of these discussions the Chino-Japanese war broke out, and the Japanese soldiers subsisted almost entirely on rice and tea, and it is now generally admitted that the Japanese are among the strongest people, both mentally and physically; yet their staple article of diet is rice.

In a recent issue of *The Medical Record* the source of Japanese strength was thus interestingly analyzed:

"The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and yet practically they eat no meat at all. The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit. For beverages they use weak tea, without sugar or milk, and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities—to an Englishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses.

"The Japanese recognize the beneficial effect of flushing the system through the medium of the kidneys, and they also cleanse the exterior of their bodies to an extent undreamed of in Europe or America.

"Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalation of fresh air is an essential for the acquisition of strength and this method is sedulously practiced until it becomes a part of their nature."

We think that the custom of deep inhalation of pure air is undoubtedly one of the chief secrets of Japanese health. So long as the blood of the human system is kept pure by a plentiful supply of oxygen, and the pores of the skin are kept open, nature is powerfully assisted in resisting the assaults of disease-breeding germs and other influences unfavorable to health.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the alleged discovery by Professor Jacob, the first physician of the Hospital "Charite" of Berlin, of a successful treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. In a lecture recently given, the facts of which have been forwarded to this country by United States Consul-General Guenther, the German physician explains his method of treatment, which so far has only been employed in five cases; but in each instance the results have been so thoroughly satisfactory that Professor Jacob believes the new treatment will soon be generally adopted. After long experimentation on animals the professor became convinced that medicine could be successfully introduced into the lungs which would destroy the bacteria. He accordingly began his experimentation, which resulted in such signal success. The method is comparatively simple and he claims it can be undertaken by any skillful physician who is familiar with the throat mirror. He first induces insensibility of the larynx and trachia through the use of cocaine or anesthesine, after which a thin rubber tube is introduced into the lungs through which the medicine is injected. The time required for a treatment is about ten minutes.

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA.

IF ANYTHING like the confident expectations of the friends of Nina David are realized, this winter will be rendered memorable by the first appearance of a prima-donna possessed of a voice capable of reaching with perfect ease the highest notes registered by Adelina Patti when her once-superb voice was at its best. If it is true, as is positively claimed by her friends, that this young singer possesses the "unequaled vocal range of almost four octaves, and is thus enabled to sing the most difficult compositions in the original key and without transposing high passages," America will give the world another genius of the first order; for Nina David, though of French descent on her father's side, is a true American. She was born in Mobile, Alabama, in 1873. On her father's side she is related to the eminent French composer, Felicien David, and on her mother's she is descended from the Oglethorpes, of Georgia. Her early musical training was entrusted to a maiden aunt who had enjoyed the best instruction that Paris could afford, being taught by Felicien David and other recognized masters. After the death of this aunt she entered the American Conservatory of Chicago, where her remarkable voice attracted the attention of all the competent musicians who heard her. She shrank, however, from anything like a public career, although she early learned of the value of her dramatic and vocal abilities, for when she was fifteen years of age Edwin Booth happened to be playing in Chicago, and at the earnest solicitation of some friends the young girl rendered

the trial scene of Queen Catherine from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* before the great tragedian. He was so profoundly impressed with her dramatic ability that he predicted that with proper stage-training she would become the greatest tragedienne of her time. But after hearing her sing he unhesitatingly urged her to devote her life to music. This for a time she did, studying with some of the leading masters; but in this strange life of ours often sudden changes enter and events occur that alter for a time the course that has been marked out. So with Nina David; and it was only by accident that her remarkable powers and the carrying quality of her voice were brought to the attention of Mr. Robert Grau, who after hearing her felt much as did the late Colonel Mapleson when, passing a butcher's shop in Spezzia, he heard one of the men in the market singing—a man who was later known to the world as Campanini; or as Rossini must have felt when the cobbler mending his shoes suddenly began signing in the rich tenor voice that later won world-wide fame for Tambourini.

We shall await with much interest the appearance of this singer. If the predictions made for her are realized, it will mean much for America; for every great artist that appears in a nation materially increases the popular appreciation for the art represented and broadens and deepens the culture of the people; and music, like sculpture, painting and the drama, is a potent influence in humanizing, refining and uplifting life.

A portrait of Miss David is given on page 392, of this issue of *THE ARENA*.

"EMILE ZOLA: NOVELIST AND REFORMER."*

A BOOK STUDY.

I. THE BIOGRAPHER AND HIS SUBJECT.

AMONG the more important biographical works of the present year Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly's new life of Zola is entitled to a prominent place, because it presents a most admirable picture of one of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century and a man who later became one of the mightiest conscience-forces in France. This life, though sympathetic, is eminently impartial. The faults and weaknesses of Zola are not ignored or even glossed over, and in this respect the biographer is performing his task in precisely the manner that Zola would have desired, because no writer of modern times stood more uncompromisingly for absolute candor or a full statement of the truth and the whole truth than did the illustrious Frenchman who by the might of his pen and voice forced the French Republic to be just and worthy of her high trust in one of the most critical crises of modern times. But while being a faithful narrator of facts as they appear in the life of his subject, Mr. Vizetelly throws over his theme that charm so necessary and yet so rarely present, which renders a biography as interesting as a romance. His profound conviction of Zola's sincerity and faithfulness to noble ideals in his work was largely the result of intimate personal acquaintance with the great novelist. As the translator of Zola's works Mr. Vizetelly is peculiarly well fitted to interpret the spirit and teachings of his great master, and this he has done so admirably that we regard his summaries or characterizations of certain of Zola's novels as among the most valuable features of the work.

II. THE YOUTH OF EMILE ZOLA.

Zola's father was an Italian, a man of much ability as a civil engineer; and at the time of his death, which occurred in 1847, when Emile was seven years of age, he had a number of ambitious and promising enterprises under way which had he lived would have made the family independent. His untimely death, however, destroyed all these fair prospects, and the widow found herself the heir of numer-

ous law-suits but the possessor of little else. She made a brave fight in order to give her little boy, whom she idolized, a fine education and kept want from the hearth-stone. For a time all went reasonably well, though the struggle against starvation grew fiercer as the years passed. Emile however obtained a good education, and only missed an academic degree on account of the poor showing he made in the *viva voce* examinations in the studies in which as a matter of fact he was most proficient—literature and modern languages. After the failure of Emile to secure the degree, which would have enabled him to obtain a government position, the widow was compelled to accept a home in a *pension*. The boy was left to shift for himself. He sought work during the day and wrote poetry at night; but his efforts to obtain employment were long unavailing and no publisher saw sufficient merit in his poems to publish them. Thus his worldly conditions grew from bad to worse. Still he possessed a stout heart and a firm faith in himself, even when looking squarely in the face of want. In the following lines Mr. Vizetelly gives us a vivid pen-picture of this homeless and fatherless youth on the threshold of manhood, in a great city and possessed of little beyond a good education and unlimited confidence in his own ability:

"How does he live? it may be asked. He himself hardly knows. Everything of the slightest value that he possesses goes to the Mont-de-Piété; he timidly borrows trifling sums of a few friends and acquaintances; he dines off a penn'orth of bread and a penn'orth of cheese, or a penn'orth of bread and a penn'orth of apples; at times he has to content himself with the bread alone. His one beverage is Adam's ale; it is only at intervals that he can afford a pipeful of tobacco; his great desire when he awakes of a morning is to procure that day, by hook or crook, the princely sum of three sous in order that he may buy a candle for his next evening's work. At times he is in despair; he is forced to commit his lines to memory during the long winter night, for lack of the candle which would have enabled him to confide them to paper.

* *Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer: An Account of His Life and Work.* By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated. Fully Indexed. Cloth. Pp. 560. New York: John Lane.

"Yet he is not discouraged. When *L'Aérienne* is finished, he plans another poetic trilogy, which he intends to call *Genesis*. He is still at a loss for bread, but his chief concern is to beg, borrow, or, if possible, buy the books which he desires to study before beginning his new poems."

It is not strange that thus alone and environed this youth, with whom poverty kept lock-step, drifted for a little season into that far country where vice companions want. Poverty, when it becomes extreme, is demoralizing in its influence. Hunger and cold are among the most fruitful causes of vice, immorality and the blunting of the finer sensibilities among the poor. In the depths of his misery temptation in the guise of other miseries with whom he became acquainted lured him into the life common to many youths of the time in the Latin Quarter. Of this experience our author says:

"In his distressful poverty, without guide or support, it was fatal that he should turn to such consolation as might be offered him. Thus he went the way of many another young man dwelling in the Quartier, finding at last a companion for his penury. . . . As the winter of 1861 approached, Zola's poverty became terrible. It was then, as he afterwards told Guy de Maupassant, that he lived for days together on a little bread, which, in Provençal-fashion, he dipped in oil; that he set himself to catch sparrows from his window, roasting them on a curtain-rod; and that he 'played the Arab,' remaining indoors for a week at a time, draped in a coverlet, because he had no garments to wear. Not only did he himself starve, but the girl who shared his poverty starved with him; and Paul Alexis and Maupassant and *Claude's Confession* relate how, at one moment of desperation, on a bitter winter evening, after an unbroken fast of thirty-six hours, he took off his coat on the Place du Panthéon and bade his tearful companion carry it to the pawnshop.

"It was freezing. I went home at the run, perspiring the while with fear and anguish. Two days later my trousers followed my coat, and I was bare. I wrapped myself in a blanket, covered myself as well as possible, and took such exercise as I could in my room, to prevent my limbs from stiffening. When anybody came to see me I jumped into bed, pretending that I was indisposed."

In the midst of this night-time of body and

soul Zola had been unremitting in his efforts to obtain a position, and in February, 1862, he secured a place as a clerk in a publishing-house at a wage of a little less than sixty-five cents a day. Slowly he rose from this humble station and at length obtained a position on one of the French newspapers. As conditions brightened he was at length enabled to take his loved mother from the *pension*. This reunion and Zola's subsequent marriage to a young French girl who was as poor as himself, but whom he loved, were two red-letter events in a life marked by great stress and strain. And thus with the lights and shadows following each other, with the deep delight he experienced at being reunited with his mother and the still greater joy found in the love of his beautiful young wife, tempered only by their precarious financial outlook and temporary periods of real want, Zola passed from youth to manhood, conscious of his power and determined to do some great work in the field of literature.

III. ZOLA'S POINT-OF-VIEW.

In order to be just it is necessary to understand a writer's point-of-view. One of the greatest drawbacks to civilization's onward march is found in the influence which prejudice exerts over the popular imagination and which is fatal to fairness of judgment because it destroys the judicial attitude upon which justice depends. One may not agree with an author, and yet may sympathize with or understand his attitude, because from his point-of-view his conclusions are legitimate and necessary. Broadly speaking, in the field of ethics we have three classes of writers. There are the true idealists—men and women who while not closing their eyes to existing evils and defects, and while being ever ready to aid in all fundamentally just and sound measures to destroy evil conditions, hold that true progress and sound or normal civilization can only be enjoyed when a high, fine and true ideal is kept constantly before the imagination of the people, even as the pillar of cloud and flame was said to have floated before ancient Israel as it journeyed from Egypt to the Promised Land. These writers do not ignore the evil, much less do they make evil attractive; but they always set over against the false the image of the true, and they give *double* emphasis to the noble ideal which Hugo terms "the stable type of ever-moving progress." They do not ignore the evil, but they seek to overcome the darkness with the light.

The thinkers of the second class either affect morality while in fact fostering immorality by arraying vice in seductive robes, parading it and then hypocritically deprecating its presence, or they ignore evil, resolutely closing their eyes to all that is vicious and degrading, all the eating corruption that is undermining civilization, holding that the uncovering of the sore will spread the contagion.

A third class, and of this Zola was a conspicuous representative, holds that only by a complete unmasking of vice, evil and corruption can we hope to effect a cure. The members of this class hold that when vice is seen in all its hideousness and its end is traced with remorseless fidelity, men and women will not only shrink from its embrace, but effective measures will be taken to supplant the false and the fatal by the true and the health-giving. They hold that it is in the hidden evils that silently eat into the vitals of civilization, and of whose presence, or rather of whose extent, the national conscience is ignorant, that we find the supreme peril to national health and life.

Zola from first to last held this ethical view. He was one of the most candid and honest minds known to literature. Moreover, his hatred of insincerity and intellectual subservience was only less than his passion for truth and justice. These things and his faith in honest work as a redemptive influence are among the most conspicuous characteristics of his life. The keynote of his character appears early in youth when as a journalist he was commissioned to write a criticism of the pictures exhibited at the Salon in 1866. He began a series of papers marked by great boldness, vigor and independence of thought. He praised the works of Monet, Manet, Daubigny, Corot and Pissarro, and condemned the mediocre work of a score or more of forgotten artists who were then in the hey-day of popularity. In a few days he had Paris agog, when the publisher became so alarmed that he discontinued the series. The idea of running counter to the conventional critics who had become so artificial that they no longer recognized their own artificiality aroused the indignation of a superficial and frivolous society. In defending himself against the storm of criticism Zola said:

"In these articles I have defended M. Manet as, throughout my life, I shall always defend every frank personality that may be assailed. I shall always be on the side of the

vanquished. There is always a contest between men of unconquerable temperaments and the herd. I am on the side of the temperaments, and I attack the herd. Thus my case is judged, and I am condemned. I have been guilty of such enormity as to fail to admire M. Dubuffe, after admiring Courbet—the enormity of complying with inexorable logic. Such has been my guilt and simplicity that I have been unable to swallow without disgust the *fadeurs* of the period, and have demanded power and originality in artistic work. I have blasphemed in declaring that the history of art proves that only temperaments dominate the ages, and that the paintings we treasure are those which have been lived and felt. . . . I have behaved as a heretic in demolishing the paltry religions of coteries and firmly setting forth the great religion of art, that which says to every painter: "Open your eyes, behold nature. Open your heart, behold life." . . . I have behaved, too, like a ruffian in marching straight towards my goal without thinking of the poor devils whom I might crush on the way. I sought Truth and I acted so badly as to hurt people while trying to reach it. In a word, I have shown cruelty, foolishness, and ignorance, I have been guilty of sacrilege and heresy, because, weary of falsehood and mediocrity, I looked for men in a crowd of eunuchs. And that is why I am condemned."

Zola was as pitiless as he was daring in unmasking the great evils that all history proves to be fatal to civilizations' upward movement. With more than photographic fidelity he pictured the crying evils of his age and land. We say with more than photographic fidelity, because into his pictures he has thrown the awful atmosphere of death that only a genius with the imagination of an artist or a poet could impart. Thus, for example, the drink-curse is emphasized in *L'Assomoir*; the social evil is vividly pictured in *Nana*; the moral death that emanates as miasma from the great centers of speculation and gambling, such as the Bourse and Wall street, is vividly brought out in *Money*; and the insanity and criminality of war have seldom been so impressively forced upon the imagination of man as in *The Down-fall*. So in each one of the Rougon-Macquart romances Zola had some great definite idea in view, some tremendous fact which he wished to impress upon the brain of his people. We are not arguing that his position was the true one. Indeed, we hold it to be one fraught with real

perils, for the reason that where too much emphasis is given to the presence of evil conditions by vivid picturing of the same, without the truth being set over against the false in a still holder manner, the effect is likely to be the reverse of what the author desires, producing a feeling of despair that is far worse than the inertia of ignorance. Moreover, when an author pictures anything relating to sensuality and vice there is always danger—great danger—of the mental imagery which the descriptions call forth exerting a baleful effect, almost as the fascinating spell of a serpent over a bird, when it appeals to diseased or disordered imaginations which are all too common, thanks to the false, artificial and unhealthy theories, ideals and practices of the past. Hence the realist or naturalist is liable to do evil even when striving to do good. He is liable to still further degrade minds already sick with the disease he seeks to cure.

Thus one may not agree that Zola's method as found in his earlier works was the right way or the best way to regenerate society. Still, in simple fairness, we must strive to place ourselves in his position in order to judge him fairly. Of Zola's honesty, sincerity and nobility of purpose we entertain no doubt, though we may question the wisdom of his method as emphasized in his earlier novels for impressing great and needed lessons on the untrained and degraded imagination of the masses.

Zola's theory of art was clearly enunciated in his essays and newspaper defences, and to judge him fairly it is important to at all times remember the principles and conclusions that guided him in all his writings. To be sure, in his earlier works he merely contented himself with picturing conditions that called for remedy, and in his later writings these pictures were supplemented by noble representations of what should take the place of the evils against which he protested. And there is also much philosophy and moralizing in the noble works that crowned his great career; but from the beginning to the end he held that the thing of first importance was to compel society to see and take cognizance of the disease that was sapping the vitality of the body-politic. On one occasion he said he was convinced that "only the truth could instruct and fortify generous souls." And again, in answering his critics, he thus contrasted the old school of moralists who strove to throw a mantle over the festering social sores with the naturalists or veritists:

"You claim to reform the world, you preach and you prate; but although your endeavours may be honest you do little or no good. Evil exists on all sides, society is rotten at the core; but you merely cover up abominations, you even feign at times to ignore their existence, though they lie little below the surface and poison all around them. The system of reticence and concealment which you pursue is a profound mistake. It is one of the many consequences of that system that thousands of girls are cast every year into the arms of seducers, that thousands of young men kneel at the feet of harlots. Abortion is practiced among the married as among the unmarried. Drunkenness is in your midst. Your prisons are full. Your gibbets and guillotines are always in use. Cheating and swindling are commonplaces of your every-day life. Well, I am resolved to tear the veil asunder, to set forth everything, to conceal nothing. I shall shock the world undoubtedly, but it is only by bringing things to light, by disgusting people with themselves and their surroundings, that there will be a possibility of remedying the many evils which prey on the community at large. . . . I take human society as it is, and by exposing the errors of its ways I hope to set afoot, to encourage among practical reformers, a movement of social regeneration, which will perhaps achieve in a few centuries, a happier result than you, even though appealing to the supernatural, have achieved in so many. And in any case I intend to try, whatever abuse you may shower on me, whatever mud you may fling at me, mud which will some day, perhaps, recoil upon yourselves."

Zola held that science was the greatest humanitarian agency possessed by man. His position, thus condensed by our author, will help us to still better appreciate his views:

"The man who experiments, the man who dissects, does not do so for mere pleasure; his aim is the increase and diffusion of knowledge, the benefit of the world, the advantage of his fellowmen. That which is learnt in the laboratory, the workshop, the operating-room, is put to use in a thousand ways. In physiological and medical science the work may often be very repulsive, yet it reveals the cause of many flaws and ailments, and points to the means of cure. A similar aim became Zola's as he proceeded with his novels. He made it his purpose to inquire into all social sores, all the im-

perfections and lapses of collective and individual life that seemed to him to require remedying. That everything should be made manifest in order that everything might be healed, such was the motto he adopted.

"Yet in the first instance he did not preach, he did not denounce; he contented himself with stating the facts; he confined himself to analysis, dissection, and demonstration, and he used the novel as his vehicle, because the novel alone appealed to the great majority of people to whom it was necessary that the facts should be made patent if any remedy were to be applied."

In his early manhood he beheld on every hand a decadent France. Napoleon III. had usurped the throne, the government was the result of a crime, and crime, vice, degeneration and moral corruption infested life on every side. The prevailing literature, which posed as idealistic, was for the most part viciously suggestive instead of virile, inspiring and wholesome, as is true idealism. This pseudo-idealism repelled Zola, though by nature and temper he was a true poet. In a paper on "Immorality in Literature" the great novelist insisted that the popular writers of the so-called idealistic school "made vice all roses and raptures, while the naturalists made it repulsive." And in the presence of the corruption and degradation that marked the life of Paris under the Second Empire Zola was one of the most outspoken remonstrants. Mr. Vizetelly emphasizes this fact by quotations and summaries of his views on several occasions. Here is a characteristic passage that our author condenses from a protest by Zola that appeared in *La Tribune*, in October, 1869:

"What Zola himself thought on the subject was indicated by him with vigorous indignation in a newspaper article apropos of the licentious operettas of the time. Protesting against all the clappers who went into ecstasies when a so-called actress emphasised 'some obscene expression by her contortions,' he exclaimed: '*Ah, misère!* on the day when the sublime idea occurs to some woman to play the part of a ———, *au naturel*, on the stage, Paris will fall ill with enthusiasm. But what else can you expect? We have grown up amid shame; we are the bastard progeny of an accursed age. As yet we have only reached jerking of the hips, exhibition of the bosom; but the slope is fatal, and we shall roll down it to the very gutter un-

less we promptly draw ourselves erect and become free men.'"

We have dwelt at length upon Zola's ideal and theory because no great novelist of the last hundred years has been so systematically abused and persistently misrepresented and misunderstood as he. Moreover, he was unquestionably one of the greatest if not the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century, and his last six volumes are more instinct with moral virility, the spirit of justice and fraternity, and the fundamental philosophy of social progress than are the romances of any other novelist of the past century.

IV. THE ROUGON-MACQUART NOVELS.

Zola had but recently completed his twenty-ninth year when he commenced one of the most daring and ambitious literary undertakings known to the field of romance,—a work in which he proposed to take a family and follow its fortunes through various members and the representatives of different generations in such a way as to afford striking and never-to-be-forgotten pictures of social conditions in all the strata of life under the Second Empire, giving special emphasis to the vivid portrayal of the giant evils, the profligacy, the corruption and the moral degradation that were sapping the spiritual, mental and physical vitality of France under Napoleon III., and also showing how the law of heredity operates on the oncoming generations and how environment contributes to work weal or woe in the lives of earth's children.

Zola's mind was complex. It was at once poetic and idealistic, scientific and materialistic; and with the patience and care of the modern savant he mapped out the work before him, drawing the Rougon-Macquart family tree before beginning his labors, which at first he expected would require twelve volumes, but which finally expanded into twenty great books and consumed his most serious efforts for almost a quarter of a century. Mr. Vizetelly well describes this monumental undertaking as "one of the greatest literary efforts ever made, one which not only embraced a most painstaking study of a period and its people, but imported into fiction, for the first time in its history, virtually every application of the scientific theory of atavism."

Le Docteur Pascal was completed in 1893, and it was the twentieth and last volume of the

Rougon-Macquart romances. The series filled nine thousand pages and contained over 2,500,000 words.

V. MODIFICATION OF HIS THEORY OF ART.

At the beginning Zola was the rigid analyst, believing that to reveal a wrong and cry, Behold! was enough. His early theory of art prevented his pointing a moral, showing the way out or picturing the result that would obtain if the opposite of the evil prevailed. Later he came to see that the imagination of the slow-thinking multitude needed stimulation in the right direction. To picture evil without also picturing good, or to unmask an iniquity without showing the remedy for the evil, resulted in many instances in vice fascinating rather than repelling imaginations already diseased. Then again, the older he grew the more his heart went out in love for the miserales of earth, the more he yearned to help the disinherited millions and to further the cause of justice, freedom and fraternity. So even before the close of the Rougon-Macquart romances the method of the author became modified and the ethical purpose of his work became more clearly marked. This was quite evident in *Germinal*, that remarkable romance dealing with the wretched and hopeless lot of the wage-slaves in the mines and the appalling degradation that prevailing conditions here engendered. In a prefatory note to this novel, which was published in 1886, Zola thus frankly set forth his purpose in writing the novel, which had been denounced as revolutionary and calculated to incite the toilers to revolt:

“*Germinal* is a work of compassion, not a revolutionary work. In writing it my desire was to cry aloud to the happy ones of this world to those who are the masters: “Take heed! Look underground, observe all those unhappy beings toiling and suffering there. Perhaps there is still time to avoid a great catastrophe. But hasten to act justly, for, otherwise, the peril is there: the earth will open, and the nations will be swallowed up in one of the most frightful convulsions known to the world’s history.”

“I descended into the hell of labour, and if I concealed nothing, not even the degradation of that sphere, the shameful things engendered by misery and the huddling of human beings together as if they were mere cattle, it was because I wished the picture to be complete, with all its abominations, so as to draw tears from every eye at the spectacle of such a dolorous

and pariah-like existence. Those things, no doubt, are not for young girls, but family people should read me. All of you who work, read what I have written, and when you raise your voices for pity and justice my task will be accomplished.

“Yes, a cry of pity, an appeal for justice, I ask no more. Should the soil still crack, should the disasters predicted convulse the world to-morrow, it will be because my voice will have remained unheard.”

It was not in the Rougon-Macquart romances, however, that Zola the novelist became subordinated to Zola the passionate apostle of justice, but in his last six works. Here the romancer is quite secondary to the teacher with a positive message—a message of justice and social righteousness that would render enforced vice and degradation and starvation and ignorance impossible.

VI. THE CLOUD OVER THE HOME.

We now come to notice a passage in the life of the novelist that is painful to touch upon, but which made Zola’s hosts of enemies almost delirious with delight. The life of Zola during a half century afforded so strong and bold a contrast in its moral rectitude—barring the period when in supreme poverty he drifted into the Venus-world in the Latin Quarter—when compared with the lives of his most virulent critics and those of many if not most of his conferees in the literary world of Paris, that when the lapse of which we are to speak occurred so much was made of it by his enemies that persons unacquainted with the life of the novelist might easily imagine that he was as essentially depraved as some of those who were vociferously denouncing him. Hence it is right and proper that the story of this time, when the cloud closed and settled over the home, should be told, and we prefer to let Mr. Vizetelly give the facts, with all the details with which he was thoroughly familiar:

“When Zola married, about the time he began his Rougon-Macquart novels, he certainly looked forward to a life of unalloyed happiness. But though he achieved celebrity and became possessed of comparative wealth, though his wife was all love and devotion, there remained a great void in his existence. He had no child, and the desire for paternity was strong within him. One can trace it

through many of his books, and there is no doubt whatever that it became a fixed idea with him, was responsible for some of his petty superstitions, and entered even into that dread of death which the loss of his mother and of his friend Flaubert at one time suggested. He would die and would leave no posterity. Of what value was life, then? He had always regarded transmission as being its first essential function; and it tortured him at times to think that he was famous, that he was rich, and that he would leave no offspring behind him. . . .

"That a craving for such happiness should have become intense in a man like Zola, with all the emotional tendencies of his temperament, was natural, perhaps fatal. It was one of the sufferings that made him seek a refuge in steady, all-absorbing work, and for years, by immersing himself in his task, he contrived to dull his pain and silence all the suggestions of a rebellious nature. Goncourt, one day after returning from a visit to Médan, jotted down in his diary some remarks about the gloom, the emptiness of that spacious abode. There were plenty of dogs, but there were no children, and children were necessary to such a home. It is evident that Goncourt with his keen penetration had divined the secret grief of its master and mistress. But years rolled on, and hopes first fondly cherished, then clung to with despairing tenacity, remained unfulfilled. The moralist will say undoubtedly that resignation was the one right course, but human nature seldom resigns itself willingly to anything, and certainly Zola's nature was not one to do so. As he approached his fiftieth year it began to assert itself, as Goncourt shows us in another passage of his 'Journal'; and then, after long years of battling, however strong the spirit might still be, the flesh finally triumphed over it. . . .

"One may allow that there is strictly only one moral law for both sexes and for all stations in life, royal as well as plebeian. At the same time one is entitled to indicate whatever extenuating circumstances may exist. One may think of the position of Thomas and Jane Carlyle, as enunciated by the supporters of the former, and then picture a very different sequel, for in Zola's case a time came when he was carried away from the path of strict duty, and in the result a child was born to him, a daughter called Denise. Later came the birth of a son, called Jacques. An echo of what happened—the tempestuous passion of a man of

ripe years for a young woman—resounded through the pages of *Le Docteur Pascal*, while *Fécondité*, published much later, revealed many of the sufferings, much of the yearning, that had led to this crisis in Zola's life.

"Those who are perfect may now throw stones. Many who are not will, of course, do so, regardless of permission, and with the greater alacrity as the dead man cannot answer them. But he was forgiven long ago by the one person who was entitled to complain. There was much suffering, much unhappiness, of which the world heard nothing, but at last her broad nobility of mind rose above the personal wrong and the common prejudice, and in these later days she has transferred much of the devotion with which she encompassed her husband to the children whose birth followed the crisis which, at one time, threatened to sweep the home away.

"Let us remember, too, that the case of Zola was in no wise exceptional. Our great men have to be taken with their faults as well as their virtues. Englishmen will remember that Nelson, Wellington and Lord Melbourne violated the popular standard of morality, and yet rendered great services to their country. Americans will remember Franklin, Webster and Henry Clay. . . .

"Thus to reject Zola's books and his teaching on the ground that there came a lapse in his life after fifty years of strenuous endeavour would be ridiculous, for it would entail the rejection of hundreds of others. The subject may be dismissed, then, without further comment from the moral point-of-view. Undoubtedly it will always be a source of regret to Zola's friends that this happened, even though it satisfied the great craving of his life. In spite of all our knowledge of human imperfection we always try to picture an ideal being, and we sorrow when the flaw in our ideal is discovered, even though reason tells us that we ought to have been prepared for it."

As we have observed, this setting at defiance the social canons of our civilization gave the enemies of Zola the long-desired opportunity to assail him. For fifty years he had lived a life for the most part exceptional among the illustrious men of his nation in its conformity as well as moral rectitude. While he was writing the Rougon-Macquart romances that called forth the violent attacks, his critics were confounded by his beautiful domestic life. For fifty years he held his course as the mariner

steers by the North Star; but when at last the day came when they were able to cast stones, they embraced the opportunity with the alacrity of unleashed bloodhounds on a warm trail. This was not so much because of his lapse as it was because of the hatred of the man who unmasked self-satisfied, canting, hypocritical conventionalism in church, in state, in social life, and in the commercial world, and who in a bold and pitiless manner had shown the eating cancer that, flourishing under cover, was sapping the life of France. Chateaubriand smiled on conventionalism and championed Christianity; hence the many liaisons of his married life were passed over in silence or apologized for by many of the very class that was so persistent in assailing the man who with his pen had wrought so mightily for education, for justice and fraternity.

VII. THE DREYFUS CASE.

It is impossible for us to dwell on the clear and admirable summary of the events which led up to and culminated in the crime against Alfred Dreyfus, as given by Mr. Vizetelly. The long and systematic effort of the reactionary Jesuits and the monarchists to undermine the republic, and their enmity toward three elements that prevented the realization of their dream of a Catholic monarchy—the Jews, the Free-Masons and the Protestants—is dwelt upon briefly but luminously; not, of course, so completely or powerfully as in Zola's last great work, *Truth*, but with sufficient lucidity to show the reason for many things that would be otherwise inexplicable.

Of the facts of the Dreyfus conviction so much has been written that it is needless to restate them here. The young Hebrew officer was marked by the Jew-baiters and the enemies of the republic as a victim by whose ruin the reactionaries hoped to further undermine the republic while protecting one of their own number who had been guilty of a heinous crime against the nation. In the first place they believed it would enable them to so inflame the minds of the people against the Jews that the latter would cease to be a factor to be feared in the government and would be placed at all times on the defensive; while secondly it would enable the reactionary clericals and monarchal element to pose as the champions of the army and of France. "The Jews," observes Mr. Vizetelly, "were the pretext. Behind the onslaught on them one on the republic was being

engineered. One may add that the anti-Semitism which arose in France was naturally assisted by that which prevailed in Austria and in Russia."

State secrets had been sold, but all the evidence pointed to a broken-down scion of a once noble family,—a man who had wasted his resources in gambling and a life of the most revolting sensuality. But he had been a good Catholic and a strong reactionary. Clearly he must be screened and a poor Jew made the vicarious victim. Seldom in the history of civilization has a more diabolical crime been perpetrated. Seldom has a plot against virtue, humanity and freedom seemed to succeed so perfectly as when the innocent man was sent to a living death. Seldom has there been a time when a just cause seemed so absolutely hopeless or the reclamation of a nation that had fallen into the night of injustice and cowardice seemed so remote as when through the instrumentality of Colonel Picquart's untiring researches presumptive evidences of the innocence of Dreyfus and the guilt of Esterhazy were brought to light. Picquart's work was supplemented by that of Maître Labori and later by the painstaking and exhaustive research of the highly-reputed Vice-President of the Senate, M. Scheurer-Kestner. All these men became convinced of the innocence of the Hebrew who was suffering a most terrible punishment, and of the guilt of Major Walsin-Esterhazy. Slowly the more thoughtful of the French people began to entertain the horrible suspicion that a great crime had been committed, yet they dared not demand a re-hearing, as the reactionaries had so inflamed the popular imagination against the Jews that reason had long since given place to blind racial hatred, and the fires of intolerance were being industriously fed by the clericals and all reactionary elements. Broad-minded republicans who believed in the innocence of the condemned yet feared for the republic if the case should be reopened, lest it lead to the overthrow of liberal government. Moreover, the government itself had so connived at the high-handed action of the reactionary military court that its position to say the least was equivocal.

Zola's attention was called to the facts by Colonel Picquart and Maître Labori. He became interested, as he was always interested when justice was in the balance, and he carefully investigated the evidence, becoming thoroughly convinced, as had the others, that a monstrous crime had been perpetrated; where-

upon he contributed three criticisms to *Le Figaro*, very temperate but very able, appealing to the reason of France for justice; but these contributions aroused a perfect tempest of opposition. *Le Figaro* became alarmed and discontinued Zola's articles, though the editor believed in the innocence of Dreyfus. Then the novelist carried on his campaign in pamphlets issued by himself; and all the time the forces of reaction became more and more arrogant and powerful. With the acquittal of Major Esterhazy the summit of criminal mendacity and moral obloquy seemed to have been reached, and all hope for a nation so sunken in iniquity appeared gone.

Then it was that Zola, knowing full well that he would have the government, the army, the press and the populace against him, and that the probability was that he would be criminally prosecuted, penned that powerful protest, *I Accuse*, a letter addressed to President Faure and worthy to rank with the noblest utterances that since the dawn of time have leaped from the brain of man. And when we consider the result which followed, the influence it exerted, becoming as it did the tide-turner in a nation's course, it is entitled to rank among the most important papers dealing with state affairs of modern times. This letter threw Paris into an uproar, aroused the unmeasured fury of the monarchists, the militarists, the clericals and the reactionaries, while it thrilled with joy and gratitude every truth-loving, justice-worshipping and freedom-revering soul in the civilized world. It revealed the moral grandeur of Zola's nature, the heroic stature of his soul; and though for a time all seemed to go from bad to worse, though for a season France seemed lost beyond recall, the bugle blast for truth and justice that Zola sounded in *I Accuse* startled the sleeping conscience of tens of thousands and inaugurated an educational agitation that ere long covered the enemies of the republic with shame and put the reactionaries who had so nearly destroyed the soul of a nation, to flight. From the publication of *I Accuse* and the revelations at Zola's trial may be dated the dawn of a new day for France. Then the republic, hearing the trumpet-call, awoke. The children of light took heart, received marching orders, and with new courage moved forward inspired by a high and holy resolve to rescue France from those who had so degraded her and who were dragging her back into the night from which the revolutionary epoch had delivered the nation.

VIII. ZOLA'S LAST WORKS.

The last six volumes penned by Zola reveal the great novelist as a teacher, a prophet of social progress and a reformer far more than a romancer. In these works great ethical ideals dominate all else. The writer is overmastered by a passion for truth and for justice. He longs to see the rights of man recognized. He yearns to succor, enlighten and uplift the poor, the ignorant, the disinherited, the unfortunate and the oppressed. He would supplant hypocrisy and cant with candor and sincerity. He would shed abroad the light of knowledge, the message of science. He would incorporate the Golden Rule into the rule of society. He would see men so environed that they should enjoy a normal life and be in touch with mother earth, that truth should be encouraged and justice meted out to all the children of the State.

In the three novels entitled *Lourdes*, *Rome* and *Paris*, Zola dealt with the city of faith, the city of hope, and the city which France loved to consider the city of light and love. The novels were in a certain sense symbolical or figurative. The Abbe Pierre Froment, the hero of each romance, is the type of the French people as Zola conceived the nation to be, or rather as he conceived that the nation would become from the drift of present civilization. The Abbe, finding himself out of harmony with the old religious thought and drifting toward the ocean of rationalism, determines to go to Lourdes, the city of faith. Here, however, though there are some cures to be found, a large proportion of those who go radiant with faith return without relief.

Next we find the hero turning to Rome. In a written work he has appealed to the Pope to head a great Christian movement to regenerate society; he has urged him to renounce his foolish and absurd claim to temporal jurisdiction and to imitate the Great Nazarene, placing himself at the head of the people in a demand upon the conscience of the age to give to the children of the Common Father the heritage bestowed by Him upon all men rather than upon a few men,—in a word, to translate the Golden Rule into the life of the time. But hearing that his book is to be placed upon the Index he hastens to Rome, the city of hope, only to meet discouragement and censure from the head of the Church.

From Rome he turns to Paris. Here he finds anything but that charity of which the

apostle speaks, though into his own life love comes as a benediction, and with prophetic vision he gazes into the future and beholds a redeemed State in which the normal life, the joy of labor and the love of truth and of justice dominate the body-politic no less than the soul of man.

With the completion of the stories of the three cities Zola entered upon the preparation of the four constructive novels which he intended to make the crowning work of his life. These were to be the four social gospels, in which he proposed to enunciate the message which he conceived to be the glad tidings for twentieth-century civilization. Four things he held to be necessary: First, a natural life had to be substituted for the artificiality and abnormality of present-day urban existence. Paris was the hot-bed of infanticide and "the whole tendency of the time was to transfer matrimony into legalized prostitution. The question of the decline in the birth-rate and the rate of mortality among infants" had for years challenged the most serious attention of sociologists. "Zola rightly held that unless this tendency was checked there could be no social regeneration."

Fruitfulness is a powerful plea for a normal life. Zola would bring the people once again into touch with the soil. Let every child of earth have a spot of land to till; and he would encourage the calling into being of children in normal homes lighted by love. In this novel we find some most beautiful pictures of home life, and we call to mind few more charming descriptions in romance literature than the grand home-coming of the descendants of the hero and heroine which lights with beauty the closing pages of *Fruitfulness*.

After emphasizing the importance of getting away from the soul-starving, body-ennervating and brain-emasculating influence of artificiality in present-day life, Zola proceeds to discuss labor. In work he found one of the most beneficent provisions for man's happiness and development. In work he found relief from things which would otherwise have crushed and destroyed him. Yet while it was right that all should toil, it was a moral crime that some should slave their lives away in order that a few might idle in ease and luxury; and it was also supremely important that work be not too laborious and that the conditions under which it was performed be the best that could obtain. He viewed with sickening heart and grave forebodings the frightful spectacle of the

workers in the mines and in the great foundries, for here excessive labor and envioning conditions were crushing out manhood and leaving only besotted brutehood where the stamp and signet of a god should be revealed. In order to protest against present-day injustice and at the same time to clearly show a more excellent way, Zola described a great modern iron-manufacturing industry under the prevailing system, with all the grewsomeness and tragedy, the wretchedness and degradation that attend the workers. Then over against this indictment of our present civilization he pictured a co-operative iron industry, where through wisdom and the application of the principles of justice and brotherhood all the workers received the benefits derived from their toil and were thus enabled to have time for improvement, recreation, enjoyment and growth. Here peace, contentment and plenty came as a result of honest industry and wise economy. What Zola showed as a result of coöperation is being to-day illustrated in a marked degree in various co-operative enterprises throughout the world.

A normal life and a reasonable amount of work are essential for the proper development of man; but these things are by no means all. Into the warp and woof of a society that is leagued with progress and dowered with virility and longevity must be woven truth and justice. When Zola first planned his third (and owing to his untimely death his last work) he intended to especially impress the importance of displacing prejudice, passion, superstition, dogmatism and baseless assumptions by *truth*. "Truth for authority, not authority for truth" was the key-note in the new evangel. Everything should be weighed and sifted in the light of reason and with an eye single to obtaining the truth. He had long held that the unquestioning obedience to religious authority inspired by the religious schools, the fostering of a blind adherence to dogmas and assumptions of truth that science had long since shown to be false, and the discouraging of free thought and free investigation which marked the education of the church, were not only fatal to moral and mental development and expansion, but were morally disintegrating. He believed in science, in education, in candor, in justice, in freedom, and in fraternity. He saw in the religious education all around him a schooling that was not favorable to the things upon which he held the happiness of man and the advancement of humanity waited. Hence we would exalt truth and seek to make it a part of the moral warp of

life,—one of the governing and determining factors in conduct. When the Dreyfus case came up the amazed world beheld mendacity at its apogee. Here, added to simple falsehood, were perjury and forgery, and the great religious orders charged with the instruction of the young and that assumed to minister to the religious well-being of the people were perniciously active in their efforts to shield guilt and punish innocence. Our author in speaking of the reason why Zola expanded his work on *Truth* so as to take in the manifestation of moral obloquy that the celebrated Dreyfus case revealed, observes:

"He knew that it had supplied one of the most shocking exhibitions of mendacity that the world had ever witnessed; and it followed that *Vérité* ought not merely to inculcate a belief in scientific truth. It also ought to recall people to the practice of truthfulness in their every-day life. Thus Zola's subject expanded. He had always intended to show the evil effects of the training given to children in certain so-called religious schools, where, according to his view, their minds were perverted, deprived of all self-reliance by the intrusion of the supernatural. But the Dreyfus case had shown him there was more than that. The mendacity so current throughout the period of the Affair had come almost entirely from men trained by the Roman Church. Moreover that Church's share in the Affair, its hostility and its intrigues against the Republic under cover of the anti-Semitic agitation, were now every day more apparent."

As he wished his book to deal with education, "a Jewish schoolmaster was substituted for a Jewish officer"; "while as for the crime," there had been a terrible murder of a little boy at Lille a short time before, "in which a certain Brother Flamidien, who was spirited away by his colleagues, had been implicated. Such a brother the novelist would have represented Esterhazy." As for the rest, the facts of the Dreyfus case were of course vividly present in his mind, while he possessed an extensive knowledge of the workings of the reactionaries throughout France; and his complete grasp of the condition of education, both secular and religious, equipped him for the masterly presentation of his subject. No man in France was better qualified to undertake the great task of making the story of the crime against Alfred Dreyfus an illustration of the

moral degradation that is possible when truth is not made the supreme test for authority. *Truth* or *Vérité* is a volume which should be in the library of every thoughtful American if for no other reason than to impress upon the mind the importance of guarding with jealous eye the common schools and of resisting whenever and wherever the enemies of this bulwark of democracy seek to undermine or assail it.

The normal life, labor in which the toiler reaps a fair share of the increase, and truth are all essential to happiness, the development and well-being of man. But this is not all. Behind, beneath and above all must be justice. It is not enough that a people advance individually under coöperative efforts in which the spirit of fraternity takes the place of the spirit of strife and hate; but organic society or the State must also reflect the lofty ideal of justice. Zola understood the fact which the most thoughtful statesmen and thinkers are coming to see more and more clearly: that if the high ideal of the Golden Rule is to prevail on earth; if liberty, justice and fraternity are to obtain; if democracy is to make good her promise, political equality must be supplemented by conditions favorable to economic equality. He held, and rightly held, that the true function of government was to conserve the best interests of all the people, and that this was not being done where special privileges were being granted to a few which enabled them to become the masters of the many, or where classes were being fostered and conditions permitted which gave to certain favored interests the power to exploit the masses. He furthermore held that we had reached a stage when the State should see to it that all who wished to labor should be permitted to earn a comfortable livelihood, and where the old and disabled children of toil should be guaranteed pensions which should remove from the heart and brain the ever-present, haunting fear of the coming of age and disability. These things were to be embodied in his last great work, *Justice*; but on the morning which he had set to begin his labor, the hand of the master was cold in death.

IX. THE DEATH OF ZOLA.

On the twenty-eighth of September, 1902, Emile Zola and his wife quitted Médan to take up their winter quarters in Paris. Arriving at their destination, the apartments were found to be damp and chilly, so a charcoal fire was started in their rooms. The chimney, however, was clogged and great difficulty was ex-

perienced in getting the fire to burn. The novelist and his wife were greatly fatigued and very hungry when they reached Paris. After a hearty dinner they retired and during the night the escaping gas from the fire poisoned them. Madame Zola awoke in time to save herself, although her husband was past help.

The news of Zola's tragic death produced a profound impression and awakened the keenest sorrow and regret wherever in civilization men loved justice, candor and fidelity to conviction of right. As a member of the Legion of Honor he received military honors. His obsequies were conducted in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Several eminent personages spoke over his remains, the most notable address being delivered by M. Anatole France. His oration, which was brilliant and moving in character, elicited great applause from the vast assemblage. We close this review of the life and work of Zola with some brief extracts from this eloquent oration.

"Zola," exclaims M. France, "had a kindly nature. The candour and the simplicity of great souls were his. He pictured vice with a rough and virtuous hand. His seeming pessimism, the sombre humour cast over more

than one of his pages, scarcely conceals his real optimism, his stubborn faith in the advance of human intelligence and knowledge. In his novels, those social studies, he pursued with vigorous hatred an idle and frivolous society, a base and baleful aristocracy; he fought against the evil of the age,—the power of money. Though a democrat, he never flattered the multitude, he strove to show it what slavery proceeds from ignorance, what dangers come from strong drink, which delivers it over, senseless and defenceless, to every form of oppression, every kind of wretchedness, every sort of shame. He fought against social evils wherever he met them. They were the things he hated. But in his last books he showed the whole of his love for mankind. He strove to divine, to foresee, a better social state. He desired that an ever-increasing number of the human race might be called to happiness in the world. . . . A sincere realist, he was nevertheless an ardent idealist. In grandeur his work can only be compared to that of Tolstoi. At the two extremities of European thought the lyre has raised two vast ideal cities. Both are generous and pacific; but whereas Tolstoi's is the city of resignation, Zola's is the city of work."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Moral Damage of War. By Walter Walsh, Minister of the Giffillan Memorial Church, Dundee, Scotland. Cloth. Pp. 284. Price, 3s. 6d. net. London: R. Brimley Johnson.

IN THIS profoundly earnest and thoughtful work from the pen of a well-known and scholarly divine and the author of several notable works, we have another important contribution to the conscience-literature of the time. In twelve well-considered chapters the author deals with the immorality of war as seen in its influence on society or civilization in general, and the specific moral damage which it exerts over the nation, the child, the soldier, the statesman, the journalist, the preacher, the missionary, the trader, the citizen, the patriot and the reformer. Mr. Walsh appeals primarily to the moral sense of Christendom, and it is difficult to understand how a *Christian* Christian,—

that is, a Christian who really believes in the message of Jesus and who sincerely desires to follow the teachings of the Great Nazarene can read this work without being converted into an ardent apostle of peace. Of course we cannot expect those nominal Christians who possess India-rubber consciences and who are able sophist-like to convince themselves that Jesus did not mean what he said, and that the moral warfare waged against war is impracticable, to be influenced by an appeal to the simple, direct and positive commands and teachings of Jesus. But happily there are, we believe, enough men and women of conviction and genuine Christianity in the church who, if they can be so aroused as to act with the conscience-forces without the pale of organized Christianity, can inaugurate a movement which will leaven society and in time render war an impossibility.

We do not share the author's views in regard to the failure of the Peace Congress. We

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

believe that with that great convocation there was inaugurated a movement that will steadily gain momentum. But this does not lessen the duty that devolves upon every man and woman to individually exert his or her utmost influence toward fostering the peace sentiment.

Mr. Walsh, unlike the strenuous upholders of war, who argue that its influence is, at times, at least, morally invigorating, holds, and we believe rightly holds, that:

"War is wholly injurious to man's moral nature, degrading rather than regenerating him, devastating rather than civilizing, and producing more and deeper evils than it proposes to remedy. In attempting to remove a political grievance, it begets moral guilt; professing to resent injury, it produces vice; seeking to cure the evils of the State, it causes sin in the soul. The damage it inflicts upon the moral life of a nation is the measure of its offence against the moral laws of God. . . .

"The military Moloch devours, not our children only, but our moral faculties, our sense of righteousness, our feeling of brotherhood, our religious vows. War is hell; and when hell rules there is no longer any virtue in the world worth speaking about. War is the sum of all villanies; and it includes a corruption of moral sense that is the greatest of all its villanies. War kills; but the murderous spirit it creates is crueler than any particular act of murder. War lies; but the lying spirit it engenders is baser than any specific falsehood. War steals; but the pirate-spirit it fosters is meaner than any single theft. War lusts; but the general debauchment of morals is fouler than any one rape or violation."

The chapter on "The Moral Damage of War to the Trader" is a bold and impressive statement of facts particularly rich in suggestions for conscientious men and women. In it our author bravely arraigns modern capitalistic imperialism. His voice has the ring and the commanding note of the old prophets of Israel, as will be seen from the following extracts:

"If Imperialism were the expression of the free-will and self-directing energy of a people, it would, at least, be entitled to whatever respect was due to wrong of the grand, imposing kind; but it is entitled only to contempt when it is seen to be the creature of foreign investment, yoked and harnessed to the yellow chariot of capitalism. Statesmen are but the tools of the masters of finance; and politicians

merely the puppets of the generals of capital. 'Money-bags' controls Parliaments nominally 'free'; and the plutocrat buys the politician like other merchandise. There is hardly a national leader, whether of Lords or Commons, but falls before the mighty thaumaturgist of finance; hardly a Cabinet or a legislature but is organized and maneuvered by the millionaire magician. Armies are marshaled by the same magic baton; and as the devoted bands march forth to battle, the cry is—no longer, 'Hail, Cæsar!' but—'Hail, Cræsus, those about to die salute thee!' As workers, they live to make Cræsus rich; then, as fighters, die to make him richer. He first gets on their backs and governs them; then puts his hands in their pockets and taxes them; next claps a bayonet in their fists and kills them; then gets their tax-paying relations to bury them; afterwards congratulates them on having died for their country; but, first, last, and all the time, takes care that all they shall get of their country is the necessary six feet by two. Securely propped by Parliament on the right, the Church on the left, and with the army in front he marches forward on his conquering way. Kingdoms lie in the hollow of his hand; countries are his stakes, and continents his counters; and his huge gambles in material things are buoyed up upon the immaterial waves of national selfishness and national sentiment, in which also he makes enormous and successful speculation."

"Capitalism now stands revealed as the great menace to the peace of the world; having taken over from royalty the criminal business on the grand, spectacular scale. It is not now the ruler who makes war, so much as the speculator, the financier, the exploiter of uncivilized peoples and undeveloped lands; who is giving evidence upon a gigantic scale—both in Asia and Africa—that he is prepared to push commerce throughout the world at the point of the bayonet. The money-lord has taken the place of the land-lord, controlling the powers of war and peace, bestriding the narrow seas as the modern Colossus—one foot planted on the neck of the proletariat at home, the other on the necks of the primitive races abroad."

While our readers may not, and doubtless many of them will not, agree with all the views advanced by this thoughtful divine, we believe that few who peruse its pages will not assent to the major propositions advanced. It is a noble appeal pitched on a high key and cannot fail to exert a strong influence over sincere fol-

lowers of the Nazarene. We could heartily wish it might find its way into the homes of thousands of Americans at a time like the present, when the forces of materialistic capitalism, reactionary imperialism, and dogmatic assumptions of right based on authority rather than on truth are being everywhere opposed to the enlightened principles of democracy. A great and solemn duty rests on all friends of freedom, justice and peace. They should become active missionaries in circulating the literature that makes for peaceful progress; they should become active factors in carrying forward the banner on which is inscribed: "Peace on earth; good-will unto men."

An Uncrowned Queen: The Story of Frances E. Willard. By Bernie Babcock. Cloth. Pp. 270. Price, 75 cents net. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

THIS biography is written in a pleasing manner that will attract and hold the attention of the reader from the opening page to the close of the volume,—something that can be said of few biographies, as most writers are either pedantic and wearisome in the unimportant details with which they encumber their writings, or they become so enamored of a subject that they lose the sense of literary proportion and fail to discriminate in the use of their material. Mrs. Babcock has seized on many of the most salient points in the life of one of the noblest women produced by our republic, and has presented them in a fascinating manner. The work contains five divisions dealing with "Play-Days," "School-Days," "The Teacher," "The Traveler," and "The Reformer."

The principal criticism that we would offer is that the author has not sufficiently dealt with the breadth of vision and the essential catholicity of spirit that marked in so eminent a degree the thought of Frances Willard. Nor has she dwelt as much as we should like upon the intense interest which Miss Willard came to feel in the toiling masses of the nation. The last time she visited our office she expressed herself—as, indeed, she did in public—as thoroughly sympathetic with Christian Socialism—the Socialism of Maurice and Kingsley; and in her address before the National W. C. T. U. Convention, delivered at Buffalo in 1897, she said, among other things:

"Look about you; the products of labor are on every hand; you could not maintain for a

moment a well-ordered life without them; every object in your room has in it, for discerning eyes, the mark of ingenious tools and the pressure of labor's hands. But is it not the cruellest injustice for the wealthy, whose lives are surrounded and embellished by labor's work, to have a superabundance of the money which represents the aggregate of labor in any country, while the laborer himself is kept so steadily at work that he has no time to acquire the education and refinements of life that would make him and his family agreeable companions to the rich and cultured? The reason why I am a socialist comes in just here.

"I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition through better legislation as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical development, but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement. I believe this to be perfectly practicable; indeed, that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism.

"I believe that competition is doomed. The trusts, whose single object is to abolish competition, have proved that we are better without than with it, and the moment corporations control the supply of any product they combine. What the socialist desires is that the corporation of humanity should control all production. Beloved comrades, this is the frictionless way; it is the higher way; it eliminates the motives for selfish life; it enacts into our every-day living the ethics of Christ's gospel. Nothing else will do it; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood.

"Oh, that I were young again, and it would have my life! It is God's way out of the wilderness and into the promised land. It is the very marrow of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity applied."

Miss Willard was also deeply interested in the Direct-Legislation movement, and indeed in those various progressive democratic measures that other lands, less under the sway of class-interests, are successfully introducing for the preservation of the essence of popular government and the securing for all the people of those benefits that should be theirs. Moreover she was wonderfully broad in her vision in re-

gard to other things. I remember her expressing deep interest in the psychical experiments of Mr. W. T. Stead and the automatic writing of certain other prominent persons; and while loyally attached to her church and a sincere believer in orthodox Christianity, she was not so narrow as to be blind to the good in other faiths, nor was she too conservative or too intolerant to seek for that good wherever it might be found. This breadth of thought, courage and tolerance, and this passionate desire to see, know and understand whatever of truth there was made her one of the noblest representatives of enlightened womanhood. Miss Willard was always a staunch friend of THE ARENA, and some of the most cordial and enthusiastic letters we received when we were in charge of THE ARENA were from her pen.

Mrs. Babcock's book is a work that would do much good if placed in the hands of every American girl entering upon womanhood, as it would serve to stimulate high, fine ideals, a noble aim in life and courage to persevere in any worthy endeavor.

Some Truths and Wisdom of Christian Science.

Compiled by Margaret Beecher. Cloth.
Pp. 171. New York: The Pulpit Press.

SOME weeks since we received a letter from the editor-in-chief of one of America's great daily papers, saying: "I have asked the compiler of a new book entitled *Some Truths About Christian Science* to send you a copy of the book, as it is a work I think you may like to notice in THE ARENA." The compiler, the writer of the letter further explained, was the grand-daughter of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and her declaration that she believed that were Henry Ward Beecher alive he would accept Christian Science, was interesting, to say the least, coming from the grand-daughter of the great divine.

The volume came in a few days, and we find that beyond a brief introduction and a prefatory note, it consists entirely of extracts from articles published in various newspapers and periodicals, from the pen of leading Christian Scientists, in defence of their convictions. Of these extracts those that are of chief interest to us and which impress us as being particularly thoughtful are from the pen of one of the old and valued contributors to THE ARENA, Mr. W. D. McCrackan, A.M., the scholarly author of *The Rise of the Swiss Republic*, the best history of Switzerland published in the English language. Old readers of THE ARENA will re-

member that in the early nineties THE ARENA was the pioneer American review in publishing a series of able papers on the initiative, referendum and proportional representation, and also that these papers were prepared for us by Mr. McCrackan who had recently returned from Switzerland after a five-years' sojourn in that republic. During recent years Mr. McCrackan has become a firm believer in Christian Science, and is at present a prominent member of the lecture-board in that church.

For many readers Margaret Beecher's introduction will hold special interest, partly on account of her being the grand-daughter of the most illustrious clergyman America has given the world. In this introduction the compiler says:

"Those who cling to the old belief decry the statement that disease is not real. But let them go to any insane asylum, or to any hospital ward where drunkards rave in delirium. Those unfortunate sufferers will reply to their attendants just as the non-believer replies to the Christian Scientist. The maniac will persist in his statement that he is haunted by dreadful specters, and will declare in a rage that they are visible to him. The drunkard, delirious, will affirm that he actually sees the hideous reptiles that torment and threaten him. These indignantly reply to their nurses who deny the reality of their false beliefs, as the man holding the old beliefs replies to the Christian Scientist. And it is interesting to note that the ordinary man, in dealing with such a case, uses—*although imperfectly and unconsciously*—Christian-Science methods. He tells the sufferer that his visions and his wounds have no reality, and seeks to heal him by kindness and by mental influence. . . .

"Our minds are part of the one great Mind that pervades the universe and controls it harmoniously. Each of us has mental power sufficient to insure his own welfare, if he will but use that power as Christian Science teaches us to use it, and if he will but realize in his own life, motives, and acts the fact that each of us is created in God's likeness and image."

The content-matter of the book is necessarily fragmentary in character, yet it gives the arguments of many leading Christian Scientists in defence of the various views and tenets that are constantly assailed, and thus is helpful in enabling those who possess the love of common fairness, which makes one desire to hear the other side, the opportunity to read the answers to objections that are continually being advanced in the religious and secular press.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS: In this number of *THE ARENA* we give our readers a remarkably life-like portrait of Mr. WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, taken by Boston's justly-celebrated photographer, PURDY, late in August, expressly for *THE ARENA*, to accompany the eminent sculptor's notable paper which forms our leader this month. The pictures of the Brookline Town Hall, the Municipal Building, the High School, and the Pierce Grammar School were taken by photographer PART-*TRIDGE* of Boston and Brookline; and the photographs of the park scenes in Brookline were taken by A. C. RICH. All these pictures are therefore entirely new, appearing for the first time in print in *THE ARENA*.

Mr. Partridge's Masterly Paper: *THE ARENA* has not in years published a stronger contribution in behalf of a great and noble American art than is presented in the exceptionally fine paper written for our pages by the famous sculptor, poet and essayist, WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. Mr. PARTRIDGE always strikes a high ethical key. His ideals are of the noblest and finest, and all his work is instinct with a lofty spirituality—vibrant with that moral note that differentiates work which exalts and which lives from the clever but ephemeral creations and thought which emanate from brains dominated by egoism. It is a great thing for America to have artists and thinkers like Mr. PARTRIDGE; a great thing for our young men and women to be able to come under the influence of such thought and ideals as are found in this paper. Moral contagion is above all else needed to-day to overcome the contagion of materialism that has too long infected our society.

The Poet of the Sierras at a Congenial Task: JOAQUIN MILLER is never so happy as when defending the weak. He instinctively loves freedom and justice. To him Mr. HOLDER's strong presentation of the Chinese question from the view-point of a great body of Americans who regard the Chinese immigration as carried on under the auspices of the Six Com-

panies as a grave evil, inimical to the best interests of the country and essentially demoralizing in its influence, is rank heresy if not treason to the principles of democracy. He sees in the Chinaman an aid and not a hindrance to American development and progress, while the Exclusion Act he holds to be a crowning injustice, and as such something to be condemned and resisted. We are especially gratified at being able to have the cause of the Chinaman so ably presented by one of the Forty-niners, and to us there is always something inspiring and strengthening in the spectacle of one of the old soldiers in the battle of civilization sounding the clarion of freedom and speaking in prophet-tones for broader toleration and the strict observance of that justice which makes the Golden Rule the supreme rule for civilization.

Our Trade with Mexico: An extremely interesting paper and one that should be studied by all interested in the commercial development of the United States is found in Mr. MORRELL W. GAINES' discussion of "Our Trade with Mexico," contributed to this issue. Mr. GAINES has recently returned from Mexico, where through the courtesy of leading officials he had access to data and facts not obtainable by less favored individuals, but which were essential to a clear understanding and an authoritative presentation of this important subject. We believe this to be one of the most valuable magazine articles that has appeared in recent years for the consideration of those persons directly interested in our export trade.

Professor Kerlin on Matthew Arnold: Our readers will, we are confident, enjoy the sympathetic yet critical paper on "Matthew Arnold as a Healing and Reconciling Influence," from the scholarly pen of Professor ROBERT T. KERLIN. This thinker belongs to the group of younger scholars who represent in a marked degree the conscience-element of the incoming age. After graduating from Central College, Fayette, Missouri, he finished his scholastic education at Johns Hopkins, the

Chicago University and Harvard College. Subsequently he traveled extensively in Europe. On his return, though an ordained minister in the Methodist Church, he chose education as a profession, and at the present time holds the chair of English in the Missouri State Normal School. He is also one of the editors of the *Educational Era*, a valuable contributor to several leading magazines and a very influential leader of the more liberal wing of the Southern Methodist Church. His writings are marked by scholarship, critical judgment, intellectual hospitality, and a spirit of fairness that gives to them a special charm. Our readers will be pleased to know that early issues of *THE ARENA* will contain two papers from the pen of Professor KERLIN on "Main Currents of Thought in the Nineteenth Century." They contain vivid and admirable summaries of the great intellectual movements and the forces active in the life of the Anglo-Saxon world during the past hundred years.

Professor Parsons and the Commissioner of Pensions: We trust no reader of *THE ARENA* will fail to peruse Commissioner WARE's letter to Professor PARSONS and the reply. No acts of President ROOSEVELT's administration are in our judgment so fraught with deadly peril to republican government as those which mark the executive usurpation of legislative functions. The apologies for these crimes against free institutions are pitiful and sophistical. If such usurpation as that which has marked the rulings in recent years in the postal and pension departments goes unrebutted, our people will before long find that they have permitted precedents to be established that are absolutely fatal to democracy.

Civil-Service Reform in Anglo-Saxon History and Its Meaning to Civilization: All earnest patriots should read the graphical historical survey of civil-service from the earliest days of English history to the present time, so fascinatingly presented by Dr. O'DONOGHUE, of Washington, in this issue of *THE ARENA*, not merely because it is perhaps the clearest and most concise historical presentation of this subject to be found in periodical literature, but because of the thoughtful manner in which the author shows the immense value of the move-

ment that has been so aptly characterized as "the reform preservative of all reforms."

Other Social and Economic Papers: Among the important and suggestive social and economic papers in this issue we call special attention to the following: 1. FRANK T. CARLTON's article on "The Golden-Rule Factory." Mr. CARLTON has for some years been connected with the Toledo University, but has recently been appointed Fellow in Economics under Professor RICHARD T. ELY in the University of Wisconsin. His description of the late Mayor JONES' factory will prove nobly suggestive. 2. In "The Single Vote in Plural Elections" Mr. TYSON concludes his luminous explanatory papers on Proportional Representation and successful methods as employed in various foreign countries. In an early issue Mr. TYSON will contribute an important paper dealing with the results of Proportional Representation in Switzerland. 3. In "Voters Always Sovereign" Dr. MAURICE F. DOTY continues our educational series on Direct Legislation or Majority Rule, the issue which we regard as the most vital of all political questions before the American electorate.

Our Symposium: In this issue Professor PARSONS, Professor C. VEY HOLMAN, Ex-Senator WILLIAM V. ALLEN, Rev. GEORGE E. LITTLEFIELD, and JOHN G. WOOLLEY discuss the presidential question from the view-points of supporters of President ROOSEVELT, Judge PARKER, Mr. WATSON, Mr. DEBS, and the Rev. Mr. SWALLOW, our aim being to give all sides the opportunity to be heard. In the case of Mr. WATSON we give the views of Mr. WASHBURN, a well-known and prominent Boston business-man and a gentleman who has also been prominently known in progressive political life for many years, and those of ex-Senator WILLIAM V. ALLEN. It was not certain when we requested the expression from one of these gentlemen that the other would be able to comply with our request within the time specified. As both responded we give their views as they serve to voice the sentiment of large bodies of radical reformers in the East and in the West who are not affiliated with the scientific Socialists, yet who believe in the adoption of radical political measures which will preserve for the people the principles of democratic government and also the benefits accruing from public ownership of natural monopolies.

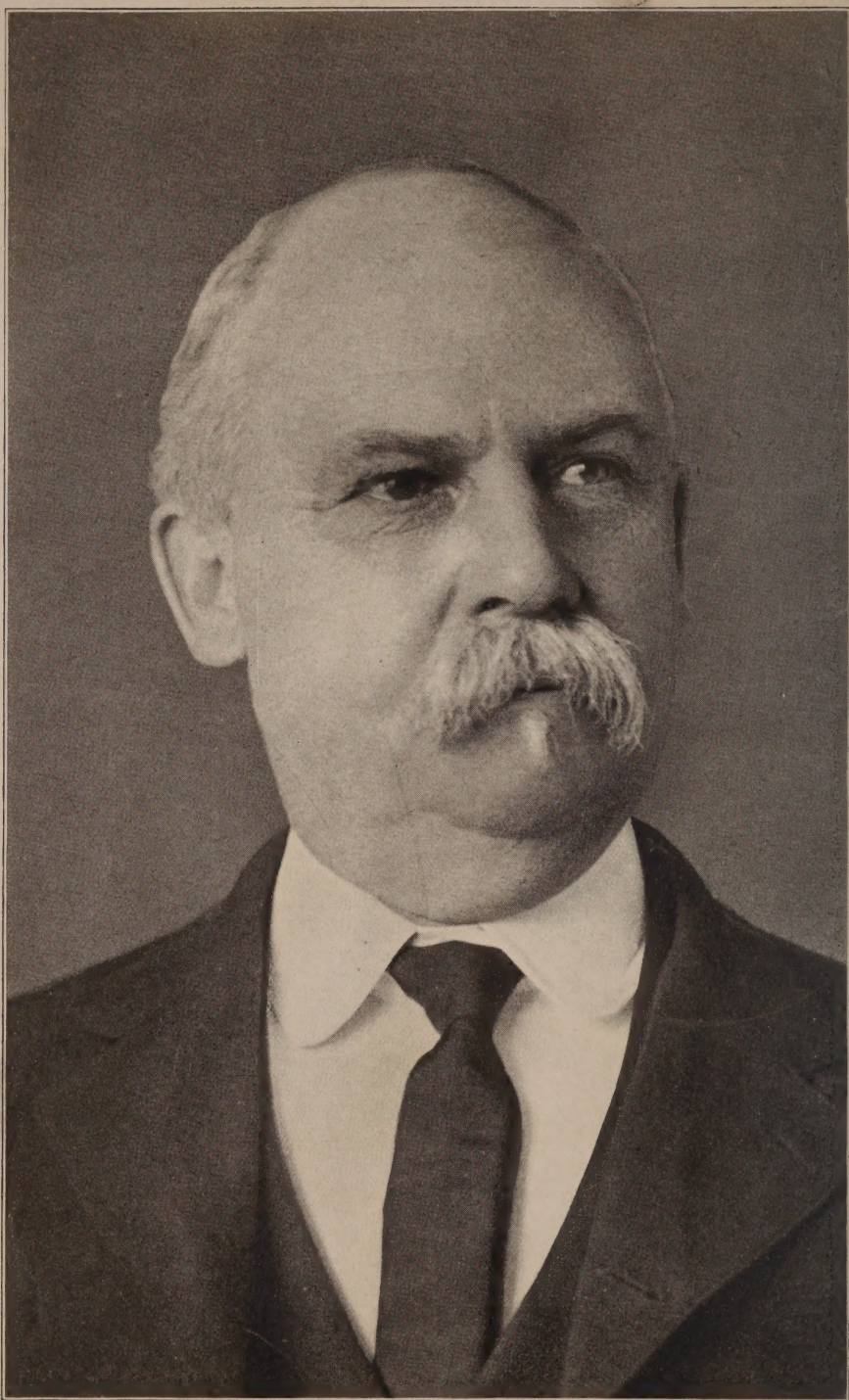


Photo. by Riggsby, Raleigh, N. C.

No. Truly Yours
Walter Clark

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

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THE ELECTION OF FEDERAL JUDGES BY THE PEOPLE.

BY WALTER CLARK, LL.D.,

Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

WHEN the Constitution of the United States was adopted at Philadelphia, the masses were uneducated and the men in official positions under the State governments were as a rule chosen by the influence of the educated and wealthy few. A representative democracy was an experiment, and there was a frankly expressed fear of committing power to the masses. In only one State was the governor at that time elected by the people, and in none were the judges so chosen. In all there were property qualifications either for the electors of the State Senate or of both houses, or for the members themselves of the General Assembly, and in some in all these particulars.

This state of things was naturally reflected in the Federal Constitution, which still, after the lapse of nearly a century and a quarter, and the demonstrated capacity of the people for self-government, presents in the full blaze of the twentieth century the distrust of popular government which, before its trial, was natural in the men of the eighteenth century. The unnatural thing is, not its adoption in 1787, but the retention, unchanged, of the non-elective features of the Constitution in 1904. The Federal Constitution, framed according to the ideas then prevailing, gave to the people the selection of only one-sixth of the government—the members of the lower

House of Congress. The choice of the Elective and the Judiciary, and of the other half of the legislative department, was carefully placed beyond their reach. The Senate was made elective at second-hand by the State Legislatures. The President was intended to be elected at third-hand by electors chosen by the State Legislatures, and the Judiciary at fourth-hand by the appointment of the executive so chosen; and to place the judges farther beyond the possibility of responsibility to the people or influence by that popular opinion which is the foundation-stone of a free government, the tenure was for life.

A more complete denial of popular control of the new government could not have been devised. Hamilton would have preferred a hereditary Executive. That would not have been as efficient for his purposes as an appointive life Judiciary, for we know that the hereditary executive in England has not dared to exercise the veto-power since the revolution of 1688, more than two centuries. But by reason of the power which the Judiciary soon bestowed upon themselves, by construction, of declaring any statute unconstitutional, the judges have set aside acts of Congress at will. Thus the legal-tender act, the financial policy of the government, was invalidated by one court and then validated by another, when the personnel of

the court had been increased for that purpose. Thus also ten years since the Income-Tax, which had been held constitutional by the court for a hundred years and after being at first again so held, was by a sudden change of vote by one judge held unconstitutional, nullified and set aside. The result was that one hundred million dollars of annual taxes were transferred from those most able to bear them and placed upon those least able to bear them, necessarily forcing the retention of the high tariff, which is a tax upon consumption and therefore a tax upon the many. In the ten years which have elapsed since the Income-Tax, passed by both Houses of Congress and approved by the President, was thus set aside, this change of front by this one judge has cost the toilers, the producers of this country, one thousand million dollars! Had the court been elective, men not biased in favor of colossal wealth would have filled more seats upon the bench, and if there had been such decision, long ere this, under the tenure of a term of years new incumbents would have been chosen, who, returning to the former line of decisions, would have upheld the right of Congress to control the financial policy of the government in accordance with the will of the people of this day and age, and not according to the shifting views which the court has imputed to language used by the majority of the fifty-five men who met in Philadelphia in 1787. Such methods of controlling the policy of a government are no whit more tolerable than the conduct of the augurs of old who gave the permission for peace or war, for battle or other public movements, by declaring from the flight of birds, the inspection of the entrails of fowls, or other equally wise devices, that the omens were lucky or unlucky,—the rules of such divination being in their own breasts and the augurs being always privately informed as to the wishes of those in power.

In England one-third of the revenue is derived from the superfluities of the very wealthy, by the levy of a graduated income tax. The same system is in force in all

other civilized countries. In not one of them would the hereditary monarch venture to veto or declare null such a tax. In this country alone the people, speaking through their Congress and with the approval of the Executive, cannot put in force a single measure of any nature whatever with assurance that it shall meet with the approval of the courts; and its failure to receive such approval is fatal for, unlike the veto of the Executive, the unanimous vote of Congress (and the Income-Tax was very near receiving such approval) cannot avail against it.

Such vast power cannot safely be deposited in the hands of any body of men without supervision or control by any other authority whatever. If the President errs, his mandate expires in four years, and his party as well as himself is accountable to the people at the ballot-box for his stewardship. If members of Congress err, they too must account to their constituents. But the Judiciary hold for life, and though popular sentiment should change the entire personnel of the other two great departments of government, a whole generation must pass away before the people could get control of the Judiciary, which possesses an irresponsible and unrestricted veto upon the action of the other departments,—irresponsible because impeachment has become impossible, and if it were possible it could not be invoked as to erroneous decisions, unless corruption were shown.

In the State governments the conditions existing in 1787 have long since been changed. In all the states the governors and the members of the General Assemblies have long since been made elective by manhood suffrage. In all the forty-five states, save four (Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island), the judges hold for a term of years, and in three of these they are removable (as in England) upon a majority vote of the Legislature, thus preserving a supervision of their conduct which is utterly lacking as to the Federal Judiciary. In Rhode Island the judges were thus dropped summarily, once, when they had held an act of the

Legislature invalid. In thirty-three states the judges are elected by the people, in five states by the Legislature and in seven states they are appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate. Even in England the judges hold office subject to removal upon the vote of a bare majority in Parliament—though there the judges have never asserted any power to set aside an act of Parliament. There the will of the people, when expressed through their representatives in Parliament, is final. The King cannot veto it, and no judge has ever dreamed he had power to set it aside. Professor Bryce overlooked these essential differences in avowing his preference for a life-tenure, appointive Judiciary in this country.

A greater power, however, is claimed and has been often asserted by the judges in this country. Subject to no supervision or revisal from any source, it is absolute power. If the Federal judges were elective, and for a term of years, as State judges have become, there would be the corrective force of public opinion, which could select judges at the expiration of such term more considerate of the policy in public matters which is approved by the statutes enacted; while in all private litigation elective judges would be altogether as efficient as if appointed for life.

Given by the Constitution of 1787 the choice of only one-sixth of the government—the lower House of Congress—the people soon forced the transfer of the choice of Presidential electors to their arbitrament and then by common consent the electors were made mere figure-heads, compelled to vote for the candidate for President whose name is placed at the head of the ballot on which the electors are voted for. Legally each elector is free to vote for whom he pleases, but no elector has ever dared violate the implied order given him at the ballot-box. Thus, without changing a letter in the Constitution, the people early captured the Executive Department and practically vote direct for President and Vice-President.

For years a similar struggle has gone on to secure the election of United States

Senators by the people. At least four times the House of Representatives has passed a bill to amend the Constitution to provide for the election of Senators by the people, and each time the vote was either unanimous or practically so. The measure has, however, never passed the Senate, which is to a large extent filled, as the Federal Judiciary is, by the influence of corporate power and very often by the selection of the attorneys of those corporations. The bill to elect Senators by the people has not been defeated directly, but by the chloroform process of referring the bill to some committee which shall not report it for a vote thereon in the open Senate. In many states it has been sought to attain the same end by nominating the Senators by a State Primary or State Convention, and pledging the legislative candidates to vote for such nominees. This is unsatisfactory, for the large and increasing number of newspapers which are owned or controlled by corporate wealth antagonize any method save the election by the Legislature, whose limited number makes the choice of a Senator by them more easy of control by dexterous manipulation.

But by far the more serious defect and danger in the Constitution is the appointment of judges for life, subject to confirmation by the Senate. So far as corporate wealth can exert influence, either upon the President or the Senate, no judge can take his seat upon the Federal bench without the approval of allied plutocracy. It is not charged that such judges are corruptly influenced. But they go upon the bench knowing what influence procured their appointment, or their confirmation, and usually with a natural and perhaps unconscious bias from having spent their lives at the bar in advocacy of corporate claims. Having attempted as lawyers to persuade courts to view debated questions from the standpoint of aggregated wealth, they often end by believing sincerely in the correctness of such views, and not unnaturally put them in force when in turn they themselves ascend the bench. This trend in Fed-

eral decisions has been pronounced. Then, too, incumbents of seats upon the Federal Circuit and District bench cannot be oblivious to the influence which procures promotion; and how fatal to confirmation by the plutocratic majority in the Senate is the expression of any judicial views not in accordance with the "safe, sane and sound" predominance of wealth.

As far back as 1820, Mr. Jefferson had discovered the "sapping and mining," as he termed it, of the life-tenure, appointive Federal Judiciary, owing no gratitude to the people for their appointment and fearing no inconvenience from their conduct, however arbitrary, in the discharge of such office. In short, they possess the autocratic power of absolute irresponsibility. "Step by step, one goes very far," says the French proverb. This is true of the Federal Judiciary. Compare their jurisdiction in 1804, when Marshall ascended the bench, and their jurisdiction in 1904. The Constitution has been remade and rewritten by the judicial glosses put upon it. Had it been understood in 1787 to mean what it is construed to mean to-day, it is safe to say that not a single State would have ratified it. This is shown by the debates in the State Conventions, in many of which the bare possibility of much less objectionable construction was bitterly denied and yet nearly caused defeat of ratification. In 1822, in his letter to Mr. Barry, Mr. Jefferson said that it was imperative that the United States judges should be made elective for a term of years, and suggested six years as the period.

The tenure of judges for a term of years is the popular will and judgment as is shown by the adoption of that method in forty-one states. It has worked satisfactorily in those States, else they had returned to the appointive life-tenure. The latter system of selecting the United States judges has not been satisfactory. It lends itself to the appointment of corporation attorneys, whose natural bias, however honest they may be, is adverse to any ruling that will conflict with the views maintained by

them while at the bar. The life-tenure is especially objectionable, because the conduct of the judge is beyond review by any authority. A more autocratic and utterly irresponsible authority nowhere exists than that of the United States judges, clothed with the power to declare void acts of Congress and rendered by life-tenure free from any supervision by the people or any other authority whatever.

An elective Judiciary is less partisan, for in many states, half the judges are habitually taken from each party and very often in other states the same men are nominated by both parties, notably the recent selection by a Republican convention of a Democratic successor to Judge Parker. The people are wiser than the appointing power which viewing judgeships as patronage has with scarcely an exception filled the Federal bench with appointees of its own party. Public opinion, which is the corner-stone of free government, has no place in the selection or supervision of the judicial augurs who assume power to set aside the will of the people when declared by Congress and the Executive. Whatever their method of divination, equally with the augurs of old they are a law to themselves and control events. A people's destiny should always be in their own hands.

As was said by a great lawyer lately deceased, Judge Seymour D. Thompson, in 1891 (25 Am. Law Review, 288): "If the proposition to make the Federal Judiciary elective instead of appointive is once seriously discussed before the people, *nothing can stay the growth of that sentiment*, and it is almost certain that every session of the Federal Supreme Court will furnish material to stimulate that growth."

Great aggregations of wealth know their own interests, and it is very certain that there is no reform and no constitutional amendment that they will oppose more bitterly than this. What, then, is the interest of all others in regard to it?

WALTER CLARK.

Raleigh, N. C.

GLASGOW'S GREAT RECORD.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE PIONEER EXPERIMENT IN MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP OF STREET-CAR SERVICE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.,

Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Ruskin University.

I.

A MAN who trundles the world at his heels is a never-ceasing source of interest and admiration, and scarcely less interest attaches to a city that can pull the municipalities of a nation out of the clinging grasp of old ideas, lift them out of the ruts of habit against the weight of inertia that belongs to all large bodies, and start them on new lines of development in affairs of great importance. This is what Glasgow has done, and one who is interested in municipal progress never tires of the story and its ever-expanding record of success.

Prior to 1894, only three municipalities in Great Britain operated their own tramways. These were Huddersfield, Plymouth and Blackpool, and in each case the reason was that no private company could be got to do the work. In 1894 Leeds and Glasgow began to operate their street-railways for a very different reason. The companies in possession were exceedingly anxious to continue their hold on the transportation service of these great cities, but the cities were not satisfied with the company methods of conducting the business, and took the management into their own hands. The tremendous fight put up by the company in Glasgow, the signal victory of the city, and the energy, skill and public spirit of the municipal management, attracted wide attention, and other cities watched the outcome. They saw the fares greatly reduced, the service improved, the conditions of labor ameliorated, the traffic enlarged; and a good profit put in the public treasury. One by one the cities and towns of the United Kingdom followed the Glasgow lead till now nearly all the large cities and towns in the Kingdom have decided to manage their

street-railways for themselves, and about fifty municipalities in England and Scotland are already operating their tram-lines.*

The average fare in Glasgow now is less

*The last of the large cities to undertake the municipalization of the trams was Birmingham. This city has, for many years, been very far behind in tramway matters. Belfast, in Ireland, has, within the past month, decided to purchase the tramways in the city from the company which owns and operates the lines. These lines are still operated by horse-traction, and the Corporation is going to equip the lines electrically.

Up to the present time (July 14, 1904), about 50 cities and towns own and operate their tramways systems. The following is a list of these Corporations, with the year in which each system was opened for electric-traction, the population served by each system, and the length of line measured as single track:

Place.	Year Elec. Traction Sys- tem opened.	Length of Line.		Popula- tion.
		Miles.	Chns.	
ENGLAND.				
Birkenhead.....	1901	23	46	113,000
Blackburn.....	1899	21	71	188,000
Blackpool.....	1884	17	40	50,000
Bolton.....	1899	38	28	171,000
Bournemouth.....	1902	16	66	60,000
Bradford.....	1898	72	29	282,000
Brighton.....	1901	11	66	123,000
Burnley.....	1901	14	10	154,000
Cardiff.....	1902	21	29	164,000
Darwen.....	1900	7	13	39,000
Derby.....	—	7	56	115,000
Doncaster.....	1902	10	74	29,000
Dover.....	1898	3	40	44,000
Eastham.....	1901	10	60	104,000
Halifax.....	1898	40	68	106,000
Huddersfield.....	1901	35	27	105,000
Hull.....	1899	20	69	248,000
Lancaster.....	1903	3	79	40,000
Leeds.....	1897	82	65	437,000
Leicester.....	—	16	24	211,000
Liverpool.....	1898	113	68	705,000
London County				
Council Southern				
System.....	1903	39	56	Not known
Manchester.....	1901	77	73	700,000
Newcastle.....	1901	41	3	219,000
Nottingham.....	1901	29	70	240,000
Oldham.....	1902	27	27	137,000

than two cents (1.84 cents) per passenger, and 30 per cent. of the passengers ride on the one-cent fare, the lowest transportation rates in the United Kingdom, or possibly in the world.

The private company operating in Glasgow ten years ago with a service less than half as good as that established by the City and with longer hours and lower wages, collected fares from 25 to 100 per cent. higher than those charged by the municipal tramways at the start, and the city has lowered its tariff considerably since then. We pay the same five-cent rate we paid ten years ago.

In spite of her microscopic fares, Glasgow has already written off out of revenue about a quarter of the capital cost of the railways, putting the money into a fund for the renewal of the plant, besides considerable payments to the Common Good, and to a sinking-fund calculated to cancel the debt in thirty-one years. In three more decades the capital will be cleared away, the tramways will be free of debt and the fares can be reduced to the level of operating cost plus depreciation.

It is part of the policy of the city trams to coöperate with neighboring munici-

palities in establishing interurban service. It is the desire of the city to give all the communities within reasonable distance the benefit of one large system of tramways instead of numerous smaller systems in the hands of private companies. The local authorities outside the city have given the roads to the city for tramway purposes in perpetuity, and in return the city agrees to keep the roads in repair between the rails and eighteen inches outside, and guarantees a good service of cars at the same cheap rates as are given in the city. City trams have already been laid down on most of the main roads in all directions, within a radius of seven miles. This policy, together with some long routes established on the two-cent fare to enable the working people to live in the suburbs, operates as a strong relief to the congestive tendencies that oppress all great cities. Houses are being rapidly built along the extended tramway routes, and many people are taking advantage of the splendid trolley-service to live much further from their work.

The city has its own car-shops and all but 80 of the 682 cars in stock were built and equipped in the work-shops of the

There are now very few large tramway systems in Great Britain owned and operated by private companies, and the most of the smaller systems are controlled by the British Electric-Traction Company, and other large syndicates. These companies generally give a good service of cars at rates rather higher than those of the City of Glasgow. The minimum distance which Parliament prescribes for a two-cent fare is one mile. The companies generally give about a mile and a half to a mile and three-quarters, whereas the City of Glasgow gives on an average rather over two and a quarter miles. Moreover Glasgow has a one-cent fare for short rides, while the company minimum is two cents.

The general impression is that the series of statements (or misstatements) against municipalization, written, it is said, by the agents of American trust and railway organizers, and published in the London *Times*, has had very little, if any, effect,—a conclusion borne out by the rapid and persistent movement toward municipal ownership all over the Kingdom. In the references to Glasgow in these articles the tramways were touched upon. Unfortunately, however, for the anti-municipal point-of-view, it is too well known that the Tramways Department in Glasgow has been a marked success from the very start.

Place.	Year Elec. Traction Sys- tem opened.	Length of Line.		Popula- tion.
ENGLAND.		Miles.	Chns.	
Plymouth.....	1899	12	5	110,000
Portsmouth.....	1901	28	44	192,000
Rochdale.....	1902	5	15	83,000
Salford.....	1901	43	40	300,000
Sheffield.....	1899	56	22	412,000
Southampton.....	1900	13	34	108,000
Southport.....	1900	19	59	49,000
Stockport.....	1902	9	70	91,000
Sunderland.....	1900	19	35	159,000
Wallasey	1902	10	60	55,000
Warrington.....	1902	9	4	65,000
Wigan.....	1901	15	39	60,000
Wolverhampton....	1902	14	31	94,000
Yarmouth, (Gt.)....	1902	5	49	51,000
SCOTLAND.				
Aberdeen	1899	20	64	157,000
Ayr.....	1901	7	63	30,000
Dundee.....	1900	34	47	162,000
Glasgow.....	1898	140	—	1,000,000
Kirkcaldy	1903	341	—	34,000

Birmingham has only, as yet, a very few miles of track in operation. The bulk of the system does not fall into the hands of the Corporation for some time.

department. These work-shops have been constructed to deal with a very large number of cars, and are equipped with the most up-to-date machine tools.

One of the most refreshing things about the Glasgow trams is the fine appearance of the cars, which is due not only to excellent construction, but to the absence of the flaring advertisements that are still plastered all over the cars in England and Scotland wherever the companies retain possession. In Birmingham, for example, the street-cars are covered from end to end inside and out with enormous vari-colored advertisements, some of them using practically the whole length of the car outside for "BRADBURY'S COCOA," in able-bodied letters a foot high, occupying a good deal more space above or below the windows than our cars give to announcements of the streets or localities on their routes. All this overgrown commercialism, spoiling the British cars with advertisements of patent medicines, liquors, foods, soaps, etc., was swept away in Glasgow when the city took the tramways, although some \$50,000 a year could be realized by the city if it would sell advertising space in the street-cars. I asked the General Manager why the city had abolished the advertisements, and he said it was done for esthetic reasons, an answer that delighted me as much as anything I heard or saw in relation to the trams. Think of putting a question of beautiful cars and the effect upon the artistic development of the people above a matter of \$50,000 a year to be had at a stroke of the pen.

While in Glasgow the General Manager of the Municipal Trams, Mr. John Young, afforded me every opportunity for a full investigation of the system, and a few weeks ago at the request of the Editor of *THE ARENA*, I framed a series of questions, in reply to which, with Mr. Young's cooperation, the department has furnished a large amount of valuable material. The data thus obtained, together with my personal studies on the ground, form the basis of this paper.

In some cases the figures now sent differ slightly from those previously obtained; in such cases I have followed the statements just received.

II.

In order that the reader may have before him in one statement a comprehensive outline of the movement down to date, showing the latest developments in their true relations, some of the facts of these earlier years must be briefly recalled.

Glasgow built her own tramways, the first lines being constructed in 1871. These and the subsequent extensions of the system were leased to the company on a lease conditioned to expire June 30, 1894. For several years previous to the expiration of the lease, negotiations were in progress between the city and the leasing company in regard to renewal of the concession. But there were difficulties in the way. The conduct of the service by the company was very unsatisfactory to the general body of the citizens. The company still relied entirely upon horse-traction. Their cars were old and many of them were in a very dilapidated condition. The drivers and conductors were poorly paid and had to work long hours. As they were not supplied with uniforms and were frequently very poorly clad, their appearance on the cars was not a credit to the city. The men themselves were very much dissatisfied with the conditions of their service. One of the conditions insisted upon by the city for its consent to the renewal of the lease was that the conditions of labor should be improved; that uniforms should be furnished by the company; and especially that the men should not be worked more than sixty hours per week. The company refused to agree to this, saying that they could not operate the system successfully under these conditions.

The citizens were heartily sick of the conduct of the company, both in its relations with its men and with the city, and a strong feeling in favor of the municipal-

ization of the tramways took possession of the minds of the people. The question of municipalization was made a test question or special issue at the municipal elections of 1890 and 1891. The result was that on November 12, 1891, the city decided to work the tramways as a municipal Department.

After the city had decided not to renew the lease, it tried to purchase from the company its buildings, horses and cars, and had almost concluded to take over the whole property of the company at an agreed valuation when it transpired that the company intended to oppose the municipal cars on all routes by a vigorous service of omnibuses. The city wished to make it a condition of purchasing the company's buildings, etc., that the company should not oppose city cars, but the company would not agree to this, and the negotiations were broken off.

It became necessary, therefore, for the city to secure horses, cars, and an entire new equipment for the tram-lines. It had two years in which to secure buildings, horses, cars, etc., and get ready to begin upon a given morning in the future to work the entire street-railway system of the city.

Mr. John Young, who had been about seventeen years in the service of the city as Superintendent of Cleansing, was unanimously chosen by the City Council to be General Manager.*

His energy and resource were equal to the occasion. Stables for 3,500 horses and car-sheds for 300 cars, etc., were built, and also extensive work-shops, store-houses

and granaries. In the spring of 1894, more than 3,000 horses were purchased in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Canada and the United States.

Everything was ready by the thirteenth of June, 1894, and the city cars received a hearty reception from the people on the morning of July 1st. The old company put its omnibuses on to the car-routes as it had threatened to do. In fact, there were more omnibuses on some routes than cars. The citizens, however, preferred the cars. They ran much more smoothly than the omnibuses, and besides the people were naturally more inclined to ride in their own cars than in the company's vehicles, and in a few months the omnibuses were gradually withdrawn. The attempted opposition resulted in a heavy loss to the company.

III.

On assuming the management of the tramways, the city at once carried into effect its ideas in respect to the amelioration of the conditions of labor. The hours were shortened from eleven and twelve to ten, and later the working hours were reduced to nine hours a day and fifty-four per week. Every man gets five days' holiday per year on full pay. The wages of the men were raised considerably above the wages paid by the private companies. The average increase was 16 per cent., and a considerable number of the men received a 25 per cent. advance.

The wages paid by the old company were four shillings a day. Those are still the wages of beginners, but the city in-

*The City Council of Glasgow consists of seventy-seven members. Each of the twenty-five wards elects three representatives; one is sent to the Council by the Merchants' Guild; and one by the Trades' Guild. The Council is divided under the standing committees, each committee having charge of one of the City Departments, such as Water, Gas, Electric-Light, Tramways, Telephones, Markets, Public Health, Streets, etc., and once every three years the Council elects one of its number to be Lord Provost or Mayor.

The Tramways Committee consists of twenty-five members, one from each ward of the City, and the Mayor, who is a member of all Committees. The Tramways Committee is respon-

sible to the Town Council for the management of the Tramways Department. The Committee meets for business once a fortnight, and the minutes of the meeting of the Committee are submitted to the Town Council for approval once every month.

The Tramways Committee in its turn holds the General Manager responsible for the conduct of the Department. The Chairman of the Committee is called the Governor. This position has been held for the past fifteen years by Counsel Walter Paton, who is recognized among the members of the City Governments throughout the Kingdom as one of the most efficient of tramway experts.

creases the wages with each year of service, until at the end of the second year the pay becomes 4s. 8d. After three years it becomes 5s.; thirty shillings per week of fifty-four hours in place of twenty-four shillings for a week of seventy-two hours—an increase of 25 per cent. over the company wage per week, and 65 per cent. considering the hours, the old wage being 4d. per hour and the new 6.6d. per hour. The average wages received by the city tram-employees now is 4s. 8d. This is small according to our standards, but good pay according to British standards; a pound a week being considered a full wage for an ordinary workingman. The Glasgow trams pay 40 per cent. more than this.

Two uniforms per year, one for summer and one for winter, are provided to all the traffic staff. The motormen get a bonus of twenty-six shillings for freedom from accidents for twenty-six weeks.

A Friendly Society has been instituted to which the members contribute twelve cents a week, and to which the city contributes another six cents per member per week. A Superannuation Fund has also been instituted and is being accumulated for the benefit of those who, after long service, may become unfit for work. The city also contributes to this fund. At the car depots the city has fitted up gymnasias for the use of the staff, and every encouragement is given for the formation of athletic clubs, temperance societies, etc.

The selection of the employees is entirely in the hands of the General Manager who is responsible to the city for the conduct of the department. The city simply fixes the wages and the general conditions of service, and leaves the engagement and dismissal of the staff to the General Manager.

Every applicant for a situation must produce from previous employers satisfactory references. He has then to go through an examination by an experienced official as to his sight, hearing, etc. If he passes this examination satisfac-

torily he then goes before one of the Medical Officers of the Department who makes a searching examination, and none but the healthiest and strongest men are allowed to enter the service. Members of the city government frequently send applicants for situations, but these are treated in the same way as ordinary applicants. The best men, irrespective of influence, are taken into the service.

As has been said, the General Manager has full power in regard to dismissal. No man is suspended or dismissed from the service by the head of a department without the sanction of the General Manager.

If the men have any grievance in regard to wages or conditions, they can appear, if they wish, before the Tramways Committee. There has never been a strike among the staff of the department. Suggestions regarding the reduction of hours, increases in wages, or the improvement of the general conditions of service, have always been made to the Committee by the General Manager, and the men are satisfied that their interests are being looked after in every respect.

Under the old company, the staff was composed, for the most part, of riff-raff, and to be in the service was considered a reproach, but the conditions have altogether changed and it is now considered an honorable service, and the position of motorman and conductor under the city is one eagerly sought after by good men.

IV.

Before the city began to operate the roads, it had under consideration a scheme of reduced fares prepared by the General Manager. Year by year the city has, as they found it safe to do so, given further concessions both to the traveling public as well as to the staff of the department.

The following table gives the distances given for each fare under the old lessees, prior to 1894, and now under the city management:

Fare in Cents.	Old Lessees.	City.
1.....	None.	.58 miles.
2.....	1.12 miles.	2.30 "
3.....	1.80 "	3.48 "
4.....	2.20 "	4.64 "
5.....	None.	5.80 "
6.....	3.23 miles.	6.89 "
7.....	None.	8.15 "
8.....	None.	9.09 "

bulk of the revenue is derived from the two-cent fares, though the one-cent passengers amount to more than 30 per cent. of the whole number.

The average fare on the whole traffic is 1.84 cents. Suggestions have been made that all fares above two cents be abolished, but the management has not yet thought best to adopt this policy.

The statement below shows that the

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MAY 31, 1904.

Fare.	Passengers Carried.		Traffic Receipts.	
	Number.	Per cent.	Amount.	Per cent.
$\frac{1}{2}$ d.....	57,501,083	30.43	£119,793 : 18 : 5	16.69
1 d.....	114,761,110	60.73	478,171 : 5 : 10	66.61
$1\frac{1}{2}$ d.....	11,926,754	6.31	74,542 : 4 : 3	10.38
2 d.....	3,051,122	1.62	25,426 : 0 : 4	3.54
$2\frac{1}{2}$ d.....	762,539	.40	7,943 : 2 : 4	1.11
3 d. and upwards.....	960,002	.51	12,000 : 0 : 6	1.67
Sundries			16 : 12 : 6	
	188,962,610	100.00	£717,893 : 4 : 2	100.00

V.

While the negotiations were pending with the old lessees, and for some time previous, the introduction of mechanical traction occupied the attention of the members of the City Council. But it was ultimately decided that as the lessees had control of the lines until the last day of the lease, it would be safer to start with horses, and await further developments in regard to mechanical traction. From July 1, 1894, until October, 1898, the city operated the system entirely with horses. On the thirteenth of October, 1898, however, a short line which had been equipped as a demonstration of the overhead system of electric-traction was opened, and its immediate success induced the city within two months thereafter, to decide to equip the whole system electrically with the "trolley." The work of conversion was completed by the spring of 1901. I asked the manager if they had considered the underground electric system. I knew the city had sent a committee to study the electric-railways of some of our cities, and the underground system of Washington is certainly very

attractive. In reply to my question Mr. Young said that it was not possible to use the underground, or slot-system; for a subway, running along the river road within ten inches of the surface of the street, put the underground electric out of court.

During the seven years of horse-traction, the city was enabled after paying working expenses, interest on capital and sinking-fund charges, to lay aside considerable sums to meet depreciation of plant, and also to accumulate a large reserve-fund. The result was that when the horse-traction plant came to be disposed of, there were sufficient funds in the depreciation and reserve-funds to meet any loss in the forced realization. *The new electric system is consequently not burdened with any of the capital appertaining to the old horse system.* The habit of private companies is to add the capitalization of the old to the cost of the new, and if they stop there, we regard it as matter for thanksgiving.

When the city started to operate the tramways, the total number of cars on the streets of Glasgow was about 220.

There are now nearly 600. On many routes to the outskirts of the city a two and a three-minutes' service is given.

The policy of the city has been to give the closest possible service of cars at the lowest fares which will leave a safe margin of profit. Even the multitudes attending the exposition were handled without any such crowding as we experience in Boston every day, and for the relief of which no adequate effort is made. It is the strap-passengers that pile up the dividends.

The city has never adopted the policy of endeavoring to earn large profits in

order to relieve ordinary taxation. The profits of all the departments of the city, such as water, gas, electric-light, telephones, etc., have always gone directly to the benefit of the users in better and cheaper service.

VI.

Coming now to the matter of finance, an examination of the capital expenditures under finance headings with the amounts written off for depreciation, shows that the city has already written off more than a quarter of the capital cost of the system:

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE AS AT MAY 31, 1904.

Account.	Original Cost.	Written off out of Revenue.	Balance of Cost as at May 31, 1904.
Permanent Way.....	£794,658 : 18 : 4	£201,470 : 1 : 5	£593,188 : 16 : 11
Electric equipment of Line..	550,336 : 10 : 0	121,463 : 5 : 4	428,873 : 4 : 8
Ground.....	107,638 : 15 : 5		107,638 : 15 : 5
Buildings and Fixtures.....	416,616 : 15 : 11	91,567 : 7 : 3	325,049 : 8 : 8
Power Station and Sub-Stations Plant	385,557 : 13 : 11	66,309 : 17 : 10	319,247 : 16 : 1
Workshop, Tools and Sundry Plant	18,474 : 4 : 8	6,547 : 9 : 0	11,926 : 15 : 8
Cars.....	205,114 : 15 : 5	43,218 : 0 : 5	161,896 : 15 : 0
Electric Equipment of Cars.	171,043 : 2 : 4	37,278 : 4 : 8	133,764 : 17 : 8
Miscellaneous Equipment...	21,364 : 6 : 8	7,846 : 8 : 5	13,517 : 18 : 3
Office Furniture.....	4,574 : 2 : 0	2,284 : 6 : 1	2,289 : 15 : 11
Lease of Govan and Ibrox Tramways	4,057 : 2 : 4	1,046 : 7 : 8	3,010 : 14 : 8
Parliamentary Expenses.....	15,494 : 1 : 0	12,864 : 14 : 2	2,629 : 6 : 10
Preliminary Expenses.....	4,845 : 5 : 9		4,845 : 5 : 9
	£2,699,775 : 13 : 9	£591,896 : 2 : 3	£2,107,879 : 11 : 6

The statement printed on the following page gives in a condensed form the revenue and expenditure of the year ending May 31, 1904, with the disposal of the surplus.

These figures speak for themselves. It will be observed that the department pays annually to the Common Good the sum of £25,000. The money which is raised on bond for capital purposes amounted at May 31st, to £1,830,894 : 0s. 10d. This money is borrowed on the security of the Common Good, or, in other words, the corporate estate of the city. The citizens of Glasgow have

owned this property now known as the Common Good for several centuries. It was the property first of all of the free-men or burgesses of the city, and consisted of grants of land in and around the city by the church and wealthy citizens to the corporate body. The revenues of the Common Good consisted in the olden time of dues levied by the city authorities on produce, etc., brought into the city. The land which was given to and purchased by the city has, of course, gradually increased in value, and the revenue now consists principally of ground rents.

Traffic Revenue	£717,893 : 4 : 2	
Other Revenue	6,958 : 1 : 6	
Total	£724,851 : 5 : 8	
Working Expenditure	356,820 : 0 : 11	
Leaving a gross balance of	£368,031 : 4 : 9	
out of which the following charges were met:		
Rent of Leased Lines	£5,068 : 11 : 3	
Interest on Capital	59,307 : 18 : 1	
Repayment of Debt	45,552 : 17 : 0	
Parliamentary Expenses written off	12,864 : 14 : 2	
Written off Capital Expenses to meet depreciation ..	78,619 : 8 : 7	
Laid aside to meet Permanent Way Renewal	60,827 : 5 : 5	£262,240 : 14 : 6
Leaving a net balance of	£105,790 : 10 : 3	
which was disposed of as follows:		
Payment to the Common Good, or Public Fund	£25,000 : 0 : 0	
Special Depreciation	62,000 : 0 : 0	
Carried to Reserve Fund	18,790 : 10 : 3	£105,790 : 10 : 3

The Common Good for the past half-century has acted as the nursing mother to all the municipal undertakings which have been started by the corporation, such as the water, gas, city improvements, markets, tramways, etc. First of all, advancing the money to pilot these schemes through Parliament, and afterwards seeing them safely floated. The tramways however, although carried on as a separate undertaking under Parliamentary Powers, is still a part of the Common Good. The £25,000 is handed over as free revenue to the Common-Good Fund. After meeting the ordinary expenditure of this fund, the revenue is used in dispensing the hospitality of the city to distinguished strangers. Large sums are also taken out of the fund to assist various institutions in the city, such as the infirmaries, which are depending for their revenue on voluntary subscriptions.

The total sum written off to meet depreciation is £591,896. The amount available for the renewal of the track now amounts to £193,005 : 18s. 9d., and the amount in the reserve-fund is £33,008 : 0s. 1d.

The debt of the department, which now amounts to £1,830,894 : 0s. 10d. has to be paid off by an annual charge against

revenue of two per cent. on the gross sum borrowed. This sum, if accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest, will *extinguish the debt in thirty-one years*. At the end of this period the corporation will have the undertaking entirely free of debt, and by the adequate provision which is being made for renewal, the plant and equipment will be in perfect condition.

The fares, receipts, expenses, etc., before the transfer, soon after, and for the last year are shown in the table on the opposite page.

It will be seen that the city cut the minimum fare in half at the start, reduced the average fare one-third, and largely increased the patronage of the lines. The average fare per mile is now but little more than half the rate charged by the private company.

VII.

Glasgow has a fine record in many ways outside the history of her tramways. Her municipal telephones have greatly improved the service and reduced the cost to the people. Her water, gas, and electric-light works, baths and public laundries are excellently managed. Her enterprise in buying slum districts and re-

	Just before Transfer to City Operation.	Soon after Transfer, 11 Months say.	Year to May 31, 1904.
1. Fares. Minimum.....	2 cents	1 cent	1 cent
Average per passenger	3 cents	2 cents	1.4 cents
Per mile	1.78 cents	1.50 cents	0.90 cents
2. Number of passengers per year,	54,000,000	57,104,647	188,962,610
3. Total receipts.....	£334,304 : 7 : 6	£226,414 : 3 : 4	£724,851 : 5 : 8
4. Operating Expenses.....	254,881 : 8 : 8	190,715 : 0 : 1	356 820 : 0 : 11
5. Fixed charges (including depre- ciation)	55,163 : 16 : 10	27,438 : 17 : 9	262,240 : 14 : 6
6. Profit	24,259 : 2 : 0	8,260 : 5 : 6	105,790 : 10 : 3
7. Number of employees.....	1,700	2,000	3,200 traffic
8. Average wage per day:			
Drivers and Conductors....	4/- (\$1.00)	4/- (\$1.00)	4/8 (\$1.16) traffic
9. Average hours work per day..	11 to 12	10	9
10. Salary of Superintendent or head of tramway management,	£1,500	£1,250	£1,400

The company carried on a large omnibus, cab and carriage-hiring business in addition to the tramways.

building them with wholesome dwellings to be rented to the poor at moderate rates cannot be too highly commended. Her splendid coöperative organizations are an inspiration to all who believe in progress toward energetic harmony and brotherhood in industry. But her municipal railways constitute the most striking object-lesson; because they were a greater departure from the traditions of English cities at the time, and have secured a most remarkable following.

Glasgow is not perfect. Even her tramways are not beyond criticism. I do not refer to the low speed, for that the department cannot help, because the limit, eight miles an hour in the city, is imposed by law, and in Scotland the laws have to be obeyed,—at least, some of them do. The steam-railway companies see to it that this one is enforced. They get the Board of Trade to enforce the slow-speed regulations on the electric trams because they are afraid the trolley cars will be taking passengers from the railroads. Neither do I refer to the fact that most of the cars are not warmed. They put in electric-heaters in some of the cars, but every one told me that there was really very little need of them with the Glasgow climate, fresh air and the habits of the people. There are seats on

top of the cars as well as inside, and many people prefer to ride outside, even in cold weather.

What did seem to me a subject for criticism, however, is the fact that the tram-cars were littered by coupons, which might easily be avoided with a little care. And secondly, that the conductors did not properly call out the streets. When I spoke of this to the manager, he said: "No, they do n't. It's hard to teach Scotchmen some things!" I found it was as just as bad in many other cities, and worse on some of the private roads. On the municipal trams of Leeds, however, the conductors call the streets very clearly.

The chief criticism upon Glasgow relates to her treeless streets and smoky atmosphere. With all her progressiveness, she has not learned the incalculable value of trees and grass, and worse yet, she is very careless about the air she breathes. Soot is not as good for the blood as oxygen, and dirty air is no nicer for the lungs than dirty water for the stomach. And then the esthetic side of the matter and the reflex effects of the physical atmosphere on the moral and social atmospheres,—think of a city that foregoes \$50,000 a year rather than put advertisements in its street-cars, yet spoils

its whole sky and atmosphere with smoke. It is almost as bad as Chicago's building the beautiful White City by the Lake, and St. Louis' creating the charming panorama of the present Exposition, while each of these cities is content to leave in its heart a festering slum.

In talking with the Lord Provost about the smoke nuisance in Glasgow, I asked if it could not be prevented by law.

The Mayor said there was a law. No black smoke must issue from a chimney for more than two seconds at a time.

I asked if he thought the law was enforced.

He said: "Yes, it is fairly well enforced."

I answered that I did not think it could be, for several times I had seen black smoke coming from a factory-chimney in the city for more than twenty minutes at a time.

"Well," said the Mayor, "as to the large manufactories, the law cannot be fully enforced. The manufacturers say that if it were enforced, they should have to move their works out of the city."

"I am inclined to think that is a bluff," I replied. "It would not cost the manufacturers nearly so much to conform to the law as to move their works. I have seen admirable smoke-consuming arrangements in England and here in Scotland, also. The original cost is not so very heavy, and ultimately a great economy is secured. It seems to me that the manufacturers' threat is an idle one!"

The Mayor drew himself up and said, with a slight show of irritation: "Is there any other question you wish to ask?"

But the fact that Glasgow has some things to learn from Washington and Boston should not blind us to the fact that our cities have something to learn from her. We are told that conditions are different in America, and inferences must not be drawn from Glasgow. Let us see. It is true, of course, that it would not do to say that as Glasgow has two-cent fares, therefore our roads can be operated on two-cent rates. Street-railway wages are

higher here than in any city of Europe, so far as I know, and our cities are not so compact as Glasgow. But is it not fair to conclude that *public-ownership would have an effect in our cities similar in kind to the effect it has had in Glasgow?* If the change to public-ownership in Glasgow brought lower fares and better service than existed under private-ownership in Glasgow, is it not fair to believe that the change to public-ownership here would give us lower fares and better service than we now have?

The service is not so good in some respects in Glasgow as in Boston, but it is the best on the whole to be found in Great Britain, and is far better than the service given by the private companies in Glasgow or in any other city of the United Kingdom. There are national differences that affect industry, as well as the difference between private and public ownership. Our *machine* civilization is ahead of England's. Her steam-railroads and other businesses in private hands are much inferior to ours. Her private street-railways are still more inferior to ours than her public tram-lines. So far as municipal management is a factor, it has worked for progress all along the line.

Public railways in Glasgow have proved far better for employees and the people than private railways. We infer that similar results will follow in America. Details may be different, but the *essential* conditions are the same, as shown first, by experience with industries already public here, and second, by a study of the cause of improvement under public-ownership in Glasgow.

1. In public business here, as elsewhere, the workers are freer, get more pay and work fewer hours than the employees of the great private monopolies. The public-service is good, the charges are very low and the profit, if any, belongs to the people.

2. The change from private to public-ownership of a great monopoly means a *change of purpose* from *dividends for a few*

to service for all. This change of purpose is the source of the improvement under public-ownership in respect to cheaper transportation, a better paid and more contented citizenship, a fairer diffusion of wealth and power, etc. This change of purpose will accompany the change to public-ownership here as well as in Europe or Australia, and, therefore, public-ownership of the railways here will cause a movement in the same general direction as in Glasgow:

Fares will be lower than they are now.

Wages higher. Hours shorter.

Service better. Traffic larger.

And all the profits and benefits of the

railways system will go to the public instead of a few individuals. Private enterprise seeks to get as much and give as little as possible, while public enterprise aims to give as much and take as little as possible. A business owned by a few is apt to be run in the interest of the few, while a business owned by all, is apt to be run in the interest of all—or, to put it in one comparative phrase, *a business owned by the people is more apt to be run in the interest of the people than a business owned by a Morgan Syndicate or a Rockefeller Trust.*

FRANK PARSONS.

Boston, Mass.

OUR LEGAL MACHINERY AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY G. W. GALVIN, M.D.,*

Physician-in-Chief to the Emergency Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.

WHEN this republic was established it was founded upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, and with the avowed object to guarantee to every citizen his right to life, liberty and happiness. Equality before the law for all was proudly proclaimed in distinction to European standards of special rights and privileges to privileged hereditary classes.

This government has been in existence for over one hundred years. Its fundamental basis has never been changed.

The ideas and ideals proclaimed by its founders are supposed to still guide us and direct the helm of state.

But can this theory be made to harmonize with actual conditions, as they confront us to-day? Have the principles of our forefathers been upheld by subsequent generations? Are our laws enacted and administered for the equal protection and advantage of all our citizens? Has the fundamental principle of "equality before the law" been maintained?

Before me lie two clippings taken from

*[Doctor G. W. Galvin, the author of "Our Legal Machinery and Its Victims," was born in Boston in 1854. He was educated in the public schools, Boston College and the Harvard Medical School, graduating from the latter institution in 1876. After fifteen years of practice, he founded the Emergency Hospital, which is mainly operated for working men and women, who for a comparatively nominal sum receive medical aid by the year. This hospital has become an important institution in Boston and is coöperative in spirit. Indeed, it might well be named the Wage-Workers' Coöperative Hospital. Some idea of its popularity and efficiency may be gained from the fact that it has to-day a membership of thirty thousand.

Doctor Galvin is far more than a scholarly and scientific physician and surgeon. He is a man after the order of Wendell Phillips, a passionate lover of justice and humanity, and as such he is always ready to champion the cause of the oppressed and unfortunate. Like Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Dorothea Lynde Dix, John G. Whittier, and James Russell Lowell in his earlier years, no thought of self or personal advancement has deterred him from bravely striving to right the wrongs of the weak, oppressed and helpless, to succor those who are under the wheel, and to further the cause of justice. His brave and splendid stand against prison outrages in Massachusetts will ere long be duly appreciated; for strive as they

the Boston papers. The first is entitled "Exciting Chase on Boylston street." The statements condensed read as follows:

"An automobile was chased yesterday for several miles by the police for violating the speed-limit.* The police failed to overtake the automobile, which came to a halt in front of the Hotel Touraine, where the occupants, except the *chauffeur*, alighted and entered the building. The police were powerless to arrest the owner of the automobile, for the law forbids the entrance into a building for the sake of making an arrest without a warrant. The *chauffeur* was arrested and fined five dollars."

The second describes an exciting midnight raid of cheap boarding-houses, and tells how over three hundred out-of-works were taken on a single night from their lodging-houses in Boston and brought in patrol-wagons to the station-houses, where on the following morning those who could prove that they had permanent employment were honorably discharged by the police judge. The others were either sentenced to the work-house or sent out of the city.

Compare these two cases. A rich man openly violates the law, but upon entering his sumptuous hotel he is free from molestation and exempt from arrest, for the law forbids the police to enter a building without a warrant. In the second instance hundreds of free American citizens are

peacefully slumbering in their lodging-houses. They are poor. No definite charge has been made against any of them. No warrant has been issued; but the policemen at night break into the building, ruthlessly pull these free American citizens out of their beds, like so many head of cattle, throw them into the patrol-wagon, drive them to the police-station, and place them behind the iron bars of a gloomy prison. By what principles of equity or justice can the action of the officials in these cases be harmonized with the principle of equal rights for all before the law?

There was a time in history when the poor for a brief period exercised the executive power of the law. We read that during that time the poor imprisoned many rich people without legal justification. The different writers of history can hardly find words strong enough to express their horror at the outrages committed upon the defenceless rich. That period in history is stigmatized as the Reign of Terror. But is it a reign of terror when the poor illegally imprison the rich, and shall we call it a reign of civilization and brotherly love when our Government breaks at midnight into the dwelling-places of the poor, and either sends them to prison or railroads them out of the city to starve and freeze in the prairie? If we accept the theory that it is no more a crime to be rich than to be poor, the fact must be taken into consideration that the rich are voluntarily rich while nobody is voluntarily

may, the upholders of present conditions can no more justify their course, if half the facts which are sworn to by persons in positions to know are true, than could the responsible officials defend the conditions that prevailed in 1841, after Dorothea Dix turned on the searchlight of evidence and compelled the public to take cognizance of the crying wrongs that had grown up even in the heart of the old Bay State.

It is a fact that can never be too frequently emphasized that it is to the courageous, persistent and self-sacrificing efforts of men of the spirit and courage of Doctor Galvin that civilization owes its renewed life and humanity its most glorious victories. And to us there is no stronger proof of the essential divinity of man and the certainty of an ultimate triumph of justice and fraternity in this old world than the

spectacle throughout all ages of these light-bearers of civilization who in the night-time of wrong, injustice and inhumanity "hold high the torch of truth." Doctor Galvin is proving himself to be one of those chosen few to whom the poet's injunction, thus phrased, is a living creed:

"Speak out by action thy soul's deep belief,
Be true to all, by faith to thine own sooth;
Amid whatever night of doubt and grief
Hold high the ever-blazing torch of truth."

—B. O. F.]

* After many accidents, resulting in numerous deaths, an ordinance had been passed limiting the speed of vehicles to twenty miles an hour.

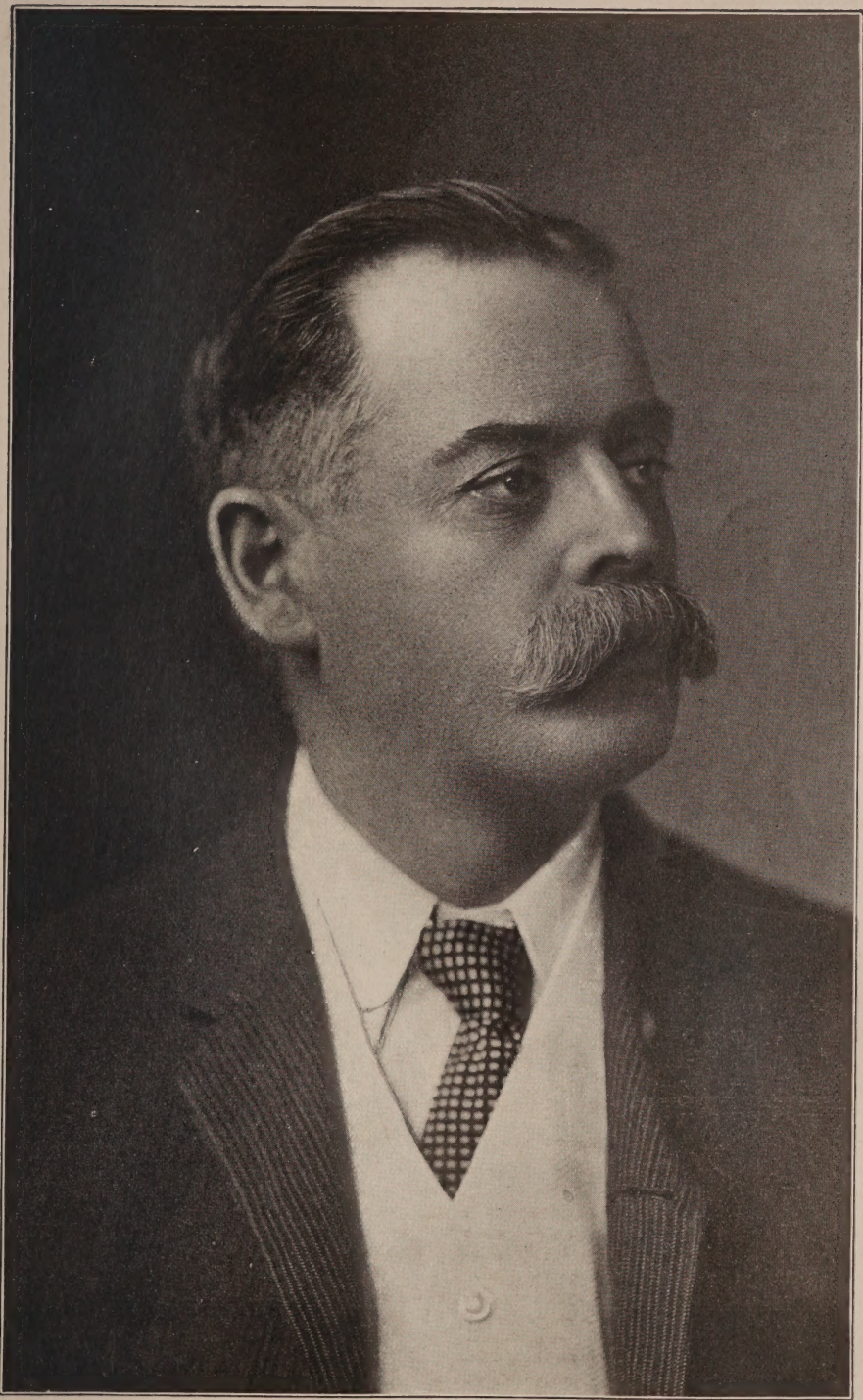


Photo. by Conlin, Boston.

G. W. GALVIN, M.D.

poor. Expediency—the protection of society, is the reason given in both cases. The poor in Paris, for their own alleged protection, imprisoned the rich. The rich in Boston advanced a similiar plea for the imprisonment of the poor. Both excuse their legal actions by the right of self-protection; but why stigmatize the one as the “Reign of Terror” and find no words of condemnation for the other?

The Constitution of this country most explicitly guarantees to every citizen his right to liberty, of which he must not be deprived without due process of law and without the judgment of his peers. I think the time will come when our descendants will consider the indiscriminate arrest of inmates of cheap lodging-houses a greater outrage against human rights than the imposition of a tax on tea on account of which our ancestors had the courage to rebel.

The fundamental basis of our laws is the Constitution, framed by the so-called fathers of the country.

The safe-guarding of our liberty was the object of this document. The courts are the chosen interpreters of its provisions. The Constitution was intended to protect from encroachment the rights and liberties of the people; but by whom and when is an appeal made to-day to the interpreters of our Constitution? Is it by the people, or is it by the possessors of vested rights and privileges? The people by referendum vote declare in favor of a law limiting the time of labor to eight hours per day. An appeal is made to the interpreters of the Constitution. No specific provision is made in that document to cover the point at issue, but by a stretch of the imagination the people are told that the voice of their forefathers forbids limiting their hours of daily labor. A progressive income-tax was passed and levied under the administration of Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer, and the Supreme Court sustained its legality. A similar tax was passed under the administration of Grover Cleveland. An appeal was made to the Supreme Court, and the income-tax,

whose constitutionality was believed in by Abraham Lincoln and his legal advisers and which was upheld by the Supreme Court itself, is now declared by that body to be unconstitutional. The people are told that the voice of the fathers forbids us to tax the rich in larger proportion than the poor.

The Constitution made by our forefathers explicitly states that no one shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law and without the judgment of his peers. Most of our large cities have passed ordinances, which of course have the force of law, providing that in cases of loitering or vagrancy no jury-trial need be given. Surely here if anywhere the voice of the fathers—the guarantee of the founders, should be invoked in the interests, not only of the Constitution, but also of the rights of man. Yet though we are oversensitive in regard to property interests, the guarantees of the Constitution in regard to human rights are persistently ignored and set aside.

Now what is loitering? What is vagrancy? The ordinance is usually stretched to cover any case where a man is found without employment. Over half of our people are without property, and having no business of their own they might at any time find themselves out of employment and fall under the provisions of this ordinance. This puts more than one-half of the population beyond the protection of the Constitution and places them at the mercy of our legal machinery.

Jury trials are expensive, so very often when another crime is suspected the nominal charge of vagrancy or loitering is made to dispose of the case without delay and to save the money of the State. But over the disputed right to the possession of \$100 the time of judge and jury is sometimes taken up for months and years. The right to a trial by jury to decide the legal ownership of \$100 is never questioned, but in case of a poor man's liberty the money of the State must not be wasted. But, the reader will exclaim, the Constitution guarantees to every American citi-

zen the right to a trial by jury. It also guarantees to every man, no matter how poor, the right to his liberty. And yet, from police officials like Judge Emmons of Boston, to such other state officials as the Governor, the Adjutant-General and the Judges of the Supreme Court of Colorado, these guarantees, which for a hundred years were regarded as the bulwarks of free government, have been in recent months wholly ignored.

Governor Altgeld in a notable work published some years ago,* gives the number of arrests in Chicago in the year 1882 as 32,000, a little over 5 per cent. of the population of the city at that time. He estimated the number of total arrests in the country at 2,500,000 a year. The population of the country was then less than 60,000,000. Conditions since then have certainly not improved. Taking Governor Altgeld's figures as a basis, the number of annual arrests in this country would amount to more than 3,000,000. Three million human beings, often shackled, ruthlessly thrust into patrol-wagons and placed behind the iron bars of a gloomy prison! What an amount of human misery and degradation! What writer can adequately describe the feelings of the unfortunate person taking an involuntary ride in a patrol-wagon, with a policeman's club suspended over his head? All these unfortunates have friends and relatives who must participate in their feelings and to some extent share in their degradation and their ignominy.

The question now arises: Is such an application of our laws necessary and for the general good? Out of the 32,000 people arrested in Chicago in 1882, Governor Altgeld informs us only 1,000 were charged with the commission of a crime. Over 10,000 were discharged by the police magistrates alone, showing that nearly one-third of those arrested were wrongfully arrested. Governor Altgeld rightly claims that arrest and imprisonment for trifling offences before convictions is wrong in principle and works a great in-

jury, not only to those in prison, but to society itself. To save the weak and neglected from becoming criminals, the all-important thing is to develop and build up their self-respect, their manhood and womanhood. So long as this is wanting, their natural course is downward, and any act that tends to crush this only accelerates their downward course. Our laws are for the protection of society. If a man is drunk, let a policeman bring him home, take his name and address, and assure his appearance before the magistrate. If, for any violation of city ordinances, a money fine is imposed, the rich pay and leave the court with a smile on their lips; but what happens to the poor? They are sent to the work-house, the kindergarten of our penitentiaries. A money fine is imposed to prevent the repetition of the act. A rich automobile-owner is fined \$5 for endangering the life of the citizen. A poor fruit-pedler is fined \$20 for obstructing the sidewalk. When accused of an indictable offence the rich furnish bail and are free to make arrangements for their defence. The poor are kept in confinement and are deprived not only of their liberty, but often of their means of living. What harm has been done a poor man when acquitted? He has lost his position. The stigma of imprisonment rests upon him, notwithstanding his acquittal. He lacks the means of support, and want and resentment often combine to drive him into open rebellion against society and its laws. Out of an innocent victim is made a guilty offender.

Governor Altgeld in the book previously mentioned makes the striking remark: "Our penal machinery is immense. It is costly, and its victims are counted by the millions." He gives carefully-prepared statistical tables dealing with the number of arrests and the proportion of convictions, and important data on prison discipline. The picture of our prison machinery as here exhibited is appalling. The author estimates the value of the debt capital invested in our penal machinery at \$500,000,000; but I shall not

**Our Penal Machinery and Its Victims.*

trouble the reader with figures relating to cost and expenses. The question from my standpoint is one of men, not money. Neither shall I confuse the mind by quoting extensively from books of statistics, compiled by the hundreds. I shall only give a few figures which I consider essential to a thorough appreciation of the subject under discussion.*

Year.	Population of U. S.	Prison Population.
1850.....	23,191,000	6,737
1860.....	31,443,000	19,086
1870.....	38,558,371	32,901
1880.....	50,155,000	58,609
1890.....	62,622,000	82,329

The population in 1890 was not quite three times as large as in 1850; the criminal population was more than twelve times as large.†

City.	Population.	Arrests.	Per cent.
Boston, 1892.....	446,000	48,463	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
New York, 1893....	1,800,000	84,000	4 $\frac{2}{3}$
Milwaukee, 1891 ...	240,000	6,000	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
London, 1894.....	5,656,000	85,000	1 $\frac{1}{2}$

State.	Inmates in penal institutions.	No. per 10,000 inhab.
Massachusetts.....	7,683	35
New York.....	15,914	25
Wisconsin.....	2,652	15
England.....	25,000	7.1

Statistics for a later date than 1893 in this country are very meager. The above figures for Boston and New York are, I think, exceptionally high on account of the business depression prevailing in the United States at that period,—a fact that tends to substantiate the theory of the economic cause of criminality being largely dependent on the general lack of

*The authorities from which these compilations are made are Mulhall's *Book of Statistics*; *The Criminal*, by Aug. Draehm; *Police and Prison Cyclopaedia*, by Geo. W. Hale; *Statistics of Crime, Suicide and Insanity*, by Arthur McDonald, published by order of the Fifty-seventh Congress, Second Session, Senate Document No. 11.

†In Germany the prison population was 48 per cent. less in 1898 than in 1881.

‡In Massachusetts about 14,000 persons are sent annually to prison on account of their inability to pay money fines imposed by police judges.

opportunities to obtain a livelihood through scarcity of labor.‡

Country.	Year.	Convictions for homicide.	No. per 1,000,000 inhab.
England.....	1894	151	7.4
Ireland.....	1894	54	14
Germany.....	1892	476	13.5
France.....	1895	580	18.7
United States.....	1890	7,386	119.3

If we compare the sentences given in the United States with those in Europe, we find that the offences against property are punished about five times as severely in the United States as in Western Europe, while offences against the person are punished more severely in the Old World than in this republic.

The number of inmates now in our penal institutions is proportionally much larger than in civilized European countries, and the number of homicides in proportion to the number of inhabitants is from ten to fifteen times greater here than in Europe; but it must not be supposed that the police in Europe are less vigilant and competent, or that the laws are less strictly enforced there than here. Quite contrary is the case. Police surveillance is more strict in Europe than here.

The above figures are well calculated to appal the thoughtful patriot or philanthropist. It will be observed from these statistics that in 1891 Milwaukee, with a population of 240,000, had 6,000 arrests, a percentage of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. In 1892 Boston, with a population of 446,000, had 48,463 arrests, or a percentage of 10 $\frac{3}{4}$; while a year later New York, with a population of 1,800,000, had 84,000, or a percentage of 4 $\frac{2}{3}$; and in 1894, London, with a population of 5,656,000, had 85,000 arrests, a percentage of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The prison showings in the different parts of the world are also strikingly unfavorable to our commonwealth, the ratio of inmates of penal institutions to the ten thousand inhabitants being 35 with us as against 25 in New York, 15 in Wisconsin, and 7.1 in England.

It is idle to seek to explain this amazing disparity which exists between cities so

far removed and so different in character as Boston and Milwaukee and London, for example, as being due to laxity in enforcement of necessary police measures or in the administration of justice. Even if for the sake or argument we should admit a point which would doubtless be controverted by representatives of other cities,—that Boston is in advance of all the other cities in the administration of justice and law—it would be impossible to account for so great a disparity as we find in the statistics. Either we are arresting and imprisoning numbers of persons who should not in the light of the guarantee of our Constitution or the demands of justice and wisdom be arrested and imprisoned (a fact which the arrest of the three hundred out-of-works referred to above would indicate), or the percentage of criminal population in Massachusetts is alarmingly great.

The question which every reader should put to himself is this: Shall we wait till the condition of things now existing in the State of Massachusetts, and especially in Boston, shall have become general in the United States, increasing still more the disadvantage of the republic in comparison with other countries, or shall we do our best to inaugurate a movement in the administration of justice that shall turn the tidal-wave toward juster and better conditions? If conditions in Boston as shown by the above figures were general in the United States, estimating our population at eighty millions, there would be annually over eight million arrests and incarcerations, whereas the number of arrests is considerably below half that figure. If the people of the United States fell to the level indicated by the prison statistics of Massachusetts, our prison population would be 2,800,000 for the Union, while the actual number to-day is about 100,000.

Such is the result which a mere glance at our legal machinery reveals. "It is," to repeat the words of Governor Altgeld, "immense. It is costly and its victims are counted by millions." But in this country is crime repressed, and are life

and property protected? Strange to say, quite the opposite seems to be the case. The young are not deterred, nor are the vicious repressed. Revolting crimes are of most frequent occurrence in all parts of the land, and the feeling is spreading that somehow or other our legal machinery does not protect society. This being the case one is naturally led to ask whether there is not something wrong with the system; whether it is not a great mill which somehow or other supplies its own grist, a maelstrom which keeps on drawing from the outside and then keeps its victims moving in a circle, until swallowed in a vortex. For, it seems first to make criminals out of many who are not naturally so; second, it renders it difficult for those once convicted ever to be anything else than criminals; and, third, it fails to protect society.

That conditions are bad is acknowledged even by our politicians and our would-be philanthropists, but it is a question, which is the more amusing, the excuses given for existing evils or the remedies proposed.

Statistics show that the most religious countries in Europe, Russia, Italy and Spain, have the largest criminal population, Russia surpassing even the United States. Rev. J. W. Horseley informs us that out of 28,351 prisoners in English jails and prisons, only 57 were atheists. Lombroso records that 61 per cent. of criminals and 56 per cent. of assassins in Italy are regular attendants at church. Among Italian murderers M. Ferry found none irreligious. M. Garofalo says of Naples, which city has the *largest criminal population in Italy*, that it is the most religious city in Europe; that no other city can boast of such frequent processions; that no other is so zealous an observer of the practices of the church.

Governor Altgeld informs us that of the persons sent to the work-house in Chicago, the number of those that had gone to school two years or less was ten times larger than the number of those that had gone five years or more. Yet, the number

of persons that go to school less than two years is undoubtedly much less than of those that go to school more than five years.

Statistics show that nine criminals out of ten are day-laborers without a trade, and out of employment when convicted. At a convention of prison-wardens one of the officials, who seemed to possess a clearer insight than many of his co-workers observed that: "The higher the character of the daily pursuits, the greater the unlikelihood of falling into crime; the more secure the employment, the higher the earnings, the lower the percentage of criminals." Yet the only thing that the state does in its pretended attempt to reform the criminal is to install in every penal institution, at a fancy salary, a priest, a parson, and sometimes a rabbi. There have also been formed in this country various associations that are working under the banner of "prison reform," but whose efforts, it seems to me, are for the most part futile, because based on a superficial diagnosis of the trouble; or rather their remedies at best could prove nothing more than palliative, while the crying demand of the age is for fundamental remedies which shall strike at the root of the evil and abolish conditions that foster, favor and make crime inevitable. Our would-be reformers are chiefly concerned with the wickedness of the criminal and how to reform him.

I am not prepared to go as far as a certain school of philosophy which maintains that man is as much the product of natural conditions as anything else in the realm of nature, and that he has no more right to think that he acts of his own volition than the apple, which the law of gravity is drawing from the tree to the ground; but I do hold that in the light of statistics and the incontrovertible evidence and data which we possess, the individual is far less responsible for the crimes committed than is society, which fails to provide adequate education on the one hand and opportunities for remunerative toil on the other. Our prison reformers seem to

overlook the fact that nineteen out of twenty penal inmates belong to the poor and uneducated, and that nine out of ten were out of employment when they were committed for their illegal acts. It is to the cause of the crime and not to the effect that wise statesmanship and enlightened humanitarianism must address their attention.

Governor Altgeld had a glimpse of the truth, although even he failed to recognize its full significance; nor did he see the remedy. He writes: "The subject of crime-producing conditions has received but little attention in the past. It has always been assumed in our treatment of offenders that all had the strength, regardless of previous training and surroundings, to go out into the world and do absolutely right if they only wanted to, and if any one did wrong it was because he chose to depart from good and do evil. Only recently have we begun to recognize the fact that every man is to a great extent what his heredity and early environments have made him, and that the law of cause and effect applies here as well as in nature." These words sound refreshing indeed, especially when we compare them with shallow, superficial conventional platitudes, such as are too often found in prison-reform reports and in the utterances of conservative statesmen, such, for instance, as the following typical examples: "How," writes one of our prison-reformers, "to bring adult criminals to a better mind and heart through agencies applied to them during their confinement, is the problem of the age. When this question will be answered the problem for the repression of crime will have been solved. This problem may well engage the interest and study of the highest statesmanship, for it concerns the order of society and the lives and property of its citizens." Count von Buelow, Chancellor of Germany, said to a deputation of prison-reformers: "The problem of repression of crime is infinitely more worthy to engage the interest and study of statesmen than nine-tenths of the every-day politics that occu-

py so much of the time and attention of statesmen." Ex-President Thiers of France said to the same deputation: "Prison-reform is a work in which all civilized nations have an interest."

If such men would accomplish the great purpose they have in mind, they must devote themselves to improving industrial conditions and the administration of justice.

Our prison associations and statesmen might do a great deal to alleviate the existing evils without adopting the radical and, in my opinion, the only remedy, which I shall state a little later on. They might reform the prison-keepers by removing them when they treat convicts with illegal and wanton cruelty. They might lessen the necessity for crime by instructing the convict in useful work, such as a trade. They might improve his education. They might stop indiscriminate, unjustifiable and brutal arrests. They might give the poor delinquent a reasonable time to pay the fines imposed by police-judges. They might secure a more impartial application of the laws for rich and poor. They might secure a more equitable jurisprudence. What shall we think of verdicts like these at the same term of court? A bank-teller, for a theft of \$500 from his employers, is released on nominal or suspended sentence, while a boy of seventeen is sentenced to prison for three years for stealing a suit of clothes worth less than \$20. Or take two cases that happened in Boston: Moody Merrill, the one-time prominent Boston capitalist, defrauded his creditors, many of whom were poor working people, out of large sums of money. After the disclosures were made he was, however, permitted to escape to parts unknown. Years later, he was apprehended through the efforts of one of his victims, a poor woman whom he had defrauded of her money, and not by the department of justice. He was brought to the city and promptly admitted to a nominal bail, which he jumped and again departed for the southwest, where he died in freedom.

Compare the above case with that of Levi Brigham, whose freedom was recently procured by habeas corpus proceedings and the detailed account of whose case I shall give in a future paper. This man stole an overcoat. He was convicted and sentenced to seven years at hard labor. He spent weeks in dark and years in light solitary confinement. He was clubbed and nearly killed by brutal keepers, and was finally sent to the asylum for insane criminals. Here he was kept for two years after his sentence had expired, and it required the efforts of his relatives and my attorneys and the expenditure of hundreds of dollars to secure his release. But for our efforts he would still be deprived of his liberty.

These and similar facts suggest a field where prison-reformers might do good work in alleviating the sufferings of the poor unfortunate victims of prevailing conditions. But unfortunately, starting from unsound premises, they fail to accomplish even the palliative work which they might otherwise achieve.

Lack of education, mental and manual, and unjust social conditions, drive most convicts into a career of crime. They are imprisoned. Nothing is done in prison to supply the defect mainly responsible for the violation of the law. When they are released their position has become worse than before conviction, for, besides their deficient equipment to earn a living there rests upon them the stigma of a convict. Ten thousand murderers are convicted annually in the United States. The wonder is not that there are so many, but that there are not a great many more.

My remedy for existing evils is based upon the fact established by statistics and experience, that poverty is the father of crime and ignorance the mother of vice. Ignorance and poverty, vice and crime, mutually beget each other. Abolish poverty, abolish undeserved destitution, make education universal and compulsory, and you will have solved the problem, not only of repression of crime, but also of prevention of crime. You will

empty every penal institution in the United States, but how, is the query. My answer is, by recognizing the right to work, which in its final analysis, is the right to live, by giving all an opportunity to produce, if need be under the auspices and management of the state. This need not impair private initiative. Both can exist side by side. Let those who cannot find work in private industries be furnished an opportunity to produce and receive their share of the value produced.

Let those who own to-day the property of the nation and who consider that they do so by divine dispensation, ponder well that question; for it will become more pressing and burning as the time advances. A bill is now pending before the German Reichstag to insure the working-men against enforced idleness. Would it not be preferable to provide them with work? Is it asking too much that he who has nothing but his labor-power should have an opportunity guaranteed him to exercise the same? The manufacturers and the farmers demand good markets for their wares from the state. The state strains all its energies in their behalf. Is not the laborer entitled to the same consideration? Should not the needs of the most unfortunate member of society, the man without employment, be considered above all others?

Our penal system should be brought to a higher level, and I am working to attain that end; but in my opinion the question of prison-reform will never be solved until the problem of the unemployed shall have found its solution.

But I hear people say, these men do not want to work. Let me relate two actual occurrences. An ex-convict sits in my office on a rainy day. He watches the rain with a sad expression and in reply to a question says:

"That rain is putting me on the bum."

"How is that?"

"I was promised a job shoveling snow. This rain takes my job away from me."

In answer to an advertisement for snow-shovelers by the city, thousands of men

applied. I witnessed that sight. The throng pushed and pressed. The official was puzzled as to whom to select and whom to reject. He decided to throw the shovels to the ground and let the men scramble for their possession. The sight was one never to be forgotten. It reminded one of the spectacle of little boys fighting for pennies which some jocularly-inclined rich youth sometimes throws among them. Their fight is for pennies for candy; this was for shovels for bread to sustain life. When the shovels were nearly gone the men fought for their possession with almost beast-like ferocity. They came to blows. I was seized with an indescribable horror and walked, even ran, away; but this picture stands indelibly impressed upon my memory. And these cases are typical.

Economic production as carried on to-day requires a reserve army of laborers, the unemployed. The size of this army fluctuates with the ebb and flow of production. In times of prosperity it is relatively small. In periods of depression it is correspondingly large. It is greater in the winter than in the summer, but the figure of one million would be a conservative estimate for its average size. Society has taken cognizance of this large body in its midst by the passage of certain statutes which are far from creditable to the humanitarian spirit supposed to be present in civilization to-day. These statutes forbid:

1. Loitering. A man out of work found walking the streets of the city is liable under this statute to be arrested and imprisoned.

2. Vagrancy. Men out of employment under this regulation may be apprehended on the highways, though guilty of no wrong against society.

3. Begging. This regulation makes it a crime for a starving man to ask his rich neighbor for a piece of bread, while of course all laws against stealing are most rigidly enforced.

But perhaps the strangest of all the provisions of society in regard to earth's starv-

ing unfortunates is the law against suicide. A society which has forbidden the man who is unable to find employment to walk the public streets or highways unmolested, and which has made it a crime for him to beg for bread, also makes it a crime for him to seek to end his misery in death.

Thus the "Thou shalt nots" of our twentieth-century civilization as applied to the unemployed are in fact "Thou shalt not live" and "Thou shalt not compass thine own death."

G. W. GALVIN.

Boston, Mass.

THE UNITED STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA: A DREAM OF EMPIRE.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL.D.,

Author of *The Pioneer Quakers*, *Life of Charles Darwin*, etc.

IT IS patent to every observing citizen that the eyes of the nations of the world are upon the United States. During the past decade America has developed in a remarkable manner. She has outgrown and cast her shell as it were, and stands to-day the greatest nation of the habitable globe, strong, vigorous, resourceful, a type of action and force militant.

That such a power can lie dormant, hibernate in a diplomatic sense, is not possible. No man or men can hold it down, and the taking of Porto Rico, the absorption of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, is not the work of one man or the ambition of a party, but an accomplishment of destiny.

These regions are the antennæ of the living force that dominates the American Republic. They are the advance guards, the scouts of our national life, the essentials of progress, growth and development. So rapid and portentous has been the expansion of America that the attention of every nation has been arrested. Every move made, every judicial or diplomatic act is scrutinized by the nations of the world who see not the great moral force that it is, but a menace that must be considered. The American *motive* is the diplomatic question of the day, and is likely to be for a century to come.

The powers affect to believe that the growth of America has seriously dis-

turbed what may be termed the political equipoise of nations, and that the result will be some extraordinary and defensive movement to restore the balance of power in the Western hemisphere may be expected. What will it be? The attempt to disintegrate the American nation, to weaken it by forcing the issue of the independence of States, died with the surrender of Lee, to the regret of many of the powers. So no diversion can be expected in the United States itself, but in South America, that vast region reaching away from the Isthmus to Patagonia, there is a marvelous field for intrigue, and that an attempt will be made to centralize these powers seems a foregone conclusion.

The field is rich, the conditions pregnant with possibility. We see a splendid domain lying in the same general position as the nations which have produced the greatest men of science, art and statescraft in the Northern hemisphere, and it is inconceivable that they will much longer be blind to their opportunity or resist the dulcet overtures of destiny calling for the unification of South American governments.

The time is ripe for the greatest revolution of history in this land of revolutions. It means at once the restoration of the balance of power and the salvation of the Latin races of South America, and it is to be hoped that they will take the initiative

themselves and not wait for the pressure of the mailed hand of Europe to provide the leader and the sinews of war and statehood.

The period has passed when any serious argument can be raised against such a consummation as a logical proposition, and it will be accomplished when the man shall appear with a genius sufficient to bind this vast, unsymmetrical, dismembered political machine into a homogeneous nation.

Such a movement cannot fail to arouse the enthusiasm of the world, as despite sectionalism and jealousies, the spectacle of the degradation of the Latin race, which once led the world in art, commerce, exploration and colonization, the nations which blazed the American trail across the pathless seas, is a pitiable one and few there are who would not rejoice to see them again in line joining in the triumphant progress of the great nations of the earth.

It has been manifest for years that the integral parts of an influential body-politic were lying on the South American continent, separated by fraternal wars, disconnected by jealousy and private ambition, and that the logical cure was to build up the skeleton, collect all its limbs, clothe it with flesh and blow into its nostrils the breath of national life. This would seem the work of a magician or genii, yet the most obtuse looker-on in the affairs of nations, cannot contemplate seeing these disconnected members, these pseudo-moribund republics of Brazil, Chili and the rest, and not marvel that they have not long ago read their destiny and rehabilitated themselves.

Possessed of marvelous latent power, this vast region, its force shattered by internecinal wars, without standing or status of the first rank among nations, has the power to coalesce, become states instead of republics, and at one move take a position that would command the respect of the nations of the world as the United States of South America.

An examination into the resources and

possibilities of this not improbable empire of the South only makes the observer marvel that it has not occurred before, so manifest, so logical are the reasons for its consummation. To-day South America is the *vis-a-vis* of the United States in the Southern hemisphere, though more than twice as large, reaching up into the equatorial regions and far down into the South Polar section. It not only has all the latitudinal resemblance, so far as climate is concerned, to the United States, but it has more, possessing the equatorial region of the Amazon and wealth of ores and timber untouched and unknown. What centralization would mean for South America can be comprehended by a glance at the possible states. At present they are represented by so-called republics which have little power or influence among nations. They are merely passive districts, controlled by the dominating party, each having a history so redolent with revolution, so reeking with dictatorial policies and methods, that hardly one to-day, except Mexico, has a standing among great nations; and even this is kept in *statu quo* by a single genius and could not adequately defend itself against any European nation of the first class.

The region constituting this possible nation includes all of the republics from Mexico to Terre del Fuego, in its entirety a magnificent domain, but in its present condition helpless and without influence in the court of nations. In this vast region are fifty millions of people the majority of whom are aborigines speaking the Spanish or native languages; but there are also many Europeans. Thus in the Argentine Republic, where the interest in consolidation would be most dominant, there are half a million Caucasians; in Venezuela, thirty millions; in Peru, twenty millions; in Chili, sixteen; in Uruguay, one hundred thousand.

Central America proper includes Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, British Honduras and Panama, and represents about three hundred and five thousand square miles, with a pop-

ulation of eight millions. This region has always been the most offensive to other nations, due to its countless revolutions, it being a common saying that governments change with the going down of the sun. Salvador is the most densely populated having about seventy-eight inhabitants to the square mile. In the entire group the estimated density of population is twenty-four to the square mile.

Mexico alone has an area of 751,177 square miles, and a population of ten millions.

Coming to South America proper we find a most irrational disposition of space. The region is divided into republics, in turn divided into provinces: Colombia, Venezuela, Guiana, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine Republic (including Patagonia), Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil. This comprises 7,755,535 square miles, with a population of 28,380,371, with an average of three to four persons living on every square mile—a vast region very sparsely populated.

It is manifest that many of these vast sections could be more satisfactorily divided into states. Thus Brazil, with her area of 3,287,963 square miles, could be made over into three states each having a sea frontage. This would have many advantages, chief of which would be to provide offices for the insidious and active Latin politicians prone to revolution. The Argentine Republic, with her area of over one million square miles, could well be divided into two states, one fronting the Atlantic, with Buenos Ayres as her capital, and the other by absorbing the north of Chili, with Coquimbo as her chief city; while Chili could absorb Patagonia, thus gaining the great harbors of St. Matthias and St. George's bays, about the latitude of Chicago, and the Falklands on the Atlantic coast. Such a nation, with a capital or central government at Buenos Ayres, about the latitude of Nashville, Tenn., would possess the essential of a great and powerful government.

Even a superficial examination into the present financial conditions of the prospec-

pective states of this nation, suggest that the dogma, that in union exists strength, is one that will appeal to those upon whom the responsibility of sustaining the national financial integrity rests. Mexico, according to the census of 1882, had a debt of \$144,953,785. Her income was \$25,725,000, while the national expenditures were \$25,221,696,—not particularly encouraging to the national book-keeper. In Guatemala, the national debt in 1882 was \$7,139,169, and the revenue and government expense-list equaled this amount almost exactly; but it is not known whether this expense-account included interest on the national debt; we may assume that it did. Honduras had a national debt of \$1,578,609, and a revenue of \$869,970, while the annual expenditures amounted to \$759,970. The debt of others at this time may be seen from the following table:

Republic.	Debt.	Revenue.	Yearly National Expense-Account.
Salvador,	\$2,078,885	\$3,272,740	\$3,122,063
Nicaragua,	1,177,774	2,436,093	2,570,137
Costa Rica,	6,258,629	2,802,279	3,460,597
Colombia,	73,585,644	4,843,800	7,269,932
Venezuela,	67,309,990	4,680,000	4,488,000
Brazil,	407,716,057	58,479,000	59,143,529
Ecuador,	16,370,000	2,845,000	2,585,000
Bolivia,	42,900,000	22,574	4,505,504
Peru,	213,882,688	33,300,832	32,531,561
Chili,	74,582,048	16,920,000	17,057,721
Argentine Republic,	81,596,952	19,898,777	19,836,501
Uruguay,	47,861,042	8,252,087	7,857,275
Paraguay,	251,000,000	219,599	270,031

In making these estimates it has been the desire not to show the nations at their best, hence the census of 1882 was selected; since then the financial conditions in all the South American countries has much improved.

It is interesting to note that the bonded indebtedness of British Guiana, at this time under British rule, was but \$24,447, while that of Paraguay, under Latin domination, was \$251,000,000. British Guiana has a revenue of \$409,000, while Paraguay receives but one half of this. In other words, Paraguay, with a population of about three hundred thousand, had at that time a debt out of all proportion to her income and expenses. Paraguay's annual expense list was \$270,000. How

she accumulated a debt of \$251,000,000 would be interesting to know; doubtless she would welcome the assumption of her bonded indebtedness by a symposium of states.

We are, then, in a position to see what would be the condition of the new nation upon its individual assumption of the entire national bonded indebtedness of the various republics. In a general way, the national debt of the United States of South America would be one billion dollars, or about equal to that of the United States of North America, which at that time—1882—was \$1,675,023,474. This is somewhat appalling when it is remembered that the United States of North America had a population of 64,000,000; South America, not one-half this number, a large percentage being natives and non-producers. Yet this is not discouraging to the nation-builder, as South America is a vast producer, and it is well known that her riches have hardly been tapped and her agricultural lands hardly scratched.

It is the latent possibilities of a region that give it promise of position, and an examination of the resources of the republics of South America indicate that here is a vast wealth which but requires capital, intelligence and the infusion of Anglo-Saxon stimulus, to start a Pactolian stream flowing into the coffers of a strong central government, keyed up to the highest note of integrity and stability.

Taking the annual exports of the United States at the time previously quoted as a basis, we find it amounts to an income of \$650,000,000 per annum. Brazil alone exported in 1882 productions equivalent to a third of this sum, or in round numbers, \$222,351,700, a magnificent showing. Mexico's exports were \$32,000,000; Chili's, \$51,000,000; Argentine Republic's, \$56,000,000. The lowest was Bolivia's, \$50,000, coming from exports. The sum total of the exports of South American republics was in round numbers, \$460,000,000 per annum, or within two hundred millions of the exports of the entire United States at the

same time. In twenty years both countries have grown with remarkable strides, the United States especially; yet it is not believed that this ratio is greatly impaired.

In this magnificent showing, telling the story of the possibilities of the proposed republic, lies the faith in the success of the greatest merger in the history of the world, and it is needless to say that it appeals as a logical argument to the doubter who has been confronted with a ponderous national debt.

In nearly all the republics of South America there is a satisfactory balance between exports and imports. That of Chili in 1882 was \$21,000,000; Brazil, \$48,000,000; Bolivia alone showed \$20,000 on the wrong side of the ledger. Knowing the vast wealth of South America, her grain fields, her agricultural possibilities, her mineral wealth ranging from coal to diamond mines, her forests of mahogany, her plantations of rubber, and her varied productions ranging from coffee, rice and tobacco to all the fruits of the tropics and temperate zones, the political economist cannot fail to see a brilliant future in this remarkable and quasi-revolutionary movement.

It is true that a large area lies within the tropics from which cannot be expected the vigor and virility which characterizes the dominant races of Europe or North America, yet part of Brazil, Paraguay, Chili, Argentine Republic and Uruguay lies south of the Tropic of Capricorn in the relative position of that portion of the United States of North America which has produced her most brilliant men in nearly every branch of life. The latitude of Patagonia is fifty degrees south, just above the Falkland Islands and near Cape Horn, but this is the latitude of the mouth of the St. Lawrence on the east, while on the west in the United States lies an empire—Alaska—several thousand miles farther to the northwest. Conceptione, Chili, is in the latitude of Philadelphia, and Buenos Ayres that of Little Rock, Arkansas, and Cape Hatteras; and if the capital of the new republic should be

placed in the corresponding latitude of Washington it would appear in Blanco Bay in the south of Argentine, the most promising to-day of all the great South American republics.

In contemplating the possibilities of this consolidation the character of the people is to be considered. It is evident that Mexico, with her population of ten millions, and Brazil with fourteen millions (the latter with an army of thirty thousand or more, and a navy of iron-clads, cruisers and torpedo-boats), would exercise a dominant influence. Brazil alone under rational development would be a power among the states, if not divided. This vast country, practically unknown and undeveloped, has an area of 3,000,000 square miles. It is nearly as wide as the United States and contains twenty-one provinces, ten of which at least exceed Great Britain in size. Its climate, taken as a whole, is excellent, and its enormous rivers and their branches, cutting the country like arteries in every direction, suggest its magnificent commercial possibilities.

In Brazil there are 386,995 aborigines, or what are termed Indians. Of mulattoes and mixed races there are over 3,000,000, and there are over 1,000,000 pure negroes who were taken there as slaves. The greatest interest is Portuguese, with a large percentage of Spanish, and not a few Dutch. In all the republics is found a sprinkling of Americans and Europeans, especially in Peru and Chili,

who own vast concerns, and whose influence would be potential in any movement to add a new star to the firmament of nations.

The objection will be raised that the individuality of nations, as Chili and Peru, would be lost and their history defiled; but Florida as a sovereign State possesses to-day more individuality, more power than when it was a colony of Spain. So with Louisiana and Texas. Under the flags of Spain and France they were nothing, but as equal and component parts of a great nation they are the nation.

Alaska as a Russian possession was a herding-place for seals; to-day it is fast becoming an important section of the United States and in time will take place as a great producer. And so with South America. Divided she has no strength and never can have, but by joining hands, her manifest destiny, she would take her place among the greatest nations of the world and become a formidable rival of all commercial nations.

The interest which this nation would have in this gigantic merger is entirely speculative, and the movement, if successful, would be watched with interest by all civilized nations as a national exercise of the truest function and one of the most remarkable movements of modern times resulting in the making of a mighty nation on the shores of the Southern oceans.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.
Pasadena, Cal.

CRISES IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

III.

THE DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

By PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.Dip., LL.D.,
Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

THINKING men are becoming more and more convinced that war is something neither to be sought after nor to be entered upon lightly; that it is too costly financially and morally to commend itself

as a means of settling international disputes; and that as it settles nothing as to the right and wrong of the question at issue, but simply determines the relative fighting ability of the parties, it is an irra-

tional proceeding. Yet however destructive it may be to human life and to the productive powers of a nation, however repellent to mind and heart and stomach, it will be a necessary evil just so long as any nation chooses to resort to it. For whenever any nation insists upon doing so, it can always compel any or all of the others to meet force with force. From this it is evident that the rapidity of progress toward universal peace must ever be regulated by the pace set by the slowest member in the procession, though this fact need not hinder the leaders from encouraging the laggards to quicken their pace.

Such being the case, it is folly to condemn a nation for being at war until we have inquired why it is at war; for its action is justifiable or unjustifiable according to the necessity under which it acted. In other words, if force is the only available means for defending the rights and the life of a nation, then a resort to force must needs be justifiable. No amount of dogmatism or theorizing in peace congresses and elsewhere can ever deprive a nation of its right of self-defence, for the law of self-preservation is as primal and as sacred to the nation as to the individual.

In order that we may apply this canon of political philosophy to the present war between Japan and Russia, and thus determine to our own satisfaction the necessity therefor and so enable ourselves to read intelligently this page in Japanese history, it is necessary that we get clearly before our minds the facts that are responsible for the resort to force.

In our previous article reference was made to one of the main facts, viz., the duplicity of Russia in forming a coalition to rob Japan of "a certain piece or parcel of land," under the insincere pretension of a desire to preserve the "integrity of the Chinese Empire." If there is any wrong which is more difficult to forgive or forget than others, it is that of having been robbed of a piece of land; and to aggravate the crime, and hence the Japanese feeling of resentment, the use made of the plunder was such as to convince Japan, or anybody else, that Russia was acting in

bad faith; that instead of championing the cause of decadent China from purely benevolent motives, she was availing herself of the weakness of China to further her own schemes for self-aggrandizement. Repeated promises to the powers that Russia would evacuate Manchuria were made, only to be broken. No satisfactory explanation of her failure to keep these promises has ever been given to Japan or to anyone else. The necessity for continued military occupation of Manchuria was evident to no one save Russia herself. The purpose of the Russian fortification at Port Arthur could scarcely be reconciled with the alleged peacefulness of her mission in the Orient. Neither could the expenditure of fabulous sums upon these and upon docks, administrative buildings, etc., at Dalny be made to harmonize with an intention upon the part of Russia to restore these places to China at the expiration of the lease.

These cumulative evidences of bad faith were strengthened by additional demands upon China as the price to be paid by her for what was admittedly her own; by the Russian opposition to treaties being negotiated between China and the United States for the opening of additional ports and consulates in Manchuria; and by the rapid increase in the Russian fleet in the Yellow Sea, an increase out of all proportion to the increase in her commerce or other legitimate interests. So that when Russia secured a timber concession in Corea, which she deemed it necessary to protect with her troops, it was sufficiently evident that she intended to repeat in that country the tactics which had apparently worked so beautifully in connection with railway concessions and temporary leases in Manchuria.

The geographical position of Corea is such that any invasion of it by Russia, no matter under how innocent or pious a pretext, would bring Japan face to face with the question of taking steps to prevent the consummation of a scheme which threatened her national safety. For with Manchuria and Corea under Russian control, whether open or covert,

Japan would become but an appendage of the Russian Empire. Such a role the spirit of the Japanese people would not, and should not, permit them to play. She therefore opened negotiations with St. Petersburg for the purpose of reaching an understanding which would form the basis of a settlement at once honorable to both parties and a guarantee of peaceful relations between them, so essential to the development of the Orient.

So interesting are these negotiations, which, owing to the kindness of the Japanese Minister at Washington, I have before me in full, that I am convinced it will be entirely fitting to quote at some length from them. In fact, I know of no better way to assist the reader to an understanding of the diplomatic side of the controversy.

The correspondence opens with a telegram of July 28, 1903, from Baron Komura, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, to Mr. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, setting forth the necessity for an understanding between the two governments. It is in substance as follows:

"The Japanese Government have observed with close attention the development of affairs in Manchuria, and they view with grave concern the present situation there. So long as there were grounds for hope that Russia would carry out her engagement to China and her assurances to the other powers on the subject of evacuation of Manchuria, the Japanese Government maintained an attitude of watchful reserve. But the recent action of Russia in formulating new demands at Peking and in consolidating rather than relaxing her hold on Manchuria, compels belief that she has abandoned the intention of retiring from Manchuria, while her increased activity along the Korean frontiers is such as to raise doubts regarding the limits of her ambition. The unrestrained permanent occupation of Manchuria by Russia would create a condition of things prejudicial to the security and interest of Japan. Such occupation

would be destructive of the principle of equal opportunity and in impairment of the territorial integrity of China. But, what is of still more moment to the Japanese Government, Russia, stationed on the flank of Korea, would be a constant menace to the separate existence of that Empire, and in any event it would make Russia the dominant power in Korea. Korea is an important outpost in Japan's line of defence, and Japan consequently considers the independence of Korea absolutely essential to her own repose and safety. Japan possesses paramount political as well as commercial and industrial interests and influence in Korea, which, having regard for her own security, she cannot consent to surrender to, or share with, any other power." (A Japanese Monroe Doctrine.) "The Japanese Government have given the matter their most serious consideration and have resolved to approach the Russian Government in a spirit of conciliation and frankness with the view to the conclusion of an understanding designed to compose questions which are at this time the cause of just and natural anxiety; and, in the estimation of the Japanese Government, the moment is opportune for making the attempt to bring about the desired adjustment."

This request was presented to Count Lamsdorff in the form of a Note Verbale; and as the Russian Government consented to enter into negotiations, Mr. Kurino, in accordance with instructions from Baron Komura presented on, August 12th, the following proposals as the basis of an understanding.

"1. Mutual engagement to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Chinese and Korean Empires and to maintain the principles of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in those countries.

"2. Reciprocal recognition of Japan's preponderating interests in Korea, and Russia's special interests in railway enterprises in Manchuria, and of the right of Japan to take in Korea and of Russia to

take in Manchuria such measures as may be necessary for the protection of their special interests as above defined, subject, however, to the provisions of Article 1 of this agreement.

"3. Reciprocal undertaking on the part of Russia and Japan not to impede development of those industrial and commercial activities respectively of Japan in Corea and of Russia in Manchuria, which are not inconsistent with the stipulations of Article 1 of this agreement.

"Additional engagement on the part of Russia not to impede the eventual extension of the Korean railway into southern Manchuria, so as to connect with the East China and Shanhaikwan-Newchwang lines.

"4. Reciprocal engagement that in case it is found necessary to send troops by Japan to Corea, or by Russia to Manchuria, for the purpose of either protecting the interests mentioned in Article 2 of this agreement, or of suppressing insurrection or disorder calculated to create international complications, the troops so sent are in no case to exceed the actual number required and to be forthwith recalled as soon as their missions are accomplished.

"5. Recognition on the part of Russia of the exclusive right of Japan to give advice and assistance in the interests of reform and good government in Corea, including military assistance if necessary.

"6. This agreement to supplant all previous arrangements between Japan and Russia respecting Corea."

It will be seen that there is nothing in these, with the possible exception of the fifth, to which Russia could consistently object, provided her promises to the powers had been made in good faith. But from the first she pursued a policy of delay. Nearly three weeks were used up in arguing for a change in the place at which the negotiations should be conducted; while Japan was convinced that as negotiations had been begun at St. Petersburg nothing could be gained by

changing to Tokio, but as Russia was obstinate, Japan yielded. Later a considerable delay was caused for the alleged reason that the Empress had the ear-ache. The Czar's object in effecting a change in the place for conducting the negotiations was to increase Viceroy Alexieff's influence over the progress of them. This was mistake number one, as it greatly lessened the chances of a pacific settlement.

After a delay of nearly two months, Russia submitted counter-proposals containing substantially the same provisions with reference to Corea as those proposed by Japan, but ignoring the Manchurian question entirely, except in Article VII., which provides for "Recognition by Japan of Manchuria and its littoral as in all respects outside her sphere of interests." This article, she contended, was the only compensation to Russia for her concessions to Japan in Corea; to which Japan replied that she was not asking for any concessions from Russia with respect to Manchuria, her proposal being simply to have confirmed in the agreement the principle which had been voluntarily and repeatedly declared by Russia, and further, "that Japan possessed in Manchuria treaty-rights and commercial interests, and she must obtain from Russia a guarantee for the security of those rights and interests as well as of the independence of Corea which would be constantly menaced by Russia's definitive occupation of Manchuria."

As Russia persisted in delaying the negotiations upon one pretext or another, and in arrogantly insisting that the Manchurian question was "a question exclusively between Russia and China," the patience of the Japanese finally gave way. On February 5th, Mr. Kurino handed to Count Lamsdorff a note saying that:

"The successive refusals of the Russian Government to enter into engagements to respect China's territorial integrity in Manchuria, which is so seriously menaced by their continued occupation of the pro-

vince, notwithstanding their treaty engagements with China and their repeated assurances to other powers possessing interests in those regions, have made it necessary for the Government of Japan seriously to consider what measures of self-defence they are called upon to take.

"In the presence of delays which remain largely unexplained and naval and military activities which it is difficult to reconcile with entirely pacific aims, the Imperial Government has exercised in the negotiations a degree of forbearance which they believe affords abundant proof of a sincere desire to remove from their relations with the Imperial Russian Government every cause for future misunderstanding. But finding in their efforts no prospect of securing from the Imperial Russian Government an adhesion to Japan's moderate proposals or to any other proposals likely to establish a firm and enduring peace in the extreme East, the Imperial Government has no other alternative than to terminate the present futile negotiations. In adopting that course the Imperial Government reserves to itself the right to take such independent action as they may deem best to consolidate and defend their menaced position, as well as to protect their established rights and legitimate interests."

This plain though diplomatic language, taken together with the Japanese Minister's request for his passports, meant war. For although it was not a technical declaration of war, it was nevertheless unmistakable evidence of Japan's conviction that Russia was not acting in good faith, and hence a pacific settlement would be simply temporary. Confidence in each other is essential to accomplishing anything save delay by diplomatic means. But delay was the very thing which Japan could not afford. The only question remaining for Japan to answer was whether or not she could afford to take the chances of an appeal to force. That she was taking greater chances than her antagonist was evident, for while defeat would mean

to Russia a loss of men, material and territory, to Japan it might mean a loss of national existence. Seldom has a nation been forced to face a more serious situation.

Yet the world did not have long to wait in order to find out what Japan considered the wisest thing to do under all the circumstances in the case. Promptness in decision and rapidity of action meant everything to her. Within four days after the delivery of the above note, she had dealt the Russian navy a blow which so crippled it as to give to Japan the control of the sea, which she has since held, and, so far as can now be foreseen, will continue to hold until the close of the war. If in this she succeeds, Russia can hope for nothing better than a drawn fight, and will very likely be compelled to accept worse terms than those offered her by Japan at the beginning of the negotiations. Whatever our sympathies, it is hard to withhold from Japan our admiration for the fortitude and unanimity with which her people preferred to risk everything rather than surrender what they conceived to be their national rights and interests.

In the diplomatic game they were but novices; yet it is entirely within the facts to say that their cleverness in this line did not suffer at all by comparison with that of the Russian professionals. Nor is this a small or trifling compliment to their skill and resourcefulness, when we consider that the Russians are almost universally considered past-masters in the art of diplomacy. The style of their diplomacy was very different, that of the Japanese being characterized by frankness and clearness, while that of the Russians was evasive and equivocal. In other words, the Japanese adopted the American conception of diplomacy, while the Russians adhered to the Machiavellian conception.

So much space has been given to the diplomatic side of the controversy that a discussion of the international bearings and military achievements must needs be reserved for a future article.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.



Photo. by Hall, New York.

ARNOLD DALY IN "CANDIDA"—ACT II.

ARNOLD DALY AND BERNARD SHAW: A BIT OF DRAMATIC HISTORY.

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.

ABOUT five years ago, a struggling young actor of talent hit upon a bright idea. He saw a vision of success in the ultra-modern drama. He had started his career four or five years previous to this time as an office-boy for Charles Frohman. He was now playing the mad lover with Julia Marlowe in "Barbara Frietchie." During these first years, it had often been his fate to play unimportant roles for five dollars a week.

One night, while talking with a party of his fellow-actors, he suggested the idea of forming a club and giving matinée performances of plays that were worth while. Some of the unexploited plays of the dramatist of the new school were in his

mind at the time. It was useless, he feared, to appeal to the theater-managers. Such uncertain material they were afraid, for commercial reasons, to touch.

The young actor's friends were delighted with the idea. Each one had his ideal of what the drama ought to be. Perhaps each one saw himself or herself as the bright, particular star in the projected constellation of brilliant modern plays. The young actor secured the right for the production of "Candida" from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and rehearsals began in earnest. But everything went wrong. Daniel Frohman, who was to be known as manager of the affair, complained that the actress cast

for the title role was doing poorly at night in her regular work, owing to nervousness over the "Candida" rehearsals. She soon resigned her part. The actor cast for Morell kept persistently away from the rehearsals. His substitute was soon to be married, and therefore, in Scriptural fashion, could not come.

For some reason or on some pretext, through diffidence or because of managerial refusal, the actors one by one dropped out. And so, for the time, the young actor was defeated of his purpose. But the idea never left him for a moment. He continued to cherish the hope of producing "Candida" and other plays of the new school.

He sought at different times during the next five years to put his plan into execution. He besieged the managers of the New York theaters, in the effort to persuade them to his way of thinking. But they were not to be convinced that the enthusiastic young actor had any right to judge of the value of a play. The managers under whom he had formerly worked for five dollars a week continued to rate his opinion on that basis. They would not believe that he was far-sighted or even that he had the right to express an opinion.

One manager to whom he presented his idea had just expended three thousand dollars in the rehearsal of a play. This expense was incurred because the author

insisted that every scene should be set, and every property used at every rehearsal. The rehearsals were conducted at a rather small theater where another play was running, so the properties and scenery had to be carted out and in every day.

"Do you know how many plays like 'Candida' you could produce for the sum you have expended on drayage?" the manager was asked.

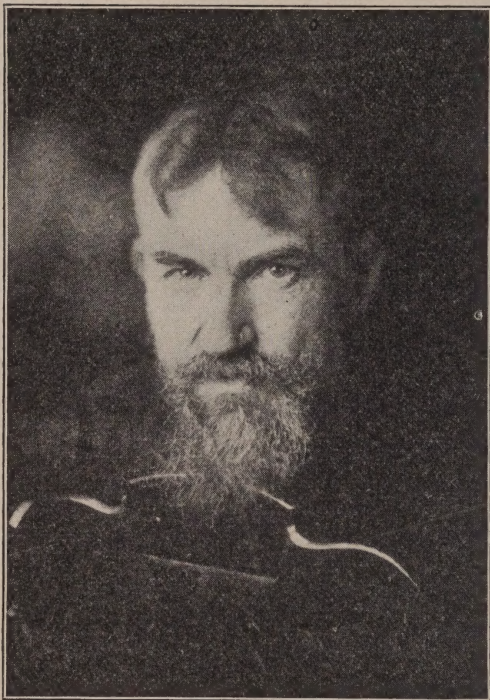
"Yes," he answered, "three plays."

"Well," the young actor said to him, "I have a little money that I am going to put into this venture, but the more money the more chance of success. I'll sell you a half interest if you'll put the play on in your house and furnish an equal amount of capital. With the investment of the same amount of money, you can produce three Shaw plays and stand just three times as great a chance for success. You would

n't hesitate to put the amount on a horse race."

The manager could n't see it, however, and produced the other play, which proved a failure.

The young actor remained undismayed by his repeated failures. Disappointed in his efforts to win the confidence of the managers, he turned next to various actresses in New York. Originally Hilda Spong wanted to play the part of Candida, but her manager objected. Annie Russell was enthusiastic over the idea, but her



G. BERNARD SHAW.

(By courtesy of Gustav Kobbé.)

manager too interposed. He did not think it wise to risk her making a failure at a *matinée* when she was having such success with her evening bill. Many of the leading actresses in this country were besought to take the part, but they could n't see it, for some reason or other, either because Mr. Shaw was not a successful dramatist or because they feared "*Candida*" was above the heads of a majority of the average theatergoers.

Beaten at every turn by the lack of confidence of managers and leading actresses in Mr. Shaw's merits as a dramatist and his own claims as a prophet, the undaunted actor determined at last not to go into the thing on the communistic basis. He resolved to hire the players and pay them their price. His opportunity did not arrive until late last autumn, quite a long while to wait for the attainment of an end. But the success that finally attended his efforts was the deserved reward of his long wait for the fruitage of a hope.

Mr. Arnold Daly—for that, as everyone now knows, is the young actor's name—was playing the part of Major André's faithful servant in the Clyde Fitch play of that name early last autumn. Later he was in the cast of "*The Girl from Dixie*," which failed to make the hit that was expected. He feared that he might soon be without an engagement. On December 8th "*Candida*" had its first trial at a

matinée and was favorably noticed by the critics. So Mr. Daly transferred it from the *matinée* to the evening bill. The *dénouement* was worth all of Mr. Daly's sustained and prolonged efforts. The unique, stimulating, even beautiful little play proved the surprise of the dramatic season. It became the topic of general discussion. It was "*Candida*" here, "*Candida*" there, "*Candida*" everywhere. Instead of proving a fad of brief duration however, the edifying little play drew audiences steadily increasing in size and enthusiasm. It might have played longer to crowded audiences in New York, for the play was attractive and thought-provoking, the actors earnest, beautifully trained and exceptionally well cast, and the audiences all that could be desired in the way of enthusiasm. But on April 23d, after a run of more than one hundred



ARNOLD DALY.

and fifty performances, the company went on the road and met with the duplicate of the New York success. Boston vied with New York in appreciation of the play and the players.

After "*Candida*" had proved a success in New York, Mr. Daly added to his repertory the little bravura piece "*The Man of Destiny*"—a sketch of Napoleon, by Mr. Shaw, that promises to take high rank for the historical verity of its characterization. For his wonderfully sympathetic interpretations of the roles of the pre-Raphaelite poet Marchbanks and the



Photo. by Hall, New York.

ARNOLD DALY IN "CANDIDA."

Corsican adventurer Bonaparte, Mr. Daly has already been classed with Mansfield. It is predicted on all sides that a very brilliant future awaits him.

While Mr. Daly and his well-trained company deserve all the praise that has been freely accorded them, the other factor in the success of "Candida" and "The Man of Destiny" must not be overlooked. That factor is Mr. Shaw himself, the most interesting personality to be found in the ranks of living English dramatists. He is distinguished alike for versatility, cleverness and brilliancy. A skilled executant upon many instruments, from each one he has evoked a strain that arrested, if only for a moment, the atten-

tion of the public. After twelve years of more consistent and faithful effort than the ordinary man of letters usually displays, Mr. Shaw is at last beginning to receive wide notice and discriminating appreciation, two things he has long sought in vain.

Mr. Shaw has for years been expressing his disapproval concerning the modern stage. In his own definite and original way, he has sought constructively to reform it. That his object is both a worthy and necessary one cannot be doubted. From all sides to-day is heard a wail of disapproval of the present status of the stage in England and America. Mr. W. B. Yeats has declared that the average audience comes to the theater—"the theater of commerce," to use his telling phrase—for every motive in the world save the sole valid reason—to be thrilled, moved, made to think. Mr. Henry Arthur

Jones, the dramatist, Mr. William Archer, the dramatic critic, and many other serious students of the contemporary English drama have recently voiced their pessimism concerning the English stage. Mr. William Winter, the dean of dramatic critics in America, and Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, the prolific novelist, have very lately expressed themselves with force and bitterness, not unmixed with contempt, concerning the low ebb which the theater has reached in this country.

Mr. Shaw is to be reckoned as one of the most suggestive and certainly the most brilliant of all the critics of the modern British stage (understanding the word critic in its broadest sense). And his dis-

tion consists not only in the cleverness of his critical attacks upon the stage, but also in the notable effort he has made, in actually writing plays, to elevate its plane. And there is no one better fitted to write of modern life and modern ideas than Mr. Shaw. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man who is more brilliant and at the same time typical of this frantically restless new century. His plays are scintillating, invigorating and edifying. In them is to be observed no indecision of purpose, no hint of vacuity, no suspicion of decadence. Mr. Shaw lives in the real world of vital modern thought and delights in its problems, its restlessness, its comedy and its tragedy. Even when he writes about the past, which is seldom, it is to view it through the many-sided prism of modern thought and modern intelligence. He is of the world to-day, a twentieth-century man with no apologies for that distinction.

He is thoroughly imbued with the most modern ideas. History he has studied through Mömmsen, socialism through Marx, drama through Ibsen, philosophy through Nietzsche, and art through Rossetti and Burne-Jones. His career has marked him as an adept in many lines of literary effort. Of Irish extraction, he was born on July 26, 1856, in Dublin. He went to London when twenty years of age, and began his career by writing novels. He wrote four or five novels, which were refused by both English and American publishers. They subsequently appeared in socialistic organs, which were usually supported by enthusiastic socialistic sympathizers. *Cashel Byron's Profession*, his best-known novel, was newly revised not long ago and is published by Grant Richards. Caring less for novelism however than criticism, and discouraged no doubt by his experience as a novelist, Mr. Shaw next turns critic and uses the *Fabian Society* and the *Saturday Review* as the mediums for the circulation of his critical and social theories.

Mr. Shaw early learned the lesson that the way to arouse the attention of the

stolid British public is to attack its sense of order and propriety. He remembered with Thackeray, that in order to gain the notice of the British lion it is only necessary to tweak his tail. Accordingly he mounted the cart-wheel of notoriety and, to the blaring of brass-bands, declared himself a natural-born mountebank. "Come hither," he said, "and I will tell you what a remarkable freak I am." So in his cart-wheel declaration he announces himself as an atheist, an anarchist and a vegetarian. He had already grown tired of writing socialist tracts, novels and *critiques* of music, painting and the drama. The writing of plays attracted him now, because he thought the theater needed him. His first step was a concrete effort towards its reformation.

He has been mistakenly called the "apostle of pessimism," a title which does not give a just idea of his point-of-view or of his philosophy of life. He rather showed to the public a condition of mind at variance with popular standards. As an atheist, he shocked the church-goer. As a socialist he offended the class-worshiper. As a vegetarian he won the contempt of the beef-eating Briton. Of fashionable life, ever open to authors of brilliancy and talent, he expressed disfavor and intolerance. Against the ideal of duty he set the idea of freedom. To the ideal of heroism he opposed the practicality of common-sense. Romantic sentiment he would replace by scientific natural history.

Out of patience with the low state of the modern stage, he declared that the existing popular drama is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains. He thinks the drama should create the theater, instead of the reverse—the prevailing order of the day. No one more than Mr. Shaw deplores the present vogue of the musical comedy or the puerile inanities of modern plays in which the plot is usually hatched by the stage-setting. No regeneration can come, he believes, so long as the drama of the day is written "for the thea-

ters instead of from its own inner necessity." As now constituted, modern dramas, in Mr. Shaw's view, may be classified under three heads, "neurotic, erotic and tommyrotic."

Everything commonly styled "popular" meets with his scorn and contempt. Popular religion, popular art, popular heroics are the bane of his existence. He sees behind the veil of popular morality the grinning face of deceit. A socialist, he is profoundly imbued with an enthusiasm for social truths as an instrument of social reform. He is anxious to see the joints of time, a process more agreeable to him than to the sorrowful Hamlet. He finds the social structure insecure and unsafe, and is chiefly concerned with setting it right. Popular romance is the great modern vice against which he directs his lance. In his plays he has sought to reveal his ideals, not only of dramatic construction and realistic art, but also of right living and true morality.

However iconoclastic he may be in other things, in the matter of dramatic construction he has frankly bowed to convention. Clever artist and keen analyst that he is, he has fully realized the necessity of working in the manner of tradition. The conventional agreements of the stage, the customs, tricks and devices of stagecraft he freely accepts. The incidents, plot, construction and technical details of drama he turns to his own ends however, giving them novelty, piquancy and charm by the essentially modern use he makes of them. "I have always cast my plays in the ordinary practical comedy form in use at all the theaters," he says, "and far from taking an unsympathetic view of the popular demand for fun, for fashionable dresses, for a pretty scene or two, a little music, or even for a great ordering of drinks by people with an expressive air from an—if possible—comic waiter, I was more than willing to show that the drama can humanize these things as easily as they, in undramatic hands, can dehumanize the drama." In these matters alone, which after all are merely superficial, does

he bow to convention and confess that he is in reality a very old-fashioned playwright.

But it is in his ideas that he is typical of to-day, an exponent of new-century theories, a child of modernity. He once said that drama can never be the same again since Ibsen has written. Certainly his own dramas can never be the same. With Mr. Shaw, the play of course, but more particularly the play of Ibsen, is the thing. In his view, the drama can never be anything more than the play of ideas. To Ibsen he pays devotion, acknowledges him as his master, and declares that the Scoto-Teutonic-Dane, as well as himself, is greater than Shakespeare. From Ibsen he first took his cue of writing propagandist plays for the sake of lessening and gradually eliminating certain social evils. With a natural passion for reforming the world, he deviated from the Ibsenian ideal in being gifted in the art of social satire, rather than imbued with the sentiment of social pity.

His first play, "Widower's Houses," made him, as he tells us, "infamous as a dramatist." It was the first of the "unpleasant" plays and forced his audience to face social evils requiring serious thought. He stimulated the minds of all who saw the play, and for weeks it was freely discussed on all sides. As Mr. William Archer said not long ago: "Mr. Shaw's typewriter is the pom-pom of the literary battle-field. It is not a weapon of great range or caliber; but for making people sit up it has no equal." During the performance of "Widowers' Houses," everyone "sat up."

This play produced at the Independent Theater in London, in 1892, was followed by two others, "The Philanderer" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," neither one of which, it seems, has ever seen the footlights. The comedy of the one was too subtle for the actors, while the theme of the other was too gross for the palate of the dramatic censor. "Arms and the Man," which depicts the victory of Shawesque common-sense over Byronic romanticism, was played both by Drinkwater in

England and Mansfield in America with moderate success. "The Devil's Disciple," which represents the revolt of a frank spirit against a narrow and perverse Puritanism, was put on in England by Forbes Robertson, and in America by Richard Mansfield. In both countries this play was more nearly popular than any other of Mr. Shaw's plays, due no

some three years ago, by Miss Anna Morgan and her theatrical pupils, in Chicago. "Candida" was the past years' offering of the Browning Society, of Philadelphia. Mr. Daly's notable production during the past dramatic season has already been mentioned.

"You Never Can Tell" was written at the request of the Haymarket Theater,



Photo. by Hall, New York.

ARNOLD DALY IN "CANDIDA"—ACT III.

doubt to the fact that it approximates very closely to the conventional modern melodrama, and in theme is more familiar to modern ideas.

"Candida" attracted little notice at its first performance, when it was added to the repertory of the Independent Theater. It was once acted by the Stage Society, and on April 26th, of the present year seven matinée performances, given at the Court Theater, London, were received with delighted interest. If memory serves "Candida" was first presented in America

London, for a "play, in which the much paraphrased 'brilliancy' of 'Arms and the Man' should be tempered by some consideration for the requirements of managers in search of fashionable comedies for West End theaters." But the play was shelved, probably because Mr. Shaw, in iconoclastic vein, failed to fulfil the conditions of the request. It was afterwards produced and met with favorable comment. In America, ten or twelve matinée performances were given in the winter of 1903, at the Studebaker

Theater, in Chicago, by the Hart Conway School of Acting.

"The Man of Destiny" has been played once or twice in England, but so far, it appears, without marked success. It had been performed only once (by the Empire School) in America before Mr. Daly's production last winter. Mr. Shaw's other plays "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and "Man and Superman" have not yet seen the footlights.

So far Mr. Shaw has been introduced to three countries, England, Germany and America. *Drei Dramen von Bernard Shaw: 'Candida'—'Ein Teufelskerl'—'Helden'*, translated by Siegfried Trebitsch, was published (Cotta, Stuttgart and Berlin) in 1903. In the German journal of English philology "*Englische Studien*" for 1903 (33. band, 1. heft) there appeared an article "Bernard Shaw und sein Dolmetsch," by Max Meyerfeld, of Berlin. In this way Mr. Shaw is becoming known to the German reading public, and, according to Mr. John Corbin, the well-known dramatic critic, he is also becoming known in the repertory theaters of Germany.

Mr. Shaw's plays, both as literature and asactable dramas, have been gradually gaining in popularity in America for several years past. A score of critical articles have appeared in the literary and critical magazines of both England and America

in the past year, discussing the plays, personality, career and point-of-view of Bernard Shaw. To some his failings are the uncontrolled use of great power, his excogitated formulæ and socialistic bias, his lack of seriousness, and the excessive and exaggerated brilliancy of his talent. To others his virtues are the modernity of his ideas, his power of divination into the secrets of heart and soul, his amazing cleverness and phenomenal originality. No two estimates agree, for Mr. Shaw has always evaded, even defied the labeling process. The time for such a process is not yet. The German scholar derides him as a colossal charlatan, ascribing to him the unpardonable fault of too often laughing at himself. The English critic writes his name Pshaw! and pricks his weak point with Archer's damning phrase "bloodless erotics." The American actor in enthusiastic appreciation, announces that Shaw is greater than Ibsen. It is just possible that Mr. Shaw may go down in dramatic history as "The Dramatist of Donnybrook Fair." Just now it seems rather more probable that George Bernard Shaw, in the words of that most speculative and suggestive of modern English critics, G. K. Chesterton, will some day be recognized as perhaps "the most thoroughly brilliant and typical man of this decade."

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION: WHY?

BY ARTHUR LLEWELLYN GRIFFITHS, A.B., Yale, 1901,

Founder of the Moro Industrial School System for the Sulu Archipelago, Philippine Islands.

IT WAS with many misgivings that I accepted my appointment to the Educational Department in the Philippines while I was yet a senior in college. My preëstimate of life in the Islands was nearly as bad as subsequent time disclosed and, of the people, worse. With

relation to the people, what my life there revealed to me made me certain that no person who has not actually lived with and among the Filipinos is qualified to speak, or even form mental conclusions, as to, firstly, the attitude of the natives of the Philippines toward the United States;

secondly, the workings of the policy of the United States among the natives of the Philippines; and, thirdly, the actual reason for and meaning of the Filipino insurrection against the government of the United States in the Islands.

Men came to the Philippines at their own expense and at the expense of the government for the sole purpose of studying the Philippine situation from the Filipino standpoint. After being wine and dined at the various officers' clubs in the principal ports of the archipelago, hearing speeches by Filipinos prepared for the occasion, as a minister prepares his sermon to conform to a certain text, they return "knowing the Philippine situation" but, in truth, loaded with hearsay. If the actual inner throbbings of the Filipino heart are desired, go to the teacher who, a college graduate, has lived for months in some lone post where weeks pass without a white face, who lives in a Filipino family, eats with them, understands their dialect so as to know their conversation, and enters into their hearts by teaching their children and, often, tending their sick. The man of war knows the side of the Filipino most prominent in war, and, in peace, he knows the side inspired by shoulder-straps and the authority they, even then, stand for; but to the teacher is disclosed the Holy of Holies of the Filipino heart.

The writer was stationed in a town forty miles from the sea among the mountains of northern Luzon. I frequently met citizens of the town thirty years of age, who had never been to the next town, and one man, forty years of age, was found who had never seen the sea, only forty miles away. This is a typical inland condition. Such people, from lack of knowledge of affairs as they are, are the most prone to fanatical opposition to the new, and herein lies the secret of the insurrection's spreading beyond the Tagalog provinces where it originated. The Philippine Insurrection against the United States was a monument to the power of the personal ambition of a few when used

in a country of slow communications and ignorance of the masses. Few stop to think what started it. The desire for independence did not. It is well to remember this, especially in the light of what follows.

The Americans had the so-called assistance of the Filipinos in reducing Manila in August, 1898. When the city fell, the Filipinos were wild with the desire to loot the Spanish capital. The passions of years could now be let loose. In the interests of humanity and peace the Americans said "No." A hostile feeling was at once engendered in the Filipino breasts. The two armies separated, the American occupying the city and the Filipino, facing the American, on the outskirts. An American sentry paced half the Paco bridge, a Filipino sentry the other half. The Filipinos did not know the mettle of the Americans so a Filipino was sent by an officer to test it. He advanced to the middle of the bridge and was halted there. Another tried it with like result. Then a Filipino officer said to himself, "They will not stop me," and advanced to the middle of the bridge where he disobeyed the order to halt. The sentry, in pursuance of his orders valid against a trespasser of any nationality, shot him. The whole Filipino army at once broke out in fire against their former allies and present friends. The insurrection against the United States was that instant born there at Paco bridge.

A remarkable statement is to be made here, but one borne out by facts. It has been the writer's experience, and that experience has been the result of observation throughout the length of the archipelago in native homes, that there is no national feeling in the Philippines, no desire among the masses for independence, as such, and no hatred, except among the educated and ambitious few, of the Americans, when it has not been aroused by men whose business it is to misrepresent and to foment strife. These statements require support. I have asked Filipino friends what governmental independence was and they could not tell

me. I have said there is no national feeling in the Philippines. The Filipinos are Malays with a slight mixture of Chinese blood. The Malays have no national feeling. The English rule them in unbroken harmony. The Chinese have no national feeling. Their very diversity of language is against it. One from Hong Kong cannot understand one from Canton, half-a-day's sail away, and insurrections against their own government are only exceeded by the republics of South America. Why should the combination of the two with the balance much in favor of the tropical, therefore indolent, Malay, possess what neither sire possesses? Do two and two make five? Is it natural that, in a country having known *no* education for any one, except in the three cities; where it takes a letter one month to travel three hundred miles, even after American occupation; where not five per cent. of the population can read or write and therefore mail service did not exist but for the Spaniards; where travel from any inhabited point for thirty miles in a straight line will frequently bring the traveler into the range of three distinct languages; where fifty per cent. of the inhabitants have never traveled more than thirty miles in a straight line from the barrio in which they were born—is it natural that there should exist that unity of feeling which alone begets patriotism? If so, it has defied obstacles never before defied and hitherto insurmountable, and this, too, in a country where energy in anything is not long possible.

Secondly: There is no desire among the masses for independence. In support of this statement let us ask the question "Why should there be?" Now, among the reasons for a desire for independence are some such as our country can furnish out of its own past history. These are:

1. Tyrannical governors:

The Filipinos have had none since the Americans came.

2. Abridgment of personal liberty:

There has been such an increase in this liberty, and will continue to be, as the

Filipino can hardly grasp the import of, he has been so accustomed to personal subjection.

3. The hackneyed "taxation without representation":

Never in the history of the Philippines has taxation been so reduced. The land-tax is only levied by the village in which the Filipino lives and levied mainly for village expenses which are surprisingly small, so small that the villages frequently cannot afford to pay the salary of \$7.50 a month of the native assistant to the American teacher. The poll-tax is the only one outside of this and this is levied on American residents of the Philippines, as well, while the right of voting is denied them and it is *not* denied to the Filipino. The grand and new educational system is almost entirely supported by the customs-duties of the archipelago. As to representation, the governors of a majority of the islands, with the exception of the Moro group, are Filipinos, the governors of all the Filipino provinces of Luzon are Filipinos and so are the inferior provincial officers under them to a marked degree, two members of the United States Philippine Commission are Filipinos and the islands have in prospect what no other brown people in the world have,—ultimate absolute governmental as well as present individual freedom and the protectorship of the United States of America.

4. High-handedness on the part of the people holding suzerainty:

The iniquity, cruelty and injustice of the erstwhile Spanish government were worse than in Cuba for the reason that they were farther removed from the civilized world and their echoes never reached across the oceans to agitate preventive measures. With the Spaniard the end justified the means. As means to the end in view, subjugation, the Spaniards went to the extremes of making the wearing of shoes, the wearing of the shirt inside the trousers and the speaking of the Spanish language, penal offences. The natives were taught to salute a Spaniard whenever and wherever met. The revolution

in treatment since the Americans came is so great that the Filipino mind, trained to centuries of the reverse, has not yet fully grasped its magnitude or its value.

If, then, it has been successfully demonstrated here that the population of the Philippines has no grievance with America, what *is* the trouble? The trouble is, as hereinbefore stated, that there is "no hatred, *except among the educated and ambitious few*, of the Americans, when it has not been aroused by men whose business it is to misrepresent, and to foment strife." Two centuries ago a Chinese pirate with a horde of followers, sailed across the narrow China Sea from China and attacked Manila. Then all of the town was within the walls. The Spaniards successfully resisted them with the valuable assistance of said walls. Instead of returning to China, the pirate horde sailed to the north and disembarked on the shores of a river flowing into the Gulf of Lingayen. There they permanently settled and from there spread peaceably over the whole archipelago, the result of which was that in 1898 the United States was confronted with an insurrection, in the Philippines, against its sovereign authority there. Not a leader of prominence in the entire Filipino army nor in the Junta which controlled that army was a pure-blooded Filipino, to the writer's best and carefully accumulated knowledge. The combination of Malay and Chinaman produced a human product seen nowhere else, the crafty ambition of which, when educated, was alone responsible for our recent troubles there. To understand this, the reader must be transported in thought to the islands and, as it were, live among the Filipinos and observe closely. As one result of his observations he will notice that the families of comfortable means in his town have some very ignorant and very servile quasi-retainers. Perhaps he will ask a member of the family what the capacity of the quasi-retainer is and he may receive the reply: "He is my body servant." Yet again he may be more for-

tunate, as was the writer, and get at the truth of the matter by receiving the reply: "He is my slave." Slavery, not of an inferior race, but of the master's fellow-citizens, exists among the Filipinos and in most of the cases the master has Chinese blood in him, with its attendant increase of mental acumen, thereby setting him mentally above his fellows, or the smattering of knowledge obtained at a Spanish religious institution which, in its inadequacy of dissemination, likewise sets its possessor above his fellows, or money, not universally possessed, or all three. The mestizo character, the heretofore holding of education and money by the very few, have enabled the possessors thereof to institute that most insidious form of slavery, where there is no law to prevent,—the slavery of educated mind, with all the machinations possible thereto, over uneducated, with the agency of debt used as means for enthralling. Such men, by reason of their fewness, acquire a prominence only possible in such a society, acquire it with a modicum of wealth, get their fellow-citizens who possess no money into debt to them, demand personal services as the means of canceling the indebtedness, pay them such a small sum for their services that cancelation of the debt is an Herculean task, increase the indebtedness, if there is danger of its payment, and the result is a bond-servant in perpetuity. Such conditions exist all over the Philippines, but their existence is kept *sub rosa* by the very ignorance of the victims. To one who lives among them only is this condition very apparent, a condition akin to that of medieval Europe.

With such a condition of affairs, difficult for a writer to portray in *all* its ramifications, such an offshoot as actually has occurred is not by any means a graft but a natural twig from the parent-stem. And this twig, starting from the trunk of ignorance, bodily servitude and its consequent mental sister, has drawn from it the sap percolating up from the roots which are fed by the autocratic class above mentioned. It has been fed the sap of untruth, for

the sap-givers have been of sufficient intelligence to realize that the coming of the American means the ultimate end of their medieval system, a renaissance brought about by the all-searching rays of justice, but first by those of the progenitor of justice, universal education. And this sap of untruth has taken the form of the statement from the autocratic sap-givers, that the Americans came to make them all slaves in open fact and to exploit them for their own purposes. And this sap has, in actuality, been so assiduously forced through the channels supplying life to the Philippine popular tree that it has been assimilated into the very life of it. This is the true cause of the continuance of the insurrection against the United States. The reason for its start has already been noted. The true instigators of this insurrection never exposed their lives to bullets, but, safe in Hong Kong, gathered together in that body called the Junta, directed its operations by the safe medium of the cable. Long dealings with Spaniards had increased their inborn duplicity and taught them to conduct all hostile operations *sub rosa*. But their less well-informed fellow-citizens, the vic-

tims of their misrepresentations above quoted, were the lambs led to the sacrifice. They were the ones whose lives went out in many a tropical jungle, and all because of a misunderstanding.

The disease has been diagnosed. What is the medicine to cure it? Universal education. Out in the Philippines, suffering hardships in the performance of their duties redounding to their praise, is the small band of teachers doing far more for our country than has ever been accomplished by any other arm extended there. The military arm did a part of the work no other could have done, it crushed the living opposition. But the teachers are the hope of the Philippines. Theirs is the task to take up the work where the rifle has just flashed and to make its flashing again impossible; theirs the task to let in light where light has never been, before which the mists of misunderstanding will fade away never to return. Another reconstruction faces us; a people to be educated to freedom from oppression, to light from darkness. May the task find us faithful.

ARTHUR LLEWELLYN GRIFFITHS.
New Haven, Conn.

HOW THE STAGE CAN HELP THE CHURCH.

BY GERTRUDE ANDREWS.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC promoter of the Church and Stage Alliance spoke some time ago to an audience of theatrical women in New York. He outlined for them the various benefits that were to accrue to the stage through this new association. He said that the church could induce a better class of plays as well as a higher standard of morality among theatrical people. It could also teach these latter a greater reverence for the marriage laws. It could abate the strifes and jealousies in Stageland. In fact, it could do all of those things which it had been doing

for so many hundreds of years for those people who have not come under the ban theatrical.

Then this good and enthusiastic gentleman suddenly remembered that the society, in the interest of which he was speaking, had been termed an Alliance. That supposed a mutual benefit. Also he was speaking to theatrical women. They were interested in the other side of the subject. Courtesy demanded some acknowledgment of some possible help which they might give in return for all these many benefits they were to receive.

The gentleman hesitated and made a mental hunt for something pleasant to say. At last his face lighted up, and he acknowledged, in a generous, kindly way:

"The stage—Why, the stage can teach the pulpit how to make gestures."

The theatrical women smiled, and took it good-naturedly. As a class, they have a sense of humor. But the more thoughtful ones among them saw that the reverend gentleman had, in that inane acknowledgment, laid bare his own pitiable needs. He had, as a representative of the church showed the most deplorably weak point of its pulpit—its ignorance of real life-conditions.

Last Christmas night an actress was invited to assist with the festivities in a certain charity hospital of New York. Her name was on the programme for a recitation.

The exercises were held in what was called "the receiving ward" of the hospital. At one end of this long room a beautiful Christmas-tree had been trimmed by a committee of women. All those patients who were able to be moved were brought in to enjoy this celebration. Most of them were seated on chairs, but some lay on cot-beds. The children were given the place of best view at the front, near to the tree, which they devoured with hungry eyes. One mite of a creature sat up in her small bed and looked through a picture-book. Both her hands were gone—they had been burned away—and she turned the book's leaves with the bandaged stumps.

The actress stood in a nearby hall, and looked through a door at the faces of this audience. Beside her stood the clergyman who was to speak to them. He had taken no notice of her presence, for he knew who she was, and probably disapproved of her profession.

But his silence was a relief to the actress, for her soul was stirred to its depths by the sight of that audience. It seemed as though she never could control herself sufficiently to face them. She read their wretched life-dramas; she felt

their needs; she cringed with their sufferings; she saw the tragic marks of inheritances; and she was overwhelmed with the ghastliness of life's great wastes. Her one desire was to comfort, to cheer, to bring smiles in the place of that hopeless endurance.

Then the clergyman stepped out before them and began to talk. He told them the Christ story. But he might have repeated for them the multiplication table. That great story of love and passion found not one echo in his own nature. In a coldly professional and patronizing way he spoke of that gentle Teacher who said:

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

And then added the divine counsel:

"Go ye and learn what that meaneth."

Dreadfully the clergyman wandered on until all there had been of bright anticipation died out of the faces before him. Then he told how thankful they should be that good Christian people had provided this comfortable hospital for them. He laid bare their charitable conditions, and poured the vinegar of patronage upon their hurts. Some yawned. Others dropped their heads on the backs of the seats before them. One or two shrank and covered their eyes. Several men on the cot-beds turned their faces to the wall. A tired wistfulness grew in the eyes of the sick children, and little heads dropped down wearily on the bed-railings.

All this the actress saw from her place in the hall, and every atom in her body cringed under that man's blundering, heartless ignorance. She had faced many an audience, but never had she felt so the responsibility of her art as she did when she finally faced this one. She must break into that oppressive cloud of gloom, and bring to these hearts some ray of hope and joy from the eternal Beautiful.

When she finished her little story, into which she had thrown all her heart, and soul, and knowledge of life, she again met the clergyman in the hall. This time he looked at her, and a certain doubtful interest showed in his eyes. The laughter

and applause of the audience reached them. The men now sat up in their beds. The child who had lost her hands leaned forward and called:

"Oh, come back again, lady."

"It is your business to make people laugh," the clergyman said in tones that did not altogether approve.

"Don't you think that perhaps it should be your business to do so too?" the actress quietly replied.

The other day I was much impressed by two criticisms of *Parsifal*, written by two different clergymen who have both won wide fame. The one is respected of sinners; the other is ridiculed by them. The one teaches love and beauty and the needs of life; the other preaches wickedness and the horrors of hell. The first felt all the humanity in Wagner's opera under its symbolism, and his soul was stirred by the master's great tonal message; the second, who would not allow himself to see the opera, and who had gained his knowledge through its libretto, denounced it as "pernicious and sacreligious." For him the Kundry element did not symbolize temptation and the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, but was simply a reminder of his own theatrical adventures in the Tenderloin.

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

And it has been that great lack of insight—that poverty of life-knowledge—which has been the weakest point in the pulpit, and has kept such a large number of the clergy "above human nature's daily needs."

When Christ advised his disciples "to go ye and learn what that meaneth," He did not intend that they should seek libraries for this knowledge, but they were to go to men. They were to study life on the highways, and not in theolog-

ical seminaries. They were to learn the many conditions that they might be able to cope with humanity's needs, and minister to the afflicted.

It was Tolstoi who defined religion as "a man's highest knowledge of life." No matter what his theology, his religion does not rise above his knowledge of and sympathy with life.

And the drama is the mirror held up to that life—the mirror wherein he can study many of these lessons. The highest motives of the drama and the fundamental principles underlying all religions are identical; for the struggle of both has been towards a broader understanding of life. Neither the stage nor the church has as yet reached its highest ideal of usefulness, but they can be of much mutual helpfulness. They have been so in the past.

Managers shy when the moral value of the theater is suggested. But in spite of their cynicism and their stress of commercialism, the fact remains that the drama's moral import is its very breath, for it reflects that eternal struggle between the powers of good and evil.

The actor's art leads him to a study of life in its shirt-sleeves as well as in its silken gowns or student-caps—life in its ragged, bleeding, harsher aspects; life with all its problems of individual and racial inheritances. Indeed, it is this knowledge which inspires all art, and the artist's greatness is measured by the amount of such knowledge assimilated with love.

And it is by a broadening in this understanding of life that the stage can help the church. Such a broadening develops two things quite indispensable to a teacher of men. Those two things are sympathy and a sense of humor. With the combined efforts of a great sympathy and a sense of humor almost any good can be accomplished.

GERTRUDE ANDREWS.

New York City.

AN OPEN LETTER TO PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS.

BY GEORGE WESTCOTT.

MY DEAR Professor Frank Parsons: As "Open Letters" seem to be much in vogue, and as you have written one to President Roosevelt, which was duly published to the world, and with which I was much pleased, I trust that you will pardon me for addressing this one to you, though written without any expectation of its being so published.

I will premise by saying that I have always been an ardent admirer of yours, and of your writings, particularly those upon political and other reforms, and the best prayer that I could utter for my country, has been that we might have more men like you, but your late article in THE ARENA, "Why I Prefer Theodore Roosevelt to Alton B. Parker" perplexes me. In a previous article in the August number of the same publication, "An Open Letter to President Roosevelt," you show that gentleman up in no very enviable light, in that he has violated nearly all of the commands of the Decalogue, in which, it is my private opinion, you were eminently right:

1. According to that article, and the real facts in the case, he is a staunch friend of a thief and knave, and has the brazen effrontery to openly boast of it in a public speech.

2. You mention the fact of his becoming *particeps criminis* after the fact, with the notorious "Doc" Jamison of Chicago, by appointing him to a position of great public trust, against the remonstrance of the respectable people of that great city, who distinctly pointed out to him the criminality of his appointee.

3. You show how he has broken faith with the people and violated all his previous pledges as to Civil-Service Reform by becoming an upholder of the spoils-system and a sustainer of the "machines" and all kinds of political rottenness.

4. You show how he has violated his solemn oath of office and the Constitution of his country by his infringement of the Executive upon the Legislative branches of the Government in the issuance of his celebrated pension order; all of the above high crimes being done with an evidently corrupt motive, viz, to purchase votes that he may be retained in the high office that he now holds.

5. You show him to be a taker of bribes that, so far as magnitude is concerned, throws the notorious "Doc" Ames of Minneapolis completely in the shade, in that he accepted from the railroad companies of the United States "the enormous favor of a continental trip," when it is a notorious fact that such companies do not grant such favors without an "adequate consideration" either past, present or future. Such conduct, if indulged by members of the Legislatures of some of our states would land the recipients behind prison bars.

6. You show how he upholds the corrupt political machine in Wisconsin and looks with complacency upon the Colorado horror, and how striving to fool the people with his pretended prosecution of the "trusts" he is strenuously striving "how not to do it" and other shortcomings *ad libitum, ad nauseam*.

And yet, notwithstanding all these shortcomings in the present accidental incumbent of the high office of President of the United States, you have reasons why you prefer him to Alton B. Parker! Your contribution to the symposium in the October ARENA came to me as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. There yet remain several weeks before election, would it not be well for you to reconsider your resolution and if you cannot vote for Judge Parker, cast your ballot for Thomas E. Watson? He, permitting me to ex-

press an opinion, is much more in accord with the opinions that you have heretofore expressed than Mr. Roosevelt is. As for myself, I was not an original Parker man, but shall vote for him only as the most available candidate. If there was any chance of electing him, I should much prefer seeing Watson elected and would gladly vote for him. A vote for him would simply mean a vote for Roosevelt.

The first thing and most practical thing to do in the interests of reform, is to get possession of the Government. The only hope of doing this, in my estimation, is

through Parker. True, he might prove no better than Roosevelt, but he could not be worse, and the probabilities are that he would be better.

I write this letter in a spirit of kindness, hoping that I may be instrumental in convincing you that you have made a mistake in coming to the conclusion that you have. If I am successful in this, I hope that you will do what you can, and what seems just and proper to counteract the effect of your late article.

GEO. WESTCOTT.

Ely, Minn.

"BACCHUS": ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT POEMS.

BY CHARLES MALLOY,

President of the Boston Emerson Society.

"Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching
through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffer no savor of the earth to scape."

BACCHUS is used in this poem for the vine, for grapes, for wine, the juice of grapes, and for the effects of wine. Bacchus, again, meaning this collection of physical phenomena, is made the symbol of inspiration, or an experience entirely spiritual or mental. This seems to be its meaning in the poem. So Bacchus is invoked by a poet for what, by an old name, is called the muse, in the interest of poets' productions. The extent or amplitude of this inspiration is well expressed by what Emerson would call "wild hyperbole," given in the lines we have quoted.

"Under the Andes to the Capes,"—

Cape Horn, of course, would be indefinite, depending upon where on the Andes you begin, but it would be several hundred

reds of miles, at the least. We waive the bad geography which would locate Styx and Erebus in South America. As they never had any existence in the real world, it does not matter where we put them, and accuracy here is not essential to the force of the figure. The poet would ask, by these terms, an inspiration vast and unbounded.

The prayer goes on to say:

"Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight."

Emerson has given us in many places fine figures for amplitude and extension, as: "Apollo once challenged Zeus to a match in the use of the bow. Apollo, by lot, won the first chance. He shot his arrow from the East to the West. But Zeus by one step strode from the East to the West and said: 'Where shall I shoot? There is no space left.'"

The Sphinx says:

"To vision profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive."

A verse in *Merlin* may be added:

"He the poet shall not seek to weave
In weak, unhappy times,
Efficacious rhymes;
Wait his returning strength.
Bird that from the nadir's floor
To the zenith's top can soar,—
The soaring orbit of the muse exceeds that
journey's length."

"On the brink of the waters of life and truth we are miserably dying. The inaccessibleness of every thought, but that we are in, is wonderful. What if you come near to it? You are as remote when you are nearest as when you are farthest."

"Suffer no savor of the earth to scape."

The preceding four lines in the quotation with which we begin afford a symbol for vast extent and amplitude, and this fifth line for variety in the resources of the poet. The grapes, and hence the wine, shall not suffer for want of any element. Give it the ground, the air and the sun.

"Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus."

We ask of the poet of to-day that he shall have drawn largely from books, from work, from life, in the form of a deep and rich experience. He shall know sorrow, pain, loss, disappointment. These phases of his life may be subsumed under the metaphors of Styx and Erebus, dark, gloomy under-worlds in the old religions. But the grand result is not to be made of sorrow and pain alone, although some mistaken teachings in the past have led to that. All normal pleasures were called the "flesh"—something vile and to be rejected.

Emerson in his famous lecture on *The American Scholar*, in 1837, had given a very beautiful expression to this thought.

Let both joy and sorrow come into the wine.

"Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,"

may well stand for both joy and sorrow. The intellect can use all things in its fermentation by a "craft" which will take care of itself and by "spiritual laws," independently of our wills. "Behind us as we go all things assume pleasing forms." "The soul will not know either deformity or pain." The acrid juice was needed, as we learn at last.

"Taught to mould the living vase,
What matter the cracked pitchers,
Dead and gone?"

Says Browning:

"We buy ashes for bread;
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true,—
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven
Draw everlasting dew."

We go round and round in a thousand circles, and do not seem to grow in magnitudes that are worth anything. Why is the vintage, the fermentation, so slow? Why such endless indirection? Why, but that the result is good at every point? Nature prizes things growing and grown alike, and even decay is good. The laws are always obeyed.

Pause a moment and consider the beauty of this figure, "the silver hills of heaven," in contrast with "Styx and Erebus"; and both are in the wine at last!

"We buy ashes for bread;
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true."

What is the *true*? A poet in an Eastern land called it "water." "Whosoever

drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Do not these two poets agree? One calls it "everlasting dew"; one, "water" that never fails, but transmutes itself into "everlasting life."

"So forth and brighter fares my stream,—
Who drinks it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam,
And ages drop in it like rain."

Do not the wine in "Bacchus," the water in the "well" and the water in the "Two Rivers" mean the same thing? And what is that same thing? Evidently something finer, purer, sweeter in what for want of another name, we may call the life of the soul. How much is "ashes for bread," how much is "diluted wine" as it falls down before these superior tests?

"Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven
Draw everlasting dew."

What could be better than these beautiful emblems to express the enduring virtues and transcendent excellence of the Celestial Bacchus, which, let it be remembered, is an intellectual and not a physical reality.

"Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms, and mould of statures."

These are only intensives of the terms already used for Bacchus.

"That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well."

One of the highest achievements in art is dramatic assimilation, to become, as it were, the thing you would portray; in

form, in tone, in character, in all the modifications of consciousness, so far as imagination will carry one to this rare facility. A man with such endowment is already half an artist. He may thus "float at pleasure through all natures."

"The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well."

Emerson says the rose speaks all languages. The pine-tree in the same way is pentecostal. These things make the same impression on all, no matter what their language. The poet hears this universal language. The sky, the ocean, the winds, the mountains, the woods, thus speak all languages. Emerson has a beautiful little poem about the language of a bird, which was very plain to him. This poem is called "The Miracle."

"Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
Where the South Sea calls."

This needs no explication. It expresses abundance.

"Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can."

This wine is really a mental fact, a form of consciousness. "Rainbow-flowering" expresses beauty; "wisdom-fruited," of course, thought or truth. Water, bread and wine are used as meaning the same—the same in their second or emblematic meanings.

"Wine which Music is,—
Music and wine are one."

This is one of Emerson's mystic sayings.

"Wine which Music is,—
Music and wine are one."

Of course this strange language is not literal. Music and wine are common symbols for some third reality of which they are alike representative. What is that common ground? Music and wine are appeals, as physical excitants, to two separate senses; and the phenomena, as such, are entirely disparate and inconvertible. They cannot by any analysis be made one. We must raise their meanings—carry them up into poetical correlatives before we can think of them as identical. In their first level and estate they will not coalesce or unite. What third term will give them a common ground? We may find a hint, perhaps, in some lines in another poem, "The Problem":

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles."

"Monastic aisles" and "pensive smiles" are optical phenomena, and as such fall on the eye. "Sweet strains" are acoustic phenomena and fall on the ear. These two orders of sensation are disparate and inconvertible. There can be no union or identity between them, but they become one and alike when they "fall on the heart." Then they lose their uncompromising individuality in a common term. They translate themselves into emotions, for that is to "fall on the heart." As sensations they could not unite, but in emotion, which lies farther along in a spiritual process, they expire as sensations and are raised into a higher world. What common ground shall identify music and wine? As sensations they are not one or alike.

This poetical identification uses only a little of two contrasted concepts or predicates between which analogy seems to subsist. All metaphor is generalization, the law being a discrimination and emphasis of their correlated predicates.

"Wine" does not mean wine, and "music" does not mean music in any literal signification. We are in second

meanings, raised meanings, by what Emerson calls metamorphosis. The meanings have gone up to higher meanings, as in all metaphor.

"Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,
Wine which is already man;
Food which teach and reason can."

"Water" and "bread" and "wine" are words very different in their common and literal meaning; but it is worth our notice that in the above lines these three words are used for one and the same thing,—namely, a certain spiritual excellence or perfection, expressed more explicitly by the words wisdom, virtue, truth, righteousness, sanctification, and that great symbol—the "kingdom of heaven" within the soul, which is the end of all good inspiration. This is the final object of the prayer, "Bring me wine."

Emerson has the following thoughts in his "Essay on the Poet":

"The quality of the imagination is to flow and not to freeze. The poet did not stop at the color or the form, but read their meaning; neither may he rest in *this* meaning, but he makes the *same objects* exponents of his *new* thought."

"Wine which Music is,—
Music and wine are one."

These mystic lines have been prominent among the insoluble sphinxes in Emerson's poems. They appear to be hung up in the air in the apprehension of most readers and do not render a satisfactory rationale or foundation in logic. If the present attempt seems to go far off for its argument it may be received as an experiment only. Symbols are symbols "to whom they are significant." The poet may have had a conception in his mind of which these symbols, wine and music, are equally significant. Perhaps Browning can help us a little in the present emer-

gency. We quote a few lines from "Abt Vogler":

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of
good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,
not good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-
vives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of
an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for
earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose
itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and
the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: We shall
hear it by-and-by."

In my first reading of these well-known lines I said, Why a discrimination in favor of the "melodist"? Why is the "melodist" made prominent above another who fills his particular place in life, does his own work well, however low and ignoble in the eyes of men? This was not Browning's sentiment,—"All service is alike to God," I remembered. Then I said, "melodist" is a metaphor and is not to be taken in a strict and literal sense; but in view of its obvious analogies it is a symbol of application to all men who do their part well in the world. It applies to the artisan as well as to the artist; to a humble laborer as well as to a lord. And lo! the next lines supported this diagnosis and made explicit what was before implied.

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for
earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose
itself in the sky,
Are *music* sent up to God."

To know the music is to know the melodist; and we see that it is not the technical and real melodist, but the subject of great actions and virtues implied in the predicates which make the music. Passages in a noble life, spending itself in aspirations and labors beyond its strength, and failing at last, are named and honored by this sig-

nificant symbol, meaning so much that is grand and beautiful. Do we not see something in such a life suggesting the long vine, traversing Styx and Erebus and curling its leaves among the "silver hills of heaven"? Browning calls it music; Emerson calls it wine. They mean the story of a heroic life, going down in sorrow and apparent defeat. Such a life often succeeds in that it seems to fail. But the conclusion to which we would ask attention is that this in Browning is given in the symbol of music, and in Emerson in the symbol of wine. It is remarkable that Browning in the poem, "Jochanan Hakkadosh," written many years after "Abt Vogler," gives us the spectacle of a great and good life filled with trial and disappointment and ending in failure, and he designates the resultant by Emerson's word,—namely, *wine*. With such phenomena in mind can we not say, "Music and wine are one"? We thus raise the words above their literal meanings and their difference. In this way we illustrate in diverse things a poetical identity.

"The highest minds of the world have never ceased to explore the double meaning, or shall I say the quadruple or the centuple or much more manifold meaning of every sensuous fact: Orpheus, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Plato, Plutarch, Dante, Swedenborg, and the masters of sculpture, picture, and poetry." Thus says Emerson in the "Essay on the Poet."

"Wine which music is,—
Music and wine are one,—
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me."

Emerson, says William T. Harris, is the first poet to sing the great concepts of science. This poem, "Bacchus," was written sixty years ago. Geology had recently given in its amazing testimony in regard to the history of our earth, and good minds had grasped the concept of evolution. It was the most prominent and promising of the new generalizations

now engaging the minds of students. Emerson was prepared for this new concept by a metaphysical prepossession in the doctrine of unity or identity. All things, he says, are made of one stuff. He would invoke inspiration for the problems of this new philosophy. He already saw that it must be true. "Things are so strictly related that, according to the skill of the eye, from any one object the parts and properties of any other may be predicted." This guiding identity runs through all the surprises and contrasts of the piece and characterizes every law. Man carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought. Because the history of nature is characterized in his brain, therefore is he the prophet and discoverer of her secrets. Every known fact in natural science was divined by the presentiment of somebody before it was actually verified." "The common-sense of Franklin, Dalton, Davy and Black is the same common-sense which made the arrangements which now it discovers."

"Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing rightly for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed; then before the rock is broken and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite, how far the quadruped! How inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides."

All men but a very few were shocked at these words when first published in 1844, and thought them blank atheism. But "far Chaos" had hinted its great story,

had talked to a few lovers and devout listeners, and Emerson was one. Now he asks the "wine which music is" that he, "drinking this, shall hear far Chaos talk" with him in still larger measure.

"Kings unborn shall walk with me."

A book, written by Lord Brougham, was published about the same time with this poem "Bacchus," called "Fossil Osteology," in which the author, observing the progress and ascension which appeared in the forms of life in successive strata, ventured the postulate of a still farther progress and ascension, until we had a being superior even to man, by natural evolution. Did Emerson at the time have a poetical interest in this doctrine and look forward, this being his hope for "kings unborn"? Browning seems to have shared in such a prospect. In "Abt Vogler" his "structure brave," builded of music, transparent as glass, gave him the vision of "presences plain in the place." These presences were of two classes:

" . . . Or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier
wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their
liking at last;
Or else the wonderful dead who have passed
through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old
world worth their new."

Were these "presences fresh from the Protoplast, furnished for ages to come" the same as in Emerson's vision which he calls "kings unborn"? At any rate this poet in his passion would drink a wine which should give him the concealed things of the far-off past and the far-off future as well.

"And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man."

In these lines is given another possibility of this far-off future, which must pass for "wild hyperbole." The best we can do

with the extravagant conception is to say that, by synecdoche, the "poor grass" may represent the vegetable phase of nature, and as such aspires to the animal forms above it. How that wonderful passage is made we may well ask a celestial Bacchus for revelation.

"Kings unborn may walk with me."

I omitted to give a thought at the proper place in reference to these "kings unborn." The transcendentalists were fond of quoting a line from the old poet, Daniel:

"Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How poor a thing is man."

This depreciation of man is, perhaps, allowed only by man. All the other animals respect him. The "kings unborn"—are they wrapt up potentially in the family and only wait till the favoring winds shall blow, to use the beautiful simile of Browning? Or do they wait for a new race for which the protoplast does not now exist? Speaking with Professor John Fiske of Brougham's book and its theory, he said he had heard of the book but had not read it. As to the theory, he thought we did not need it. Man was on the way to be his own "king unborn." And this was a vaticination of Emerson's even. He says in the "Essay on History":

"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. Thus man, by the right of reason, is made heir of all the great and shining possibilities now hinted and predicted in the ideals of the present time.

They are his already by construction, because he aspires and loves toward them, as

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Man helps out his limitations by reason. He supplements his feeble powers by wit and art. His eye reaches but a little way into the deeps of space, but with the telescope which he has made he sees stars the light of which is ten thousand years in coming to us. He has not the strength of the horse, the ox, the elephant, but he easily subdues these creatures and makes them his servants. Science gives him more and more a command of all the elements. Even the lightnings of heaven have become his docile agents and yield him unlimited mechanical power. He is fast becoming a "king unborn." The favoring winds are blowing even now. What is this reason but the "Bacchus," the "wine," the "music" of this poem?

"Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock."

In the preceding seven lines we have evolution. In these two we have geology. At the inspiration of this new muse, this Bacchus, this grand awakening of the intellect, the crypts of the rocks have been opened, and how many truths, problematic when this poem was written, are now well established!

"I thank the joyful juice
For all I know;—
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow."

It is the function of the intellect to know. That seems to be the whole duty and business of the mind, acting under this name. It may be said, in familiar

terms, that this "wine" runs the intellect. The mental forces and activities which bring us knowledge are classified in the poem under this equivalent, wine, or the "joyful juice."

"I thank the joyful juice
For all I know,"

says the song at this place. One great and indispensable instrument in the service of the intellect is memory. How little we should know without it.

"Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow."

This is metaphor for memory, and the import of the line as a whole is in other respects almost the same as

" I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me."

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. How solid seem the walls of use, of custom. We have settled ways in every department of life—in art, in religion, in government, in industrial and commercial methods. How they melt and yield in the 'wine' of new thought. The 'old bottles burst,' after the metaphor of another. "There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the Divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it."

"Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be out-generaled, but, put him where you will, he stands. This can only be by his preferring truth to his past apprehension of truth, and his alert acceptance of it from whatever quar-

ter; the intrepid conviction that his laws, his relations to society, his Christianity, his world, may at any time be superseded and de cease."

Thus at the "quicken ing" power of the "joyful juice"—the influx of a new generalization, the

" . . . Seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow."

Then:

"Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine."

Again comes a prayer:

"Retrieve the loss of me and mine!"

What vast accumulations from study, reading and our varied experiences are lost through the failure of memory to hold them fast. There is much evidence, from instances of an abnormal "quicken ing," as in imminent death, that the memory has kept all the treasures committed to it, but the phase called recollection does not render them upon call. So the prayer is pertinent:

"Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote."

This is paradox. Paradox is a deceitful creature. It is often a lie in form or on the face of it, but a truth if we look farther in. The deception in the present case consists in the same word used for two different ideas, namely, the word "vine." The law underlying the substitution of "vine" for "wine" we have considered as simply a change of symbols. This use of the same word for two ideas is a plain instance of what Emerson calls metamorphosis. In its first use the word has its second meaning and is an intellectual reality. In its second use it has its literal meaning, as material wine, in which form, as in drunkenness, it often does much harm. By a paraphrase we should

then say: This spiritual or intellectual wine is an "antidote" for the mischief of material wine. The thought is illustrated by the old story of Jason and Orpheus. Jason to save his sailors from the vicious and seductive music of the sirens filled their ears with wax, so that they could not hear; but Orpheus saved them by the wise device of making a better music. Our temperance people do not know what a good argument lies in this line. Jason would save from the evil of a sense by suspending it or killing it for a time. This was the mistake of the doctrine which taught the mortification of the body and led to the wretched lives of the anchorites in their caves. Keep the senses, says the better thought, but give them proper objects. This was the better wisdom of Orpheus. "Vine for vine be antidote," not mortification. Browning is with Emerson in this:

"Let us not always say
 'Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
 whole!'
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry 'All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
 than flesh helps soul!'"

"And the grape requite the lote."

Grape, vine and wine, according to what we have already said upon symbols, or poetical identity, are all names for spiritual effects. The sentiment of this is almost the same as that of the line which precedes it. This wine is a corrective; a good neutralizing bad; a power which makes for righteousness. It is the Holy Spirit of another cultus, another terminology. The terms differ, the reality is the same. The Over-Soul is only still another name; the Absolute, the Infinite and God, still others. This song is a divine song. Its soul and essence are religious and might form part of a new ritual and be chanted by worshipers. As the vine quickens and arouses, so the lote numbs and stupefies the soul. The vine, the

grape, requites or compensates for the lote. It thus "saves the soul."

"Haste to cure the old despair."

Men had long thought there was no cure, or that the remedy could not come as the infection had come, from the bosom of the Great Mother. Nature had given the evil, but could not cure it. The cure must come from "above." But the world was sufficient for the wants of the world. Its ready pharmacopœia was sufficient for all diseases. The injury and the specific grow side by side, and need not be imported from an extramundane sphere.

"Reason in Nature's lotus drenched."

When we come to the perception of a great and far-reaching truth, making a hundred things plain and with a new significance, we may well say that in all our lives, before this conversion, we were "drenched in lotus." Where do we find ourselves? Says Emerson in the "Essay on Experience":

"In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight. But the genius which, according to the old belief, stands at the door by which we enter, and gives us the lethe to drink, that we may tell no tales, mixed the cup too strongly, and we cannot shake off the lethargy now at noon-day. Sleep lingers all our life-time about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir-tree. All things swim and glitter. Our life is not so much threatened as our perception. Ghost-like we glide through nature and should not know our place again. Did our birth fall in some fit of indigence and of frugality of nature, that she was so sparing of her fire and so liberal of her earth that it appears to us that we lack the af-

firmative principle, and though we have health and reason, yet we have no superfluity of spirit for new creation. We have enough to live and bring the year about, but not an ounce to invest or impart. Ah, that our Genius were a little more of a genius! We are like millers on the lower levels of a stream, when the factories above them have exhausted the water. We, too, fancy that the upper people must have raised their dams."

"An innavigable sea washes with silent waves between us and the objects we aim at and converse with."

"Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched,"

gives us again the loss sustained by failing memory in addition to the lulled senses by the way.

"Give them again to shine,"

is the prayer to Bacchus.

"Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints."

A printed cloth is sometimes called a print. It is apt to fade. It is very desirable to have "fast colors." These prints

were called calicoes, because first imported from Calicut in the East Indies. The plate, cut or engraved for making the impression, was also called a print. It grew indistinct from long use and must be "recut." The art of printing muslins was begun in America about the year 1825. A great deal of trouble was found at first in getting "fast" colors, and the calicoes brought from England stood higher in the stores. They were called "English prints." The cheaper goods would fade. The above imagery might easily have come from familiar domestic observations. Emerson finds in them symbols, by good analogy, for facts in psychology or the history of the soul. So Bacchus is invoked to

"Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men."

This was a great, a last prayer to the Celestial Bacchus. Give me plenary inspiration, give me to write verse that shall last throughout the ages. Give me the pen which on the tablets above drew the eternal constellations.

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

SAINT-SIMON: THE FIRST AMERICAN.

BY HERBERT N. CASSON.

THE first American was a Frenchman.
His name was Saint-Simon.

He fought through five campaigns of the Revolutionary war, and was present when Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

Lafayette and he were comrades.

His bravery on the field was so conspicuous that he received decorations from both the American and the French Governments.

Yet when the war ended he was but twenty-one,—three years younger than Lafayette.

He was the first American because he was the only one among those who fought for the Republic who understood what it meant.

His mind was the only one that comprehended the idea of America.

George Washington fought for colonial rights.

Lafayette fought for a political Republic.

Saint-Simon fought for a political and industrial Democracy.

The thirteen little colonies said: "It is finished"; but Saint-Simon said: "It is begun."

He alone among his contemporaries knew that the Revolutionary war had done no more than plant the seed of America, and that centuries would be required for growth and fruitage.

He was the spokesman of Social Evolution. His generation was at least three hundred years behind him; and he towered above the statesmen of his time as Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

The story of his life is so wonderful that biographers have passed it by with incredulity.

No individual ever outlined a larger scope of activity or packed more varied experiences into a lifetime.

Saint-Simon was born at Paris in 1760. His father was Count de Saint-Simon, a descendant of Charlemagne.

At the age of thirteen he declared himself an unbeliever in Romanism and refused to go to communion.

His father sent him to prison as a punishment, but could not frighten him back to orthodoxy.

Several years afterwards his father died and he succeeded to the title and estate.

At once he set sail for America, to fight in the Revolutionary war; remained until its close in 1781; and then returned to aid the Revolutionists in his own country.

He was on board the "Ville de Paris" when it was captured by Rodney, the English Admiral; and was struck, and nearly killed, by a ball from the English guns.

The sailors were on the point of throwing him overboard when he regained consciousness.

Although he had been made a colonel, he at once, on returning to France, severed his connection with the army and became a scientist and social reformer.

In 1789 he renounced his title, saying:

"I regard the title of Count as inferior to that of citizen."

He became the president of the local commune, but refused the office of Maire, as he did not wish his social standing to influence the choice of the electors.

It was his aim to instruct the people who had been his tenants and to this end he delivered lectures on democracy in the parish church.

In partnership with a capitalist, he bought a great tract of land, intending to start a model industrial community like that afterwards organized by Godin at Guise, and by Robert Owen at New Lanark.

But the capitalist was incapable of appreciating Saint-Simon's ideas, and bought him out for \$28,800,—much less than his share was worth.

At this time Robespierre became jealous of Saint-Simon's growing fame and had him confined in prison for eleven months.

On his release, he went immediately to Paris and devoted himself to the study of social questions.

In pursuit of knowledge, he visited the salons of the nobility, and the lowest dives in the slums; he conversed with D'Alembert and Rousseau, and with the garbage-gatherers and prostitutes and scrub-women.

He became the personal friend of individuals in every social and intellectual grade, from the street-beggars to Napoleon.

No man, before or since, has had as thorough a personal knowledge of city and country, poor and rich, ignorant and learned, as had Saint-Simon.

And his knowledge was not accumulated for curiosity or amusement, but in accordance with a definite life-purpose.

He was the first to recognize the truth, that he who would abolish social evils must above all things know the people who are to be affected.

Such was his generosity to the poor and to needy scientists, that in a few years he was without a franc.

The friends whom he had helped were ungrateful and for six months he was obliged to work nine hours a day, copying papers in a pawn-shop, for four dollars a week.

He was then discovered by his former valet, who had become well-to-do, and for a number of years lived with his old servant in comparative comfort.

When his ex-valet died, he was again made homeless and was bitterly harassed by poverty through the remainder of his life.

At one time the pangs of starvation goaded him to attempt self-destruction.

After calmly writing a last review of his books and pamphlets, he shot himself in the temple, and was discovered by Comte sitting on his cot and noting his symptoms with scientific interest and composure.

"I am interested to know how long a man can live with seven slugs in his brain," said he to Comte.

The best medical skill was secured for him by his penitent friends, and he slowly recovered, though losing the sight of one of his eyes.

For several years longer he continued to teach and attract to him the cleverest men in France.

Then, in 1825, surrounded by his friends, who almost regarded him as a god, he died.

Even to the moment of the last gasp for breath he continued to counsel his disciples and to repeat his confidence in his own ideas.

"The Party of Laborers will soon be formed; the future is ours," were his last words.

When his friends buried him at Père la Chaise, there stood around his grave the thinkers of Paris,—Comte, the philosopher; Laurent, the litterateur; Barrault, the dramatist; Hippolyte Carnot, the biographer; Fournel, the engineer; Bazard, the politician; Thierry, the historian; Lesseps, the canal-builder; and Chevalier, the "Cobden of France."

In the minds of these men, and others, Saint-Simon implanted ideas that have

since developed and become externalized into the most beneficent social reforms.

More than this, he suggested ideas which were so new and comprehensive that neither his generation nor the present one has thought it possible to embody them in the social order.

Saint-Simon was a pioneer of the twentieth century.

He was like an eighteen-year-old youth placed by mistake in the kindergarten.

The great, new ideas which he taught may be divided into three classes,—those that are partly in operation; those that are partly understood; and those that are neither in operation nor understood.

We shall review them in the order in which they have become comprehensible to the public mind.

First, those that are partly in operation:

1. The utility of canals.

When a very young man, Saint-Simon advocated the digging of the Panama and Suez canals, also a canal from Madrid to the sea-coast.

DeLesseps, who afterwards finished the Suez canal in 1869, was a Saint-Simonian.

The usefulness of a canal was first appreciated in America, and Saint-Simon lived long enough to hear of the completion of the Erie canal in 1825.

2. Free-Trade.

During Saint-Simon's lifetime, free-trade was regarded as his and Voltaire's foolish and visionary project; but in 1841 Sir Robert Peel transformed it into the most successful English fact.

3. Scientific History.

Saint-Simon was ridiculed by all contemporary historians because he maintained that history should chronicle tendencies, not events; and social influences, not the quarrels and escapades of monarchs.

He said it should cease to be romance and become science.

And in 1857 Buckle wrote his *History of Civilization in England*, transforming at once all other histories into novels and scrap-books.

4. Evolution.

Saint-Simon proved from history that a nation grows like an individual.

He also showed that man's superiority over the lower animals was not a result of any Deity's foreordination, but a natural result of the physical and mental powers of man.

He taught that if some catastrophe swept all mankind from the earth, the beaver would move up and take man's place.

Thus, Saint-Simon was the first modern European to suggest "the survival of the fittest," proclaiming the idea more than forty years before it was established by Darwin and Wallace.

5. Equality of Women.

While the brutally-masculine Napoleonic Code was being compiled, Saint-Simon was teaching the political, industrial and intellectual equality of woman.

So thoroughly did he carry out this belief that he maintained that if there were a God, even He must be androgynous.

This belief in the equal rights of women was scouted by all nations during his lifetime, and the first step towards educational equality was not taken until a year after his death, when a high-school for girls was opened in Boston.

Complete political equality remained a dream until Wyoming granted women full suffrage in 1869.

To-day, as a theory, the equality of women is generally admitted not only in America but among the rationalists of all countries; and where repression yet remains, it is defended upon the ground of expediency, not justice.

6. Organized Industry.

"My purpose is to impress upon the nineteenth century an organizing character," said Saint-Simon.

He attempted to establish a model industrial community five years before Robert Owen began his experiment at New Lanark; but was forced to abandon his plans through the stupidity of his business partner.

He was the only thinker of his time who foresaw that the commercial supremacy

of the future was to be won by the nation that had the most complete organization and consolidation of its industries.

When, last year, the balance of trade was nearly \$700,000,000 in favor of America, there were very few of us who remembered that another of Saint-Simon's dreams had come true.

7. International Arbitration.

At a time when militarism ruled Europe and when France had deified Napoleon, Saint-Simon taught that all standing armies should be abolished, and proclaimed the exit of the militarist.

Undazzled by the glory of a hundred French victories, he calmly announced that henceforward the manufacturer and the financier should dictate public policy to the General and the King.

He declared that the quarrels of nations, like those of individuals, should be settled by an impartial tribunal; and in 1883 this proposition was adopted as a national policy by Switzerland.

8. Divorce.

One hundred years ago the Church's doctrine of marriage had been modified slightly, so that a divorce might be granted to a man, but not to a woman.

Saint-Simon taught that divorces should be granted to men and women, if incompatibility were proven.

This view of divorce was, in spite of the fiercest opposition, enacted into law in France in 1884.

Second. Those ideas that are partly understood.

1. Social Reform by Education.

Although Saint-Simon was a leader in both the American and the French Revolutions, he taught his pupils the futility of force.

He said that no victory, whether military or political, had any substance unless upheld by public opinion and reinforced by public intelligence.

"A revolution merely changes the form in which tyranny appears," said he, "unless a higher brand of men replace those who have been driven from power."

2. Equal Opportunities.

"Place every one according to his capacity and reward him according to his work," said Saint-Simon.

"The State should be the Universal Legatee, the Common Parent," he said.

He taught that while people are unequally endowed by birth, they should not be by inheritance or law.

Every person should be allowed to accumulate all he could honestly earn, but should not be permitted to destroy the spirit of self-help in his children by bequeathing to them the rewards of his labors.

According to Saint-Simon's plan of social service, the aptitudes of children should be studied by their teachers; and then, equally endowed by the State with capital and economic opportunities, the young people should be placed where they can best develop their individual talents, and promote the general welfare.

Unlike the collectivists of his time, Saint-Simon did not believe that industrial organization should be perfected through the sacrifice of the individual; but that the aim of every social system should be the perfecting and ripening of the members who compose it.

3. Secularism.

"The body is as holy as the mind," said Saint-Simon.

"Material prosperity is a religious duty."

The welfare of the human race, he taught, is the only criterion by which actions or ideas are to be judged.

4. Barrenness of Metaphysics.

During Saint-Simon's lifetime, it was believed that metaphysics alone could solve the problems of the universe.

At the time when he was most deserted and ignored, when he was the wage-slave of a pawn-broker, Hegel, at Jena, was lecturing to crowds of enthusiastic students, and proclaiming transcendentalism to be the pathway to the highest knowledge.

Unmoved alike by scoffing or applause, Saint-Simon taught that transcenden-

talism was nothing but words,—as unsubstantial as the coloring of a sunset cloud.

He outlined the scientific method of discovering truth and taught that no statement was of any more value than the sum-total of the known facts upon which it was based.

Third. Those ideas that are neither in operation nor understood.

1. Government by the Fittest.

Saint-Simon taught that the governments of his day, and of the present, are obstructive excrescences upon the social organism.

He declared, what almost every American election has proved to be true, that political democracy has, as yet, been no more than demagogism and the supremacy of mediocrity.

His proposal was for an "industrial parliament," composed of the ablest men and women in the various trades and professions.

Every member would be chosen by the votes of those in his own craft, and because of his abilities in his own line of work.

By this means a truly representative government would, for the first time, be established; yet also a government by genius, not mediocrity.

2. Public Nurseries.

Saint-Simon said: "I believe in the abolition of Domesticity, which is the last survival of serfdom."

He believed that the nurture and culture of babies and children should be the work of highly-skilled specialists, not amateurs who substitute sentiment for science.

Women and children, as well as men, are social beings, and should not be caged apart in enervating isolation.

3. Compulsory Labor.

The first commandment of Saint-Simon was: "All men must work."

Earn your own living or take your place among the thieves and beggars.

At a time when labor was despised by all nations, when even in America the

average wages were four cents an hour, Saint-Simon taught that labor was the highest expression of human energy and thought, nobler than the pomp of courts and the glory of conquest.

4. Free Law.

"Professional lawyers and judges should be abolished," said he.

"The lawyer is not only parasitical, but obstructive."

"It is his especial business to tie up the wheels of progress with the cords of custom and precedent."

Instead of administering justice for private profit, Saint-Simon would establish courts of arbitration, the members of which would be rewarded by honor, not by money.

5. The United States of Europe.

In 1814 Saint-Simon published an essay on "The Reorganization of European Society," advocating an international parliament to administer continental affairs.

This parliament would, for instance, connect the Danube with the Rhine and the Rhine with the Baltic sea, facilitate communication and transportation, regulate education, and unify the various legal codes.

The International Postal Union, including at the present time fifty-seven nations, is a slight illustration of his meaning.

"If every individual is for himself, who will be for the nation? And if every nation is for itself, who will be for the world?" So he answered when his contemporaries babbled of *laissez faire*.

6. A Religion of Knowledge.

"All present religions," said Saint-Simon, "are based upon speculation and fear, not upon knowledge and affection."

He first saw what is insisted upon to-day by Haeckel,—the necessity of abandoning insincere beliefs and formulating an intellectual monism.

We must build up a new system of thought out of what we know, omitting all that we merely remember or imagine.

Just as we have eliminated astrology from astronomy, and magic from chem-

istry, and fetichism from hygiene, so must we proceed until every department of knowledge is purged from speculative ignorance.

In 1808, when Comte was ten years old, Saint-Simon first used the phrase "positive philosophy"; and five years later expounded the idea which has been connected with the name of Comte.

The idea of a religion of humanity, burlesqued to-day by sentimentalists, is one of the noblest that ever entered a human brain; and, so far as human records can inform us, was original with Saint-Simon.

Such was the brain-product of this man.

His ideas were too large for France; too large for Europe.

They could be embodied only in an international republic of political and industrial peers, such as the United States shall be before the twentieth century is finished,

Saint-Simon was not a mystic, like Mazzini; not a systematist, like Fourier; not a philanthropist, like Owen; not an economist, like Marx; not a dreamer, like Bellamy and Morris.

His mind was symmetrical and harmoniously developed, enabling him to instruct men who had all manner of special aptitudes.

His philosophy has been called "the kernel from which sprout the greatest thoughts of modern writers, speakers and legislators."

It was a chance copy of his paper, "Le Globe," dropped in a Berlin coffee-house, that started the irresistible Social Democratic movement of Germany.

"Merely from a religious point-of-view," said Lacordaire, "Saint-Simonism was the most important movement since the Reformation."

"It was the first example of pure Socialism," said Professor Richard T. Ely.

Saint-Simon was the most practical man of his generation, as he was the first to point out the possibilities of national

and international coöperation for scientific, industrial and humanitarian purposes.

He exalted industry in an age dazzled by the glory of victorious war; he honored labor above all else at a time when it was most despised; when disintegration and revolution threatened all Europe, he taught that the work of the nineteenth century was to organize and consolidate; when science was a babe in the manger, he proclaimed the tiny infant to be the future sovereign of the world.

While others were swept hither and

thither by the wind of circumstances, he braced himself, formulated a life-purpose and lived it out until his last breath.

He observed the tendencies of his times and understood them.

Though he lived in the early spring-time of civilization, he recognized the oak-tree in the tiny sapling and the grain in the young, green blade.

Surely he is worthy of the title with which this sketch of him begins,—the First American.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

New York City.

THE COFFEE-CLUB MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

BY ERNEST FOX.

THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC is merely one phase of a great social problem which confronts our civilization. Until recently, among a large number of our intelligent people the idea prevailed that if the saloon was banished, the evils which it entails would be banished, and the liquor-problem solved. But we are coming to know better than this, having found by experience that the banished saloon will not stay banished. One important reason for the failure to permanently abate the saloon evil is found in the fact that those who have courageously labored to lessen the crime and misery caused by drink have neglected to recognize that the saloon, as a social center, caters to legitimate social cravings. The Rev. George L. McNutt, has called the saloon "the one democratic club in American life," but there is now another democratic club gradually gaining popular favor and that is the Coffee-Club. This movement originated in San Diego, California, in 1896, when a number of young people, chiefly from the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor societies, gathered together and organized "The Coffee-Club Association" of San Diego. They incor-

porated under the laws of California as a membership association, with life membership fee fixed at \$1. The purpose of this Association, as stated in the incorporation papers, is:

"To establish houses of refreshment, recreation and amusement, where no intoxicating liquors, cigars or tobacco in any form, shall be sold, the profits from which houses shall not be divided among the members of the association, but shall be capitalized continuously, with a view to establishing other such houses; provided, that the association shall not, at any time, have power to levy any assessment upon its members, nor shall it have power to go in debt beyond fifty (50) cents per capita of its membership."

These young people recognize the fact that there should be some place besides the saloon where men could come and go freely without being asked about their past life, future plans, or religious preferences, yet where every legitimate social craving should be satisfied; and the problem they set themselves to solve might be stated thus: "How can we provide such

a place and make it self-supporting?" After a hard struggle they succeeded, as will be shown by the following extracts from a letter sent to the members of the San Diego Association by the Secretary, in 1898:

"The Coffee-Club was organized March 10, 1896, with 27 members, and after having increased to about 150 members, and having received additional donations of something like \$125, the first Coffee-House opened for business at 1327 E street, its present quarters, on May 19, 1898. After more than two years of appealing to the good people of this city to put \$1 each into a practical temperance work, this was the net result. Our fixed budget of monthly expense since then has been as follows:

"Salary—Manager and Assistant,	\$70.00
Rent.....	20.00
Gas, (about).....	10.00
Literature.....	2.00
Piano, (instalment).....	5.00
Miscellaneous	3.00
"Total.....	\$110.00

"And this before a dollar could be taken out of the business to purchase even food to sell again. We admit that the undertaking was a hazardous one on a capital of \$250.

"At first, and for several months, the monthly deficit was something alarming, but the directors and a few faithful members 'held on' heroically, despite the gloomy prediction of ninety per cent. of the Christian population of this city, who said the 'thing would never work.' Then gradually trade began to brighten; more customers, who had formerly patronized the saloon with their spare dimes, began to drop in. The deficit grew smaller and smaller and soon vanished altogether, and to-day, after sixteen months, the Coffee-Club is not only on a paying basis, but is actually paying a net profit and is entirely out of debt.

"We append a few figures from Manager Bachman's last report:

"Receipts for past six months..	\$1,932.49
Receipts for preceding six months.....	1,483.15
"Increase, total,	\$449.34
"Daily average sales.....	\$10.50
Profits for past six months....	117.35
Average monthly profits over all expenses.....	19.56

"The average daily attendance at the rooms is probably one hundred. Fifty-per cent. of these men were more or less frequenters of the saloon before the Coffee-Club opened for business. From obscurity the Club has risen to a conspicuous place 'on the street.' From being an object of ridicule it has risen to a position of respect and honor. But we did not organize to run one Coffee-Club nor to make money. Our sole object is to engage in practical temperance work and 'to expand.'"

Following this statement of facts came an appeal to members to secure from one to five new members, or to donate from one dollar to five dollars in order to raise the \$165 necessary to open the second Coffee-House.

The appeal was not in vain, and though there were times of stress and trial—dark hours of perplexity and disappointment—we have at the present time two successful club-rooms crowded with men daily.

The San Jose Coffee-Club opened for business November 22, 1900, and now has three club-rooms, two for men and one for women. The lunch business last year was over \$20,000.00; the report for June just past shows the lunch sales \$2,247.95 for the one month. Compare this with the San Diego report in its pioneer days as given above. About 200 women daily visit the women's department, and about 500 to 600 men daily make use of the men's rooms. The largest association in the State is in Los Angeles, which has two club-rooms visited

daily by from 1,000 to 1,500 men who come to lunch, to read, to play checkers, chess, or other innocent games, or to enjoy a social chat. It is truly a club for the clubless and a home for the homeless. Other successful Coffee-Club associations have been formed in Santa Clara, Petaluma, and Bakersfield, and the movement is being advocated in nearly every city of a population of three thousand or upward, throughout California.

The reading tables of the San Jose Coffee-Club contain twenty-two current magazines, the daily papers of San Jose and San Francisco, and many excellent books. Checkers, chess, crokinole and other games are also freely provided, but the principal attraction is the genial social atmosphere which prevails; the rooms have become a popular meeting-place for all classes of men, in spite of the fact that the equipment is very inadequate. The pastor of one of our leading churches came in to study the Club one day when the reading department was crowded with men. He said: "I do n't see why these men are not in the public library" (which is much more attractively fitted up). The writer pointed to a group of men chatting sociably and said: "Watch that group of men and see how perfectly at home they are; this is their club, they would not be at home in the public library with their working-clothes on." "That is so," he replied, "I had not thought of that."

Order is preserved in the Coffee-Club. Of course profane language or boisterous conduct is not allowed, and since the character of the place has become well understood, the men themselves have helped to preserve order. The lunch served is light lunch only, and nothing is served which can cause an unpleasant odor in the room, so that only one room is needed, the lunch department being a positive attraction, taking away that air of stiffness which is inevitable in an ordinary reading-room. This arrangement also saves having extra help. Everything is arranged for quick service. The bill-of-fare in the San Jose Coffee-Club, which is typical, is as follows:

"BILL-OF-FARE.

"Kindly pay on delivery.

"Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Milk or Horlick's Malted-Milk with Doughnuts, Coffee-Bun, Sandwich or Bread and Butter.....	5 cents
"Soup.....	5 "
"Pie.....	5 "
"Baked Beans.....	5 "
"Fruit Nuts.....	5 "
"Granola.....	5 "
"Toasted Wheat Flakes.....	5 "
"Toasted Corn Flakes.....	5 "
"Flaked Rice.....	5 "
"Salad.....	5 "
"Fruits and Berries in season.....	5 "
"Extra Butter.....	5 "

"Other items will be added to the bill-of-fare from time to time.

"EXTRAS.—Owing to the small margin of profits we are compelled to charge for extras."

The cost of establishing a Coffee-Club varies according to locality and other conditions. Our experience in California has been almost invariably that the larger the amount of capital invested at first, the quicker self-support has been reached. The total investment in the San Jose Club has been about \$1,700, in the Los Angeles Club about \$2,500, though both associations started with much less than that amount. A continuous campaign is kept up for new members, and after the Club becomes self-supporting this fund is used for extension work only. The next club organized will probably have membership dues of \$1 per year, and not simply for life membership.

The fact that all profits are used to extend the work makes this important movement for social betterment practically a public institution without private profits, and thus we are enabled to secure the active coöperation of pulpit, press, and public-spirited citizens.

At the California State Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Santa Rosa, June 29th to July 4th, "The Coffee-Club Union" was organized for the purpose of federating the Coffee-Clubs of the State.

San Jose, Cal.

ERNEST FOX.

THE CHOICE: AN ALLEGORY.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.

IT WAS night. From my window I looked across the barren, rolling country; across to distant mountains visible in the moonlight. The little settlement lay asleep below me; the sudden disappearance of a belated light made me conscious that it had been shining through an uncurtained window. Only the most self-assertive stars showed themselves. I was indeed alone.

The moonlight lengthened across the floor: slowly the luminous mist condensed and four figures moved in the silver flood. A voice said: "Choose."

I was attracted by a laughing, dimpled face; such varied expressions, such continually changing eyes; it seemed to be many women behind one mask.

I took her hand: my blood moved more swiftly, I felt the buoyancy of music, the intoxication of wine and I laughed joyously.

"Your name," I cried, "your name?"

"Pleasure," came from the full, red lips, but the voice had a restless tone, and was empty.

I blew her a smiling kiss and turned away.

Here stood a figure of dignity and beauty, perfection of line and feature, her head raised proudly. At her touch I felt a throb of confident power and force.

"Your name?" I asked.

"Wealth," she said. Her hands lay in mine until their increasing weight burdened me. I released them and moved away with lingering steps.

Another was beside me: was she beautiful? I do not know. I looked into her eyes; deep, deep beneath the surface. All else was forgotten. She drew nearer, I held her close. Upon my heart she laid one hand.

"I need not ask your name," I said, "it is Love."

"Yes, I am Love," murmured a voice of thrilling sweetness.

At last I spoke: "Though this is bliss there is still something else."

The hand trembled and a pain shot through my heart. "I *must* look, I must be sure there is nothing better."

The hand left my heart, not so the pain.

I faced another form. Here was a strange power, a brilliance, an intense fascination that woke not my heart but a flame of ambition. I touched her robe and the fire shot through me.

"Your name?" I faltered.

"My name is Fame."

"To possess you would be to possess the applause and envy of my fellows."

"Yes; all desire me." The voice was clear and cool.

"Come," I said, "let us go; your power is beyond all. Never could one tire of your wonderful charm; come."

We moved away together.

I felt a soft touch on my hand and paused.

"Take me with you," pleaded a sweet voice, "I will not hinder; let me go, too."

"I fear Fame will leave if I take you; no, do you remain here, I shall go with her."

But I knew there was pain in my heart.

Far had we traveled, Fame and I; over rough places, along smooth paths, but ever up, up; till sometimes I wearied and would rest. Often was I conscious of something gone, of something missed.

"Speak to me," was my command, "let me hear your voice."

And always the clear, cool tones responded, yet always was something lacking.

We had reached great heights.

I spoke:

"Now am I weary indeed. What has been done? I have followed you and men marvel; the world knows my name; after death you will keep that name alive—for a little time. Yet what is it? You have not brought me companionship, understanding; you are beautiful, you fascinate, yet you cannot keep pain from my heart; you have not filled it so that loneliness cannot creep in. Once," I mused, "there was no pain. Tell me, could I have brought Love too?"

"Surely," replied the cool, clear voice.

"And would you have led me as high?"
"As high!" Fame answered. "Why do you not know what Love could do? Love would have removed many obstacles, Love would have given you courage, inspiration; a joy that would have made all effort less. You would not have felt such fatigue had Love been with you. I spur you to action—Love would have acted with you."

I awoke.

I was alone.

FELICIA BLAKE.

Chicago, Ill.

THE BAN-DOGGE: A HALLOWE'EN PHANTASY.

BY DAN. BEARD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



ALL THE old sea-gods were ashore, frantic, raving, stark, staring mad; suffering from the delirium caused by their extravagant orgies on the ocean.

Hurled from the salt waves in the Atlantic and still impregnated with the raw ocean spume, the wild winds rushed headlong through the Bowery, and with shriek and yell drove the sleet into the faces of the pedestrians, turned umbrellas inside out or ruthlessly tore them from the hands of their owners and cast the black wrecks into the gutters.

Swinging from deadly wires in front of each saloon, museum, and pawn-shop, a spluttering focus of fierce light shed its brilliant but cold radiance over the shivering forms of both men and women.

These people apparently materialized from the blinding swirls as the snow swept by the light, and dissolved into snow again

as they passed out of the illuminated circle.

Like a son of the sea-bred storm a strangely garbed figure emerged, and, with a sailor's rolling walk, entered the Bowery.

It was a quaintly-dressed, ragged and bent figure; the frozen sleet glistened like armor on the worn and dilapidated clothing; thin shreds of creamy-white hair were tossed about by the warring elements. A huge, wolfish-looking dog followed close to the man and kept his smoking muzzle abreast his master's leg with an evident determination to allow neither the passers-by nor the raging blizzard to separate them.

Both the dog and the man at length came to an abrupt stop in front of a cheap lodging-house, called the "White Horse Hotel."

After peering through the side-lights adjoining the door and carefully inspecting the interior, the stranger entered and walking up to the desk, puzzled the drowsy clerk with these strange words:

"Ben lightmans to thy quarromes."

"What 's that?"

"Ben lightmans to thy quarromes."

"I do n't catch on," replied the clerk, eyeing the dog askance; "and say," he continued, "we do n't keep no dog-pound here. I ain't no pound-master, neither. What yous want? Come, let it out in plain English."

"Is this the ken at the sign of the prauncer?"

"It 's de 'White Horse Hotel,' do you tumble?"

"Marry, I fall not. Thy understanding doth savor more of a justicer than of a spittle ken cofe."

"Look here, old man, I do n't want any more of your guff—see?"

"The ruffian clye thee! I have lower in my bonge!" exclaimed the queer old man indignantly as he drew forth a leather purse and threw some coins on the desk.

"Pay for the mut, too, or he do n't get in—see?"

"May you hap on the harman and end triming on the chates," growled the guest fiercely as he placed some more coins in front of the clerk and walked away muttering, "I will lage it off with a gage of benbouse, then cut to my nose-watch."

The amount of money seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to the clerk. At the same time the coins apparently excited his curiosity and interest, for he weighed them in his hand and cast curious glances at the figure of the old man, as the latter hastened to the bright, open fire blazing in the sitting-room of the hostelry. Then the clerk took from the desk-drawer a thumb-marked book of coins, and, still holding the old man's money in his hand, turned over the leaves and examined the illustrations carefully. He whistled softly to himself, cast a look at the door where the old man had disappeared, and carefully folded his treasure trove in tissue-paper and placed the package in his fob-pocket, where he was not content to leave it until, by feeling inside and outside of his trousers, he satisfied himself of its safety.

Twisting his shiny moustache, he softly

swore many oaths, not as if he were angry, but apparently as though they were the only means available for giving vent to the feelings aroused in him by the examination and evident identification of the coins.

Crowded around the open fire, on the wooden settles and chairs, which were chained to the bare floor, was a heterogeneous crew: human derelicts, tossed by storms, driven by gales, carried by currents, bereft of compass, rudder or sails, caught up by the eddies and carried to a temporary haven in a cheap Bowery lodging-house.

There were people from all walks in life, with nothing in common but their poverty, gloomily brooding over the cheerful fire; for it must be said that, however meagerly the so-called sleeping-rooms were furnished and however scant the bed-clothes, the fire this night was generously warm and cheerful, and its crackling, ruddy blaze could not lose its luster or be saddened by its semicircle of impecunious humanity.

In a corner sat a man with a tattered volume of *The Tales of the Wayside Inn* in his hand. The reader was himself a poet, a former editor, a man with gentle mild-blue eyes, high forehead and a weak chin; a Harvard graduate, a friend of Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. He was a man of education and letters; a man of culture and refinement; a man to whom misery and vice were daily comrades, but whose innocent blue eyes never recognized his companions, for looking through their outer shell he saw only the common humanity beneath.

Unconscious, hence uncontaminated by his surroundings, he lived in the fairy-land of his own imagination.

Glancing up from his book at the newcomer, the poet murmured to himself:

"And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest with cloak and hood."

Then, a sweet smile illuminating his face, he said: "Friends, this world is what we make it. Let us cast our sorrows and

cares to the howling wind outside and entertain each other with story and song."

The latest arrival shot furtive glances at the poet from beneath his shaggy brows, or, more properly speaking, from beneath his right brow, for there was no eye under the other. He fidgeted about in his chair and looked inquiringly at the assemblage and at the poet.

"I be but a grunting chete and thou a gentry gyber. Hast thou lower in thy bonge to bouse?" quoth the strange old man hesitatingly and in a high-keyed, cracked voice.

The words caused the poet to start, half rise from his chair and gaze intently at the speaker in an incredulous manner. He then passed his hand before his eyes as if he doubted the reality of what he saw or heard; but presently recovering himself, he settled back in his chair and solemnly replied:

"But a flagge a wyn and a make pass your nabchete, my bene cufe."

Turning to the company the poet explained: "This old gentleman is a foreigner; he will pass round his hat for money for a pail of malt liquor to quaff as we talk."

"Say, dat's de cheese! now you're shouting! pass your dicer, Toppo!" exclaimed a bullet-headed, tough-looking young fellow.

"Get the growler ready," suggested another guest with awakening interest.

"What if his giblets skips wid de boodle?" queried a seedy-looking wreck as he put the price of his next meal into the hat and ruefully slapped his empty pocket.

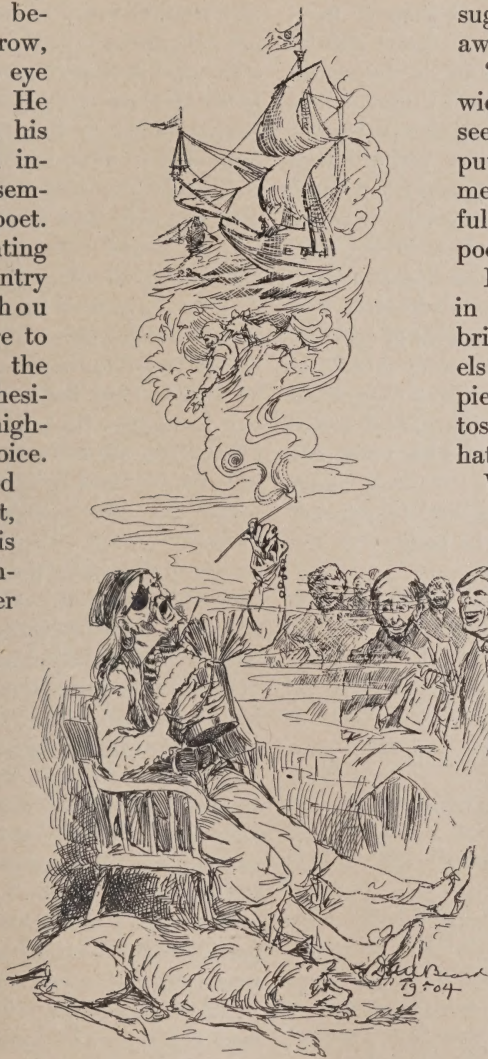
Hands were thrust down in ragged trousers-pockets bringing forth coppers, nickels and even a few silver pieces, all of which were tossed into the old man's hat as he passed it round.

With the combined fortune of the company in their possession, he and the broad-shouldered, bullet-headed young tough left the room, followed by

the silent, gaunt dog.

The company were beginning to show signs of anxiety before the doors swung wide and the ill-matched pair reëntered with a pail of foaming beer. Sprigs of green were in their hats and all was incrustured with glisten-

ing sleet and ice. The old man had the appearance of a sinister-looking Santa Claus, nor was the effect lessened by the numerous bundles and packages which he produced from under his cloak. Besides the beer, there was a large can of



THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

tobacco, a job lot of pipes, apples, peanuts; some coarse rye-bread and cheese-sandwiches plentifully daubed with mustard.

"Say!" cried the tough, "his old nibs is a corker. What?—well, I guess. Say! he looked so dinky and so poor dat he melted de marble hearts of de dames on de street and dey fired good t'ings at him and de bloakes at de saloon chipped in for 'baccy and pipes. 'Am I right?' well you bet you high old mucky muck! Come, boys," he continued, "take a pull at de growler w'at de gents call a loving-cup, and de old man will give us a shanty song."

The wolfish dog wagged its tail and scattered the melting particles of ice like water from a street-sprinkler; his one-eyed master had had something more than peanuts or cheese-sandwiches, and it appeared to have strengthened his voice, for when he burst forth into a roaring song, in place of the high, cracked falsetto, it was with a rich baritone he sang:

"Come bowse me a bord to a quier cuffin's dell,

Come bowse, ye rowsey rakes of Hell!

Her lover's hi-pad is the stormy salt lag,

And there is lower in my bonge, there is mint
in my bag

Hab a loup, a-loo, Haloo!

I 'll bing me a wast when a bowse I 've had

And I 'll bing with the dell on the lag hi-pad,

I love her, my cofes, though her cuffin's
quier,

My Ben Roman mort, my benile dear!

Hab a loup, a-loo, Haloo!

May we hap on a ken with a gyger dup

Green ruffmans for shade, fresh lag to sup,

Thatched lip-kin to shelter us from the dew

Girt round about by the briny lag blue;

Hab a loup, a-loo, Haloo!

We bowshed him a bord a wyn and a make

The ben dell stood at the garden gate,

We cutt ben whyddes, we bowshed ane more
groat,

Jack milled the dell, bore her board of his
boat!

Hab a loup, a-loo, Haloo!

Thia-hilland a qui; Heave Yo!"

The refrain was caught by the crowd

and sung with a chorus none the less noisy on account of the ignorance of the singers regarding the meaning of the words.

The poet beamed with pleasure, and one would have thought from the smile on his delicate mouth that he had listened to a dainty bit of sentiment. It was evidently not the lack of refinement which pleased him, but rather its antique flavor which appealed to his bookish nature.

"Truly a quaint ballad that," he said, clapping his thin hands enthusiastically, "and I doubt if its like had been heard in this land since the days of Captain Kidd! A very jolly and interesting ballad. In the name of the company I thank our ancient bard for his song, and propose that he supplement his song with a story. I beg to suggest that, in the presence of the good cheer we have to-night, the story be of some incident or experience where man forgot his own selfish wants and ambitions."

The weird old man was sitting 'bent double in his chair. The strange crouching form was presently straightened and with a preparatory cough he began:

"Right honorable and myne especially good friends, I will no longer speak to thee in the lewd language of leutering husks and laisy lowels, which language of ancient and long-time was wont to be termed 'Peddlers' French,' a tongue known only to bold, beastly beggars, a peevish speech, not fit for ears polite."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the poet as he gazed with an intent and incredulous expression at the weird bard.

"Aye, our Captain was a wyly sea-fox," said the one-eyed guest, with no further attempt at an introduction.

"It was upon Alhallonday and our matches were afyer at their ends and our gunners at the side of their pieces, for there were no more than three bow-shots betwixt us and three noble vessels which were rolling their bonnets after the manner of the customs of the sea; but odds Tinkers! we did soon perceive that, while they did in sooth dance their topsails, they took not off their caps in salute, as com-

manded by Good King John, but used great care to touch them only and thereby not to much slacken the speed of their ships nor to lessen their chance to steal our weather-gage, cut off our wind with their sails and our sight with the smoke of their guns.

"'By the Solomon,' quoth our captain, 'I'll lay a gage of ben bowse that there be guns double-shotted to give us a joyful welcome; but we have been hulled before, merrie gentlemen, and lived to sail many a league. I wist we sink not alone if sink we must.'

"As we drew near unto the strangers their commander maketh a rueful and pitiful noise and in peevisish English said that they were poor merchant-seamen, requiring for Christ's sake some relief, being short of water.

"'Out upon them! No *honest gentlemen drink water!*' quad our Captain in disdain.

"Aye, but our Captain was of sharper wyt and subtilter than those grubworms.

"We answered not the guns of the stranger, paying no more heed to them than to the barking of a sea-dog.

"While below our gunners were at their pieces and our carpenters stopping the leaks with sail-cloth, on deck the piper was merrily playing, half the men being previously garbed as women; we danced as if it were Christmas mummeries and our Captain, calling for a bowl of ben roman sack and bowing low with manner courtley, drank to the health of all the bold, bawdy beggars of the sea; then came some score of naked men hopping and leaping around the docks like unto glimmering fantasies, and the light which blazed from various trenchards filled with strong spirits and salt caused the naked bodies to look as though they had been dead this many a moon; no children at the May-pole ever capered more blithely than we.

"By Mary's ring, but the strangers did cross themselves with fear and micle dread. Verily, never had they before met such an enemy; they no longer sought to capture us, but made haste to flee from our hellish ship.

"Our gunners, no longer dissembling, put matches to their guns, giving the strangers a broadside of bar-and-chain shot; at the same time the May-pole revelers were throwing some several bags and kegs of powder, with burning matches affixed, upon the enemies' decks, which made more noise and smoke than our broadside. The burning strong spirits were cast to the 'thirsty merchant-men,' for belly chere, and the flowing fyer ran down their ships' splintered sides.

"Soon the masts and spars of the strangers fell like jack-straws this way and that, and we had divers and many troubles in freeing ourselves from the burning and sinking wracks.

"We now bore down upon the third ship. She sent a cannon-ball across our deck, killing some several of our men, which we minded not, there being over-many of us, but the ball struck a butt of canary spilling the liquor over the deck to our sore dismay.

"In our bow we had a long brass gun, most curiously embellished with mystic signs. Our men would have it that this gun was forged by no less a person than the Satan himself.

"By Joseph's hozen! I do think they were right in their conjectures; the one-eyed gunner patted and kissed the brass thing as though it were alive, and called it his doxie.

"As the Argos was making off, he sighted along the gun and fyered the piece, cutting the main-mast off close to the deck, which in falling did so swerve and swing as to bring all the timber and rigging by the bo'rd and leave her naught withall to catch the wind, but she must needs roll like a grunting chete in the wallow of the sea.

"I shrodge me for joy when I think of that ship. Odds spanners! but I love the very memory; rich robes and ribbands crisp, crinkling cloths of gold, particular parcels of precious stones, shimmering silks, rugs from Araby, rum in casks, wine in butts, iron-bound strong-boxes of gold doubloons, bags of piasters; yea, and there were bars of red gold piled up like firewood."

The old man paused and seemed lost

in contemplation of the scene of his story and the dismantled treasure-ship. The silence which brooded over the company was at length broken by the poet.

"Friend, your story has artistic quality, nor does it lack local color and action, but I beg to remind you that entertaining as it is, the main point, which was to make it appropriate for this evening, has escaped me; if you will pardon me for so saying, I fail to see one disinterested action."

"Dat's right. His old Giblets clean forgot the game we're putting up ter-night. Say, he was n't out for salt air, I do n't guess."

"What stowe your ben cofe and cut benar whyddes!" growled the strange old man, scowling at the bullet-headed tough, but the latter only laughed and passed the can to the story-teller, who, after a long potation, looked less resentfully at his companion and presently broke forth in the old song from Gammer Gurton's Needle:

"I cannot eat but lytle meat,
My stomach is not good:
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood!"

"After we had loaded our ship until we were in danger of sinking," continued the strange old man, "with many a sigh we bored holes in the hull of the argosy; we sighed not for the fate of the argos; we grieved because we must needs leave much loot in her, being unable to store it aboard our vessel.

"Besides the crew, whom we pleasantly allowed to walk off the end of a spar, there were three others that by reason of their turbulent disposition caused us much inconvenience. One was a comely wench, with bright yellow hair, and her friends were a husky lad and a lusty dogge. By the mass, it was a winsome sight to see the two friends guard the wench! When we approached them the brawny young man cried to his love and to dogge, and betimes did lay about him lustily with a boat-hook in true quarter-staff style. 'To Lena and Lorna,' he shouted, and he broke many heads with his stick. Our men would

fain have taken the dell, but the vast, huge stubborn, ongly and eager Ban-dogge, more fierce and fell than any Barbary lion, stood by the lovers and did so worry our men's legs that they must needs fall back to bind up their wounds.

"The Ban-dogge and the young man struck cold fear into the hearts of our men, but stood in fear of nothing, and no number of foes made them shrincke or abridge their boldness."

A loud thumping on the floor greeted this announcement; the applause came from the wolfish companion of the story-teller, whose heavy tail was banged against the floor at every mention of the Ban-dogge.

"So we left the flax-haired girl, her lover and the dogge to go down with their ship and as we watched the argosy before she began to settle, lurch and disappear beneath the briny lag, we could see the wench; the Ban-dogge was licking her face and the maid's chalk-white arms were clasped around the beast's hairy neck.

"Gad zooks! we did think her silly to drown while so many good men were by that she might have the choosing of, but she went down with the argosy. Women were always strange and curious in their minds beyond the ken of men. Odds bodkins! I have oft-times seen women that be so distraught."

"Never mind the girls, we all know 'em. Give us your yarn straight," broke in the voice of the clerk impatiently from the gloom outside the doorway.

"Ay, ay, I will steer a straight course," answered the ancient bard, and continued, "we made sail when I espied a something moving in the water. The lights aboard our ship, which were doused before the battle, had now been relit, and I could see by the light of the poop-lanterns that the dogge was swimming around in search of the dell. Soon the barking chete found the object of its search and despite the buffets of the billows, swam with the wench to a bit of wrack to which the sorely wounded and nearly exhausted lover did cling. The latter took the burden from the dogge and bound the maid to the spar;

her fair hair floating in the water gleamed like the cloth-of-gold in the treasure-ship; but as the wrack drifted under our stern we could see that the raft was unable to uphold more than one; the young cofe saw this too, and after kissing the wench's white face he let go his hold and sank. The dogge looking up howled piteously, as if to say, 'Have ye hearts of stone, ye men, to witness this unmoved?'

dain. Then cried our bold Captain: 'By my troth, thou has but a woman's heart under thy buckler, which fears to see me shoot the dell; but since thy heart is only tender, not lacking courage, jump thou overboard and save them.'

"I was much wroth, and answered him fittingly in words of his kind. By the mass, it was this that I said unto him: 'Captain, you and I and the devil have



"AFTER KISSING THE WENCH'S WHITE FACE HE LET GO HIS HOLD AND SANK."

"'Verily,' I said; 'my heart is in the right place.'

"The Captain saw the girl and the barking chete as they were drifting by, and seizing a harquebusseen he lighted the match, pointed it at them and was about to fire when the devil in me made call upon him to stop.

"Much in rage, he turned the harquebusseen upon me. Methinks I never saw him look more monstrous, more fierce, more furious, and more sterne; but I laughed in his face and spat at him in dis-

together done naughty work that would force tears from stone, but the mariners do not live who doubt our courage, and, faith, I shall not suffer taunt from thee. Rather would I die with yon faithful brute than live longer under one of baser breed!' With these words I pitched headlong into the sea.

"By my troth as overboard I went, I did bethink me of all the goodly loot of costly fabrics, cloth-of-gold, piasters, silver coins and bars of gold I had left behind, but soon the salt water was in my throat,

and struggle as I would I could but keep my mouth above water, so weighted was my body with armor, fore and aft, and whenever I ceased to paddle to unbuckle the plates I sank like a stone. 'Verily,' I thought, 'my time has come,' but just then the dogge caught me by the collar. The fast holde which she took with her teeth exceedeth all credit; and, being a large, powerful beaste, she kept me above water until I unbuckled my breast and back-plate and allowed them to sink. So much lighter did I then feel that it was but child's play to swim.

"Have you gotten her?" cried a voice from the darkamans. 'By the mass,' I cried, 'I have here both of them, Lorna and Lena!'

"We cannot take both," replied the Captain's voice, and forsooth I had to take my choice quickly, and it did grieve me sorely that one should be left behind.

"When the rescued ones were taken aboard the Captain's barge poor Lena lay as one dead, but after much work and warm drink she opened her beautiful eyes."

Clouds of tobacco-smoke all but obscured the quaint old figure as he reached for the beer-can.

"A brave and noble act: as you tell it in the first person I suppose it is a legend handed down from some old ancestor," cried the poet.

"It is a true tale," replied the old man, as he meekly wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"Say, Giblets, wot became of de mut,

de dorg?" inquired the clerk, as he peered into the doorway.

"The ruffman clythee, *Lena was the dog!*"

A smile lighted up the face of the poet and just the hint of a twinkle lurked in his eyes; and, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe he said: "Let us give a vote of thanks to our venerable friend for his quaint entertainment."

"Dat's tight! stand up, old man, and we'll drink your health from the empty pail," cried the tough.

But the old man did not rise. The poet stopped short in the beginning of a very pretty bit of sentiment, and with a bewildered expression gazed at an empty chair and a broken church-warden pipe, at the same time softly repeating to himself:

"There were no footprints in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass."

A look of astonishment marked the face of the clerk; he hurriedly felt for the coins in his fob and pulled the pocket inside out, swearing a mighty oath when nothing but a crumpled piece of tissue-paper rewarded his search. "I've got 'em again," he cried; "it's a pipe-dream!"

The poet was first to regain his composure and turning to the door gently said:

"T is late, Oh men and time for bed;
Dead rides Sir Morten Fogelsang."

DAN. BEARD.

Flushing, L. I.



POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS
SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



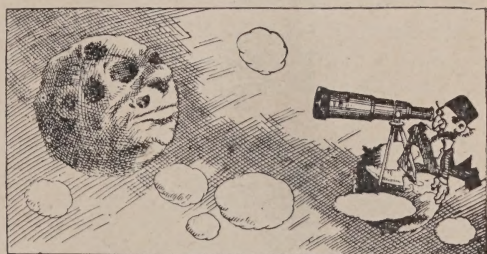
Opfer, in New York *American*.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

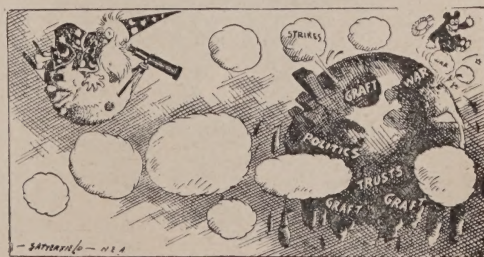
HE WILL BE TRUE.

Oh, how I love my Leather, my Sugar and my Thread,
My Beef, my Rope, my Coal, my Soap, my Lumber and my Lead;
I'm true to Oil and Steel, and Drugs, and Bricks and Potteree—
In fact, there are only one hundred girls in this wide world for me.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT—



While We are Wondering About the Spots on the Moon—



Satterfield, in Albany *Times-Union*.

The Man in the Moon May be Taking Notice of Some Mighty Black Spots on Us?



Bradley, in *Chicago News*.

THE REVISED VERSION.



Biggers, in Nashville Banner.

BUSY A FIXIN' OF HIS PLANS.



Bush, in New York World.

THE GODDESS.—“HELP! HELP!”



Satterfield, in Nashville Daily News.

RUSSIA'S FIRST VICTORY—A FOOT-RACE.



Putnam, in Boston Traveler.

THE TRUSTS.—“DOWN, FIDO!”



McCarthy, in Jacksonville, Fla., Times-Union.

“HI, THERE, YOU, DON'T READ THAT—
THAT'S NOT FOR YOU!”



Warren, in Boston Herald.

THE NEW AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST
TABLE.



DeMar, in Philadelphia *Record*.

THE GREAT AMERICAN RETREAT.



Bush, in New York *World*.

"HE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!"



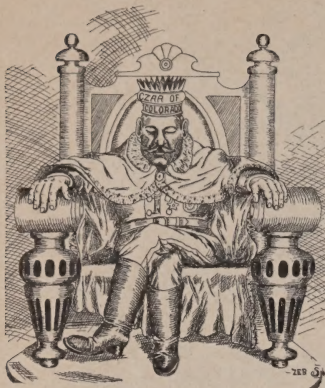
Walker, in *Memphis News*.

THE WORKINGMAN WHO READS THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE DECIDES THAT THE G. O. P. ELEPHANT IS DRAWING A VERY POOR PICTURE FROM A MIGHTY POOR SUBJECT.



From *The New Voice*.

AS PROHIBITIONISTS SEE THE SITUATION.



Smith, in *Denver Miner's Magazine*.

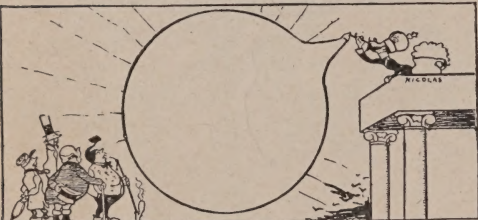
GOVERNOR PEABODY AS THE
WORKINGMEN SEE HIM.



Morier, in *The Comrade*.
PUPPETS OF CAPITALISM.
A Socialist Cartoon Suggested by Con-
ditions in Colorado.



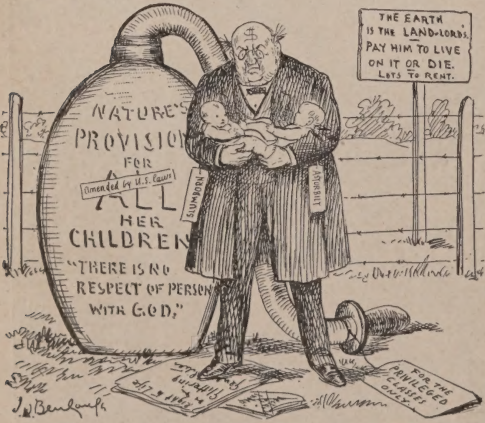
From *The Comrade*.
AS THE SOCIALISTS SEE THE
TRUST-QUESTION.
Under the Modern Monopolistic Sys-
tem Capital is Forcing Labor to
the Wall.



From the Stuttgart (Germany) *Der Wahre Jacob*.
THE CZAR'S MANIFESTO ON THE BIRTH OF
HIS SON IS A BUBBLE.

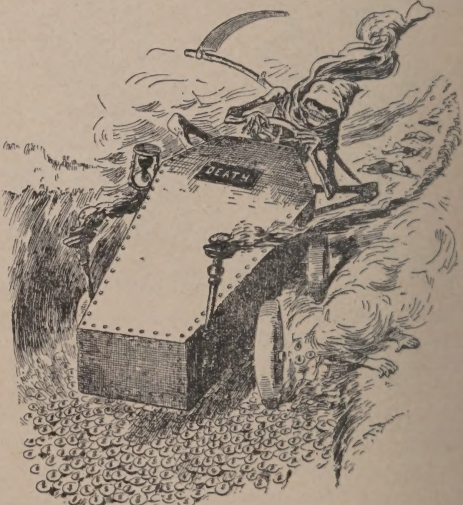


WHEN IT BURSTS THE GLORIES OF AUTOCRACY
WILL AGAIN APPEAR.



Bengough, in *Chicago The Public*.
LAND MONOPOLY MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"The child of an Astor comes into the world as naked as
the waif of Five Points. Nature does not starve one and
gorge the other. Human law does that."—Herbert S. Bigelow.



Bush in *New York World*.
THE REAL ROAD RACES.

EDITORIALS.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE POOR IN MASSACHUSETTS SIXTY YEARS AGO; OR, HOW A WOMAN WROUGHT A REVOLUTION FOR HUMAN PROGRESS.

I. MASSACHUSETTS' INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL PRIMACY.

SIXTY-FOUR years ago Massachusetts was the moral as well as the intellectual capital of the New World. Within her confines were more men and women whose moral enthusiasm, ethical energy and spiritual powers were being felt or were soon to be felt throughout the nation and the world than in any other commonwealth of the Republic; while her scholars at home and abroad were recognized as a galaxy preëminent in the sisterhood of states. Among those of her children within or without the commonwealth who were filling important places in the larger life of their age or who were destined to make their influence felt within a few years, were the then venerable William Ellery Channing, the Nestor of nineteenth-century liberal Christianity in the New World; Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Josiah Quincy, Rufus Choate, John Lothrop Motley, William H. Prescott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert Morse, Henry D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward, Horace Mann and Dr. Samuel G. Howe. And even this remarkable list by no means exhausts the names of those who might be mentioned as among the moving forces in the intellectual and moral life of the meridian period of the nineteenth century who were born and reared in the old Bay State or who owned Massachusetts as the home of their adoption. Surely Massachusetts was entitled to hold the place of moral and intellectual primacy among the commonwealths of the Union. Such was the glory of the old Bay State when the eye rested on the florescence of greatness and goodness which obtained at this period.

II. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

And yet in this summer-time of heart and brain the soul of the masses of her people was unawakened. Selfish indifference as to the well-being of the most unfortunate lives within her gates marked the temper of a large part of her electorate. Custom had sanctioned and conventionalism had thrown her approving mantle over hideous crimes against the criminal, the pauper and the insane poor. The church was all but silent; the state was indifferent; the general public was either ignorant or but dimly conscious of the extent of the abuses that prevailed. Politicians were little concerned about the social outcasts and unfortunates who could in no wise further their ambitions; but they were very sensitive about the complaints of tax-payers against the increased expenses when those complaints threatened their official life. The village, municipal and county authorities had become callous in regard to the crying evils that had slowly grown up with the years, and long familiarity with conditions that were revolting to the enlightened humanitarian spirit of the hour had deadened their humane sensibilities to an appalling degree. They knew that whenever the question of increase in cost for maintenance of jails and almshouses was agitated, the tax-payers raised a storm of opposition; so they had adopted as a settled policy methods for the conduct of these institutions that represented the least immediate outlay. It is not strange, therefore, that conditions obtained, even in Massachusetts, that when described in the plainest terms were well calculated to make the blood run cold of those who loved their fellowmen and who appreciated the obligations of the higher moral law.

III. THE CAMBRIDGE JAIL IN 1841.

In 1841 a young Harvard divinity student who through teaching a Sunday-school in the Cambridge jail had become interested in the

condition of the prisoners, appealed to Miss Dorothea Lynde Dix to know if she could not find some Christian woman who would teach the women in the prison.

Miss Dix, though a young woman, was already an influence in the morally-awakened centers of Boston life. She had successfully conducted a boarding-school for girls of the well-to-do by which she supported herself and her two small brothers, and she had also successfully carried on a free school for the very poor at her own expense. She was greatly loved by Dr. William Ellery Channing, whose children she had taught and who had come to be almost a father to her. Something of that spiritual or moral enthusiasm that Dr. Channing ever imparted to those who came under the witchery of his influence had entered into the brain and soul of Dorothea Dix. She had reached that point of spiritual advance when duty's call is a divine mandate; when all thought of self dwarfs into insignificance before concern for the larger good of the race. Through overwork Miss Dix's health had been broken, and she was threatened with pulmonary consumption and to outward seeming was wholly unfit to undertake such a work as the young divinity student desired. But she did not hesitate, and the next Sunday she visited the jail, where the conditions that met her view filled her with indescribable horror. Here for the first time she was brought "into immediate contact," observes Rev. Francis Tiffany, the ablest biographer of this noble woman, "with the overcrowding, the filth, and the herding together of innocent, guilty, and insane persons, which at that time characterized the prisons of Massachusetts, and the inevitable evils which were repeated in even worse shape in the almshouses."

In after years the Rev. John T. G. Nichols, who was the young divinity student that had interested Miss Dix in the fate of the inmates, thus described her visit to the Cambridge prison and its result:

"After the school was over, Miss Dix went into the jail. She found among the prisoners a few insane persons, with whom she talked. She noticed there was no stove in the room, and no means of proper warmth. The jailer said that a fire for them was not needed, and would not be safe. Her repeated solicitations were without success. At that time the court was in session at East Cambridge, and she caused the case to be brought before it. Her request

was granted. The cold rooms were warmed."

Miss Dix, in the high enthusiasm of a morally-exalted youth, imagined that all that would be necessary would be to reveal the facts to the public, and reform would speedily follow. She soon found, what all reformers have experienced, that conventional society resents having the unpleasant truth thrust upon its notice, especially when the exposures reflect upon its complacent self-righteousness and when the remedies to meet the cruel conditions demand reforms that would increase taxes. Moreover, she quickly found that the reformers and not the authors of the abuses described are usually the targets for the attacks of conventional respectability and the influences and agencies that cater to but are supposed to lead and mould public opinion. Finding herself the object of unjust attacks and practically isolated, she appealed to that noble-minded philanthropist and educator, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, requesting him to investigate conditions and verify her statements. This he promptly did. He was accompanied by Charles Sumner, and both these high-minded men were affected as had been Dorothea Dix at the frightful conditions that prevailed. Dr. Howe immediately penned an eloquent protest, which was published in the *Boston Advertiser* of September 8, 1841. In it he laid bare the disgraceful and dehumanizing conditions which prevailed in the Cambridge jail. Instantly the fiercest opposition flamed forth. Dr. Howe was denounced and his facts denied. Had the word "yellow" been then in circulation his disclosures would unquestionably have been denounced as an exhibition of yellow sensationalism. As it was his article was, as Dr. Tiffany observes, "fiercely attacked, as is generally the case when abuses are pointed out." So recklessly was his veracity questioned that the Doctor finally appealed to Charles Sumner to confirm his statements. This Mr. Sumner promptly did by penning the following lines:

"I am sorry to say that your article does *present a true picture* of the condition in which we found those unfortunates. They were cramped together in rooms *poorly ventilated and noisome with filth*. . . . You cannot forget the small room in which were confined the raving maniac, from whom long since reason had fled, never to return, and that interesting young woman, whose mind was so slightly obscured that it seemed as if, in a moment, even while we were looking on, the cloud would pass away.

In two cages or pens constructed of plank, within the four stone walls of the same room, these two persons had spent several months. The whole prison echoed with the blasphemies of the poor old woman, while her young and gentle fellow in suffering, doomed to pass her days and nights in such close connection with her, seemed to shrink from her words as from blows. And well she might; for they were words not to be heard by any woman in whom reason had left any vestige of its former presence. It was a punishment by a cruel man in heathen days to tie the living to the dead; hardly less horrible was this scene in the prison at Cambridge."

IV. TWO YEARS' PILGRIMAGE THROUGH A NINETEENTH-CENTURY INFERNO.

The frightful conditions which were revealed when Miss Dix visited the Cambridge jail haunted her every waking hour. An awful suspicion grew in her mind that what she had seen was typical of the conditions that existed throughout the state. The more she pondered on the question the more the conviction grew that a great task, but one that in the nature of the case would be of the most distasteful and trying character, demanded her consecrated service. If under the very shadow of Harvard University, in Cambridge, the intellectual and moral center of the Boston district, such conditions could go unchallenged, was it not probable that in the jails and almshouses of districts more remote even more horrible conditions might obtain? And if such a state existed in Massachusetts, where there were already state insane asylums under the management of broad-minded and humane physicians who were striving to restore the mentally-disordered inmates through the employment of the most enlightened methods then known, what must be the condition in less progressive commonwealths, in many of which there were no state institutions for the care of the mentally-diseased? The more she considered the subject, the more the conviction grew in her mind that a great duty lay before her. Yet she shrank from the task, not so much because she was extremely delicate, but because she was of a highly sensitive nature that recoiled from notoriety and whom misinterpretation of motives, criticism and slanderous imputations cut to the soul. But since no one else seemed willing to undertake the work, she at length set out upon a pilgrimage to obtain the necessary data with which to in-

fluence public opinion—a pilgrimage nobler than ever knight or mendicant had hitherto essayed. She knew that to be of real service to the most helpless ones of the state she must know the facts as they were found, from one end of the commonwealth to the other. The revelations in one community must be reinforced by facts and data which she could personally gain from other localities. And so from Cape Cod to the Berkshire Hills this God-illuminated child of civilization journeyed. For two years she wandered from prison and almshouse to prison and almshouse. For two years she steadily accumulated the data that should work a revolution for the helpless insane. At length her journeyings were at an end. She had collected a mass of data almost incredible in character and well calculated to startle society, enrage the upholders of existing conditions and horrify men and women of enlightenment. The facts were reduced to a Memorial, which her friend Dr. Howe, then a member of the House, presented to the legislature. In a well-worded introduction to this Memorial Miss Dix said:

"I shall be obliged to speak with great plainness, and to reveal many things revolting to the taste, and from which my woman's nature shrinks with peculiar sensitiveness. But truth is the highest consideration. *I tell what I have seen*, painful and shocking as the details often are, that from them you may feel more deeply the imperative obligation which lies upon you to prevent the possibility of a repetition or continuance of such outrages upon humanity. . . .

"I proceed, gentlemen, briefly to call your attention to the *present* state of insane persons confined within this Commonwealth, in *cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; chained, naked, beaten with rods, and lashed into obedience!*"

Here are some extracts from this Memorial. They will serve to show how the very poor who were so unfortunate as to lose their reason sixty-four years ago were treated in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

"DANVERS. November. Visited the almshouse; a large building, much out of repair; understand a new one is in contemplation. Here are from fifty-six to sixty inmates: one idiotic; three insane; one of the latter in close confinement at all times.

"Long before reaching the house, wild shouts, snatches of rude songs, imprecations, and obscene language, fell upon the ear, proceeding

from the occupant of a low building, rather remote from the principal building, to which my course was directed. Found the mistress, and was conducted to the place, which was called 'the home' of the *forlorn* maniac, a young woman, exhibiting a condition of neglect and misery blotting out the faintest idea of comfort, and outraging every sentiment of decency. She had been, I learnt, a respectable person, industrious and worthy; disappointments and trials shook her mind; and finally laid prostrate reason and self-control; she became a maniac for life! She had been at Worcester Hospital for a considerable time, and had been returned as incurable. The mistress told me she understood that while there she was comfortable and decent. Alas! what a change was here exhibited! She had passed from one degree of violence and degradation to another, in swift progress; there she stood, clinging to, or beating upon, the bars of her caged apartment, the contracted size of which afforded space only for increasing accumulations of filth—a *foul* spectacle; there she stood, with naked arms and disheveled hair; the unwashed frame invested with fragments of unclean garments; the air so extremely offensive, though ventilation was afforded on all sides save one, that it was not possible to remain beyond a few moments without retreating for recovery to the outward air. Irritation of body, produced by utter filth and exposure, incited her to the horrid process of tearing off her skin by inches; her face, neck, and person were thus disfigured to hideousness.

"Is the whole story told? What was seen is; what is reported is not. These gross exposures are not for the sight of one alone; all, all; coarse, brutal men; wondering, neglected children; old and young, each and all, witness this lowest, foulest state of miserable humanity. And who protects her, that worse than Pariah outcast, from other wrongs and blacker outrages?"

"GROTON. A few rods removed from the poor-house is a wooden building upon the roadside, constructed of heavy board and plank. . . . There is no window, save an opening half the size of the sash, and closed by a board shutter; in one corner is some brick-work surrounding an iron stove, which in cold weather serves for warming the room. The occupant of this dreary abode is a young man, who has been declared incurably insane. He can move a measured distance in his prison;

that is, so far as a strong, heavy chain depending from an iron collar which invests his neck permits. In fine weather,—and it was pleasant when I was there in June, last—the door is thrown open, at once giving admission to light and air, and affording some little variety to the solitary, in watching the passers-by. But that portion of the year which allows of open doors is not the chiefest part; and it may be conceived, without draughting much on the imagination, what is the condition of one who for days and weeks and months sits in darkness and alone, without employment, without object."

"SHELBURNE. I had heard, before visiting this place, of the bad condition of a lunatic pauper. . . . I desired to see him, and, after some difficulties raised and set aside, was conducted into the yard, where was a small building of rough boards imperfectly joined. All was still, save now and then a low groan. The person who conducted me tried, with a stick, to rouse the inmate; I entreated her to desist, the twilight of the place making it difficult to discern anything within the cage; there at last I saw a human being, partially extended, cast upon his back amidst a mass of filth, the sole furnishing, whether for comfort or necessity, which the place afforded; there he lay, ghastly, with upturned, glazed eyes and fixed gaze, heavy breathings, interrupted only by faint groans, which seemed symptomatic of an approaching termination of his sufferings. Not so thought the mistress. 'He has all sorts of ways; he'll soon rouse up and be noisy enough; he'll scream and beat about the place like any wild beast, half the time.' 'And cannot you make him more comfortable? Can he not have some clean, dry place and a fire?' 'As for clean, it will do no good; he's cleaned out now and then; but what's the use for such a creature? His own brother tried him once, but got sick enough of the bargain.' 'But a fire; there is space even here for a small box-stove.' 'If he had a fire he'd only pull off his clothes, so it's no use.' I made no impression; it was plain that to keep him securely confined from escape was the chief object. 'How do you give him his food? I see no means of introducing anything here.' 'Oh!' pointing to the floor, 'one of the bars is cut shorter there; we push it through there.' 'There? Impossible! you cannot do that; you would not treat your lowest dumb animals with that disregard to decency!' 'As for what he eats or where he

eats, it makes no difference to him; he'd as soon swallow one thing as another."

"NEWTON. Opening into this room only was the second, which was occupied by a woman, not old, and furiously mad. It contained a wooden bunk filled with filthy straw, the room itself a counterpart to the lodging-place. Inexpressibly disgusting and loathsome was all; but the inmate herself was even more horribly repelling. She rushed out, as far as the chains would allow, almost in a state of nudity, exposed to a dozen persons, and vociferating at the top of her voice; pouring forth such a flood of indecent language as might corrupt even Newgate. I entreated the man, who was still there, to go out and close the door. He refused; that was not *his place!* Sick, horror-struck, and almost incapable of retreating, I gained the outward air."

The Memorial closes with this passionate appeal to the moral convictions of the legislators:

"Men of Massachusetts, I beg, I implore, I demand, pity and protection for these of my suffering, outraged sex. Fathers, husbands, brothers, I would supplicate you for this boon—but what do I say? I dishonor you, divest you at once of Christianity and humanity, does this appeal imply distrust. . . . Here you will put away the cold, calculating spirit of selfishness and self-seeking, lay off the armor of local strife and political opposition; here and now, for once, forgetful of the earthly and perishable, come up to these halls and consecrate them with one heart and one mind to works of righteousness and just judgment. . . . Gentlemen, I commit to you this sacred cause. Your action upon this subject will affect the present and future condition of hundreds and thousands. In this legislation, as in all things, you may exercise that wisdom which is the breath of the power of God.

"Respectfully submitted.

"D. L. DIX.

"85 Mt. Vernon street, Boston,

"January, 1843."

V. HOW CONVENTIONALISM SEEKS TO DISCREDIT AND DESTROY THE APOSTLES OF PROGRESS.

This Memorial naturally created a profound sensation and aroused the almost furious wrath of those responsible, even indirectly, for the outrages; and it stung many tax-payers into

resentment who had for years harped against the meager expenditures for the community's unfortunates. It is a fact worthy of notice in passing, that whenever shameful abuses are brought to light by high-minded men and women, not only are the responsible parties and their friends quick to deny them and seek to throw odium on those who have championed the cause of the defenceless, but conventional society at large and those who foolishly imagine that people who uncover iniquity in a community are bringing the state or community into disgrace, together with the large number of echoes of easy-going conservatism found in every community, usually unite in an attempt to discredit and if possible to ruin those who stand for justice, humanity and civilization's high needs. This was strikingly illustrated in France in the Dreyfus case, when Colonel Picquart and Emile Zola were prosecuted for championing and boldly defending the cause of a victim of one of the most cruel plots ever perpetrated by a civilized state.

So in Massachusetts, in 1843, a veritable storm of public indignation against the patient friend of the unfortunates followed the publication of the Memorial. Miss Dix's facts were denied or derided. No pains were spared in seeking to destroy the force of her revelations by representing them as the product of an excited imagination. In referring to the reception of this great protest, which was the immediate cause of the first splendid victory in the life-work of this noble woman, Dr. Tiffany says:

"Inevitably a Memorial such as that now described struck and exploded like a bomb-shell. It was carrying the war into Africa. It was the arraignment not of a local evil here and there, but of the state of things prevailing more or less in every township throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. 'Incredible! incredible!' was the first natural outcry of humane people. 'Sensational and slanderous lies!' was the swift and fiery rejoinder of selectmen, alms-house keepers, and private citizens in arms for the credit of their towns. Everywhere the newspapers bristled with angry articles. 'There are some,' this was the tone too often adopted, 'and Miss Dix may be one of them, who are always on tiptoe, looking forward for something more marvelous than is to be discovered in real life; and because the things themselves will not come up to this pitch of the imagination, the imagination is brought

down to them, and has a world of its own creating.”

Everyone who knew Miss Dix knew that she was anything but a sensationalist. Every legislator and journalist who affected to regard the Memorial as an exhibition of feminine emotionalism, either a bid for notoriety or the hysterical shriek of an ill-balanced mind, knew full well that the author had spent two years in careful and painstaking personal investigation. The selectmen and alms-house keepers were naturally enough furious, and their insulting denunciations of Miss Dix and their positive denials of the conditions she described were calculated to give aid and comfort to the opposition and to negative the influence of the young woman's report. Indeed, there is no telling what would have been the result of these brazen denials and wholesale denunciations, had not the great moral characters of the community quickly ranged themselves on the side of Miss Dix. Among these were Dr. William Ellery Channing, Horace Mann, Dr. Howe, Rev. J. G. Palfrey, and Dr. Luther V. Bell of the McLean Asylum.

VI. DR. BELL SHOWS HOW HOPELESS INSANITY WAS A FRUIT OF PUBLIC PARSIMONY.

The officials responsible for the outrageous treatment of the poor man who was caged and chained in Groton were particularly abusive; but Dr. Bell came to Miss Dix's rescue and materially strengthened the cause of humanitarianism and wise statesmanship by publishing the following remarkable facts relative to the unfortunate Miss Dix had described:

“MY DEAR MISS DIX: On recurring once more to your Memorial, for which I pray that you may have a reward higher than the applause of this world, I thought I would make you a short statement touching the case of a young man in the poor-house at Groton, referred to on page nineteen.

“Various coincidences led me to suppose this individual to be one James Gilson, such as the fact of having been at ‘the hospital,’ the peculiar blacksmith work for his restraint, etc.

“I extract a part of the history of his case, as recorded at the time by my assistant, of course with no expectation on his part of its being seen or published beyond the ordinary records of cases.

“1840, December 15. Mr. James Gilson,

Groton, aged 30, single; town-pauper. About nine months since, whilst at work in Lowell, his derangement came on, and soon after he was sent to the House of Correction, in East Cambridge; there he remained till last June (1840), when he was removed to the poor-house in Groton, and confined in the following revolting manner: A *band of iron*, an inch wide, went round his neck, with a chain six feet long attached. This was used for the purpose of securing him to any particular place. His hands were restrained by means of a *clavis* and *bolt* (of iron), appropriated to each wrist, and united by a padlock. In this bondage, this iron cruel bondage, talking incoherently to be sure, but without any exhibition of violence, was he brought to the Asylum *in the morning, after having been chained up the night before in a barn, like a wild animal, to spend its dreary hours*. His shackles were immediately knocked off in the presence of his keeper, his swollen limbs chafed gently, when the delighted maniac exclaimed “My good man, I must kiss you,” etc.

“So little was this man a subject for personal restraint during his residence with us that he never even injured his clothes, ate at a common table with knives and forks with a dozen others, slept in a common bed-room, and was considered as a pleasant patient filled with delusions. After a short interval, curative means were employed, and, as we judged, with most obvious and encouraging advantage, until on the 23rd day of April, that is, after a little over four months' trial, when the overseers of the poor, without previous notice, sent for him, while under the most energetic use of remedies which required a gradual discontinuance. My assistant's record closes with saying, ‘Reluctant to go, for fear they will again chain him.’

“‘The occupant of this dreary abode is a young man,’ you observe in your Memorial, ‘who has been declared incurably insane.’ Alas! he may be so now; two years of chaining, doubtless, has extinguished forever his hope of recovery; but when he was removed from this place, I declare it as my opinion that he was not only not incurably insane, but was on the path to recovery; in every respect a promising case. So fully was I impressed with this that I urged the messengers to return till I could advise the town of his prospects; but this was declined.

“How much now, my dear madam, do you suppose the charge to the large and thriving



UNCLE SAM: "SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL AS UPRIGHT AS I USED TER FEEL!"

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

town of Groton was for this poor man under the care of this department of the Massachusetts General Hospital? Precisely three dollars a week for every expense of support, care, and comfort; perhaps a third or a half more than his present cost.

"Very truly yours,

"LUTHER V. BELL."

VII. A GREAT VICTORY FOR HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

Dr. Howe took charge of the Memorial, and largely through his valiant efforts victory was achieved by securing far more liberal provisions for the treatment of the insane in the hospitals of the Commonwealth. Yet it was a hard-fought battle, a struggle contested at every step; and on one occasion Dr. Howe wrote Miss Dix about the persistent efforts of the opposition to delay and if possible defeat the reform measure which provided for the extension of the State hospitals so that it would be possible to accommodate the very poor among the insane. "I do not like," wrote Dr. Howe on this occasion, "to indulge in feelings of distrust, but have been irritated by the cold, pecuniary policy of these men. A friend overheard one of those very men who talked so pathetically to you, say, 'We must find some way to kill this devil of a hospital bill!'"

But all the efforts of politicians dominated by gross commercial ideals were powerless to stay the rising tide of public indignation, after the people came to thoroughly understand that Miss Dix had merely uncovered the shameful condition of inhuman and savage treatment of

the most unfortunate of their fellow-beings in the Commonwealth.

As soon as success had crowned her efforts in Massachusetts, Miss Dix visited Rhode Island, where she carried to a victorious ending a similar campaign. Next she visited New Jersey, where frightful conditions prevailed and where there were no State asylums to care for the unfortunates. After exhaustive labors, similar to those which she had carried on in Massachusetts, she succeeded in so arousing public sentiment that a well-equipped State asylum was established at Trenton. Next she journeyed south and west, and later she crossed the seas; and wherever she went she wrought a wonderful work and won great victories for humanity.

It is our purpose at an early date to give our readers a sketch of the life and wonderful work achieved by this remarkable woman whose name is entitled to a high place among earth's noblest benefactors. At present we merely wish to cite this memorable passage in the history of Massachusetts, which strikingly illustrates two things: 1. The great victories which a frail young woman, overmastered by high ideals and influenced solely by a passionate love for the most unfortunate members of society, was able to achieve in the face of apparently insurmountable opposition; and 2. the important fact that whenever a party is long in power, unchecked by a strong opposition, or whenever the people abandon their government to political bosses or machine politicians, crying abuses creep into public institutions, which call for investigation, exposure and remedy.

UNCLE SAM UNDER THE BURDEN OF THE "BIG STICK."

THE results of our miserable attempt to exchange moral leadership for leadership based on physical force among the nations of the earth, under the reactionary and imperialistic ideals that dominate monarchies and against which our republic for a century stood as a great and commanding protest, are strikingly emphasized in Mr. Beard's powerful and effective cartoon; and the ethical, or rather the unethical, keynote of our present situation is summed up in the words put into

the mouth of Uncle Sam: "Somehow I do n't feel as upright as I used ter feel." Like all of Mr. Beard's cartoons, this picture preaches a powerful sermon. It is as stern and somber as the "Thus saith the Lord!" of the ancient Hebrew prophets. It brings before the mind facts—grim facts—more vividly and effectively than would be possible if they were presented at length in a labored argument. It is a fact for thoughtful men and women of conscience to ponder over.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC.

CAMPAIGN FOR IMPROVEMENT OF OUR POSTAL-SERVICE.

THE Postal-Progress League, of which the well-known business man, Colonel Albert A. Pope, is the head, is inaugurating a vigorous campaign which should receive the hearty support of every American citizen, because the programme proposes to give the American people the benefits now enjoyed by the citizens of other progressive nations where giant monopolies have not been able to thwart the interests and will of the people for the enrichment of the few; and the reforms which are demanded in order to bring our postal service to the front rank are such as will immediately benefit the public at large, as will be seen by a perusal of the following demands of the League:

1. A parcels-post, like that now successfully in service in England.
2. A cheap and convenient postal currency to supersede postal money-orders.
3. A local-delivery parcels-post, carrying large parcels at low rates.
4. The extension of the free-delivery service to small towns and villages.
5. Reforms in the foreign postal-service.

Included in the reforms of the foreign postal-service are:

- Two-cent postage on all foreign letters.
- Special delivery of foreign mail.
- International postal letters of indemnity.
- An international cheap parcels-post, the limit of weight to be eleven pounds.

The Postal-Progress League is preparing for an active campaign, and is going to flood the country with circulars of its propaganda. They want the rates on the domestic parcels-post to be:

- On three ounces, one cent.
- On one pound, five cents.
- On eleven pounds (the limit), twenty-five cents.

There are few greater scandals in our public life than exist in the Post-Office Department, due to the influence exerted by the railroad corporations and the express companies over the administration and in the Senate of the United States. It has been shown time and again since Postmaster-General Vilas called the attention of the Senate to the abuses that obtained in the department, that the railroads are plundering the government and causing an enormous deficit in a department which might easily be made self-supporting while at the same time greatly extending the service in regard to second-class matter and a parcels-post. For instance, we find the United States government paying a rental of six thousand dollars a year for mail-cars that cost considerably less than six thousand dollars to build, though the average life of the car is nineteen years; and in addition to this the department is paying considerably higher tariffs for the carrying of mail than the express companies pay for the same privileges, while the influence of the great express companies and of the railways has succeeded thus far in preventing the United States from securing the benefits of an efficient parcels-post, such as exists in Austria, Germany, Great Britain and other nations.

This betrayal of the interests of the people for the interests of the corporations is rendered possible largely on account of that most dangerous yet inexpensive species of bribery known as courtesies, free passes and free transportation, given by public-service companies operated for private gain to the people's servants. Only a few months ago a gentleman connected with one of the large express companies in one of our richest commonwealths said to us in the course of a conversation:

"The junior Senator from this State has whatever he desires dead-headed from his palatial home to Washington when he leaves for the capital, and on his return the express companies are again at his service. If he should want packages sent to San Francisco it would be the same. Now," he continued, "who pays for that? Not the express companies. They are not going to allow them-

selves to suffer from favors granted to lawmakers. Oh, no! You and I and all the people who pay express-charges must in the long run foot these bills. And," he added, "it is a good thing for the companies' interest to have highly respectable, wealthy and scholarly statesmen obligated to them."

It is high time that it be made a prison offence for the people's servants to accept this or any other form of bribery by which the public-service companies make the people in the long run pay for service which in effect is bribery for the defeat of the rights and interests of the people. Just so long as it is not made a penal offence for any public-servant, from the President down, to accept any favors or courtesies whatsoever from the public-service corporations, the interests of the people will be sacrificed and the ends of good government defeated.

There is no department of our government where radical reform is more imperatively demanded than in the postal-service along the lines comprehended in the programme of the Postal-Progress League; and what is needed is persistent, intelligent educational agitation which shall compel the lawmakers and executives to give the American people the same privileges enjoyed by enlightened lands not under the oppressive rule of the "system."

WEST VIRGINIA: ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE
"SYSTEM" WHICH RESTS ON BRIBERY
AND IS SUBVERTING POPULAR
GOVERNMENT.

ON SEPTEMBER 19th, the *Evening Transcript*, the most ultra-conservative daily in Boston and a journal usually very sensitive when strictures are made against the great corporations and interests that prey on the public and corrupt the electorate, published a letter from its well-known Washington correspondent, Lincoln, a writer who is usually also very conservative and sensitive to the interests of the "system." This letter dealt with the political condition in West Virginia, and in it the correspondent described as a matter of history facts that when charged as existing at the time when the corporations were pouring millions of dollars into Hanna's strong-box to defeat Mr. Bryan, were savagely denied by the press holding briefs for the corporations in all our great cities. All students of popular government know full well that no true republic is possible which rests upon a

purchased electorate. Yet under the present "system," where party machines and corporate interests unite to gain office and privilege, city after city and state after state are being debauched and corrupted to such a degree that unless there is a speedy uprising of the people, led by the conscience-element in the nation, a renaissance of true democracy or republicanism will be as impossible by peaceable methods as would have been the securing of a constitutional government by peaceable means under the reign of the Bourbons.

Pennsylvania, through the union of such politicians as the late Boss Quay and the great railway, iron and coal interests, overthrew a pure and free electorate and enthroned corruption in government, while placing the people at the mercy of corporate despotism and oppression. The millions upon millions that are to-day being unjustly taken from the people by the coal-railways and trusts afford one illustration of the plunder of the public resulting from the "system" that obtains in America to-day and which is the fruit of the union of the political boss and partisan machine with corporations and special interests. This union is in effect one of the most dangerous forms of despotism. It is systematically lowering the *morale* of the people; it is corrupting the people's servants; it is defeating the ends of popular government; it is destroying reverence for law; and it is defrauding the millions of their rightful earnings that the few beneficiaries of the "system" may become inordinately rich or may through the wealth of one part of the "system" maintain office indefinitely.

From Pennsylvania Mr. J. E. O. Addicks journeyed forth, and the poison of Quayism soon infected Delaware. The debauching of this state forms one of the most sickening chapters in the history of our modern commonwealths; yet Addicks, reeking with the most notoriously-corrupt political record of any of the newer bosses, was chosen at Chicago instead of the representatives of the respectable Republicans, by the master-spirits of the Republican party, so completely is the party of Mr. Roosevelt a creature of the "system" of which Mr. Addicks is one of the most conspicuous representatives; and this man was made a National Committeeman. Thus the reign of bribery and corrupt practices was here given open encouragement by the Republican party. In this connection it is well to call to mind the nature of the work of this man whom the Republican party recognized in preference to the represen-

tatives of pure political methods. Mr. George Kennan, the famous author, traveler and journalist, in the *Outlook* for February 8, 1903, wrote as follows:

" . . . In the Camden district the chief Addicks' worker bought more than 200 votes, including 130 negroes out of the 134 registered. The market-price of votes in the morning was \$15, but it advanced to \$25 later in the day. Five thousand dollars was sent there hurriedly in the afternoon, as a special emergency-fund to buy votes. . . . In the Second Precinct of the Second Representative District of Sussex county, the Addicks men spent between \$9,000 and \$10,000 and bought 307 of their 401 votes."

A further illustration of how completely the Republican party has become a part of the "system" is found in the treatment accorded Governor LaFollette at the National Convention in Chicago. Though he and his representatives were selected by the regular State convention, they were turned down for the representatives of the machine and railroad interests: and now comes the news, set forth as a matter of course and as nothing that should create great astonishment, that fifteen counties in West Virginia are known to be "boodle counties." What has made them "boodle counties"? Privileged interests uniting with corrupt party-machines. The coal-barons and railroad-magnates have through corrupt methods destroyed republican government, according to the testimony of the trusted correspondent of the *Transcript*, which means in fact that West Virginia, like Pennsylvania and Delaware, has no longer a republican government, but has become the debauched tool of a despotism—the victim of the "system" operated by privileged interests and party-machines. In speaking of conditions in West Virginia the *Transcript* says:

"A well-known correspondent of an independent newspaper in this city, who has just returned from several weeks of political investigation in West Virginia, declares the outcome in that State extremely uncertain and apparently depending upon which side puts out the money on election day. One county of the fifty-five has asked the Republican State Committee for \$1,500 for immediate use and \$7,000 for election morning. At least fifteen other counties of the State are known to the managers of both parties as 'boodle counties,' it

usually takes so much money to carry them. The members of both parties have to be bought to vote their own ticket, both whites and negroes, and they explain their action by saying that the men who hold the offices have 'a good thing' and that it is only fair that some of the advantage should be passed around.

"Aside from this influence, the issues of the campaign seem to be running about evenly.

"The influence of the operators is very large, but in indirect ways, and the great corporations have enormous holdings in West Virginia."

Harper's Weekly, edited by Mr. George Harvey, one of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's right-hand men, is not only a staunch supporter of the Republican party and Mr. Roosevelt, but one of the most conspicuous representatives of the "system" in the United States. Yet it has recently made some significant admissions that show how state after state is being debauched by the money of privileged interests and corrupt political machines. In a recent editorial this paper said:

"Our present, practical diagnosis of the situation is that the chief danger to the Republican ticket lies in the big campaign-funds utilized successfully by Mr. Hanna in 1896 and 1900. Each year more than five millions of dollars were raised and expended. A good many of these dollars went, of course, for literature, clerical and oratorical expenses, etc., but a very fair percentage must have gone to 'workers.' There is no such direct vote-buying nowadays as there was when Indiana was split up into blocks of five, but there is no doubt that many, many thousands of tried and true citizens, who incidentally have the privilege of voting, were paid pretty liberally for the time they gave to the service of the Republican management in 1896 and 1900. Now every politician is awake to the danger of suddenly withdrawing rations previously supplied to this class of mercenaries. Resentment but mildly expresses their sentiment; revenge takes possession of their hearts, and is supplemented by a very practical determination to 'teach 'em a lesson.' How large the class is this year can not be estimated with accuracy by one not in possession of the private records of the recent campaigns, but it is pretty big and it is confined within the borders of states where every vote counts."

The above significant expressions from conservative papers which uphold the "system" should arouse the most slow-thinking to the imperative duty of a persistent educational agitation which shall break the power of the new despotism and overthrow the "system."

A SIGNIFICANT POPULAR VICTORY IN LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES, California, is, we think, the first American municipality to exercise the sovereign right of the people under a provision which in Switzerland is known as the Imperative Mandate or the Right of Recall. According to this important measure, which with the Initiative, Referendum and Proportional Representation has made Switzerland the most truly republican government in the world, the people reserve to themselves the right of recalling a public servant who proves recreant to his oath or to the trust reposed in him. On the demand of a certain number of voters such an official is compelled to vacate his seat, and a new election is held.

In the charter adopted some time since by the people of Los Angeles, the Initiative, Referendum, and this Right of Recall were incorporated. Subsequently, a councilman elected after the new charter had been ratified acted in a manner highly offensive to the constituency that had made him its servant. He had proved recreant to his trust, and the requisite number of signatures among the voters was obtained to the formal demand for his recall. The councilman, however, refused to obey the popular mandate, and appealed to the court on the ground that the act was unconstitutional. The court, however, sustained the validity of the provision, and a new representative has been called to fill the vacant seat.

This action is one of the most important and encouraging events that has happened in our American municipal life for years. It will hearten the friends of pure popular government everywhere. It, like the splendid success that has attended the operation of the Initiative and Referendum in Switzerland and in Oregon, points the way to a peaceable reclamation of government from grafters, the corrupt political rings, and party bosses, acting with corporate wealth for the spoliation of the people and the subversion of democracy.

We are indebted to Mr. Eltweed Pomeroy, one of our associate editors and President of

the National Direct-Legislation League, for the facts given in this editorial.

THE MARCH OF MAJORITY-RULE.

THERE is nothing in our political life to-day so well calculated to encourage the friends of free institutions as the steady growth of the movement for the establishment of the Initiative and Referendum and the securing of pledges from officials that in the event of election they will favor giving the people the opportunity to pass directly on measures of vital importance to the community; because this battle is being fought, as has been every conflict for justice and the larger rights of the people, in the face of the combined and powerful opposition of selfish and corrupt interests and of the old order. All the enemies of the fundamental demands of democracy, all the interests seeking to prey on the public, all the forces making for reaction and class-government, the corrupt party-bosses and the partisan machines, powerful by virtue of the enormous wealth they draw from special interests and privileged classes for betraying the community and the individual and turning over the people practically bound hand and foot to the rapacity of corporations and trusts, are a unit in openly or secretly opposing Direct Legislation. Yet in spite of the union of all these elements the people are gradually awakening to the fact that the hope of emancipation from the thrall-dom of the corporations, the trusts and privileged interests, no less than the purging of government from the corruption which through the domination of these interests has already permeated the republic throughout all its ramifications, lies in the triumph of Direct Legislation through the initiative and referendum, by which the subversion of the republic through corporations and partisan machines can and will be rendered impossible. All that is now demanded, and this is imperatively called for, is the organization of Referendum Leagues or Majority-Rule Associations in every state and congressional district.

Almost every great victory for human progress and emancipation throughout the history of the ages has been achieved by a few men who were ready to consecrate time, means, and if need be, life, to the cause. And the call to-day is to this class in every community. How often in the history of the past a small, insignificant group, whose labors attracted little or no attention other than the scorn and derision

of the powerful ones, has inaugurated and carried forward revolutionary and reformatory measures which have rescued municipalities, states and nations from the grasp of evil and demoralizing conditions, even when redemption seemed almost hopeless. In the battle for popular rule Oregon has led the way, but other states are falling into line, while the people are everywhere receiving that preliminary education which makes the success of a good cause inevitable.

ILLINOIS' MONSTER REFERENDUM PETITION.

WHAT a few devoted people can accomplish for a vital cause when a reasonable amount of education has been carried on was impressively illustrated at Springfield on September 8th, when the Referendum League of Illinois filed with the Secretary of State a petition signed by 130,872 voters of Illinois, asking that the three following questions relating respectively to (1) direct primaries, (2) the people's veto, and (3) home-rule in taxation, be placed on the ballot and submitted to the electorate of Illinois at the election this month:

"Shall the State Legislature amend the Primary-Election Law so as to provide for party primaries at which the voter will vote under the Australian ballot directly for the candidate whom he wishes nominated by his party, instead of voting for delegates to convention or caucus; the primaries, throughout the entire district affected by the offices for which nominations are to be made, to be held by all the parties conjointly at the same time and polling places? This law not to prevent the nomination of candidates by petition as now provided.

"Shall the State Legislature pass a law enabling the voters of any county, city, village or township, by majority vote, to veto any undesirable action of their respective law-making bodies (except emergency measures) whenever five per cent. of the voters petition to have such action referred to popular vote? This law to apply only to such localities as may adopt the same.

"Shall the State Legislature submit to the voters of the State of Illinois at the next following State election an amendment to the State Constitution, which will enable the voters of any county, city, village or township of the State of Illinois to adopt such system of assess-

ing and levying taxes as the voters of any such county, city, village or township may determine?"

In order to legally bring these important questions before the voters it was necessary to obtain the signatures of one hundred thousand voters. This the Referendum League of Illinois set out to do and within three months it obtained the enormous number of 130,872 signatures of voters. This work represented the expenditure of much time and personal expense for the public good on the part of the little coterie who composed the active spirits in the League. It demanded the consecration which marks a high order of patriotism; but, as has been the case in every great victory for popular government where moral enthusiasm has taken possession of high-minded men pledged to a noble cause, their labors were crowned with success, and the citizens will this fall have the right to accept or reject these immensely important propositions. It is needless to say that every possible effort will be exerted by all the corrupt and powerful elements representing machine-rule in politics and the public-service corporations, as well as other privileged interests, to defeat these measures. If, however, the people are sufficiently awakened to the real situation, there will not be wealth enough in the enormously rich corporations or power sufficient in the hands of the political servants of special interests to defeat the three measures, all of which are clearly in the interests of popular government and the pure and democratic administration of the same.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH AS A SUPPRESSOR OF DIRECT-LEGISLA- TION NEWS-MATTER.

WE SOME time since called the attention of our readers to the significant fact that when a judge of the lower court in Oregon decided against the constitutionality of the Direct-Legislation law of the State, the Western Associated Press heralded the fact far and wide in extended notices, while the great conservative dailies and weeklies which are owned by or beholden to the corporations and special privileged interests devoted columns to the subject, treating the whole matter as if it were settled. But later, when the Supreme Court of the State sustained the constitutionality of the law and delivered an opinion which proved to be

one of the most masterly and exhaustive state papers of recent years, in which the validity and constitutionality of the law was clearly established, the Associated Press failed to find the item of sufficient interest to make any special note of it. This significant omission was in keeping with similar lapses in its supposed functions when the unpublished news in question was inimical to the interests of powerful vested interests. One notable case, as we then pointed out, was the declination to give publicity to the news of the organization of the Philippine Independence Committee, which called forth the following significant words from so conservative a paper as the *New York Nation*:

"It is a little odd to read of the Associated Press congratulations on having induced the Czar to remove the censorship in Russia, at the very moment that this same news-gathering association declines at home to disseminate information of the highest significance. It refused to send out the news of the organization of the 'Philippine Independence Committee.' Yet the names of the gentlemen composing it are of such weight and distinction that anything they are united in advocating acquires thereby news-value. If President Eliot makes an address on labor at Boston, or writes of the government of Bar Harbor, the fact is immediately put on the wires; but when he and eight other college presidents, together with eminent clergymen, authors, and publicists, have something to say about Philippine independence, it immediately becomes of no consequence, and the news is 'killed.' Why, if those men were on a committee simply to dig a ditch, the fact would be eagerly published by every real newspaper in the land! If the formation of a powerful 'Philippine Independence Committee' is not news, then nothing is news. The upshot is to leave the Associated Press, by this refusal, in a kind of head-in-the-sand attitude, while the news gets circulated just the same."

One of the latest examples of the methods employed by the great news-disseminators to keep from the reading-public matters inimical to the continued rule of the public-service corporations, the trusts and the political machines was illustrated in the publication, in such papers as the *Baltimore American* and *Washington Post*, of an abridged letter from George H. Shibley, the well-known leader of the Majority-Rule movement, as though it were

his letter in full, but from which the important news item that the organized workers and many of the grangers had adopted the non-partisan programme for securing popular rule in the place of the rule of the political machines, was omitted. Below we give Mr. Shibley's letter declining the nomination for vice-president by the Continental party in full, printing the suppressed parts in italics:

"DR. JAMES P. LYNCH, Chairman Notification Committee, Continental Party, Chicago, Ill.:

"*Dear Sir and Brother:*

"With the general objects of the Continental party I am in hearty accord. But I place the initiative and referendum as the dominant issue, for it is only through the establishment of this system that the people can overcome the monopolists and secure the desired legislation. The mistake of the Continental party, in my opinion, and the mistake of every third party in the field is in asking that it, an organization outside the Constitution and controlled by a committee (a "machine") shall be installed as ruler of the American people. *It is true that the platform includes a promise that the party machine, if placed in power, will abdicate by allowing the people to adopt a constitutional amendment for the peoples' veto and direct initiative, but not until it has legislated for several years. This is inconsistent, for elected representatives can immediately establish the people's sovereignty. Several of the present-day Congressmen and Senators are pledged to this programme in national affairs, while the system is demanded by practically the entire body of organized wage-earners, by many of the Grangers, and by Referendum Leagues. Furthermore, the mere questioning of legislative nominees by the non-partisan organizations and by individuals results in the pledging of all the candidates, thus winning the day and at once.* So why attempt to build another party to place more candidates in the field? Emancipation is within the people's grasp and in this year's campaign, if they will only question candidates. To foster this movement, I have devoted my time and energies for four years, and the ease and rapidity with which the movement has been and is progressing is an assurance that it is along the line of least resistance. The American Federation of Labor, with its 25,000 unions and two million members, also the Pennsylvania Grangers and other non-partisan organizations, are unitedly pushing this won-

der-working programme. My duty is to continue with them. Therefore I must decline the nomination for the high office tendered me by the Continental party.

"Thanking the party for the mark of confidence and trusting that my continued allegiance to the people's immediate emancipation from machine-rule will, on reflection, meet with the approval of the members of the party and cause them to center their efforts on the questioning of candidates, I am,

"Yours for the Peoples' Sovereignty,

(Signed.) "GEO. H. SHIBLEY.

"Washington, D. C., Labor Day, 1904."

The above illustrates the way in which natural monopolies operated by private corporations, and a press beholden to political machines and corporate interests are able to suppress news unfavorable to the special interests or obnoxious to party bosses and political machines, and of the way in which the interests of individuals and of the public suffer. Vitally important information is suppressed and public opinion is educated away from the old, true ideals of the republic and in the direction of reactionary theories which further the interests of class-rule and the mastery of the pluto-political system over popular rights and interests.

ERNEST CROSBY ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

MR. ERNEST CROSBY is well known to our readers not only as a valued contributor to THE ARENA, but also as the author of *Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable* and other virile and thought-stimulating works. After his college education, Mr. Crosby entered politics and was sent to the New York legislature as a Republican. Later he was appointed through the agency of President Harrison to the position of judge, in Cairo, Egypt, an important position which he filled with honor and ability. But coming under the influence of Count Tolstoi's teachings he felt as never before the lofty ethics of the Golden Rule and determined to devote his life to the advancement of man on the higher plane. He therefore resigned his position, visited Russia, returned to America, and has since been actively engaged in furthering the ends of the higher civilization. Those who know Mr. Crosby will be interested in his

views on the present political situation as given below in a recent interview in the *New York World*:

"The economic issues are absolutely overshadowed this year by the question of imperialism and militarism. It is impossible to devote serious attention to the great domestic question of the distribution of wealth while the public mind is distracted by the fireworks of foreign conquest and such pretty and expensive toys as a new navy; and it will be permanently impossible to settle this question in any other than an aristocratic and oligarchic way if we permit the final establishment of a system of dependencies across the sea inhabited by races condemned to political inferiority. Caste under the flag abroad means caste sooner or later at home.

"Mr. Roosevelt has deliberately made himself the incarnation of the spirit of militarism and imperialism. His idea of national greatness means nothing but physical strength, and for great ideas he would substitute a big navy. Freedom, equality, justice must all be subordinated to brute force. The change shows itself already on the surface of life in Washington. Uniforms and brass buttons, new-fangled military escorts, war talk and army manners are gradually making headway there as fast as circumstances permit. It is the kaiserism of the German Kaiser which seems to have roused the emulation of our President and his Cabinet, and kaiserism, with all that that word implies—Prussian junkerism, *lese majesté*, enormous armaments, and all peaceful pursuits subordinated to military enterprise—that is the issue at the coming election.

"Judge Parker has spoken plainly on this subject. He believes in neighborly conduct between nations as between individuals. He is opposed to slave dependencies as well as to domestic slavery. We may be sure that he would have protested as President against the annihilation by Great Britain of the only two republics in Africa, and that he would never have been guilty of the assassination of the only Asiatic republic—that of the Filipinos—nor of the vivisection of our nearest sister republic in South America. He would lay aside the big stick and teach the native to behave like a gentleman. In a word, he would put an end to kaiserism, and I sincerely hope that he will have the opportunity."

AFFAIRS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

MEXICO'S PROGRESS UNDER JUST AND WISE STATESMANSHIP.

THE recent message of President Diaz, delivered at the convening of the Mexican Congress, indicated a condition of continued prosperity in the republic which is probably more largely the fruit of just government than of any other one cause. This message calls to mind the wonderful transformation that has been wrought in Mexico under the truly great statesmanship of Porfirio Diaz. Prior to the signal victories that marked the overthrow of Maximilian's government and of clerical domination, Mexico had been the theater of brutal oppression, of continued fierce outbreaks and of revolts marked on both sides by sanguinary and barbarous acts. The rulers had been for the most part despots whose security depended on their fidelity to the demands of the ambitious prelates and religious orders that were the masters of the millions through the power wielded by the church.

Injustice in high places begets lawlessness and injustice among the people, and Mexico was a land of brigands and robbers. Her mountains were infested by powerful bands of outlaws. Her people were the victims of ignorance, superstition and oppression. Most of those who headed the revolts were daring and masterful minds of the medieval order. They were swashbucklers who were consumed with ambition for personal mastership and who, if successful, quickly fell into the grooves of the existing system and by proving complacent to the demands of the clericals were permitted to rule. True, there were exceptions,—noble patriots and lofty-minded priests. Such a one was Hidalgo, as true a heart as ever fought for the cause of human rights and a juster order. Hidalgo was a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness of superstition and priestly domination. He fired the people with a passion for justice and a larger life. He broadened their horizon and quickened their moral and mental sensibilities. He achieved great things for the cause of human progress in Mexico. But though a priest, he preached a degree of freedom and intellectual emancipation that alarmed and incensed the church, and

the words he spake for justice enraged the oppressive despotism under which the nation groaned. Hence the power of church and state was put forth against him and he was slain, but not until he had stirred the hearts of the people with a great new hope and rendered forever impossible continued contented acquiescence in oppression, such as the clergy had so long preached.

So although despotism, bulwarked by a church necessary to it, continued to oppress the people, the seeds of democracy sown by Hidalgo and others took root in the public mind; and when the great revolt came which eventuated in the victory of the republican cause, the people hailed the leaders with passionate joy. These leaders were far-seeing statesmen with something of the spirit of Cromwell. They realized, and especially was this true of Porfirio Diaz, that if the church remained as it had been it would soon foment a reactionary revolution which would overthrow the republic, for every monastery was a hot-bed of reaction. Moreover, Diaz and his brother Masons believed that the abuses that existed in the institutions and orders no less than the hostility of the brotherhoods to the republic demanded the abolition of the monasteries and convents throughout Mexico. Accordingly they were destroyed root and branch and placed under the ban of law; and thus in a country where ninety per cent. of the people were Catholics, a liberal government was installed. Marriage was made an affair of state and church ceremonies were not recognized as legal by the republic. At that time the ignorance of the people was only eclipsed by their misery, and the nation, as we have observed, was thronged with bandits, robbers and lawless citizens.

Diaz set about to better the condition of the people, to bring order out of chaos, and to establish justice as well as law. The story of the rise of Mexico to a commanding place in the sisterhood of nations, when written, will be one of the most fascinating pages of modern history—a page that will show how true statesmanship actuated by a desire for justice and the public weal, wrought wonders under conditions that seemed to preclude the possibility of

more than meager success. In time the most lawless part of North America became one of the most, if not the most law-abiding region in the New World. The mountain fastnesses, so long the rendezvous of bandits, are to-day far safer places than many mountainous regions of our own country. In our travels in Mexico, in city, country and mountains, we saw less lawlessness than in our own country, and the content of the people and their admiration for President Diaz was most impressive, yet by no means strange; for Diaz, though autocratic, has always been just, and always has he placed the weal of the people above all other considerations. He was far-seeing enough to understand the vitally important fact that it was all one in the last analysis, or in its influence on the people, whether they were oppressed by an absolute ruler, like an emperor or a czar, bulwarked by a church, or by a king aided by a hereditary aristocracy, or whether the oppression sprang from the exercise of autocratic power by religious orders, such as the friars, who drove the Filipinos into revolt and who were so obnoxious to the Mexicans under the old régime, or from special interests successfully working through an alliance with government for the mutual protection and aid of politicians and corporations, in an effort to retain power and exploit and oppress the people. And he determined that none of these evils should obtain in Mexico. He determined to make the welfare of the people the supreme object of the State; and herein lies the secret of his marvelous success. He never allowed creatures of the State, like privileged monopolies, public-service corporations or bodies of any kind or character to become more powerful than the State, nor did he allow any partnership with corporations for the exploitation of the people.

One example of Diaz's statesmanship which is characteristic will enable us to understand why he is so trusted and loved by the people. This occurred a short time before we visited Mexico. The facts are briefly as follows: There had been a comparative failure of the corn crop in the Mexican republic, and the very poor of the country subsist almost entirely on corn and beans. A group of speculators, seeing an opportunity to get rich at the expense of the people, made a corner in corn and the price soared up so high that the poor were in a starving condition. Immediately President Diaz suspended the tariff on corn with the United States, with a view to breaking the

monopoly, but the speculators had the market well in hand and succeeded in keeping up the price. Then the President convened the Congress and at the same time suggested to the Mexico Central Railway that it should carry all the corn which the government should purchase to relieve the condition of the poor, at the cost of transportation from El Paso to the City of Mexico. Now the railroads in Mexico which are not owned by the State do not assume to dictate to the republic. They hold the government in wholesome respect, and when Diaz, who knew the cost to the road of the transportation per car-load, suggested that they carry it at the cost price instead of at the exorbitant rate usually charged, he met with prompt acquiescence. When Congress convened the President sent a message setting forth the wrongs that were being committed against the people and which were resulting in extreme suffering among the very poor, and suggested the passage of an act authorizing the government to purchase from the United States such an amount of corn as was necessary, and the selling of it below cost if necessary, to bring down the market price to the normal figure and thus relieve the suffering. Congress promptly passed the proposed measure and the corn was bought, the suffering was relieved, and the interests of the people conserved.

This incident is typical and shows how the people fare where their interests are placed before the interests of classes.

DARK DAYS IN RUSSIA.

THE destruction of Russia's naval strength in the East has been followed by heavy reverses on land, and the valiant Kuropatkin, who on leaving Russia so cheerily predicted his victorious march which was to result in driving the Japanese army into the sea and in the Russians crossing to Japan, marching over the territory of the Mikado and dictating the terms of peace in Tokio, has been beaten back toward the north-land. England has not only undone in Tibet all that Russia has achieved in the land of the Llama, but has apparently checkmated the well-laid plans of the Czar's government in that part of Asia; while with a constantly lessening awe of Russia entertained by the Oriental peoples, owing to her defeats on land, sea and in the field of diplomacy, the affairs of Russia beyond the confines of her legitimate territory have been marked by disaster and humiliation at every turn.

But great as have been the reverses abroad, they are far less ominous than the perils that confront the bureaucracy at home,—a fact which Russia herself at last seems to be beginning to realize, from the liberal tone of the deliverances of the new Minister of the Interior, which would indicate that Russia is preparing to propitiate the Jews in the hope that she may thereby be able to negotiate some future loans and also check as far as possible, without giving the people any of the real benefits of free government, the rising tide of discontent within her borders.

The war is costing her over two million dollars a day; her national credit is being strained, her commercial activities have been greatly retarded and in some directions completely paralyzed. Interior conditions indicate general stagnation in many sections. This is notably the case in Odessa, where the alarming paralysis of trade, partly due, it is true, to failure of crops in a region usually very prolific, is already resulting in great distress. Moreover, the withdrawing from productive employment of vast bodies of men is naturally exercising a demoralizing influence upon the body-politic, just as Jean de Bloch stated would be the case. Leading correspondents from Russia to the principal western European papers point out the significant fact that business men are finding it almost impossible to meet their obligations. Banks are pressing their creditors. It is difficult to obtain discounts for the best business paper at even ten and eleven per cent. Another ominous symptom is the indifference of a large number of the people to the course of the war and the hostility manifested in various localities to the government. The recent order for the mobilization of the reserves has led to trouble in many sections which reveals in a startling manner how little a large proportion of the people sympathize with the Czar. In Kherson, Ekaterinoslav and Bessarabia, no less than fourteen thousand reservists are missing. Seventeen officers were recently arrested in the Kieff district for disaffection, and peasants and artisans are in many instances ignoring the summons to mobilize.

True, Russia continues her policy of boastful arrogance. We are told that before long six hundred thousand men will be in arms in Manchuria fighting under the banner of the Czar; but few people will take these threats as serious in the light of the facts involved. It would be many a day, even if Russia had the soldiers who were eager for the fray, and means

ample to maintain so enormous a force five thousands miles from her base of supplies, before it would be possible for her to transport so large an army, to say nothing of the arms, munition and food whose conveyance would also be necessary.

Moreover, on every hand there are evidences of the activity of the revolutionary party. In a very interesting paper which recently appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, Carl Joubert declares that the various revolutionary parties in Russia, representing all shades of views, from those who would be satisfied with a constitutional form of government under the Czar, to those who would forcibly overthrow the present order, are controlled by one executive committee. If this writer's statements are authentic the outlook for the continuance of the present corrupt and crushing despotism is far less certain than superficial appearances would seem to warrant. According to him, Russia is honey-combed with revolutionists. The army is full of them, and not a few of the number are officers high in the service of the Czar. The ramifications of the revolutionary party extend throughout all strata of society within the empire, while their active centers are found in every country where there is a considerable number of Russians. The author believes that the organization is so complete and in such able hands that under conditions that are now in operation successful revolution is something to be confidently anticipated.

It may be that the liberal course foreshadowed by the new Minister of the Interior will delay the day of settlement. Otherwise the probabilities are that revolutionary outbreaks will follow closely on the heels of the close of the war, if indeed they do not occur before the cessation of hostilities in the far East.

RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL DESPOTISM IN RUSSIA.

DURING the troublous days that preceded the American Revolution, the King's officers and the Tory element in America were constantly confounded and nonplussed by finding their secret plans frustrated and forestalled by the Sons of Liberty. Even the oppressive edicts of the throne, about which great secrecy had been preserved in England and of which it was supposed that only the most loyal Tories and reactionaries were cognizant, were frequently in the possession of the leading American patriots immediately after the arrival of

the ships bearing the odious decrees: and before it was possible for the governors to act the patriots had formed their plans and taken initiatory steps to combat the oppressive measures. So in France, before the revolution, Paris was continually flooded with revolutionary leaflets which the police would vigorously hunt down and destroy, but with the recurring dawn a fresh harvest would be found. And so it has ever been in periods of oppression and injustice where people possess some education and where the spirit of liberty and justice still burns in the heart of man. Furthermore, the longer and more odious the oppression, the more the leaven of revolt spreads through all strata of society and the brighter burn the fires of liberty.

At the present time this fact is particularly noticeable in Russia, where the heavy hand of political despotism is supplemented by the merciless hand of religious oppression, and where the government crushes all wholesome outcroppings of that spirit of justice and freedom which marks real progress and human development. The long night-time of absolutism and brutalizing despotism has filled all strata of society with a passionate yearning for a change, and in spite of the argus-eyed police and the vast system of espionage, the various crimes of the government and its zealots, the doings and sayings of the friends of humanity that keep the fires lighted on the altar of Liberty, even in Russia, and the secrets of the bureaux and the law-courts, all alike in some mysterious manner find their way to all the centers of revolutionary activity, as has been the case in periods immediately preceding all great revolutionary uprisings. It is a fact frequently commented upon, that the leading spirits in the Russian bureaucracy are constantly enraged and chagrined at finding the things which they hoped were absolutely unknown to the friends of freedom, in the possession of the revolutionary centers in Paris, London, Geneva and elsewhere where Russian patriots are found.

A striking and interesting illustration of this character was recently seen in Geneva, where in the mysterious way so exasperating to the upholders of despotism, the Russian revolutionaries became possessed of the complete testimony of Professor Michael von Reussner, which was given at a recent trial for high treason held at Königsberg. The eminent Russian, who has for years been professor of public law at Tomsk and who is a member of the orthodox

church, was summoned for the defence. His testimony revealed the omnipotent character of the despotism that prevails in Russia. The cable summary of the sworn statement of this eminent savant contained the following, which will help the general reader to understand why, in spite of the terrible punishments that are ruthlessly dealt out to young and old alike who are suspected of loving humanity and the cause of freedom better than their lives, the spirit of revolt is everywhere permeating society in the land of the Czar. In Russia, as in America and in France prior to the revolutionary epoch, the secret friends of freedom are found in all strata of society and in all positions. In his testimony Professor Reussner declared that:

"There exists in Russia no right of religious creed. It is forbidden to secede from the orthodox church. Even the change from one sect to another is only allowed by special permission of the Home Secretary. A conversion to one of the German Protestant sects entails also the loss of all rights and transportation to Siberia. To leave the Græco-Catholic Church entails also the loss of the right to educate one's own children. The clerical authorities can imprison any suspect for life in a cloister; for, at the side of the administrative procedure of transportation there is a similar privilege of the Church."

"As to the press," Professor Reussner stated, "the Home Secretary can at any time prohibit the sale of a paper, or forbid it to discuss certain questions. Various ministers and the Procurator of the Holy Synod can suppress a journal at any moment. There is a Church censorship, a military censorship, a censorship for public libraries, a special censorship for popular libraries. Any meeting whatsoever can always be prohibited by the police. Even judicial sentences can be altered by simple administrative measure.

"Students have, as a punishment, been put into the army for life, irrespective of their being sick or cripples. Emigration without permission is punished by confiscation of property.

"A right of petition," the expert stated in conclusion, "does not exist. The change in the constitution of Finland, without the assent of the Diet, was a State-stroke, an open violation of the constitution. When two students had been flogged by the police at Tomsk I went to Petersburg, but could not obtain justice from the Minister. The judicial inquiry was conducted by the commander of the

gendarmerie, Wahl. Thereupon I resigned my position, but am still in possession of the Order of St. Andrew."

THE GREAT LIBERAL CONGRESS THAT
RECENTLY CONVENED IN ROME.

THE Free-Thinkers' Congress, held at Rome on September 20th, was one of the most notable gatherings of the kind ever held. Certainly it was the greatest liberal congress that has convened in recent years. There were over five thousand delegates present, the Frenchmen alone numbering one thousand. One of the surprising spectacles was the presence of three hundred delegates from Spain; they were all staunch adherents of the republican idea of government. The gathering was remarkable for the high order of intelligence represented. Many of the foremost thinkers of the time were among the delegates. Professor Haeckel, of the University of Jena, represented the Germans. Professor Berthelot, the distinguished French savant, was too ill to attend, but sent an address which was read by Professor Buisson of the Sorbonne. Among the ten delegates from America the eminent author and essayist, Moncure D. Conway, was probably the best known.

The convention was held at the Roman Coliseum, erected by Pope Gregory XIII., and the date of the convention was the anniversary of the fall of the temporal power of the Pope. Great emphasis was placed by Professor Sergi, who presided over the deliberations, on the fall of the temporal power and the triumph of science over superstition. After the convention the delegates marched in procession to that part of the wall of Rome where the Italian

troops in 1878 made the breach and entered the city. There they placed wreaths in honor of the victory which they held to signify so much in the onward march of civilization.

ART, IDEALISM AND PROGRESSIVE CIVIC
SPIRIT IN GERMAN MUNICIPALITIES.

SEVERAL Americans who have recently traveled extensively in Germany have expressed their wonder and admiration at the civic spirit present in various towns and cities. They point out the fact that the rise of commercialism that has placed Germany among the first commercial powers of the world, instead of being attended by a deadening of the moral ideals, as has been the case with us, has been accompanied by a quickening of that noble idealism which by fostering art, the drama and literature adds to the comfort and happiness of the individual and promotes the civic spirit. Throughout the empire they find a progressive municipal spirit that is vigorously pushing forward various plans for the beautifying and improving of the towns and cities. Men of means on every hand are vying with each other in their efforts to promote the comfort, happiness and well-being of the whole community. This condition is said to be due largely to centers or organizations of high-minded citizens who keep the pride of the people stimulated by educating them to take an active interest in their government and to demand for the municipality high-minded, honest and unselfish service. It would also seem that Germany is as yet little cursed with the reign of graft, due to the rule of corporations through the aid of the political bosses, which prevails with us.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

FEEDING FOOD-PLANTS WITH CHEMICAL
AGENTS DEMANDED BY THE
HUMAN SYSTEM.

IT MATTERS not in what direction one turns, utilitarian science is seen achieving wizard-like results for the health, comfort and happiness of man, laying the foundations for an ideal state when humanity shall be wise and great enough to be just. One of the most recent interesting achievements has been at-

tained by the Agricultural Biological Station of Vienna, where by adding hydrate of iron to the soil in which spinach seeds are planted the experimentors have succeeded in making the amount of iron in the plants grown in the prepared soil seven times as great as in the plants grown in soil without the iron. This chemical is of course recognized as one of the very important agents in the human body, indicated in anemia and general diminution of physical vitality. Yet the administration of this agent

in its mineral form has never proved wholly satisfactory, owing to the fact that it does not agree well with many stomachs and is rarely assimilated to the extent desired. But it is readily taken up and appropriated by the human organism after it has passed through the laboratory of nature in the vegetable world. From the results obtained it would seem that the amount of iron might in the same manner be increased in various other vegetables as well as in fruits which carry this chemical. Moreover, if iron can be thus incorporated into our food it would seem that other chemicals, such as manganese, might also be utilized in the same way to aid humanity in its quest for life and health. The field opened up by this victory is large, promising and almost revolutionary in its possibilities.

A REMARKABLE POTATO THAT PROMISES
TO GIVE US ANOTHER IMPORTANT
FOOD-PRODUCT.

The discovery of a potato that promises to become an important addition to our staple food-products was made a few years ago by Professor Heckel, director of the Colonial Institute of Marseilles, France. This new tuber flourishes on the banks of the Mercedes, in

Uruguay. Its botanical name is *Solanum commersonii*. In its wild state the tuber is quite bitter, especially near the skin, but under cultivation it is being transformed more rapidly than was the tomato. Indeed, after two years of cultivation by Professor Heckel, ten plants out of twenty-five retained so little of the bitter flavor as to be quite edible, and five out of the ten were very good. This proves that under careful cultivation and selection we may soon confidently expect to have a delightful new potato that on account of its great productiveness, the size of the tubers and its apparent immunity from the enemies of our common potato, will prove an important staple product. These tubers weigh from one to two and one-half pounds, and under favorable circumstances the product will yield 8,500 pounds to the acre, against 3,000 pounds yield of our best potatoes under favorable circumstances. Horses, cattle and sheep eat its foliage with avidity, and its tubers are equally enjoyed by animals, even the bitter ones being devoured with evident relish. The blossoms are of a pale violet hue and are very fragrant. If experiments in this country show as favorable results as those obtained in France, the Irish potato, it is thought, will have a formidable rival in the *Solanum commersonii*.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi. By Myron H. Phelps. Cloth. Pp. 259. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

I. A NEW RELIGION IN THE ORIENT.

THE Orient is the natural home of the mystic. The lands of the Indus and the Euphrates, of the Lake of Galilee and the Jordan, are the natural cradles of mighty religions that have colored the thought, given wings to the aspirations, and shaped the lives of untold millions, and that to-day hold in thrall the imagination of the civilizations of both the Orient and the Occident.

In the far East or the Orient are found the lands of contemplation, meditation and introspection; of metaphysics, speculative philosophy and profound musings relating to the phenomena of life and death, the meaning of man, the hidden springs of life, the mystery of being, the problem of the hereafter, and the direction in which the wings of destiny are bearing the human soul.

Sometimes in one land, sometimes in another, there have arisen great leaders—men who for the most part have lived austere lives—men who have been overmastered by thoughts and convictions that they believed to be divine and life-giving truths from the Infinite Source of Life and Love. Zoroaster in Persia, Lao-tsze in China, Guatama, the noble Buddha, in India, the peerless Nazarene in Palestine, Mohammed in Arabia, and lastly the new Oriental prophet who claims to be a manifestation of the Divine, Beha Ullah, once of Persia, later of Akka, each in turn founded a religion and called to its tenets multitudes who have sought to solve the riddle of the ages. And in all these religions as they have come to us may be found light and shade. Some are more resplendent with truth, more full-orbed and soul-nourishing than others; yet what meets the demand of some fails to satisfy the cravings of others, and in sweeping the vista of the past and contemplating the result of the mighty

systems of religions, we are reminded of those beautiful lines which Tennyson places in the mouth of the great Mogul Emperor Akbar, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

“ . . . There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes of worship.”

These thoughts have been suggested on reading a deeply interesting work by Myron H. Phelps, dealing with the life and teachings of Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi, the two master-spirits in the newest of the Oriental religions—a religion that was first promulgated in Persia during the meridian period of the nineteenth century, and which, according to Mr. Phelps, already claims ten thousand martyrs and whose tenets are accepted by several millions of souls. We are inclined to think Mr. Phelps may be greatly misled in regard to the number of adherents to the new belief, as there seems to be no accurate data to rely on, and the Oriental imagination is prone to exaggerate. Still it is certain that the new belief, in spite of the terrible persecutions which have been meted out to its disciples, has taken a powerful hold upon the Eastern mind, where, as with us, there seems to be great uneasiness and general dissatisfaction with the orthodox belief. The people are crying for living truths, for a religion that shall take hold of the heart and transform life; and every great teacher who can reasonably satisfy the intelligence and who also appeals in a moving manner to the spiritual energies, is sure of a large following.

II. SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE NEW RELIGION.

The teaching of the two great leaders, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi, father and son, has much in it in common with the best of other beliefs, and in one particular at least it is superior to the great religions of earlier times, and that is in its catholicity. On this point Mr. Phelps observes:

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

"Another characteristic of Beha'ism, as refreshing and attractive as it is striking to the mind accustomed to the dogmatic narrowness of the modern Christian Church, is its marvelous spirit of liberality. It recognizes every other religion as equally divine in origin with itself. It professes only to renew the message formerly given by the Divine Messengers who founded those religions, and which has been more or less forgotten by men. If revelations have differed it has only been in degree, determined in the several cases by the differing capacities of men in different stages of human development to receive them. No man is asked to desert his own faith; but only to look back to its fountainhead and discern, through the mists and accumulations of time, the true spirit of its founders."

"On its ethical side," observes our author, "it has as high moral standards as any of the other great religions; while the social regulations which it advocates are certainly more enlightened than those which have generally been put forward in the name of religion."

The sketch of the life of the father and son who have been the chief expounders of the new religion is admirably given, for the most part, in a simple narrative by the sister of Abbas Effendi, supplemented by facts from other sources and incorporated by the author of the work.

III. THE CHARACTER OF THE LEADERS.

Whatever one may think of the new religion—and contrary to Mr. Phelps' idea, we doubt much whether it will obtain any great hold on the Occidental mind—it would seem that Beha Ullah, the father, who died in 1892, lived a noble, austere and simple life well calculated to attract and win men and women hungering for a religion that showed its faith in a loftier and truer life, while the persecutions patiently endured naturally served to endear him to the faithful and to draw others to him. The son, Abbas Effendi, seems to have followed in the footsteps of his father. The lives of both preclude the idea that at any time they were other than profoundly convinced of the truth of their teachings—convinced that they had a mission from the Divine and that the trust confided to them was of the most sacred character.

IV. RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL IDEALS.

In the chapter on the philosophy and psychology of Beha'ism the author thus sums up

the conception held by the followers of this new religion concerning Deity:

"The Beha'i conception of the Supreme Being is not a personality, but an Essence, an all-pervading Force or Power, frequently referred to as Love, or Truth, or Life. 'God,' says Abbas Effendi, 'is pure essence, and cannot be said to be anywhere or in any place. God is infinite, and, as terms are finite, the nature of God cannot be expressed in terms. But as man must form and express a conception of God in some way, he calls God 'Love' or 'Truth' because these are the highest things he knows. Life is eternal; so man, to express God's infinity, says that God is 'Life.' But these things in themselves are not God. God is the Source of all things that are made, and all things that are, are mirrors reflecting His Glory."

"The universe exists for the purpose of individualizing the Infinite Absolute and Eternal Essence; that is, for the purpose of creating in that Essence centers of consciousness and intelligence which shall know themselves and know It or God. The instrument of this creation is the material universe, and the process is evolution. Spirit is an emanation from God; but it is simple, undifferentiated, unorganized. Spirit must be developed or evolved by a vast course of evolution in contact with matter, by means of the experiences thereby gained, until the emotional, mental and reasoning faculties and powers are developed in it. Self-consciousness follows from the association of spirit evolving these powers with individual human forms. These centers of emotion, intelligence, reason, and self-consciousness are capable, in due course, of union with, or transfer to, the pure Absolute Essence, whereby the ultimate end of the evolutionary process is attained."

In the chapter dealing with the ethics of this new religion we are told:

"The life of all men is a single Divine emanation. They should therefore hold to each other the closest relation of sympathy, love and brotherhood. This must be the way the matter looks when seen from the Divine standpoint—from the standpoint of the Divine rays which are the souls of men. Any other attitude on the part of the human consciousness must cause disharmony between man and God; must, in fact, constitute an insuperable barrier to man's Divine possibilities.

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"Each man is bound up with his fellows. Their welfare should be his concern no less than his own.

"*Khodah* and *Mohabbet*, God and Love, are the words always in their mouths. Love is the very essence of the nature of God. By love alone can man approach God; and love for God is no other than love for man. The service of man is its highest expression. Love, kindness, unselfishness, compassion, are the direct path to the soul and to God.

"'Love for men,' says Abbas Effendi, 'is love for God. To serve men is to serve God. My sign is this—that I serve the people, that I clothe the people.'

"By 'men' and 'people' are meant all men and all people no less than those of one's own land or faith.

"It follows from this law of love and brotherhood that evil should not be met with evil, but with good; that is, there should be no resentment or retaliation—the injury is to be forgiven and forgotten.

"But Christ, when he advised that if a man be struck upon one cheek, he turn the other, was advancing a rule of conduct which should govern the every-day relations between individuals. His words are not to be taken literally, but as enjoining that there should be no resentment or retaliation for injuries received. By retaliating in kind, you will act as evilly as the wrong-doer. You should conquer hatred by love. If you meet with kindness him who injures you, you may overcome his stubborn spirit. The love of God will then come to him, and he will become a changed man.

"'No Divine Messenger,' says Abbas Effendi, 'ever encouraged strife, or suggested that the sword be used in promulgating his teachings. When followers of Christ or Mahomet have resorted to this means of spreading their faith, imagining that they were justified by the words of their Master, they have mistaken the symbols of his teaching for its reality and have done that which he had, in fact, forbidden. This misinterpretation was due to their own ignorance and degradation. All the great Teachers are from God, and teach the same thing; the differences in the results which have followed from their teachings have been due to the varieties of character—the degrees of ignorance or knowledge, of materiality or spirituality—of mankind.

"'Of what avail is contention as to what is truth? In the contention God is lost. Intellectual refinements are of no avail without the godly life.'"

These extracts will give the reader some idea of the philosophical concepts and the spirit of this latest claimant to a place among the world's great religions.

To tell the story of the leader's life, or to even outline the philosophy, psychology and ethics of the new religion in anything like a comprehensive manner would far exceed the limits of the space at our command. Those, however, who are interested in the subject will find Mr. Phelps' work a lucid and fascinating volume by a thoughtful man who has become convinced that the new religion has a message worth the while for civilization at its present stage of advancement.

The Trail to Boyland. By Wilbur Nesbit. Cloth. Pp. 162. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THIS is an unambitious volume of verse, one of those sane, wholesome, restful and delightful books which minister to the idealistic yearning of the heart and brain of the common life in an age when extreme utilitarianism and a general commercialistic materialism have too frequently blunted, deadened and all-but-destroyed the fine, sensitive, poetic and idealistic elements of our being which are to the human what the rare blossom and exquisite fragrance are to the rose. The verse in the volume is of the kind for which the poet Longfellow voiced the cry of the cosmic heart when in his delightful little waif, *The Day Is Done*, he calls for

"Some simple and heartfelt lay
That shall quiet this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day."

Many of the poems, as the title of the book would indicate, deal with boyhood, though there are several narratives in verse, some dialect poems, and not a few sermons in song—little waifs that impress a fine thought in homely yet rhythmic phrasing. The poems of childhood are particularly pleasing and will tend to refresh the mind and throw into the tired brain where idealism yet lives the light and music of other days. Indeed, it is wonderful how a line or the mental imagery it may call forth acts like a magician's wand in summoning pictures of other days, transporting

one into the romance-world of childhood, which was once the real world of one's own experience, and one sees again the glory of the sunset and the majesty of the storm. One inhales the exquisite perfume of the wild crab-apple and the fragrance of the clover. Ah! for most of us, we think, there is a witching spell brooding over the sunlit morning-time of childhood that tends to render indistinct the gloomy hours and experiences. But be that as it may, the contemplation of childhood's happy moments brings rest and invigoration to the mind, because it gives wings to the imagination; it appeals to the idealism in our nature; it touches the poet in our being, and this is most necessary to our present-day life, for idealism is the fountain of national youth. It is to the soul of a man, of a nation or of a civilization what oxygen is to the physical body of the animal. So long as idealism dominates life, morality and the finer sensibilities holds sway. When the sordid, the materialistic and the utilitarian become the mainsprings of action, life is marked by a steady decline. To come into rapport with our author and his views one has only to read the following stanzas entitled "The Boyheart":

"The boyheart! The boyheart! It lies within your breast,
All ready to go leaping when your soul is at its best—
When on the street there comes to you a whistle or a call,
Or but the echo of a song whose happy measures fall
Upon the chords of memory, and rouse them into life
Until they send a surging thrill as rich as drum or fife!

The boyheart! The boyheart! It may be but a rose
That nods in careless glee at one as idly on he goes;
But instantly he sees a street that wanders up and down
Between the sleepy fences of the quiet little town;
Or maybe 't is a country road where swaying branches spread
And build an arching canopy of beauty overhead.

The boyheart! The boyheart! Pray that you have it yet!
A-many times its tugging thrills will leave your eyelids wet;

A-many times its sudden beats will set your blood aflame
When out of all the other years will come a whispered name;
A-many times you'll walk the ways you wandered when a lad,
If God has but been good to you and left the heart you had."

And here are some companion-lines from a waif entitled "The Trail to Boyland":

"Where the maple leaves are yellow
And the apples plump and mellow,
And the purple grapes are bursting with their rich autumnal wine,
And the oak leaves redly flaming—
All the blaze of sunset shaming—
Is a trail that idly wanders to a land of yours and mine.

It goes through the grassy hollows
And across the hills; it follows
All the playful turns and curvings of the ever-singing streams;
Overgrown with tangled grasses,
All the olden haunts it passes
Till it fades into a vista that is cherished in our dreams.

So it stretches and it glistens,
Far away—and he who listens
Hears the echo of the hailings and the murmur of a song
That comes through the silence throbbing—
Half with laughter, half with sobbing—
Till it clutches at the heart-strings and would hold them overlong.

"T is the trail—the Trail to Boyland—
How it spans the miles to joyland!
Passing leafy lane and blossom-tangled vine,
and bush and tree,
Coaxing bees till they, in coming,
Fill the hush of noon with humming—
And the wonderous way to Boyland stretches fair for you and me!"

Not a few of the poems are noteworthy for their realistic reminiscences. Take, for example, the following real gem entitled "Honey-Haunted":

"Doc Stewart's bees—they knew the town
As well as any boy of us.
They searched the gardens up and down;
They—bee-like—were industrious.

Their honey—Oh, the tang it had!—
 As mellow as the richest wine
 Which holds no dream that is not glad—
 A soothing sweetness, fair and fine.

The old-time honey! Amber-hued
 And syrupy—and how it clung
 As though the bees in sleepy mood
 Had loitered where the poppies swung!
 And how its pungent perfume filled
 The air, whenever it was spread,
 As if some jocund elf had spilled
 The glory of a flower-bed!

Why, you could shut your eyes and taste
 The wild red roses by the mill,
 And mark the way the bees had traced
 The clover-blooms beyond the hill;
 And there were hints of violets
 And honeysuckles; lilacs, too,
 Had paid their lavish honey-debts
 And left their fragrance floating through.

The old-time honey! Who has sung
 Of sweeter memories than this?
 A rarer morsel on the tongue
 Has never filled the heart with bliss,
 It held the songs of summer days,
 And whisperings of scented trees—
 Down boyhood's unforgotten ways
 There comes the croon of Stewart's bees."

In "Hickory Nuttin'" we have a picture that to many of us who were raised in the Middle West will be almost photographic in its fidelity to experiences that stand out in the perspective of the by-gone years:

"The bes' time in the year for boys is when
 it's hickory nuttin'—
 There's been a frost an' all the hulls is
 openin' an' shuttin'
 An' winkin' at the squirrels that just jumps
 round an' chatters
 An' scoots about a mile away when 'plop!'
 a big nut clatters.
 Us boys is glad on Saturdays—we're off of
 all our studies.
 I would n't trade my fun that day for yours or
 anybody's!
 You get a good two-bushel sack an' sling it on
 your shoulder
 An' wear your mittens an' your scarf—ma
 says it will get colder—
 An' then you strike out on the pike until you
 cross the river—
 We used to go in swimmin' there. Ooh!
 Makes a fellow shiver!

From there you cut acrost the fields; it
 does n't take a minute
 Until you see a shaggy tree, an' then—why,
 then you're in it!

The shaggy tree's the shellbark kind; there
 ai n't a nut that beats it,
 I do n't care where you get it at, nor when a
 fellow eats it.
 But butternuts is purty good; it ain't so hard
 to shake 'em,
 An' then there's hazel-nuts around an' us
 boys always take 'em.
 So purty soon you get your sack filled plumb
 up to the middle,
 An' when you shake it there's a tune that's
 better than a fiddle.

You do n't go home the way you come; you
 cut across by Tucker's,
 An' strike a ripe persimmon tree, an' fill your
 lips with puckers;
 An' mebbe there's some dried-up grapes—
 the wild kind—still a-clingin'
 Upon the frost-bit vines along the river-banks
 a-swingin';
 But then you haf to climb a fence; that sack
 sets you a-reelin',
 It bumps you in the back, an' where you have
 a hungry feelin'.

So you start home acrost the farms, the weed
 an' stubble crackin'—
 You playin' you're a Injun an' that it's a
 bear you're trackin';
 Afore you know how late it is the edge o'
 town you've sighted,
 An' get all empty inside when you see the
 street-lamps lighted.
 You never feel the heavy sack when you walk
 home, a-struttin'—
 The bes' time in the year for boys is when it's
 hickory-nuttin'."

Of the dialect verse the following is a fair example:

"'T is a veek pehint Christmas undt all droo
 der house
 Der chiltrans iss keebing so shy like a mouse;
 Dey vatch py der vindow to see ven I come,
 Undt ven I am in, dey are saying: 'Keep
 mum!'
 Chust like I can't hear dem undt like I do n't
 see—
 Dose chiltrans iss making Kriss Kringles for
 me.
 Dere's liddle Katrina—she asks me so schweet
 If I do n't like shlipers to go by my feet,

Undt vedder id's nicer if dey has some bows
Of ribbon to make dem some style on der toes.
Undt now she iss sewing as hart as can be—
Undt I know she 's making Kriss Kringles
for me.

Dere 's Hans undt his broder—dot Chulius—
deir bank

Iss empty of pennies dot use' to go 'clank!'
Dey ask me last veeks if I do n't dink it 's fine
To ged a new pipe for dis old von of mine.
Undt now dey vill visper undt chuckle in
glee—

Dose poys, dey are making Kriss Kringles
for me.

"T is a veek pehindt Christmas—undt, Oh,
it is fine

To see all der dricks of dose chiltren of mine,
Undt dink how dose shippers vill feel on my
feet,

Undt how dot new pipe vill be bleasant undt
schweet.

Undt dey shall haf choost der best kint of a
tree

Pecause dey are making Kriss Kringles for
me."

And here is a pathetic little waif in negro
dialect—verses very true to life, as all ac-
quainted with the Southern colored-folk will
agree:

"Li'l' black han's—dey neveh still;
All time pullin' de chahs erroun',
Playin' drum on de window-pane—
Ain' no stoppin' fo' 'Hesh!' er frown—
Drag mah skirts 't well I cai n't walk.
Astin' mammy ter 'Tek me, do!'
Grab de broom w'en I'se gwine sweep—
Mah house-wu'kkin' is neveh th'oo.

Li'l' black han's—dey brek de plates;
Slam de skillet erlong de flo';
Knock day clock fum de chimbley-piece
'Twell it has n' no tick no mo';
Pull mah vines in summah-time;
Mek dirt spots on de whitewash wall—
Always fin' in' de mischief place
Sence de day she lunt ter crawl.

Li'l' black han's—dey neveh stop
Losin' daddy's ol' pipes en things;
Droppin' bread on de pahloh flo'—
Lawd, de muss dem li'l' han's brings!
Li'l' black han's—dey moughty sweet
W'en dey pattin' po' mammy's cheek
W'en I'se tiah's f'um mah day's wu'k;
Dey mo' soothin' dan ef dey speak.

Li'l' black han's—dey still ter-day!

Folded still in de bestes' room,
Holdin' lilies es peaceful lak,

Des es if dey had pick' de bloom.

Li'l' black han's! I min' yo' tricks!

Hyuh's de el'phunts dat yo' drewed.

Li'l' black han's! Come back en vex

Yo' po' mammy ergain! My Lawd!"

We close this notice with the following stan-
zas that, like many other poems in the work,
are pregnant with suggestive lessons. They
are entitled "The Loom of Time":

"Swift as a weaver's shuttle,
Truly and quickly cast,
Every day is woven
Into the silent past;
Into the wondrous fabric
Go all the love and hate—
All in a fadeless pattern,
Lasting and intricate.

Here there are strands of beauty—

Kindness has lent its gold;
There we see barren places,
Sullen and dull and cold.
All of our clouds and sunshine,
All of our joy and pain,
Leap from the flying shuttle,
Full to the waiting chain.

Thus do the days go from us,
Thus does the weaver bind
Into a blended picture
All that we leave behind;
Ready with flying shuttle,
Lever and loom and thread,
For all the coming actions—
For all the days ahead.

So may we look behind us
Through all the web of days,
Seeing our good and evil
Blent in its endless maze.
Purple and gold and crimson
Vie with the sodden black—
Whether of pride or sorrow,
We may not have it back.

Swift as a weaver's shuttle
Day hastens on to day—
Always the fabric changes,
Always the colors play;
Now with a gloomy shadow,
Now with a glow sublime—
So go the deathless records
Into the loom of Time."

The work is illustrated with several full-page drawings. It is well printed and tastefully bound and is a volume well calculated to re-awaken the dormant idealism and sentiment which the hurry, worry, confusion, cares and excitement of the present age and land tend to destroy.

Before the Crisis. By Frederick Blount Mott. Cloth. Pp. 309. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

THIS is a spirited story of Kansas in the dark, thrilling and grimly-tragic days when the soil of the plains drank up the blood of as high-minded a company of selfless martyrs as ever died in behalf of a subject-people or a high moral idea. The great struggle with which this story deals, or rather which is made the commanding background for an exciting romance of the Dumas-Weyman kind, was the contest that more than aught else crystallized and aroused public sentiment, North and South, and rendered the Civil war inevitable. The outrages perpetrated upon the Free-Soil settlers by a strong, arrogant and masterful people, fully aroused and implicitly convinced of the right of their cause—a right for which their ministers found ample warrant in the Bible, form one of the most gloomy and essentially tragic pages of our history. The party of slavery was countenanced and sustained by the Federal Government in much the same manner that the Mine-Owners' Association in Colorado has been recently countenanced and upheld by the reckless and dictatorial Governor and the constitution-defying Adjutant-General of that state in the struggle between the great monetary corporations and the labor-unions. On the other hand, the unjust and violent course of the pro-slavery party led to reckless acts of reprisal, as is always the case in such conflicts, and out of the struggle rose men who were as completely under the spell of the Old Testament as were Cromwell and other great men who have led a forlorn hope at critical crises and who were strengthened and buoyed up by fanatical zeal born of the conviction that they had the warrant for aggressive warfare from Deity, when combatting those who represented ideas they believed to be wicked and demoralizing.

As the years pass and the old-time prejudice dies out, our people will feel deeper and still deeper interest in that thrilling passage in history in which the tall, gaunt form of the Puritan captain, John Brown, was the domina-

ting influence in a mighty aggressive conscience-struggle that proved the prelude to the greatest civil contest of modern times.

The author of this story is evidently wholly in sympathy with John Brown and the Free-Soilers, and this strong sympathy unfortunately causes him, we think, to paint the slavery party in too dark a due and perhaps to place some high lights on the portrait of the leader of the Free-Soil movement that are unwarranted by the reality. Still, on the whole the picture is well drawn and true in spirit and atmosphere.

Leaving the historical background, which for many will hold a special interest, we come to consider the story. This belongs to the school of the romantic novels tinctured with history, but for the most part the offspring of an Oriental imagination. The movement is quick, the pages abound in highly dramatic situations, hair-breadth escapes and episodes that might make even Mr. Stanley Weyman catch his breath. The element of probability is by no means always present, any more than it is in the D'Artagnan romances, but the devotee of the romantic novel is far less exacting in this respect than the realist, so we imagine that the marvelous deliverances experienced by the hero in the nick of time and his opportune arrival at the very moment when the Southern leader, who is the villain of the story, is about to despoil the heroine, will occasion as much satisfaction as the climaxes in the thrilling passages of a conventional melodrama, when the hero performs prodigies of valor, or when at last, as is always the case—no, not in life, but in the good, old melodramas and the romantic novels—the villain meets his just deserts and the hero and heroine are united.

The story is constructed on the conventional lines that mark almost all tales and plays of the Civil war. Barbara Fairfax, a beautiful and cultured young Southern woman, who lives in Missouri and whose father, a rector, is intensely pro-slavery in his views, falls in love with Oliver Wentworth, a young man from Boston, who is journeying to join John Brown's camp in order to take part in the border-war that is being waged by those who intend that Kansas shall be free and those who are equally determined that it shall become a slave-holding commonwealth. Barbara's principal suitor is Captain Mendenhall, of Virginia, the reckless and daring but brutal and passionate leader of the pro-slavery forces. He is the principal villain, but Barbara's brother Philip is by no means a saint. The negro family,

slaves in the rector's household, is very conspicuous, and some of the finest touches in the book are found in the out-picturings of the fancies, superstitions and other mental characteristics of these dusky children of the Southland. The author has evidently known much of the old negro life. Altogether the romance, though not so well written or so excellent a story as *The Crisis*, by Mr. Churchill, is far superior to most novels that deal with the conflict between the Northern and Southern peoples, which culminated in our Civil war.

Incense of Sandalwood. By Willimina L. Armstrong. Parchment. Illustrated. Pp. 220. Price, \$2.25 net. Postage, 15 cents. Los Angeles: The Baumgardt Publishing Company.

THIS volume is unique, artistic and richly gotten up. It is printed on fine deckle-edged paper not unlike that used by artists in water-color. The illustrations are on Japan vellum. Most of them are printed in light sepia, although one is a color-plate. The frontispiece is a reproduction by photographic process of a page from the *Vedas*. The content-matter consists of Whitmanesque poems and tales of India. In both there is much fine thought and all are pregnant with suggestions and lessons that for the thoughtful will prove helpful.

It affords us much pleasure to see the marked literary activity on the Pacific coast. Within the last three weeks three works by California authors and published on the Western coast have been received, each of which is much beyond the ordinary in merit; while this volume possesses the added excellence of being thoroughly artistic in every respect.

The stories, though simply written and refreshingly unconventional, are finished in style. The tales and allegorical sketches no less than the style of their composition are quite out of the beaten path of present-day literature, and they are intended to carry lessons that shall linger in the contemplative mind and awaken fruitful trains of thought and speculation. Indeed, the chief interest, it seems to us, lies in the suggestive lessons they hold, as the subject-matter is for the most part gloomy or tragic in character and depressing in its first effect on the mind of the reader. The author has evidently scant sympathy for the ancient civilizations and the religious philosophies of the far East, and we are by no means certain that she is at all times fair or unbiased

in the implications that the tales carry. But with these exceptions—the gloomy subject-matter and a possible Occidental bias on the part of the author—the volume is excellent as well as artistic.

Dramas and Poems of Edward Bulwer Lytton. With frontispiece of Lord Lytton. Cloth. Pp. 454. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

IT IS A pleasure to call the attention of our readers to this new edition of the dramas and poems of Lord Lytton. True, the volume contains only the three most popular of his dramas, *Richelieu*, *The Lady of Lyons* and *Money*, and there are only about a score of his poems. The little-read but to our mind very meritorious long poem, *King Arthur*, is of course not among this collection, as it alone would fill a volume of about the size of the present book. From the time we first read Bulwer's *King Arthur* we have shared his estimate of the work, regarding it as the best piece of poetical composition produced by this remarkably prolific and highly imaginative author. Not that its excellence if considered merely from the view-point of literature or rhythmic verse is so marked as to entitle it to a high place, but that it empearls so much profound philosophy, is so suggestive and thought-inspiring, and is so rich in lessons that live in the mind and that cannot fail to prove helpful to readers. We shall not be surprised if the day comes when some appreciative artist will properly illustrate the text and some sympathetic publisher will introduce it to the rising generation in such a way that its high merits will be quickly appreciated.

To return to the present volume. Here we have those ever-charming romantic dramas, *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*; not perfect by any means as acting plays or as reading dramas, as they have the faults of the melodrama of the day, when romanticism was in flower. And yet how rich in high, fine thought and beautiful human touches. Their influence is good as well as pleasing. They affect the mind much as a garden of beautiful roses affects the physical senses. True, *Richelieu* is idealized, but as that prince of romancers, the elder Dumas, had wrought such havoc with the fame of the soldier-priest and statesman, Bulwer's ideal picture, so rich in high lights and warm and pleasing touches, may serve as a balancing influence, enabling the general reader too careless to study history to

gain a more just conception of Richelieu than would have been possible had Dumas' picture remained alone in romance literature. In *Richelieu* as in *The Lady of Lyons* there are the intensely human elements present, even when romantic idealism is so much in evidence as to detract somewhat from the convincing power of the plays. The dramas do not always ring true in matters relating to the larger problems of life, especially when they deal with such world-issues as war. Yet barring these deficiencies the moral trend is upward and the influence wholesome; and in spite of the protests of the realists they will continue to charm and delight the general reader just as children will continue to love fairy-tales in spite of prosaic literalists who have sought to dispel the illusions from their mental world, because the human mind turns as naturally to the idealistic and romantic as the flower turns to the sun.

Money is a pleasing reading drama, though in our opinion it is less interesting than *The Rightful Heir*, which is not found in this volume.

The poems are selected with excellent judgment, and the volume is tastefully gotten up, with gold-stamped back and gilt top. It is a book that should be found in all libraries where there are no full sets of Bulwer's poetical works.

The Awakening of Pocalito and Other Tales.

By Eugenia Kellogg. Cloth. Pp. 130. Price, \$1.00. San Francisco: The Unknown Publisher.

TOWARD the close of 1903 Joaquin Miller, to whom the manuscript of this little volume had been submitted, wrote the talented author:

"I have read your stories which I return with hearty endorsement, not only because they are new to a world which has long been sated with golden skies, golden fields, golden sunsets, and golden gates, but because they are true. Here you have the Greek fishermen as I found them forty years ago and as they will be centuries hence. Here are the Italian egg-gatherers, as off their own coast. In fact, you have widened the world—our California world—and made the land more entirely Italy than ever before."

The volume contains five short stories and a pen-picture of a bull-fight in the City of Mexico. The stories are realistic in character, portraying for the most part the humble life with far more than photographic fidelity. Here are

tales or sketches that in the hands of a writer wanting in power of expression and in the imagination of the true artist would be dull and uninteresting; yet it is safe to say that those who read one of Miss Kellogg's stories will peruse the entire volume, even though they are mostly gloomy or pathetic.

"The Awakening of Pocalito" is a powerful picture of child-life among the very poor Italians of San Francisco, and it incidentally gives a beautiful portrayal of that divine spirit that so frequently shines forth in the lives of earth's humblest ones. Such thoughtful deeds as that of the old fruit-vender speak most eloquently of the God resident in the soul of man.

"Chief Skowl's Revenge" is one of the best sketches in the book—a story that is gloomy in the main; but here the power of love shines as the golden glory of evening's sun after a storm has passed. Through the love of a wife the old injured and hate-embittered chief yields to the nobler passion and returns good for evil in such a way as to change the fate and future of the little group. The change thus wrought well typifies the change that will come over the face of this old world when humanity becomes wise and sane enough to feel and know that love is the greatest thing in the world.

of a Curse" are strong pieces of writing. Like

"A Sleuth of Stowaways" and "The Story the others they possess the saving power of imagination which differentiates them from the tedious, wearisome mediocrity that marks most of the so-called realistic short stories of our time.

"A Heroine of Diplomacy" is a thrilling sketch of a young woman, the only passenger in a sleeping-car on the Sunset line from the Pacific, who in the still watches of the night finds herself in the power of a great animal negro porter, but who by song and clever devices holds the brute at bay during the long hours of the night.

"A Mexican Holiday" describes a bull-fight in the ancient capital of the Aztecs. It is the most vivid and impressive description of this barbarous sport we have ever perused. It is too cruelly realistic to be other than unpleasant reading; though this fact displays the author's power in cleverly bringing before the reader's mind the picture she witnessed in such a way as to awaken feelings such as one would experience in beholding the reality. And it is this power of revealing the interior soul as well as the outward seeming that differentiates the realism of power from the insipid, dull, com-

monplace realism which has flourished during recent decades. Miss Kellogg's work possesses elements of virility and strength that are as refreshing as rare among authors who essay the kind of writing she has so admirably performed in this little volume.

Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop.
By Anne Warner. Cloth. Pp. 227.
Price, \$1.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THIS volume contains five short stories. Four of the number originally appeared in *The Century Magazine* and proved highly popular. There is no denying the fact that they are clever sketches, abounding in bright sayings and very true to a certain phase of life among simple-minded people who live almost wholly on the surface of being. In present-day life, in all strata of society, we find men and women who act almost as automatons and whose existence seldom suggests feelings or emotions that strike deep notes or reveal the presence of character in the true meaning of that term. They remind us of bodies without souls, of beings incapable of the deeper reaches of life. Their world is all on the surface, and life seems shallow and all but valueless. Their mirth falls on the heart of those to whom the deeper things of life appeal, as something hollow and wanting in cadence and rhythm. There is a humor which warms the soul and humanizes our nature while it delights the imagination, such, for example, as that which is found in *John Norton's Christmas*, by the late W. H. H. Murray; but there is a certain species of humor that is the antithesis of this, even though it is a true reflection of the life from which it emanates, and its influence is as jarring and discordant music. Such is the humor in this work, especially that which is present when the daughter is preparing for her father's funeral and planning to get married. The following extracts from the first story well illustrate what we mean and also the author's style. Miss Clegg has been a dutiful and faithful daughter to a father who has long been a paralytic. Her friend Mrs. Lathrop is a neighbor and confidante. Both are simple-minded people of the shallow type to which we have referred.

"Mrs. Lathrop was always interested, always sympathetic, and rarely ever startled; yet one July evening when Susan said suddenly

'I've finished my dress for father's funeral,' she did betray a slight shock.

"'You ought to see it,' the younger woman continued, not noticing the other's start—'it's jus' 's nice. I put it away in camphor balls, 'n' Lord knows I do n't look forward to the gettin' it out to wear, f'r the whole carriage load 'll sneeze their heads off whenever I move in that dress.'

"'Did you put newspaper—' Mrs. Lathrop began, mastering her earlier emotions.

"'In the sleeves? Yes, I did, 'n' I bought a pair 'o black gloves 'n' two handkerchiefs 'n' slipped 'em into the pockets. Everythin' is all fixed, 'n' there 'll be nothin' to do when father dies but to shake it out 'n' lay it on the bed in his room. I say "in his room," 'cause o' course that day he 'll be havin' the guest-room. I was thinkin' of it all this afternoon when I sat there by him hemmin' the braid on the skirt, 'n' I could n't but think 't if I sit 'n' wait very much longer I sh'll suddenly find myself pretty far advanced in years afore I know it. This world 's made f'r the young 's well 's the old, 'n' you c'n believe me or not jus' 's you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I've always meant to get married 's soon 's father was off my hands. I was countin' up to-day, though, 'n' if he lives to be a hundred, I 'll be nigh onto seventy 'n' no man ain't goin' to marry me at seventy. Not 'nless he was eighty, 'n' Lord knows I ain't intendin' to bury father jus' to begin on some one else, 'n' that 's all it 'd be.'

"Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"'I set there thinkin' f'r a good hour, 'n' when I was puttin' away that dress, I kep' on thinkin', 'n' the end was 't now that dress 's done I ain't got nothin' in especial to sew on 'n' so I may jus' 's well begin on my weddin' things. There 's no time like the present, 'n' 'f I married this summer *he'd* have to pay f'r half of next winter's coal. 'N' so my mind 's made up, 'n' you c'n talk yourself blind, 'f you feel so inclined, Mrs. Lathrop, but you can 't change hide or hair o' my way o' thinkin'. I've made up my mind to get married, 'n' I 'm goin' to set right about it. Where there 's a will there 's a way, 'n' I ain't goin' to leave a stone unturned.'"

Doubtless to many these stories, abounding in the kind of humor to which we have alluded and not wanting in amusing situations presented in a crisp and clever manner, will prove delightful; but we doubt if our readers will take special pleasure in them.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THREE important series of papers which will make THE ARENA for 1905 notable among reviews of opinion open in this issue: (1) *Constructive Measures to Restore and Preserve a Government of the People, for the People and by the People, as Demanded by Democracy*; (2) *On the Firing-Line of Progress in Other Lands*; (3) *Crying Evils of Our Day and How to Remedy Them*.

The opening paper in the first of these series has been prepared for THE ARENA by the distinguished and scholarly writer, Chief-Justice WALTER CLARK, LL.D., of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina, and deals with one of the most important and imperative issues of the hour. A true programme of progress demands (a) that we return to the fundamental or bed-rock principles of democracy or popular government and that at all times our reform-measures shall square with these principles, and (b) that, keeping this vital fact in mind, we move forward, meeting changed conditions with effective remedies requisite for the securing or maintenance of equality of opportunities and of rights and the destruction of those evils that are inimical to popular government and which corrupt the lawmakers and the electorate, making for class-government while placing the masses at the mercy of the few. Judge CLARK's paper opens this series of constitutional and fundamental discussions in our Programme of Progress. The author of this paper is eminently well-fitted for his task. He has long been regarded as one of the most unswervingly just jurists in the South. He was elected for two consecutive terms of seven years each to the honored position of Associate Justice on the Supreme Bench of his State. While there he proved himself at all times superior to the subtle influences of corporate wealth, and by his just decisions aroused the enmity of such giant corporations as the railways and the tobacco-trust. These united to defeat his nomination to the office of Chief-Justice of North Carolina. Failing in that attempt, an opposition ticket was placed in the field and an immense sum contributed to defeat the Judge. The heart of the people of North Carolina, however, was sound, and Justice CLARK received an enormous majority of over sixty thousand votes in the commonwealth. He is the author of *Annotated Code of*

Civil Procedure, Laws for Business Men, Overruled Cases, and other legal works, and is the American translator from the original French of Constant's *Memoirs of Napoleon*. Several years ago Justice CLARK was sent to Mexico as Special Commissioner for THE ARENA, preparing, as many of our readers will remember, a series of the most thoughtful and valuable papers on our sister republic.

"The Election of Federal Judges by the People" will be followed by equally able papers on Direct Legislation, municipal progress and kindred discussions. The first of these papers will be from the pen of the Hon. CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF, Secretary of the National Municipal League.

In "Glasgow's Great Record" THE ARENA is able to give the American public the most complete and authoritative brief history of this remarkable experiment in municipal ownership yet published, and the facts are brought down to the present time. Professor PARSONS when in Europe made a careful personal investigation and an exhaustive study of the experiment in municipal ownership and operation of the tram-service as being tried in Glasgow, but desiring to give our readers the fullest and most authoritative history of this pioneer experiment, brought down to the present time, and one that should cover every point that might be raised, we requested Professor PARSONS to prepare thirty questions which were forwarded to the superintendent of the municipal tram-service, who had kindly promised to secure for us authoritative answers to any inquiries we wished to make. More than sixteen large pages of typewritten replies were the result of these queries. These we placed in Professors PARSONS' hands to be digested and incorporated into a brief and complete story of Glasgow's experiment. This paper will be followed by a contribution from the pen of Mr. CHARLES BELLAMY, the superintendent of the municipal street-car service of Liverpool, England, and other similar papers will appear, from time to time from the highest official sources dealing with the problem of popular ownership of public utilities as successfully carried on in foreign lands. The second paper in this general series, *On the Firing-Line of Progress in Foreign Lands*, will be a feature of the December ARENA. It has been prepared

expressly for us by HON. EDWARD TREGGAR, Secretary of Labor for the Commonwealth of New Zealand, and is entitled "How New Zealand is Solving the Problem of Popular Government."

In "Our Legal Machinery and Its Victims" we open a series of papers on *Crying Evils of the Hour and the Remedies*. This is a strong and important discussion, disquieting, it is true, yet pregnant with sane and rational suggestions, and while boldly pointing out evil conditions, it is also a thoughtful contribution to the constructive literature of the hour. This paper will be followed by a contribution dealing in a specific way with abuses in public institutions in Massachusetts. Another very important paper in this series which will appear in an early number will be from the pen of LEE MERRYWEATHER, a prominent member of the St. Louis bar and a well-known author, and will give a series of startling facts relating to the corrupt practices in St. Louis under the reign of Boss Butler. Another important discussion in this series which will be a feature of an early issue will deal with child-labor in the United States.

The Drama and Social Progress: Our series of papers dealing with the drama as a factor in literary and social advance and the stage as a popular educator, opens in this number with a contribution by the well-known dramatic and literary critic, ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D., on "Arnold Daly and Bernard Shaw: A Bit of Dramatic History." Our readers will be pleased to know that during the ensuing year Mr. HENDERSON will appear in six papers dealing with the work and message of the great present-day dramatists, including IBSEN, SUDERMANN, PHILLIPS, D'ANNUNZIO, etc. The first of these papers will be on "Henrik Ibsen and Social Progress" and will appear in the January number. The author is a well-known contributor to the *Dial*, the *Reader* and other prominent literary publications. He is an instructor in the University of North Carolina.

The Philippine Insurrection: Why? In this paper the founder of the Moro System of Industrial Training describes in a highly interesting manner the Filipinos as seen from the view-point of an imperialist. The question is admirably presented and the paper cannot fail to prove of special interest. Yet to us it is far from convincing. The author starts from the vantage-ground of those who are out of agree-

ment with the basic theory promulgated by the Declaration of Independence, his position being essentially that of the English Tories who predicted ruin and destruction for our republic when it was founded, because it was held that we would be incapable of self-government. We believe that the Filipinos will be able to work out their own problem of self-government incomparably better if left with their freedom than if held as a subject-people by a race that has ever entertained a thinly-disguised contempt for all peoples other than the whites. When the republican leaders of Mexico triumphed, that nation was in very bad repute. Ignorance, superstition, a predilection for revolutions, and the presence on every hand of lawless bands of thieves and bandits precluded the idea that it could under the wise statesmanship of one man be made one of the most peaceful, prosperous and contented governments in the world. And yet such has been the case. We believe in the principles of democracy; we believe in the fundamental ideals proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence. And the sophistries, infamous as many of them are, of the reactionaries are the arguments by which kingcraft, priestcraft, aristocracies and autocracies have held the people in subjection while perpetrating great oppressions, wrongs and injustice.

One of the World's Great Poems: More and more as the years pass by the thoughtful public is coming to appreciate the essential greatness of EMERSON'S contribution to the literature of the nineteenth century. But we are only beginning to realize what a veritable gold-mine of philosophical and ethical truths is empearled in his great poems. In this issue Mr. CHARLES MALLOY, the President of the Boston Emerson Society, discusses in a masterly manner the great poem, "Bacchus." This is one of the four great poems of the Concord philosopher. "The Sphinx," "The Problem," "Bacchus" and "Hermione" are destined, we believed, to rank among the essentially great poems of our literature. Next month Mr. MALLOY will discuss "Hermione."

Professor Maxey on the Diplomatic Side of the Russo-Japanese War: The popular series of papers on "Crises in Japanese History" being prepared for THE ARENA by our special diplomatic contributor, Professor EDWIN MAXEY, this month deals with the diplomatic history of the Russo-Japanese war. This paper will be concluded next month by a re-

view of the military history of this great conflict during its opening campaign.

How the Stage Can Help the Church: In September THE ARENA published a paper prepared by the Rev. GEORGE W. SHINN, D.D., one of the leading spirits in the Actor's Church Alliance. This discussion was widely copied and generally noticed. In this issue GERTRUDE ANDREWS, well-known among the playwrights and actresses in the Empire City, and a lady of culture and ability, contributes a highly thoughtful paper from the view-point of the actress,—a paper which is pregnant with important truths for our clergy.

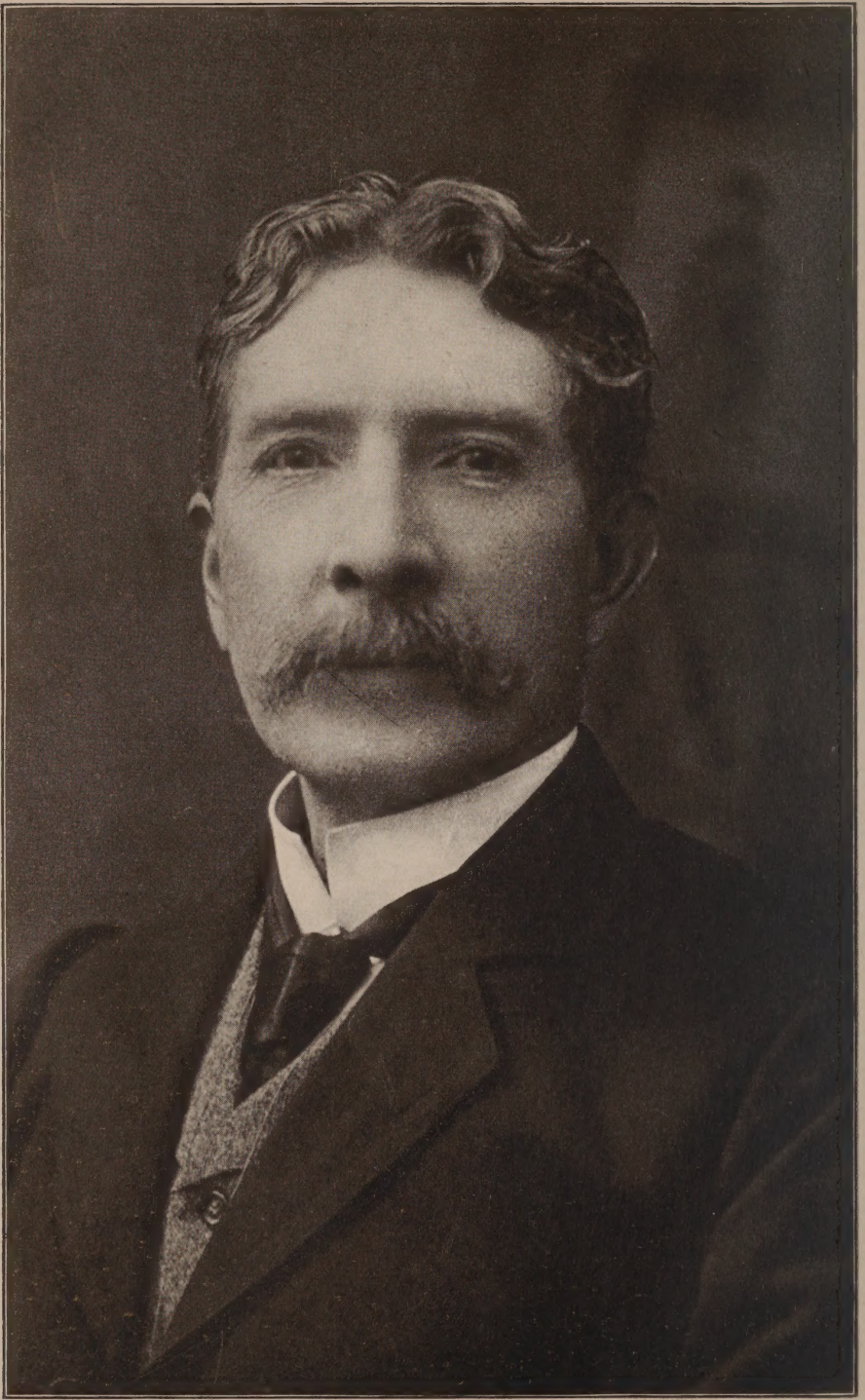
Saint-Simon: In his sketch of the life of Saint-Simon the talented author and journalist, HERBERT N. CASSON, has given our readers a vivid and instructive pen-picture of one of the noblest-minded and clearest-visioned prophets of progress of the great revolutionary epoch which rang in the age of man. It is well that we should all know and revere those great altruistic apostles of civilization of whom SAINT-SIMON was one of the highest types. His thought and his spirit of self-forgetfulness are needed to-day no less than in the earlier time when men freely dared and sacrificed life and all earth held dear for ideals of fraternity, justice and human rights that are even yet but partially realized. SAINT-SIMON was a nineteenth-century prophet of the twentieth-century's highest ideals. Mr. CASSON, with a passion for justice and human brotherhood, with clear vision, superb courage, rectitude of purpose and that lofty altruism that marks the chosen few way-showers of progress, has entered into the life and spirit of the great Frenchman to such a degree as to make us feel and know the elder savant as though he were one with whom we had touched hands.

The Coffee-Club Movement on the Pacific Coast: Our readers will be interested in the sketch of the growth of the coffee-clubs on the Pacific coast. This movement will appeal especially to the more thoughtful of our people, because it is a rational means that is being put forward for supplying the poor with the comforts of a club-room and with good food at the lowest possible price, and which is free from the objections of conventional charity work. True, it is only a palliative measure, but it affords a needed palliation pending the establishment of a juster day when all men who desire work shall have ample opportunity to toil and to enjoy the fruit of their labors.

Our Fiction: In this issue will be found a brief but charming and suggestive little allegorical sketch entitled "The Choice," by FELICIA BLAKE; while our principal fiction is Mr. DAN. BEARD's quaint and fantastic story entitled "The Ban-Dogge." This sketch was written by Mr. BEARD as a protest against the deluge of commonplace stories dealing with infinitesimal details of daily life by writers who pose as realists but who are devoid of imagination. Mr. BEARD in the first part of this sketch pictures with the fidelity of a true realist a winter gathering in a present-day lodging-house in the lower part of New York, and then by a wave of the magician's wand the reader is transported into the age of romance, of swashbucklers and pirates—the days when feudal lords on the land and daring buccaneers on the sea preyed upon the weaker members of society in a far more strenuous and picturesque yet far less effective manner, than the trust-magnates, privileged interests and Wall-street masters of "high-finance" prey upon the masses in America to-day.

Our New Serial Story: It is with great pleasure that we are able to announce that in our next issue we will publish the opening chapters of *The Building of the City Beautiful*, by JOAQUIN MILLER. This story has a triple charm. It is an absorbingly interesting romance, holding the imagination of the cultured reader enthralled from the opening chapters to the closing sentences. It is a prose-poem of rare beauty and excellence, pitched on a lofty moral key, mystic yet rational, highly imaginative yet sweetly reasonable; while at the same time it is in our judgment the most rational of all the "social visions" from PLATO to our time,—the story of the happiness of a whole people through the reign of justice under equality of opportunities and of rights.

This romance, which was written some years ago, was the fruit of the poet's deepest thought. Five hundred copies were printed, when the publishing firm was dissolved, and after certain delays, difficulties and confusion incident to the dissolution, it was found that the plates had been destroyed. The poet bided his time and recently carefully revised and amplified the story so that now it represents the crowning effort of his mature years in prose composition, and is, we believe, destined not only to hold a permanent place in our literature as a classic of its kind, but to be recognized as the noblest and most practical and fundamentally just of all the "social visions."



Edw. H. H. H.

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

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HOW NEW ZEALAND IS SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

BY EDWARD TREGEAR,

Secretary of Labor for the Commonwealth of New Zealand.

IF IT MAY be allowed once more to use the well-worn metaphor which compares life to a battle-field, I would say that among the smoke-clouds which cover the conflict and hide at once the carnage and the victory there is none so vast and none so protean in its aspects as that which denotes Democracy. One person sees it as a billowing mass of silvery brightness with its head touching the skies; to another it appears as the dark home of the thunder, under whose lurid shadow lurk national peril and individual suffering. I will not attempt to reconcile conceptions formed from points-of-view so widely divergent, nor waste my little strength in persuading others that their Gorgons are only ministering angels in disguise. It will be sufficient if I am able to convince that there are places in the world whence the cloud of Democracy may be seen in its luminously inspiring form and where even its shadows are as a merciful veil tempering to our feeble eyesight that intense sunlight in which our descendants will exult.

The spot, then, whence Democracy looks fairest is, in my belief, the little group of islands in the Pacific known as New Zealand. I will dilute the seeming egotism of holding up the place in which

I live as possessing unique advantages by saying that here Nature herself has a democratic tendency. We have neither the glorious luxuriance of tropical abundance nor the frozen poverty of the high latitudes. The clear temperate air braces and stimulates; never very far from us anywhere are tumbling sea, snowy mountains, falling waters, and forest solitudes. Their beauties and their bounties are the common possession of all; the Autocrat has not yet fenced them in, nor the Trust monopolized their values. Moreover we have succeeded to the heritage of a native people who themselves knew no King or Emperor; a fearless, adventurous, hospitable, laughter-loving race, the members of which seemed to imbibe the love of freedom with every breath they drew, and who have pined away even under the restrictions which a semi-civilization has forced upon them. If New Zealanders are democrats, to the influence of locality and of environment they may owe more than they have yet acknowledged.

It takes a little time, however, for such influences to visibly affect immigrants from other climes. Such was the case in regard to this colony. The lately-arrived settlers had been bred under systems far asunder as the poles from that which

guides New Zealand at the present hour. They had been instructed to reverence rank, wealth, landed-proprietorship, state religions and vested interests. Economically they had been taught to respect old trade-jargons about "freedom of contract," "supply and demand," "liberty of the subject," etc., etc.; phrases subtly concocted for the repression of all upward industrial effort and for the support of financial privilege. To disentangle themselves from such associations and to dare to think for themselves, then to translate their meditation into action, needed severe and arduous struggle, but it was on the true lines of national evolution and results full of promise have been achieved.

Space demands that I shall turn at once from the abstract to the concrete. I will endeavor to trace the course of the present "progressive legislation," and to show both its origin and its direction. It had two sources: one in the rural districts, one in the towns. That which most affected the farmers was practical defect in tenure, joined to an unjust system of taxation. In the early days of the colony its best land had been purchased either from the Crown or from Natives under the freehold-system—often in large areas and for little more than nominal prices by the few early settlers who could pay cash for their estates. The value of such areas had been augmented extremely by Government railways made in their vicinity and constructed with money borrowed at heavy interest by the whole body of taxpayers. As lands became more difficult to obtain the areas parted with became smaller, and farmers, obtaining their holdings under the same freehold-system occupied nearly the whole of the available remaining land. Theoretically, the possession of the country by such a class, that of hardy yeomen tilling their own fields, approaches the ideal. But war, bad times, and seasons of depressions threw hundreds and hundreds of such farms into the grip of the banks and of the private money-lenders, and the proud freeholder

became a phantom, while the reality was an agricultural slave whose family toiled with him from year's end to year's end, in order to hand over the small profits to the owner of an eight or ten per cent. mortgage. The position was made worse by the system of taxation under which farmers paid what was called a "Property-Tax," levied upon actual values, so that the more a man improved his property the heavier tax he had to pay. The banks themselves had over-burdened themselves with foreclosed mortgages and with farms held as securities but which had become unrealizable assets. With the bad times within came great financial depression without, and the outlook for the colony was exceedingly grave about fourteen years ago. Its credit in the world's money-market was low; its small population was hourly decreasing by emigration to other places, its financial institutions were tottering, and its Government had to descend to that last resource of incompetent politicians, a levy upon its own civil servants. Much of the disaster so far as the public credit was concerned had been produced by the divergence of borrowed money from its projected purpose (*viz.*, the formation of main lines of railway) to the purchase of political support by the construction of short railway-lines beginning at unimportant places and ending in the air. Fortunately at the psychological moment a disaster affecting the workers in towns gave the spark which kindled the cleansing fires. A widely-extended strike, involving thousands of persons in its disastrous failure, broke the power of the trade-unions and ruined their finances, so it was decided, almost as if by inspiration, that some new method, some vital reorganization of political and social affairs was necessary and was to be attempted. Town and country joined hands, and at the next General Election an overwhelming majority of parliamentary members was elected pledged to try more crucial methods and to effect strong reforms. The list of the new Ministry included the names of

Mr. J. Ballance, Premier; Mr. R. J. Seddon, Minister of Public Works and Mr. W. P. Reeves, Minister of Education and Labor; all men who have gained far other than a colonial reputation.

The first effort made was in the direction of relieving pressure on the farmers. The Property-Tax was abolished, and in its stead a Land and Income-Tax established. Land was taxed minus improvements and with exemption for all below \$2,500 in value. Added to this was a graduated tax (rising from one-eighth of a penny in the pound to two pence) and commencing at farms valued at \$25,000. Such a farm would pay \$10 annually for this tax while an estate worth \$1,050,000 or over pays \$8,756 per annum. If land is held by absentees from the colony an extra twenty per cent. is charged. The Land-Tax brings in annually \$1,500,000. The total number of land-owners is 115,000, but some of their holdings are mere town-sections, and those who pay the Land-Tax are 18,500. To supplement taxation on land a tax on all incomes not directly drawn from land was levied. With an exemption of incomes below \$1,500 per annum (and a deduction to this amount from all incomes) the tax affects the whole population. The revenue from this source last year was \$1,005,000. With the repeal of the hateful tax on improvements (therefore on industry and enterprise) came also a new departure. We have already seen the conditions into which mortgaging the freehold had brought many small farmers. To relieve the pressure the State by pledging its security raised large sums at low interest, and this money was loaned to settlers at the same rate as the Government paid for it plus the small sum necessary to pay for administration and to supply a sinking-fund by the aid of which in a few years the debt is extinguished. The old exorbitant Shylock-mortgages were paid off, and a novel era of prosperity dawned in the rural districts. The new Ministry were imbued with modern ideas as to the land of the colony no longer being allowed

to drift into private hands, and, so, although the sale of freehold has never entirely ceased, every encouragement was given in preference to lease instead of sale. The capital value of Crown Lands being estimated, rents were fixed on the basis of a low interest on such imaginary capital, and this set intending settlers free to use their ready cash for stock, fences, buildings, etc., instead of paying away all their ready money for land and then mortgaging the soil to the money-lender for means to cultivate their new possession. All kinds of fancy leasehold-tenures, leases in perpetuity, perpetual leases, village settlements, small-farm settlements, etc., etc., were promoted, and the occupation of the forest-lands proceeded rapidly. Still, however, the supply fell short; farmers' sons needed an outlet for their energies, families were everywhere increasing, and the areas of available land decreasing. The resumption of some of the fertile estates (held almost as principalities) was desirable. To effect this a most effective wedge was introduced by means of the Land-Tax. Any landed proprietor who objects to the Government valuer's estimate is asked to state his own valuation, and the Government can then take possession at that price with ten per cent. added. This not only prevents evasion of the Land-Tax and much moral injury to the proprietor through temptation to under-value his own property for such tax purposes, but has enabled the Government to break up large estates and divide them among many willing hands. On one estate so acquired (the Cheviot estate) the land which a few years ago only supported a dozen shepherds is now covered with homesteads giving occupation and nourishment to about two thousand people. Other large properties are also bought by the State for subdivision, but these are purchased in the open market by treaty with those wishing to sell. Such subdivided lands are never parted with as freehold; the State does not intend to have again to purchase them after they have been re-condensed by the wealthy

into single estates; they are leased and the fee-simple remains with the Crown. The money for purchasing such "Lands for Settlement," as they are called, is not produced by the colonial revenue; a separate fund is raised for this purpose, and the improved lands are held as security for the lenders, backed by the State guarantee for the payment of interest from the rents. Up to the present about \$21,500,000 has been advanced on a security of \$39,000,000. The assistance such a measure has given to the development and the agricultural prosperity of the whole colony cannot be measured in words.

Leaving awhile the consideration of legislation devoted to the encouragement of rural pursuits, we will turn to that affecting mainly the centers of population. The most original as well as the most trenchant was that which has become celebrated—(or notorious—as the reader pleases) under the name used for it in the United States as "Compulsory Arbitration." Its principles are so well known and its advantages have been so fully explained by many writers that it would be futile to dilate on arguments already advanced more eloquently. There are, however, some late developments, a description of which may be of interest. The most effective weapon of adverse criticism has had its edge turned. It has been incessantly asserted that State regulation of industry provoked trade disputes, and incidentally stimulated warfare between employer and employed by dissolving the friendly feeling which formerly existed; substituting a position in which only a pecuniary relationship remained. Of course this assertion was based on an utter fallacy. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century there has not existed under the old system of "free-contract" (in reality, despotism tempered by strikes) that idyllic condition of love and trust pictured so ably by the opponents of compulsory arbitration. It is true that in the years immediately succeeding the initiation of our Arbitration Act there were many industrial dis-

putes; because in almost every trade there were old abuses and points of friction which had to be swept away, but even then those disputes bore no resemblance to the frequent and violent *bouleversement* of affairs common under the old system. There was absolutely no comparison between a "dispute" as carried on in a court-room in New Zealand while the business of the trade proceeded uninterrupted, and those upheavals of mad passion which have convulsed social life at Homestead or in Idaho or in Colorado. It is a mockery of words to apply "dispute" to two such immeasurably different processes.

However, even the New Zealand disputes are fast disappearing. The Arbitration Court last year had only twenty-five industrial disputes brought before it. There were on the other hand one hundred and twenty-five cases of breach of award, and so the cry that "the New Zealand Arbitration Court is congested and choked with work" is still heard abroad. In the colony we know better. If there were no breaches of the law there would be at present little for the Court to do, and it is to be hoped that as fair employers learn to understand that it is the reckless competitor, the "industrial pirate" upon whom alone the law lays its hand, they will give more unstinted support to the principle of arbitration. If many breaches occur even now, under terror of fine and exposure, what must the condition of the worker have been when he had not the power of the State at his back to see that he received a living wage, and also to make sure that it was paid to him without deductions or filchings?

The cost of the administration of the Act last year was £14,400, and, in comparison with the heavy loss which was entailed by the old system of publicly fighting out trade-questions, the money spent in working the Arbitration Act is the most successful legislative investment a nation ever made for itself.

It has been asserted that the Act works against employers and tends "to drive

capital out of the country." It is true that in about eight cases out of ten the award had gone in favor of the workers, or in some way ameliorated their condition, but there was undoubtedly good reason for judgments so delivered after the evidence had been fully weighed by a tribunal presided over by a Judge of the Supreme Court. That the Act has injuriously affected the interests of capital is disproven in a multitude of ways. Not only did the number of persons employed in manufactures more than double itself in the last nine years, but the number of factories and the values of plant, buildings, etc., used in manufacture enormously increased. In the capital city, Wellington, the rating values of property rose till they stand to-day \$15,000,000 higher than they did ten years ago. The exports of the colony steadily increased in value annually, as the following table sets out, using round figures:

Year.	Exports.	Year.	Exports.
1895.....	\$42,500,000	1900.....	\$66,000,000
1896.....	46,500,000	1901.....	64,000,000
1897.....	50,000,000	1902.....	68,000,000
1898.....	52,500,000	1903.....	75,000,000
1899.....	59,500,000		

I do not know of any other country in the world whose exports have (approximately) doubled in value in ten years. Capitalists in the colony must have a strong vein of philanthropy in their composition if they employ twice as many hands, pay twice as much for rates, and export twice as much in value, just to pamper the working-classes and not at all for their own profit. If the Labor Laws of New Zealand are inimical to capital, capital seems to thrive and grow fat in a marvelous way under their adverse influence.

One of the fairest and most logical measures of legislation yet passed in New Zealand is the Workmen's Compensation for Accident Act. Under the old statute named "Employers' Liability" before damages could be obtained by a person industrially injured (or claimed by his relatives) it was necessary to prove that

the employer had by negligence or by faulty machinery, scaffolding, etc., contributed to the accident. This was always difficult and often impossible. There is a certain number of accidents (easily averaged by statisticians) sure to take place among industrial workers every year, and formerly it was the worker who had to bear not only the risk and pain of accident but the loss of wages during illness and the medical expenses—perhaps his relatives had to pay the undertaker. The principle of reform on which New Zealand acted was to assume that it was neither by the wish nor by the conduct of either employer or worker that accidents happen, but that nevertheless a steady percentage of accidents occur. They are incidental to production and the business which yields the profit should bear this part of the expense of production. Therefore a sum must be paid to every injured worker (unless it can be proved that he willfully tried to injure himself), and, if the result of the accident is fatal a lump sum is to be paid to his relatives. There is not the slightest inference drawn that the employer is at fault; a bread-winner has been struck off the list temporarily or permanently, and, so far as money can meet such an emergency, his loss must be made good by the business in which he worked. There is a maximum of \$2,000 payable by Act, but the form the compensation usually takes is that of half-pay for a definite time, commuted for a lump sum if the injury is permanent. The Arbitration Court adjudicates in compensation cases.

Of course some effort had to be made to minimize the loss to the employer. The old "Employers' Liability Act" was left unrepealed, in order that under it cases wherein the employer had wantonly endangered the lives of his men could be proceeded with. But to meet the position of the careful employer whose business (a small one, perhaps) might be ruined by a heavy call through accident to his men and then heavy compensation, the scope of the Government Life Insur-

ance Department was extended so as to include accident insurance, thus compelling any combination of existing Accident Insurance Companies to keep their tariffs down to reasonable premium value. The advantage to artisans and laborers arising from such governmental institutions can hardly be computed. The worker who has previously paid his dues in the Friendly Society for ordinary sickness, burial allowance, etc., and has also paid his trade-union fees is spared the added burden of accident insurance while the onus of expense for accidents is transferred to the whole body of the employers in his particular trade, since the amount of premiums rise and fall with the risks of occupation in that business. If, for instance, in the lumber business there should be many accidents this year there will be a heavier premium payable for accident insurance in that trade next year; thus the burden is made light by falling on many shoulders, and not on any one person. In the United States the old system of Employers' Liability is still, I understand, the only statute of compensation extant in such cases. In it there is an evasion of responsibility through the shifty doctrine of "common employment," and this weakness really discounts a large proportion of the high wages paid in the States, since if accident happens the blame is often thrown on some brother-employee, and compensation thus evaded. With us there is no question of blame concerning anyone; only of assistance to the injured. "Common employment" can never be a just plea until the worker has as much choice in selecting his companions in toil as the employer now has; that is to say, till he can find some utopia of coöperation.

It is to New Zealanders generally and to Mr. Seddon in particular that the world owes the practical example of providing pensions for the worn-out soldiers of industry. In many countries and for many years there have existed systems of relief for aged and destitute persons, some of the deadly barren nature of the

English Poor-Law; others, like the Compulsory Old-Age Insurance, favored (just before elections) in Britain, and practiced in Germany. Of the former there are few defenders and few advocates, while the latter suffered from the disadvantage of being viewed in the colony with keen and unprejudiced eyes. It has its good points, doubtless, for those who profit by it, but could not hide its shameful nakedness when seeking admission among the democrats of the South Seas. Compulsory Old-Age Insurance is a subtle scheme whereby the burden of the helpless old people of a nation is removed from the shoulders of the wealthy portion of the taxpayers and transferred to those of the working-classes. In a phrase, it is the system of "making the poor keep the poor." Under it, theoretically the young workman has, out of his small wages, to subscribe for a future pension, which he may possibly live long enough to obtain, but, what he does practically is, by his subscriptions to keep alive some old man, as in time other young men of his class will subscribe for him, if he is lucky enough to keep soul and body together long enough to draw his pension. It is a scheme as ingenious as it is heartless. The principle was rejected with scorn as soon as it was set in its true light before the colonists. Older countries, from which millions flow like water for trade-wars or to approve some sentiment of nationality, may pretend that funds are not forthcoming for the nourishment of those out of whom no more profit can be wrung, but New Zealand decided that an attempt should at least be made to remove this scandal from our midst. Of course the upholders of "thrift" (in other people) were fierce in their opposition to the idea that the unsuccessful in a pecuniary sense had a right to own a stomach or a shelter, but, after a succession of the most exhausting parliamentary struggles in the annals of the colony, the Old-Age Pension Act became law. The cost of providing the pensions has not increased in the proportion formerly prophesied by the op-

ponents of the measure. The new pensions granted last year only affect 27 per cent. of the population while the previous year the figures came to 37 per cent. and the year before that 43 per cent. This decrease arises mainly from the better system of enquiry made into the correctness of claims; the doubtful cases being weeded out in the light of complete investigation. The net charge for pensions this year is \$1,016,820, being a decrease on the previous year of \$81,000.

I shall say little on one most important factor in the growth and nourishment of liberal ideas, *viz.*, our admission of women to full political suffrage, because to those who wish to act honestly no argument in favor of Woman's Franchise is needed. That men during centuries of political growth should have refused to avail themselves of that reservoir of intelligence, moral purity and common-sense which they possess in their womankind, and which they freely exploit in all other conditions of social existence, seems to argue a blindness or obliquity of reasoning power almost incredible if it were not common in many countries.

A multitude of smaller Acts exist for the encouragement of industries, for the settlement of the land, and for the protection of the working-classes. Under the latter I may mention that workers must be paid in cash, not in goods or by a "set-off"; payment of such wages must not be made in any place where intoxicants are sold. Wages must be paid within twenty-four hours of demand; they are a first-charge on all moneys owing to a contractor; the property worked on can be placed under lien till wages are paid, therefore an owner must see that his contractor liquidates his wage-bill before paying any other expenses. Up to \$10 a week a worker's wage may not be hypothecated or alienated in advance for debt, lest the wife and family should starve. No deductions of any kind are allowed to be made from a worker's earnings, such as on pretence of insuring him, etc., etc. A man is not allowed to will away his prop-

erty unless his will makes due provision for his wife and family. If shearers are employed proper sleeping accommodation must be provided, and if a domestic servant obtains a situation through a registry-office she can only be charged a regulation fee therefor.

It is, however, not through legislative measures alone that democracy in New Zealand expresses itself. It has by the medium of State departments and institutions done most for the welfare of the people. The railways are public property and are run on the principle that any profits accruing above maintenance and the interest on the cost of construction should be distributed generally by reduction of fares and freights. Concessions for the amount of \$3,050,000 have already been thus made. Farmers are helped considerably by the railways, by means of such items as the free carriage of lime (for manure), of fruit-boxes, etc. There is no possibility under such a system of any abuses, "preferential rates," "discriminations," etc., as with private companies and syndicates. The telegraph and telephone systems are also State property, and financiers cannot manipulate them in the interests of individuals or corporations. I am well aware what delicate and mined ground I approach when venturing to speak of "Trusts," but I do not intend to make any statement concerning the advantage or disadvantage of combinations in business. I may, however, observe that trusts affecting the necessities of life are fiercely resented in the Colony. The State has already "nationalized" one coal-mine. Just as the Russian government, finding that private monopoly affected adversely the public capabilities of transit in withholding supplies of petroleum for the oil-burning steamers, by Imperial ukase acquired oil wells at Baku and controlled selling prices thereby, so does the New Zealand Government check the possibility of extortionate prices being demanded by offering coal at a little above cost of production, if necessary. With the first

shipment of State coal the market price of other coal dropped \$1.25 per ton. How it is proposed to deal with other "trust" questions the legislation of the present parliamentary Session will declare.

Of the Government Life Insurance Department I have already made incidental mention, but I may add that it not only offers its policies at a low premium but has the security of the State behind it as its guarantee to investors. By competing in the open with ordinary insurance companies it prevents any combination keeping up excessive rates. Another institution made secure by the State is the Public Trust Office. Older civilizations have through its weaker members suffered sorely from the "fraudulent-trustee" evil. It does not need to be descanted on; we have all known the old maiden lady or the widow and children reduced from comfort to abject penury by the life-long friend or the legal adviser of the family, who has disappeared on account of the trust property having dissolved under the magic touches of fraud or folly. In New Zealand a Government officer of good legal acquirements is guardian, executor, trustee, adviser and investor all in one. Businesses are managed for minors, estates wound up, titles examined, fair interest paid to legatees and all at trifling cost to the citizen. Almost every person in the colony deposits his will with the Public Trustee, and leaves his affairs in the hands of a State official with the utmost confidence, knowing that there is no possibility of his property being wasted by maladministration.

Our export trade was found to be suffering by the acts of individuals whose bulk deliveries were not according to sample or were very unequal. It may be that a seller of flax who placed good fiber outside a bale and poor stuff inside was afflicted, like Rudyard Kipling's great ape, with "too much Ego in his Cosmos," but often inferior goods were the outcome of ignorance or laziness. This was particularly the case with butter, which, made by different people and under differ-

ent circumstances, varied through many degrees of badness when delivered in London. The New Zealand Government encouraged the growth of Dairy Factories and Creameries everywhere, appointed officers to grade the butter and cheese, with the result that the trade grew from dealing with a few uncertain hundredweights to a certain business of hundreds of tons annually. So also State graders were appointed for flax, and agents were sent out to find new markets. Lines of steamers were subsidized to encourage trade. Dairy and poultry experts, veterinary surgeons and others were sent about the country, lecturing and explaining to farmers the mysteries of breeding and nurturing stock, fighting diseases of animals, rearing poultry, distributing choice eggs, improving generally all kinds of creatures bred on farms. Even prize bulls and stallions were imported by Government to be at the service of farmers on a small payment, thus greatly improving the breeds of cattle and horses. At the same time the Agricultural Department distributed seeds and rare or useful plants, inspected orchards for insect pests, examined all imported fruit for the same reason, tested milk for distribution, instructed regarding noxious weeds, etc. There is little wonder that exports have increased when so much fostering care has been used, not only to get land occupied and cropped, but to supply land-holders with every inducement to success that encouragement and help can give.

The Public Health Department watches over the safety of the citizens in a hundred different ways; it prevents the landing of patients suffering from diseases such as small-pox or tuberculosis, examines the sanitation of towns, vaccinates free of charge, etc. The Labor Department administers the laws respecting the workers generally and has especially the care of the "unemployed," 34,000 of whom have been helped to find employment in the last twelve years. Factories, shops, shearing-sheds, etc., are under close super-

vision as to sanitation, etc., the working-hours, earnings, payment for overtime, etc., of women and young persons being all sedulously guarded. The Inspectors of Factories are also Inspectors of Awards under the Arbitration Act and institute proceedings for breaches of the awards; it not having been found desirable to leave such proceedings to be initiated by the officers of trade-unions who were often marked for discharge from employment if they made themselves conspicuous even when in the right. There are many other departments deserving mention, and of great practical use, but space fails me.

The secret attending the measure of success New Zealand has hitherto enjoyed has resided in the word "organization." That principle, which in the United States has been so admirably exemplified in control of expenses and materials by the trusts, is in this colony turned into a State implement, used, not for the emolument of a few shareholders or for amassing gigantic private fortunes, but devoted to the uplifting of the whole community. The prosperity of the colony is not to be attributed to the labor-laws, nor to the land-laws, nor to com-

mmercial enterprise, but to all three directed in unison for the public good. It is "the government by the people for the people." I have endeavored to show some of the many methods in which the State has dared to interfere with "the liberty of the subject" in the true interests of democracy. Where one man or a few men have barred the way against progress of the community he or they have had to succumb—often to the ultimate advantage of the temporary loser. The large sums of money borrowed abroad have been spent on reproductive works, and are more like invested capital than debts. The wonderful advance of the colony, the elastic springing step with which the weight of taxation is carried, shows that the apparent burden is in reality a help instead of a hinderance; it is but the pressure necessary to make the locomotive grip the rails. Or, to use a closer metaphor, the colony is like a pioneer farmer carrying on his shoulders his bag of seed-corn; his load contains the future bread of his wife and children, and the promise of bountiful harvests in years to come.

EDWARD TREGEAR.

Wellington, New Zealand.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF PRISONERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

By G. W. GALVIN, M.D.,

Physician-in-Chief to the Emergency Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them; they master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."

THESE words of the great German poet express a great truth of which few of us are fully cognizant. Philosophers advance the theory that the egoistic motive of personal advantage is the strongest determining factor in man's actions. Plausible as this view appears, it is not, I believe, borne out by history or actual

experience. It is not conscious reasoning which determines our actions, but sentiment and feeling. The reason performs a function similar to that exercised by a governor or president, who executes the decrees of the legislative body; but the legislative body can and often does impose its will upon the executive. So do sentiment and a half-conscious feeling of imperative duty often sway the mind and will of man. I make these introductory observations for the benefit of those who have ascribed all kinds of motives to the

work I have undertaken, some saying that I aspired to be Mayor of Boston and others that I was seeking to advertise my hospital.

Every physician comes in contact with a great deal of human misery. Some shrink from it. I have a hospital which is of course intended to relieve and cure physical ailments; but physical and mental disorders are often interrelated, and in my daily labors there comes to my mind quite often the exclamation of Goethe: "The misery of humanity touches my heart!"

In the article published in the November *ARENA* I gave an outline of the general conditions and workings of the legal and penal machinery in the United States. In the present paper I shall picture conditions as they appear in Massachusetts, one of the oldest and supposedly most advanced States in the Union.

In one of the official reports I find the statement that over twenty-five thousand persons are discharged annually from the various penal institutions of this commonwealth. Many of this number find their way to my hospital and unfold their tale of misery. For years and years I listened. Heart and soul were touched and stirred, but for a time it seemed that nothing could be done. The struggle appeared hopeless. Still week by week the tales of wretchedness and wrong were laid before me, and I became convinced that in the prison at Charlestown—a suburb of Boston, in which I myself was born—were existing evils even worse than in other institutions; at least they were apparently so bad that I felt I could no longer remain silent in the presence of what seemed to me to be conclusive evidence of unjustifiable conditions, and I determined to arouse if possible the conscience and sympathy of the public in behalf of the most unfortunate members of society,—the men and women under the wheels of our legal and penal machinery.

I collected material evidence not only illustrating harsh prison discipline, but of inhuman and illegally brutal behavior of

officials in the prison. I laid my charges before the Governor of the Commonwealth. He at first showed me every consideration and promised an investigation and the correction of abuses if any existed. Later, however, he changed his attitude, rejecting my evidence because it was chiefly composed of the testimony of ex-convicts. He stated, however, that if I could substantiate my charges by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses he would act immediately, and he promised his official protection to any witnesses whom I might summon. I secured the testimony of two prison officials, one of them a prominent Freemason, a degree higher in that order than the Governor himself; the other a good Catholic church-member. The Governor, however, failed to grant the investigation which I was led to believe would be granted.* I next laid the charges before the District-Attorney and the Grand Jury, but the charges were returned without comment. Instead of the promised investigation, veiled threats and efforts at intimidation were employed against myself. Two newspapers in close touch with the administration published on the same day a statement that if Dr. Galvin ever succeeded in getting any court in the state to listen to his charges, the Governor would then have criminal charges filed against the Doctor. What shall be said of the position of a Governor of Massachusetts who allows newspapers

*How well His Excellency, the Governor, kept his promise of granting an investigation and giving protection to my witnesses was shown from the fact that the officers who had testified were promptly given to understand that they would be discharged so clearly that their resignation was practically compulsory, thus allowing my witnesses to be removed after he had pledged himself to protect them. And instead of the investigation promised, threats were made against myself as coming from him, in the papers that are recognized as *en rapport* with the State administration, as indicated above; and these threats were not denied by His Excellency. Therefore I am justified in assuming that the papers were authorized to publish them with a view if possible to intimidating me and preventing the agitation which would compel a public investigation and the revelations of barbarous, inhuman and illegal punishments.

assuming to speak for him to thus attempt to prevent a thorough investigation of grave charges against officials in state institutions? If the alleged abuses have not taken place, why should the Governor and the state officials shrink from an investigation? If I am guilty of any criminal offence, why should any failure on my part to compel an investigation render me immune from the merited punishment? Could public officials occupy a more equivocal or reprehensible position?

I will now give the reader some of the evidence which I laid before the Governor, the District-Attorney and the Grand Jury:

EXTRACTS FROM AFFIDAVIT OF REUBEN JOHNSON, GIVEN MARCH 24, 1904.*

"I was a runner in Cherry Hill about three years, from June, 1897, to about May, 1901. I came out because officer ——— and I could n't get along—because he insisted upon my beating and clubbing prisoners in solitary confinement. I tried to get out of that position the year before because I had been forced by ———, — officer in the wing—to take part in clubbing men in solitary confinement. The beatings were inflicted to prevent the prisoners in solitary from making noise when other prisoners were in the upper tier, and attracting attention.

"These brutalities were always inflicted in the day time when the shop men were out at work in a distant building. ——— was the day officer and ——— was the night officer. When a man in solitary made a noise in the night ——— would report him over the telephone to the central office; thereupon officers would come

down and take out the man, put him in dark solitary, in the Block, and trim him up well by beating him with a club and by kicking him with their feet and by striking him with their fists. They punished men for other things besides noise.

"The solitary cells, in addition to iron-barred doors, have a solid wood door with a sliding peep-hole. When a man would be taking exercise, as for instance rolling on the floor, or turning summer-saults, or doing other things to get physical exercise, as they had no chance to go out excepting about fifteen or twenty minutes once a week on Wednesday, in the little space attached to the cell, without a roof—and only allowed this if they had not been punished. If a man got troublesome and was going insane from solitary confinement they would take him —i. e., ———, ——— or ——— ——— to the bath-room and turn the shower-bath overhead on with cold water, and fasten the hose on the faucet and play the hose on him. If the man attempted to escape by running through the door, ——— would kick him with his heavy boots and send him back in the room, sometimes cursing.

"When the hose was turned on the coldness and the force of the water on the naked man was so great that the man's teeth chattered and he would holler so he would be heard all over the place. The hose had a brass nozzle and the force would almost cut him up.

"They put men in solitary confinement who they claimed went around and run down the warden and administration; and if a man wanted to write to the Governor, and they got his letter, they planted him.

*[In the publication of these extracts from the various affidavits we have omitted the names of officials, as it is not our purpose or desire to indulge in personalities. We merely wish to arouse the conscience of Massachusetts until it shall protest against the inhuman conditions which are alleged to prevail. Of course in the affidavits as they were laid before the Governor and the Grand Jury, it was necessary that the names of officials should be given.—Editor of THE ARENA.]

"They beat a man named Green, a colored man, in solitary while I was there. I saw it—I was forced to help, and had to clean up the blood after them. This Green was sent to Bridgewater [the State Asylum for Insane Criminals]. They licked them for being unruly, as they said. I never saw any one who deserved the

abuse they gave them. I think I was dusting the first morning they tackled him. He sent his book to the prison library to be changed. After the new book came back from the library he saw it was one he had read. The officer, ———, said, 'Keep the book and read it; we won't change no more books for you to-day.' One word brought on another, until the officer said, 'I won't change your book, and if you say anything more I will have you out of there!' Green told him, 'You are not man enough!' ——— drew his club and struck him on the head. By that time ——— came, and it was all up with Green. They both clubbed him, and I had to go after the Deputy at the beginning of the trouble. ——— came because the Deputy ordered me to call him.

"This is only one instance of what occurred every few days. There were more men beaten than I can tell.

"I never saw a man die in a solitary cell, but I have seen men beaten and sent to Bridgewater, where they died shortly after. I have seen every cell full; I mean light and dark solitary, both; on an average of eight or ten a week in the dark solitary. Officer Fuller has charge of the dark solitary cells. Fuller is a pretty square man—he is all right. I knew Bebro—I ought to—I fed him enough. At the time Harris cut the Deputy, Bebro was in Cherry Hill 'plant' in solitary confinement. I used to bring traces from the harness-shop for Bebro to stitch. Bebro was quiet, and his only complaint was that he wanted to get back to the shop. The Deputy would refuse his request, and when the Deputy left Bebro would sit there and cry.

"The Deputy would go to the cell and give him a tongue-lashing for trying to send letters to the Governor and Commissioners.

"——— would make it a common practice to go to the slide in the door of the solitary cell and say 'Ha, ha! What are you doing now?'

"I remember Levi Brigham was beaten and almost killed.

"I make this statement freely and voluntarily, knowing there are three years hanging over me under my maximum sentence, and now do so because it may help those who are still confined there.

"I know from experience that the majority of men who have undergone solitary confinement become insane. If you take a man and lock him up for two or three years, and not let him see anyone, my goodness! why would n't he go 'buggy'?

"I have known of men being sent to Bridgewater and being returned again as not insane.

"I expect the friends of justice will protect me from any harm on account of my making this statement.

"(Signed) REUBEN JOHNSON.

"Sworn to before Ira B. Forbes, Notary Public, Boston, Mass."

AFFIDAVIT OF LEVI BRIGHAM, GIVEN
APRIL 18, 1904.

"I was sentenced from Boston by Judge Braley, August 13, 1895, upon a straight sentence of seven years for stealing an article of clothing (coat). I had a previous court-record. My term expired August 13, 1902; if I had been given the benefit of good time it would have expired in June, 1901.

"Shortly before the expiration of my term, Warden ———, who had confined me in perpetual solitary for two years, caused me to be declared insane and sent me to the Bridgewater prison of insane criminals on January 22, 1902. I was placed in solitary confinement June 13, 1899, and was kept in solitary two years and seven months,—that is, from June 13, 1899, to January 22, 1902, the date of my transfer to Bridgewater in company with Joseph Bebro, another man, who was formerly an attorney in New York. We were taken there by Officer ———, assistant deputy of the prison.

"Previous to my confinement in per-

petual solitary in Cherry Hill, I was twice punished in the dungeon for objecting to carry some letters for one of the officers. I thought he was imposing upon me, as it was no part of my work to carry his letters. I said, 'Why do you impose upon me?' and added in fun, 'I may throw your letters away.' Because of this I was charged with insolence and punished in dark solitary on bread and water and with a plank to sleep on for seven days. The second time I was put in dark solitary in the dungeon came about in this way: A man named James Dobson, who worked in the same shop I did, slapped an officer named ——— in the face, and they took him off that work and put him in confinement in Cherry Hill. They gave me his work. I did not like it, and I told the instructor he ought to have left me alone on my own work, as I was doing well enough. I worked on the new work two days and did not do it very well. They punished me for this by putting me six days in the dungeon in the Block.

"I was placed in perpetual solitary for the following reason: Because I had been punished by being placed in dark solitary, as I considered unjustly, I sent for the Deputy Warden of the prison . . . who has charge of discipline, and I said to him, 'You have punished me unjustly.' Some words followed, and I said, 'You are a — — — — —.' For this I was thrown into dark solitary and held there two years and seven months. In June, 1899, after I had been in solitary twelve days, ——— came to my cell in Cherry Hill and taunted me and said, 'Brigham, who is a — — — — — now?' He said to ——— when he was through nagging me, 'String him up,' meaning to have me hung up by my thumbs. ——— said, 'No, I'll find a way to fix him,' but ——— did nothing to me.

"On March 29, 1900, about six P. M., ——— being in charge of Cherry Hill, ——— came to the peek-hole in the wooden door of my solitary cell, and I took that opportunity to complain of Officer ——— who had charge of Cherry Hill at

night, and I said I wanted protection from ———. ——— was angry in a moment; he is a very hasty man and does not like to have a prisoner criticise an officer or say he is badly treated. He said to ——— who was with him, 'Take him down to the Block.' The Block is where the dark dungeon cells are. I objected to going, as I had done nothing. When ——— got me into the dungeon he struck me on the head with a club and kicked me in the side. He got me down and got on me with both knees on my breast. He is a heavy man, over six feet high and weighing over 250 pounds. ——— saw ——— strike and kick me. A prisoner named Frank Rice heard me plead. A man named Finley who came from Brockton also heard me.

"After this assault they kept me nineteen months more in solitary. Ten days before I was sent to Bridgewater I sent for Deputy Warden ——— to come and see me, and thinking I could say something to make him feel better toward me. After my talk with him and within ten days he shipped me to Bridgewater, which was, as I have stated, January 22, 1902.

"August 13, 1902, I sent a statement from Bridgewater by letter to Judge Braley, but from which I never heard anything.

"(Signed) LEVI BRIGHAM.

"Sworn to before Ira B. Forbes, Notary Public, Boston, Mass."

STATEMENT OF FORMER OFFICER

LAWRENCE E. KIELY.

"On August 5, 1904, while doing night duty in the yard, Dick Powell [a life-prisoner] spoke to me through his window. He said he had heard that a good deal was being said in the papers about him beating prisoners, and asked me what he should do. I told him he only did what he was told to do and could not help it, and that if an investigation was held for him to tell the truth and then he would have nothing to fear. August 11, as I came on duty was told I was wanted in

the office. The gentlemen who represented themselves as prison commissioners asked me if I was in the habit of talking to prisoners. I told them, 'Yes, in the line of duty.'

"Then I told them that if they were members of the prison commission I would tender them my resignation. It was accepted and I received my salary to that date.

"On July 30, 1895, I was detailed to do duty in Cherry Hill as night officer. Among the number of prisoners under my charge was one Le Dona Diego who repeatedly informed me at night that he had been beaten and the hose turned on him, and his condition verified his statement. One evening during the winter of 1896-97, when I reported for duty, the deputy informed me that if John T. Pyne made a disturbance to notify the guards and he would send a man to quiet him.

"About seven-thirty P. M. Pyne began to shout and make a noise. I notified the guard-room and in a few minutes Officer —— came to Cherry Hill and wanted to see Pyne. I took him to his cell. —— told me to open his door. I did so. —— punched him about the head and chest, Pyne crying out during the time. He then took him to the bath-room. I followed. —— made him undress, forced him under the shower, asked me to pass him pails of water. I passed him three, each of which he dashed in Pyne's face. Pyne continued to cry out. —— grabbed him by the ears, pulled him out of the bath-closet and pounded his head against the wall eight or ten times, saying, 'Now will you be quiet?' Pyne said, 'No.' Then —— struck him with his fist repeatedly on the face and on the body, then made him dress and took him back, put him in the dark solitary, telling me to get a bucket. While getting the bucket I heard Pyne cry out, 'Oh, Mr. ——, you are a brutal man.' When I got to the solitary cell-door I found Pyne in a state of collapse. —— said, 'I guess he'll keep quiet now; put him back in his cell.' I did so.

"George Dombroucki was placed in permanent solitary October 3, 1895. During the night of October 15th he commenced to shout out, fearing he was going to be clubbed. He was taken out and put in dark solitary. At five A. M., on the morning of the fifteenth he asked me to intercede with the deputy not to have him clubbed. On the morning of the seventeenth he was found hanging in the dark solitary, dead.

"Patrick J. Hanley was admitted to the prison October 30, 1895. He was taken straight to dark solitary. I was told to watch him. Three days after he was placed in light solitary, and left naked night and day for nearly a week, without any furnishings in his cell. He was repeatedly punished and eventually sent to Bridgewater as insane, January 16, 1902.

"The lower tier of cells in Cherry Hill is used for permanent solitary, but the upper tier is used for prisoners who have outside influence, or who are pets of the deputy or who are working for him privately.

"(Signed) LAWRENCE E. KIELY.

"Sworn to before Anson M. Lyman, Justice of the Peace, Boston, Mass."

STATEMENT OF FORMER OFFICER
GEORGE O. J. HARCOURT.

"During the month of April, while doing night duty, Dick Powell, the lifeman, stopped me while making my rounds in the yard, and said, 'I hear there is a lot in the papers about me helping Mr. —— to beat prisoners, but I only did what I was told to do. What shall I do if there is an investigation, as I do n't want to get into any trouble?' I said, 'Dick, tell the truth; that is the best thing for you to do.'

"Mr. H. Parkman, with A. H. Wellman, two of the commissioners, came over to the prison. I was asked if I had been talking to prisoners, and I explained as above. They said I had broken Rule 8, Section 9, and I resigned.

"I have in my possession a copy of a

patent issued from the Patent-Office at Washington, which read thus: 'Benjamin McLaughlin of Boston, Mass., assignor to himself and ————, of said place, musical instrument, Patent Number 591,288, patented October 5, 1897; application filed December 17, 1896, serial number 615,999, no model.'

"This Benjamin McLaughlin was a prisoner in the state prison, serving a sentence of five years under the name of Daniel Kelley, committed to the prison November 15, 1895, discharged February 15, 1900, and ———— was and is still the deputy warden. Thus we have a deputy warden of the state prison in partnership with a convict.

"I was put in charge of the carpenter's shop about January 26, 1901, and was there about 21 months. During that time there was one or more prisoners working continually for the deputy, making carved clock-cases, dressing-tables, tables and other fancy pieces of furniture, not one of which was ever charged against him in the book kept in each shop for that purpose. I had a large show-case made in the carpenter's shop. When it was finished I was told to pay the deputy, and I paid him \$24.75 cash.

"——— was brought on from the West and given the position of shipping clerk and purchasing agent for the prisoners, but his exorbitant charges to prisoners for things he bought them, amounting to from 50 to 300 per cent., became such a scandal that that part of his work was taken away from him, as the prisoners were continually complaining of the way he was cheating them.

"Until recently the yard officers conducted visitors through the prison, but now the warden does most of it himself, so that he can fill them up with a glowing account of the way he is running the prison. The prison is honey-combed with 'stool-pigeons' or pets, and in passing through the shops the warden will call one of these men and say, 'Well, do you get enough to eat; are you well treated; any complaints to make?' And

of course the answer is, 'No sir,' and consequently the visitor finds everything all right—that is, according to the warden and his tools.

"In the *Sunday Post* of July 10, 1904, we have a full-page report of 'Jane Eyre' giving her glowing account as pictured to her by the warden. She says, 'the lock-step has been abolished.' It has not. Again she says, 'The cells are light and cheerful with their snowy bunk and bureau.' She was not shown the top corridors where the cells are dark and dreary and the prisoners would smile at the 'bureau.'

"Again, she passed to the kitchen and says, 'As for the chicken soup served to me in a little bowl and sipped with an enormous spoon, it certainly was made with chicken and not bone.' Now if she did taste it, I am sorry for the ignorance of a woman who does not know the difference between stewed neck of mutton and chicken soup, but I will give her the credit that she did not taste it, but the warden told her it was chicken soup.

"My first experience of doing duty in Cherry Hill was when I was sent to do vacation duty in the summer of 1900. While I was doing Officer ———'s duty there, Robert J. Cody, a life prisoner (who had been in perpetual solitary since September 15, 1897, and who was sent to Bridgewater as insane January 16, 1902) was caught looking out of his windows while the other prisoners were going to the bucket grounds. He was put in dark solitary on bread and water.

"Again, in doing duty in Cherry Hill in the summer of 1903, on the first Sunday Samuel Goldstein (a Jew who had been in perpetual solitary since December 15, 1902, and was sent to Bridgewater as insane March 24, 1904) was not brought out to bathe with the rest of the prisoners. I afterwards asked Dick Powell the reason, and he told me as follows: 'I was sitting in the office with Mr. ———, when ——— said, 'I guess I'll go and give Goldstein a licking.' Powell said, 'What for? He has n't done anything.'

'Well,' said ———, 'somebody up there made a noise, and I guess I'll lick him for it.' ——— clubbed him over the head unmercifully, knocking him down and cutting his head open in many places.

"After he saw how dreadfully he had clubbed him he was afraid to send for the doctor, so a bottle of shellac that Powell had in his cell was used to stop up the cuts in Goldstein's head, and his clothes which were saturated with blood, were hidden for about two weeks, till an opportunity came to burn them secretly.

"Salvator Sollerin, an Italian, 57 years old, was in the hospital from November 21st to the 30th, 1903. He was a very sick man the January following. He reported himself sick, but he was sent back to work. On January 19, 1904, at noon time, he reported himself sick again. He was sent back to the shop to work. Sollerin was just able to crawl back to his cell at supper time. Albert A. Thomas died in his cell February 7, 1901, without medical attendance, crying out just before he died, 'For God's sake, get me help and don't let me die like a dog.'

"On February 16, 1904, charges were sent to Governor Bates by a prominent citizen and tax-payer of Boston concerning the cruelties practiced in the state prison. The citizen in question took me to the Governor at his office in the State House on Saturday, April 2d, last. There the Governor questioned me and I told him all I knew concerning the state of affairs at the prison. I told him particularly of the clubbing of Goldstein, also that Powell carried a club, and that it was taken away from him on February 6th, the day after the Bebro charges appeared in the papers. The result of my interview with the Governor was that on the following Tuesday Mr. Pettigrove came over to the prison, went to Cherry Hill, and had a long interview with Powell.

"On March 23d, last, the Governor visited the prison unexpectedly, yet it was known by the officials of the prison

before ten A. M. At that time there were two men in dark solitary, named Michael O'Neil and John Moran. They were released at ten A. M. and sent straight back to their respective shops to work.

"In the warden's annual report to the commissioners, January, 1895, in public document No. 24, a sample of his way of proving a saving to the state is shown:

Deficit, 1892-93.....	\$154,224.12	
Deficit, 1893-94.....	139,330.57	\$14,893.55
Salary, 1893-94.....	\$ 72,217.97	
Salary, 1892-93.....	68,851.21	3,366.76
Total saving in deficit.....		\$18,260.31

"The above figures show his deficit in 1893-94 was \$14,893.55 less than in 1892-93, but his salary list in 1893 and 1894 was \$3,366.76 greater than in 1892 and 1893; yet he adds this \$3,366.76 to the \$14,893.55 and claims he made a saving in the deficiency of \$18,260.31, whereas he should have deducted it and it would have reduced the saving to \$11,526.79, or a difference against him of \$6,733.52.

"(Signed) GEORGE O. J. HARCOURT.
"Sworn to before Ira B. Forbes, Notary Public, Boston, Mass."

The following table containing the record of persons placed in solitary confinement and afterwards sent to the insane asylum is so deeply suggestive that it should be carefully perused by every humane citizen:

Name.	Put in Solitary Confinement.	Sent to Bridgewater.
Le Dona Diego.....	Sept., 1895	June, 1898
William King.....	July, 1895	June, 1899
George Green.....	Oct., 1895	June, 1900
Patrick H. Hanley.....	Oct., 1895	Jan., 1902
John Hennessy.....	March, 1896	July, 1897
John T. Pyne.....	March, 1896	April, 1897
Charles Smith.....	June, 1896	Feb., 1897
William Good.....	Aug., 1896	Feb., 1897
Timothy Lane.....	Feb., 1897	Dec., 1898
Robert J. Cody.....	Sept., 1897	Jan., 1902
Charles Danseau.....	Jan., 1898	July, 1898
Harry J. Bebro.....	Nov., 1898	Jan., 1902
Levi H. Brigham.....	June, 1899	Jan., 1902
Fred Sturtevant.....	June, 1900	Oct., 1900
George R. Feary.....	July, 1900	Oct., 1901
America Barnett.....	April, 1902	March, 1903
W. H. Kelley.....	July, 1902	Aug., 1903
Samuel Goldstein.....	Dec., 1903	March, 1904



Photo. by Purdy, Boston.

B. O. FLOWER

If these men had a tendency toward insanity, long solitary confinement was of all disciplinary punishment the most unsuitable to their condition. If they had not this tendency, solitary confinement must be held responsible for the derangement of the intellect. About eighteen convicts are transferred annually from Charlestown state prison to the asylum for insane criminals.

I have in my possession at least a dozen other sworn statements of similar tenor to those given above, all revealing the cruel and inhuman treatment meted out to the most unfortunate and helpless of our people. But inasmuch as the affidavits of Reuben Johnson and Levi Brigham are strictly typical of others, while the sworn statements of Officers Kiely and Harcourt are corroborative in character, I feel that these will be sufficient to convince our fair-minded and humane citizens that the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts cannot afford to stifle an investigation in the presence of such grave and circumstantial charges, made by men who have long held honored and trusted positions as officials in the prison, as well as by the victims of the higher prison authorities.

When Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the great philanthropist, educator and humanitarian, exposed the conditions in the Cambridge jail, a little over sixty years ago, he was denounced by the press and assailed by the officials until Charles Sumner, who had accompanied him on his investigations, substantiated in the most detailed manner the shameful abuses which the two had witnessed. After Mr. Sumner's statement was published, the public was sufficiently aroused to compel a reformation of the abuses.

When Dorothea Lynde Dix, after two years of patient visiting and investigation of the prisons and alms-houses of Massachusetts, early in the 'forties of the last century, made her astounding and sickening revelations, she was denounced and calumniated by the officials, their friends and partisans, as well as by a large por-

tion of conservative and conventional society, as a notoriety-seeker, an emotionalist, and as one who was hysterical and who had exaggerated conditions. Her revelations, however, aroused the conscience of the Old Bay State to such a degree that the most radical reforms in the treatment of the insane followed.

Now I claim that in the face of the above testimony and facts and the mass of corroborative evidence which I have in my possession, the cause of humanity and justice no less than the honor of our state demands a thorough, impartial and searching investigation.

Lest the facts brought out in the statistical tables in my former paper concerning the arrests in Boston and the inmates of the penal institutions of Massachusetts, and the further revelations of existing conditions made in this paper, lead to mistaken and erroneous conclusions, I wish to point out certain important facts which I feel should be emphasized in this connection.

It may be said that Massachusetts is famed for her high intellectual standards and the general excellence of her popular educational system, and that the facts relating to her penal institutions tend to give force to the arraignment systematically made by a large portion of our people during recent years against our popular secular educational system. The public schools of America have been made the scape-goat upon which the blame for lawlessness, crime and evil conditions has been placed, and we have been insistently told that under a system of religious education,—by which is meant a training in which the tenets, religious faith or theological dogmas of certain creeds or beliefs would be taught—would greatly minify crime and lawlessness. Now the facts of history and present-day prevailing conditions do not warrant these conclusions. In my former paper I showed that Naples, the most religious city of Europe, has also the largest number of criminals in proportion to its population. Nor do the conditions in Massachusetts furnish any

legitimate grounds for an arraignment of our popular system of secular education. In justice to the public-school system of America, the free institutions of this republic and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, no less than the cause of truth, I am reluctantly compelled to say that if we arrange the inmates of our penal institutions according to religion, the Catholics in proportion to the number of inhabitants are most strongly represented; and if we arrange them according to nationality, it is the Irish who furnish the largest contingent. I, who was reared a Catholic and was born of Irish parents, feel compelled to say this, because I place the cause of justice, of truth and of free

institutions above all personal considerations.

I know that by publishing these articles I shall draw upon myself the censure of some of my best friends and closest associates, but I consider myself as free from blame as when, as a physician, I point out to a patient the nature of a disease in order to effect a cure. In penning these papers three pictures stood before my mind: one Christ and the Magdalen; the others the two famous Latin inscriptions, *Justitia est salus reipublice* (Justice is the safety of the republic), and *Veritas habetur clara eternaque* (Truth is clear and eternal).

GEORGE W. GALVIN.

Boston, Mass.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE LYNCHING MOB.

BY DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT, LL.D.

UNTIL recent years individualism has prevailed so widely in political and social philosophy that what has been called "undivided crime" was little considered by criminologists, just as "collective sin" had been little studied by theologians.

The starting point in the consideration of crimes committed by a group, a gang, as for instance a gang of robbers or a gang of thieves, has been the individual criminal, instead of the social group, band or gang. For years criminology was ego-centric, it moved from the individual ego, the particular man, woman, boy or girl, as its center. The social side of acts committed as an aggregation of individuals was lost sight of, or seemingly remained long undiscovered.

When the French psychologist Taine, drew attention to the psychology of the Jacobins in France, he was entering a comparatively new field. From that study of his to the study of the murderous criminology of mobs is not a long step, and that step has not long been taken.

Let this, then, be fixed in the mind as fundamental to the subject of mobs and lynchings, that a mob has a mind of its own, which is not the aggregate of the mental acts of its individual members, but is a new mental entity, a new mind, a different mind, both in kind and in degree, from the particular minds of the members of the mob.

Before giving the formula of the lynching mob, however, dwell on the tremendous meaning of social activity, as evidenced in the acts of even isolated and separated members. There is not the most malicious malefactor nor the most beneficent benefactor, not the most desperate criminal, nor the most enthusiastic inventor of genius, whose one and every mental act has not its relations to complicity, environment, heredity. Every act of every one of us, though the act be performed in the solitude of the desert under the curtain of midnight, has its social relations to others, near by in time or space, or remote in time or space. It is the dictum of science as well as Scripture

that "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." If we will consider the criminal in the dark movement of his perfervid mood, and will then take from that criminal all influence of education, surroundings, of companionship, of the accidents of life, of the influences of heredity, how much have we left? His identity is composite, and while his personality can be established, and his responsibility as a moral person is clear, except in cases of insanity, yet his relation to other things is profoundly social, though he be a single bandit in a cave, brooding robbery and murder, or though he be the lone Ancient Mariner, turned pirate, standing among the corpses of the dead, not full of regret and self-reproaches, like Coleridge's famous figure, but conspiring under a black flag, against yet undiscovered craft.

We are to admit, then, the profound social character of single mental acts in even isolated individuals.

Modern psychology has clearly demonstrated that the human mind may be divided into the conscious, the subconscious and the unconscious. The subconscious, by mental process, may be elevated into the conscious, but the unconscious may not be so elevated. There is also what may be called the supra-conscious mind, that lies, so to say, over and above the conscious, the region of conscious morality, and the spiritual functions. Ordinarily our views of mind are as conscious mind. But down deep in us is the unconscious, the region of instinct, the place of primitive, of racial, of hereditary powers, the first elements, so to say, of our being, which by strange and startling influences, by unclassified intuitions, by unformulated desires and impulses, profoundly influences at times our conscious state. Sometimes this vast primitive tract of our being, stretching below the subconscious, is profoundly efficient as the maker, creator, instigator, supporter of moods and caprices. The mind is one, but while the conscious is always illuminated, the unconscious is always dark and

unilluminated, and between the two stretches the realm of the subconscious, sometimes in light and sometimes in darkness. With these brief suggestions in popular language, we may look at the mind of the mob.

The mob-mind has its birth in the assemblage of a number of individuals. Sometimes at first there is a purpose for these gatherings, sometimes they are accidental, as in a sudden riot, and especially in summer time, and if without a definite or particular motive, there be a general political or social oneness of feeling or belief. A word is spoken by some leader, it is repeated and repeated, taken up, thrown back, held aloft, emphasized, cheered, all the time gathering intensity by the multiple contact of mind with mind.

This is the first stage of the mob.

The thought or feeling may be good or bad. It is now becoming a collective thought, a unifying thought; but the mind of the mob is not yet fully developed. It is the mob in process, in the making. It may never come to its separate entity, its own unified particular mind. It may be halted, turned aside, taken from its thought of goodness and heroism to a purpose of badness and bestiality, only it is not yet far enough along. It is only a crowd thus far, not a mob. It has the oneness of place; it has possibly a leader or a group of leaders; it has one or more thoughts or emotions in common, or at least a oneness of mental condition. The members of the crowd, and every crowd is potentially a mob, may be diverse, various, from many stations in life, of different degrees of intelligence, of education, of moral development. When the crowd, however, goes into the mob-mind, at the next stage, all these differences are lost. College professors, clergymen, men of sedate, scientific pursuits, delicate and tender-hearted women, all with ordered ways of thinking, civilized, humane, yet when welded at the next stage into the mob-mind, lose all for which they a few moments before stood, and do acts of

which they deemed themselves incapable before their commission under the mob-impulse.

Here, for instance, is the crowd, a political crowd, the ordinary street crowd gathered by accident, attracted by something, perhaps interesting, perhaps amusing, by a street fakir, by a mountebank, by a political speaker, a street preacher. It may be a crowd on its way home from the theater, from a concert, from a church service, when suddenly it is arrested, interested, fascinated. The mob ferment begins to work, but the yeast has not yet filled the dough. It is only there in process. Now when the mob-mind at the next stage is fully developed, it is by the power of a great human faculty, which has already been at work upon it, *viz.*, Suggestion. One suggestion, say of the alleged crime of the negro, has partially unified the crowd, and it is passing into the mob-mind. Another suggestion contrary, opposite, is made by a leader, and the whole process is switched off and the mob may die and its history never be written. Or the unifying, organizing suggestion may go on and the movement may be a French Revolution of frenzy, maddened by wrongs, drenching itself in blood with reeking guillotine, a decimated nobility, even the infuriated women of the Paris populace, fierce and ferocious for the sight of more headless trunks of dukes, duchesses, statesmen and all the old, the favored classes. Or the mob may be the regiment, the military, whose collective achievements of heroism raise each individual morally above himself, and the poet sings its praise in the "Charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava," or in that of San Juan Hill, or as recently at Tibetan Lhasa. Or the crowd may pass from its vast gathering before Peter the Hermit, swayed by one unifying, organized, deeply imbedded thought, feeling, passion, to move on the infidel of the Holy Land and rescue the Savior's Tomb from the Saracens.

But whatever the thought, object or purpose, given the assemblage, given the

one place, the one thought, or the one passion, or the master-fear, it may be, and under that power of mind the mob-mind appears.

What is the difference, then, between the crowd and the mob? It is this, the difference of suggestibility in the two. The one is only partial and hesitating, unstable, the creator of suggestions; that is the crowd. The other, the mob-mind, is developed when the suggestion has free play, runs and is glorified in its very excesses, be they heroic or bestial.

Now look at the conditions favorable to the development of the mob-mind. The first and most powerful factor is that which breaks up the social consciousnesses, disintegrates them, and unifies them in a new central dominating consciousness, which is at unity no longer with the individuals of the crowd, but which is at unity only with itself.*

What gives one the strongest sense of his individuality? Is it not one's voluntary movement? It is a philosophical truth that the individual grows and expands, as Dr. Boris Sidis well says in his work on the *Psychology of Suggestion*, with the increase of variety and intensity of voluntary activity. On the contrary, the life of the individual self shrinks, sinks and withers with the decrease of variety and intensity of voluntary movements. Bring about in a crowd a narrowed field of consciousness. Let men be in one spot, a narrow street, and be pressed together; or let the crowd be large in a field where all the inner circles are pressed on each other. Or let the crowd be a great crowd, a vast crowd, drawn some of them by sinister purposes as in the case at the Wilmington, Delaware, lynching of George White, the negro; some as mere curiosity-seekers, as is generally the case when the crowd becomes the mob. The cramped movements limit the free play of personality. Men feel closed in upon, fettered, uneasy. The very numbers of the crowd crush out the free sense of in-

*Sidis' *Psychology of Suggestion*. E. A. Ross, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

dividuality. We all feel that sense of crushing out of individuality in a crowd. Then the sense of something going to happen, a kind of doom hanging over the crowd occurs. Here then is a condition of abnormal sensibility to suggestion. What is required for the mob? Only an interesting subject of racial hatred or some vivid, impelling, imperative, impression to fix its attention and to plunge it into that unified organized state, in which the individual members, shorn of their walking, moving personality, fettered by physical contact of numbers, in bondage to the mental image of numbers, gives way to the sub-waking, subconscious self, into which the primitive, the savage, the hereditary, the instinctive, the impulsive, the dark unconscious self, now pours its vast fundamental elements of being.

The overstrained attention, the suspended breath, with which the crowd now hangs on the every act of its leader, the master-mobbiſt, the lyncher; the wrapt awe, the putting away of all disturbing influences, the fearful ſilence in which the buzzing of a fly can be heard, ſhows the new mob-mind. The crowd is entranced, and now the one ſuggestion, ſay of racial prejudice, ſpreads like a prairie fire. It goes from mind to mind, from eye to eye. The clenched hand, the contorted faces, ſhow the growing intereſt. Now a viſual image helps on the ſuggestion. It may be the bib of baby Hodges carried on a pole before the lynchers in the recent Georgia lynching of Cato and Reed. It may be a blood-stained bunch of leaves gathered at the

place where the raviſher White committed his fiendiſh crime at Wilmington, Delaware. Thoſe leaves are waved aloft by a miniſter, on a Sunday night, to twenty-five thouſand people. That makes the mind of the mob deeper in its racial unreſt, but this leader is only a leader of words, a maker of mobs. He goes no farther, yet his work endures. The true mob-leader, the genuine executant, appears the next night to take the fruitage of the preacher's ſuggestion. One day has not cooled the race-paſſion, or ſunk down to darkneſs the yet primitive, unconſcious ſavagery. It comes up again. Rumor flies thick and faſt. The leader or leaders again appear, firſt from one group then from another. They combine. One leader maſters others, the inſtinctive ſavage, ſtrongeſt in paſſion, moſt eaſily ſwayed by his baſe under-ſelf. "On to the Work-houſe!" as at the Wilmington mob, is the cry.

Again the mob gathers. A ſcore of little mobs in the form of groups, each with its minor leader, has been ripening. Now they concentrate, now they plan. One idea, one thought, one paſſion, one purpoſe, to get at White, the negro raviſher, is dominant. That is the all-controlling ſuggestion now working with fearful power. The race mob-mind is full, the reſt is but acts of vengeance and murder, the over-riding of the law, the burning and diſmembering of a brute, the taking of his thumbs, fingers, bones, toes for ghawſtly ſouvenirs, even by tender women.

DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PUBLIC SERVANT DISCHARGED.

BY RAYNER W. KELSEY.

WILLIAM H. MACE, in his *Method in History*, says: "After embodiment in institutions through the formal enactment or by well-established custom, an idea tends to cease growing; it becomes largely a conservative force and hinders to some extent further progress. The established order in society sets itself up in the minds of the people as an ideal to be maintained." In other words, the danger of conservatism is that, carried to the extreme, it clings to the things that are old because they are old, not because they are best.

The ultra-conservative magnify the good in the old and the possibilities for evil in the new. In new opportunities for justice they see only the possibility for justice miscarrying. New power for the people appears to them only as an opportunity for the misuse of that power. We may thus imagine the old chieftain-judge of the trial by fire or water seeing in our modern jury-trial only the possibility of bribing the jurors. The old despot would likewise see in our democracy only the possibility that the people would exercise their power as knaves and fools.

This tendency of extreme conservatism was exemplified in the recent recall-election in Los Angeles, California.

Several months ago it became evident that a great many of the voters of the sixth ward in Los Angeles believed that their councilman, Mr. J. P. Davenport, was untrue to his trust and should be unseated. This sentiment became organized, and an election was called under the new recall-law. The petition was attacked in the courts and thrown out on a technicality. Another petition was immediately circulated and the requisite number of voters' signatures obtained. This was attacked in the courts on the ground that the recall was unconstitutional. But

Judge Ostler, in an able and luminous decision, upheld the constitutionality of the recall.

In the following campaign the charges brought against Davenport were in brief that he had sold himself to corporate influences and leagued himself with the "tough" element of the city to promote his selfish interests. Very specific charges of graft were made, and a facsimile copy of a letter was produced, signed by Davenport, in which he proposed to a well-known cigar-firm to use his power as councilman to bid for the cigar-trade of the two hundred saloons in Los Angeles.

The greatest, and in fact the only great newspaper in the city, supported Davenport throughout the campaign. He also received all of the support that the saloons, corporations and ring-politicians could muster. A fierce campaign was waged against the ability and character of Dr. Arthur D. Houghton, the recall candidate.

The result of the election on September sixteenth was that Davenport was unseated and Houghton chosen as his successor by a vote of 1,837 to 1,083. It is a significant fact that Dr. Houghton carried his home precinct, number seventy-five, and also Davenport's home precinct, number sixty-five, by big majorities. In fact, only one precinct out of the sixteen in the ward gave Davenport a majority.

The old cry of persecution was of course raised by the enemies of the recall, who assumed throughout the campaign the role of the ultra-conservative. They saw in the new law only the possibility of the people committing an injustice. To them the old way was good enough, because under it the people had no chance to persecute an office-holder. "The established order had set itself up in their minds as an ideal to be maintained." To them it were better that one office-holder should have incontestable right to commit

injustice upon all the people than that all the people should have the right to exercise a judgment over one office-holder.

Dr. Houghton's supporters claim that the result of the election vindicates the recall, while Mr. Davenport's adherents see in the defeat of their man evidence *prima facie* that the new law is vicious. The fact notably overlooked by both sides is that the justice or injustice of the people's decision at the polls on September sixteenth does not affect the principle of the inalienable right of the people to make their judgment supreme.

Thus the fact of monumental significance in this election is that the majority of the people believed that Davenport was no longer fit to represent them in the council. Then, in spite of the great newspaper, in spite of corporations, in spite of the political ring, the people dismissed the old servant and hired a new one.

In effect this action is a notification to

every councilman in Los Angeles that his position is secure only so long as his official acts indicate to his employers, the people, that he is promoting their best interests.

The adoption and application of the recall-law in Los Angeles was a decisive defeat for the growing reactionary, monarchical, imperialistic and un-American ideals, as well as for that blind and unreasoning conservatism that would cling to the old, no matter whether or not changed conditions demand changes in order to maintain the fundamental principles of republican or free government. The old custom, though honored by long use, was cast aside because it was bad. The innovation was accepted and established because, although new, it was good and in perfect alignment with the ideals of democracy. RAYNER W. KELSEY.

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CATHOLICISM AND FREEMASONRY.

BY M. F. O'DONOGHUE, LL.M., AND L. J. YOUNG-WITHEE (Late Associate Editor of *The Masonic Disciple*).

THE OLD city of Dijon, France, was recently the scene of an extraordinary occurrence. Reports were circulated that the Bishop, Mgr. Le Nordez, was a Freemason. Excitement ran high, and fifty-eight Roman Catholic students refused to receive ordination at his hands. He was forced to hand in his resignation to the Pope, and has now retired to a Trappist monastery for a season of penance.

This again brings to the front the policy of discrimination against Freemasonry by the Roman Catholic Church. The attention of the world has frequently been attracted to this remarkable anomaly; that of one of two immense bodies, working for the betterment of mankind and the advancement of God's kingdom upon earth, excluding and anathematizing the other.

Time was when no prohibitive injunction was in force, and Roman Catholic brethren mingled jointly with other denominations on the tessellated floors of Masonic lodge-rooms, and were proud to be known as members of the Order. This fact comes home with living interest to Washington Masons, when it is known that old Federal Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., in the District of Columbia, had for its first Master a devout Roman Catholic, Captain James Hoban, of Dublin, Ireland. This distinguished architect of the nation's Capitol and the White House, was largely instrumental in organizing this lodge, and for many years Roman Catholics were at the fore in nurturing and fostering its early growth.

In view of the prevailing ignorance regarding the present hostility of the Roman

Catholic Church to Freemasonry, a few historical facts may serve as a measure of enlightenment to dissipate the mists of distrust and enmity, and as explanatory of the attitude of the Church towards this great Brotherhood of ennobled humanity.

The vital spirit of the Catholic Church centers in the welfare and interest of the race,—the love of God, and works of love and charity for man. The Masonic Fraternity is working along parallel Christian lines and Christian ideals. The Church of Rome draws its inspiration from the Word of God. The moral teachings of Freemasonry are based wholly on the Bible.

In the passage of time, many historic landmarks and important events are lost sight of, or fade into dimness. They are posed too deep in gloom for a true representation. There needs to be a retouching of the picture, and a corrective principle applied, in order to bring out the inward grace and true perspective.

The Roman Catholic Church is haloed with venerable memories, and respect and reverence are her due for the divine faith so unalterably cherished since the Son of God suffered on the Cross. The Institution of Masonry comes out of the gloaming dawn of the ages, claiming an antiquity of masterful force. Perhaps neither of these potent world-forces recognizes the superlative deeps from whence each came.

The Roman Catholic Church, with two thousand years of "divine heritage" and Christian works, only dates the beginning of Masonry from the early part of the eighteenth century, thus making it but an infant compared with her own lusty genesis. In point of fact, Masonry antedates Catholicism far beyond the apprehension of finite mind. Freemasonry has its feet planted deep down in the wake of the ages. Its sublime teachings and esoteric principles emanated from the *anima mundi*, or soul of the world; they are the heritage of India's ancient wisdom, Persian mysticism, Chaldean lore, the Egyptian arcana of Godhead, the Mosaic

Law, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Pythagorean doctrines, the spiritual glory of the Hebrew prophets, and the divinity of Christ Jesus.

There is practical demonstration of the system of operative Masonry, in its loftiest aspect, embodied in the world to-day, linking long-departed civilizations with the living glory of the present. The stately gopuras and wonderful cave-temples of India attest its presence; the colossal ruins of Baalbec's Sun-temple are mutely eloquent in their fallen grandeur; the magnificent palaces of Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia are oracular in their uncovered mounds. It is sublimely manifested in the stupendous pyramids and sphinxes of Egypt; it is gloriously visioned in the gorgeous splendor of the "Holy Temple"; idealized into classic beauty on Grecian shores; fashioned into grandeur in the Coliseum of Rome; and it sings pæans of praise to God in Gothic art of holy monastery, abbey and cathedral throughout the British Isles and Continental Europe. Even on our own continent, Mexico and Yucatan shadow it forth in wondrous inscribed monument and temple.

The basic principles of the Roman Catholic Church are the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul; her doctrines are Morality, Virtue and Truth; her precepts are Obedience, Fidelity, Loyalty; her teachings are of the Divine Master, Infinite Love and Eternal Goodness; her works are for Purity, Peace and Philanthropy. Her inexhaustible vitality is the "Passion of Christ," the sacred heart of her glorious organization, and she is reaching out to redeem the world from "the supreme evils of the day."

The fundamental doctrines of the Institution of Freemasonry are, the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul; its tenets are Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth; its cardinal attributes are Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance and Justice; its labors are for Purity, Peace and Charity; its objects are Moral-

ity, Virtue and Wisdom. Its vitality is in the heart of Universal Love, and its grand aim is the moral redemption of all mankind, through the "light" of knowledge and perfection of character.

The Roman Catholic seeks to build a spiritual temple that will redound to the glory of God; the Freemason labors to build a temple that will ennoble humanity, and glorify God through His image and likeness.

Every great religion has had for its foundation secret doctrines, or arcana, known to priest and hierophant, and not communicated to the common people. The conflict of the ages between light and darkness, between knowledge and ignorance, has tended to concealed or esoteric principles, in order to preserve the pure essence in its concrete sense. The purity of the old primitive faith is preserved and taught within the square-and-compass of the Masonic lodge-room to-day. St. Augustine says:

"What is now called the Christian Religion existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the human race until Christ came, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

The same doctrines that are now condemned by Papal bulls were held, and the same rites practiced by the Church Fathers.

The origin of Freemasonry is too remote for any discussion, and we have naught to do with whether King Solomon and Hiram, the Widow's Son, were the first founders; or with the illustrious Constantine, who blessed it with the Cross; or with Albanus, its first Grand-Master in Britain. We will not discuss its relation to the old Roman Collegia, or its descent from the Dionysian Architects, from medieval building-corporations, or the architectural abbots of the Benedictine abbeys. We will only consider the beginning of Freemasonry, as do our Catholic brethren, in the first quarter of the eigh-

teenth century, although, in reality, the Ancient Fraternity was only revived and correlated into its present "Free and Accepted" form, at that period.

The first four lodges, under the new dispensation, were established in England, June 24, 1717, the leading spirits being James Anderson, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, of Piccadilly, London, and John Theophilus Desaguliers, LL.D., of Christ Church, Oxford, a French Huguenot, and the son of a clergyman. Their co-workers were able and distinguished men and experienced brethren.

About 1729-30, the first lodge in the "Land of St. Patrick" was founded at Dublin. There are records of an earlier Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster, and an existing entry of a lodge-meeting at Cork, with the name of Springett Penn, the eldest son of the celebrated William Penn, signed as Deputy-Master. The father of William Penn's wife was Sir William Springett, an English baronet. The patriotic sons of Ireland have shed luster upon its Masonic rosters, and the name of Daniel O'Connell, as a Masonic brother stands out in glowing light.

In Scotland, the first Grand Lodge opened in 1736, but Masonry had long been in vogue among the hardy sons of Caledonia, nursed by Old Mother Kilwinning, fostered and cherished by royal DeBruce and the flower of her chivalry.

Through English warrant Masonry leaped to the Continent, and in Germany was patronized by royalty itself. In 1735, a lodge (under dispensation from the Grand Lodge of England) was opened at Hamburg, called "The Grape." On August 14, 1738, at the Schloss Salz-dahlum Hotel, Brunswick, Crown-Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Great, was initiated into the Order by titled Masonic brothers. This was done secretly, as his father, old Frederick William, was violently opposed to Freemasonry. When Frederick became King, he constituted the lodge of "The Three Globes," "*Aux Trois Globes*," at Berlin, of which he was the Grand-Master.

Freemasonry was early introduced into France, records existing of a lodge at Dunkirk in 1721, but the first Masonic lodge in Paris was organized in 1732. It was named St. Thomas, in honor of that beloved Saint of the Roman Church whose transcendent purity, rare sanctity, and soaring knowledge obtained for him the term of the "Angelic Doctor," and also that of the "Angel of the Schools." The Order has flourished extensively in that country, but in recent years its abnormal principles have drawn it afar from the fold of the blessed Saint to whom the first Parisian lodge was consecrated.

Lord Charles Sackville, Duke of Dorset, introduced Freemasonry into Italy, at Florence, in 1733, as the "Company of the Trowel." The Grand Duke Francis of Tuscany received Masonic light in 1735, but Papal opposition served to retard the progress of the Order, and persecution diverted it into political channels and brought it under pernicious influences. However, the Order gained royal leverage there during the last century, for Victor Emmanuel was a zealous and active Mason, honored with the highest degrees in the Scottish Rite.

And this brings us to the explanation of the hostility of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to the Masonic Order and its possible justification, in view of the tendency of Continental Masonry.

Because of tyranny and despotic civil government in the Continental Catholic countries,—Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Naples,—the people rebelled. Various societies of a political and revolutionary character were formed, some of them under the guise of Masonry, of which the Carbonari, or "Good Cousins," was, perhaps, the most picturesque and important. This society was a combination of Catholic mysticism and pseudo Masonry. Naturally, by reason of its conservatism, a spirit of antagonism was engendered in the Catholic Church against all secret societies and especially against Masonry, on account of its strength and activity.

The affiliation with Masonry of Garibaldi, Count Cavour, Mazzini, Victor Emmanuel, and other distinguished persons who were active in the unification of Italy and the abolition of the temporal power of the Papacy, led to a general condemnation of the Order as "subversive of all legitimate authority." The overthrow of the Papal civil power and the elevation of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy were due largely to the liberalizing principles of Freemasonry and the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine,—an event now universally recognized as the part of wisdom.

When in 1877, the Grand Orient of France expunged from its statutes the declaration of the existence of Deity and of the immortality of the soul, this atheistic act fully justified its formal excommunication by the Holy Father and also drew upon the Order the condemnation of the true Brotherhood.

The sharp tension so long existing between Church and State in Italy, and in France, the elder daughter of the Church, sufficiently explains the Encyclical against Freemasonry issued by Pope Leo XIII., on April 20, 1884. This Papal Bull was not directed against English and American Masonry, which has not the slightest trace of irreligious principles or antagonism to existing civil institutions, and it should not be treated as possessing authority beyond the jurisdiction of its local influence.

America was frontiered and bulwarked with the spirit of Masonry. Out from its living heart sprung those sentiments and principles of true liberty and impartial laws which led to the formulation of the Declaration of Independence. Our Revolutionary Fathers held Masonry as their Egeria. Its fires purified their patriotic hearts. Franklin shed the luster of his glowing name upon it. It actuated the spirit of Paul Revere on his midnight ride, and its impassioned voice swelled from Bunker Hill to Mount Vernon in links of fraternal patriotism. The generals who commanded the Revo-

lutionary forces were all brothers of the Mystic Tie. Of the men who affixed their names to that illustrious scroll, the immortal Declaration, four-fifths were Masons. The important part it played in the struggle for liberty, and the debt of gratitude our glorious Republic owes to this Fraternity to-day is little known outside the Craft, and perhaps but vaguely comprehended by the rank and file within. Its principles were woven into the warp and woof of our Constitution.

Again, Masonry swung forward into inland paths, and blazing its trail through forests and over mountain heights developed civil and spiritual freedom on the wide Western plains and on Southern cotton-fields. Its potent influences have spread through our state and national councils, softening asperities and often allaying animosities.

Under the canopy of our free institutions dwell twelve million of the Roman Catholic fraternity, two million of whom are voters, forming a constituent part of our intelligent and progressive government. But from Masonic light and wisdom and from fraternal fellowship they are excluded. However, this exclusion does not come from Masonic opposition, for there is nothing in Masonry which interferes with a man's religion, the only religious test required being that he must believe in a Supreme Being.

This inhibition against Freemasonry, instead of enuring as a benefit to the Catholic Church, is manifestly detrimental and should be removed. The Church as a Christianizing force is too powerful to need buttressing by any such narrow interdiction.

The restrictions of the Church have already been removed from many organizations formerly condemned by the Catholic Church because of their secret character. Roman Catholics are per-

mitted to join the Society of Elks, the Odd Fellows, the Maccabees and others. The name of the immortal Washington stands out in bold relief on the Masonic roster of the United States; on the walls of Catholic institutions hangs the picture of this illustrious Masonic frater side by side with paintings of Catholic prelates. Yet the Masonic Order, of which he was but a type, and which numbers among its members the best and noblest in the world, is held under the ban of the Catholic Church. Has not the time come for its removal?

Gone are the days of bitterness and strife; the air is throbbing with fraternal peace and good-will. Brothers of every religion, of every nationality, of every station, are "touching elbows in the ranks." The spirit of universal brotherhood is permeating the world with deeper meaning than ever before in its history.

As the Christ whom the Church adores in His life and teachings exalted Peace as divine, so let the Christ-life reach out from Catholic to Freemason.

Cæsar once said to his mutinous soldiers,—“Brother Soldiers!” At the sound of that word “brother” from the lips of the great conqueror the arm of rebellion was dropped and a legion was ready to die for Cæsar.

Brothers all are the members of the two organizations, one in the essentials of rectitude and righteous living, sending out a uniform message to the world, making towards the same humanitarian and spiritual ultimate. Therefore, as “Brother Soldiers,” let each salute the other, and as Knights Companions of the True Cross, let them join in the battle for Truth, for Purity, and for Peace, ready to fight, and if necessary, to die for the Right.

M. F. O'DONOGHUE,

L. J. YOUNG-WITHEE.

Washington, D. C.

THE IMMIGRATION BUGBEAR.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

WHEN things go wrong it is man's natural impulse, inherited from Eden, to throw the blame on somebody else. He will curse the chair against which he stubs his toe, and turn back to look daggers at the inert bit of orange-peel upon which he has had the misfortune to slip. This great American civilization of ours has not been advancing just as it should. We have not realized the Golden Age designed by the fathers and prophesied by such travelers as De Tocqueville. Material wealth without limit has not prevented pauperism, disease and crime, nor has political equality put an end to class-distinctions or ensured social fraternity and industrial peace. On the contrary, prisons, hospitals and asylums are continually growing, and the social and economic equilibrium becoming more disturbed, and we are forced to take notice of the unsatisfactory situation. The responsibility for this disillusionment must lie somewhere,—we are unwilling to take it upon ourselves, and, in scanning the horizon for a sufficient cause, what is more natural than that we should ascribe it to those other nations which, through well-defined channels of immigration, are continually overflowing across our frontiers? Clearly there can be no inherent defect in American institutions, but it is the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Italian, the Russian Jew, who, totally unfitted for them, have obstructed and prevented their free and proper play.

This is a very comfortable position for the patriot to assume and it is hardly to be wondered at that most of us are quite ready to accept it without asking troublesome questions. Now and then the reflection that all our political assassins were American-born, as were many of our worst politicians, with Tweed at their head, and that our most conspicuous bar-

barisms,—our lynchings,—occur usually in neighborhoods the least polluted by foreign intermixture,—such considerations as these may cloud our peace of mind, but we brush away the annoying thought and sink back again into the happy state of self-complacency which has become a part of the national character. To many patriots of this description the article on the "New Immigration," in a recent number of the *North American Review*, by Mr. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, must have come as a distinct shock; for he has had the hardihood to examine into this cherished illusion of foreign responsibility for our shortcomings, and he finds it to be altogether unfounded in fact, the truth being that those portions of the country to which the immigrants go are prosperous in proportion to their numbers; that "the percentage of immigrants from Russia and Southern Europe who ultimately become inmates of prisons, reformatory institutions, alms-houses and charitable institutions is much smaller than of those from northern Europe"; that "a larger percentage of the children of the immigrants, as a whole, attend school during the years between five and fourteen than is the case among the children of native whites"; and that "there is a smaller percentage of illiterates among those born in this country of foreign parents than among those born of native white parents."

These facts, marshaled by such an authority, seem to be decisive, and they hit the Immigration Restriction League between wind and water. Is it possible that this active organization has mistaken national conceit for economics, and the ancient vice of intolerance towards foreigners for social science? To the

Jew of old all other men were Gentiles,—to the Greek they were Barbarians,—to the Chinaman they are “foreign devils.” This curious misapprehension rests upon the familiar philosophical principle that no entity is at its best when torn from its customary environment. Drop the Austrian Emperor or the Prime-Minister of England in the streets of Podunk, Connecticut, and he will at once appear ill at ease. He will not know how to register at the hotel nor what to order for breakfast, and he will be altogether at a loss as to how he should attack his buckwheat cakes. From these indications the good Podunkers will at once infer that they are far wiser and better informed than their visitors, oblivious of the fact that any one of them might fall an easy victim to the first bunco-steerer who should accost him on Broadway. The Podunker is at his best in Podunk and the Kaiser at Schönbrunn, and either of them may appear ridiculous if suddenly placed in a new environment; and this is perhaps the source of all international prejudices. How hard it is for the wisest of us to understand that a man can think to good purpose without knowing a word of English! We accept the fact as scientifically proved, but the thing still seems impossible. To judge an animal, human or other, fairly, we must see him in his own habitat. Look at the European peasant in his native fields, in Russia, Hungary, Italy or Roumania, and you cannot fail to admire his physique, his intelligence and his kindliness; and when you recall all that you have heard about the inhabitants of the decadent hill-towns of New England or of the Kentucky mountains, and the “white trash” of the South, you will be modest in drawing comparisons. And in an amazingly short time these incoming foreign peasants cease to be “greenhorns,” and adapt themselves to the new conditions of American life.

The chief objection to immigration is that presented by the Labor-Unions,

which maintain that it tends to reduce the standard of living and of wages. This objection seems very plausible at first sight, but it is only of force within narrow limits of time and locality. The sudden influx of a large number of workmen into a particular neighborhood may indeed for a short period have a depressing effect, but this soon corrects itself and the final result is a general benefit. Labor men talk of laborers as if they did nothing but labor, but they are consumers and employers too, and they create an immediate demand as well as a supply. If the wage-earner receives the value of his services, he is as efficient as a consumer as he is as a producer, and he really employs himself. He may not, indeed, receive the pay which he earns, and in that case he may form a disturbing element; but the fault then lies not in his admission to the country, but in the measure of his reward,—that is, in the distribution of the products of labor. We should not blame him, but our own industrial system, and we must apply the remedy, not to him, but to ourselves. The most superficial view of our economic history shows that our troubles do not depend on the size of our population. We have room for ten times our present numbers. Hence over-population cannot be the cause of economic friction. Financial crises occur with entire impartiality, whether we have fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty millions of inhabitants. Our economic system seems to require that a certain proportion of the community, within fixed limits, should be unemployed, and that our own country should be unable to absorb a certain proportion of its products. The addition of a million immigrants would not materially alter the terms of this proposition nor accentuate the difficulty perceptibly, nor would the removal of a million workers produce a lasting cure. There is something wrong with the organization of our productive forces and with the distribution of their product. And in addition to all this, the readiness of the immigrant

to lower the standard of wages, (in case he has the power to do so), has been very much exaggerated. He soon learns to demand as much as the American, and I know of a rural region where Italian contract-laborers were the first to introduce the strike, asking for higher wages than had been usually paid to the native white workers of the neighborhood.

Why is there not room for all comers in a continent not one-tenth occupied? If there is any lack of opportunity, it must be due to the fact that the gifts of nature have been monopolized and free access to them denied. The most available openings for labor, the best rights of way, terminal facilities, urban sites, mining fields, privileges and franchises have all been pre-empted and the public shut out from them while the holders demand tribute for the use of them on their own terms. Trade is hampered by tariffs, taxation and extortionate rates. The public must pay to private individuals rent on unearned increment and dividends on watered stock, and the industrial world is bound hand and foot. The privileges of the monopolists enable them to exact unwarranted prices from the consumer and a "rake-off" on the wages of the worker. The average man's efficiency as a purchaser consequently falls far below his efficiency as a producer. The product of the worker is held tantalizingly beyond his reach, and our population is unable to buy its own products. The result is "over-production," excessive accumulations in a few hands, pauperism, and many unemployed; and this condition of affairs bears no relation whatever to the density of population nor to the influx of immigrants, but is inherent in the nature of monopoly. With a population of fifty millions or of five hundred millions, the problem would be the same. Twenty years ago, with a much smaller population, we had the same difficulties, and, unless we are wise enough to improve our system, we shall have them twenty years hence with a still greater increase.

Evidently, then, immigration is not a prominent factor in the problem. Here and there it may for a few weeks have some influence, but very soon we attain again the nearest approach to an equilibrium which our monopolistic economic organization permits. No lasting harm is done, and this temporary and local harm is due, not to immigration, but to monopoly. The real fault lies, not with the immigrant, but with us, and the chief objection to our immigration laws is that their whole tone is a false one, laying stress upon the supposed defects of the immigrant, instead of apologizing for those of our institutions. We pretend that we have no room for him on account of his shortcomings, while the fact is that he is unwelcome because of our own. It is surely bad enough to slam your door in a visitor's face without lying to him about the reasons. Let us suppose that a hotel-keeper has allowed his house to fall into disrepair. The elevators have broken down and the stairways fallen in. The locks on many of the doors have rusted, and the rooms cannot be opened. The kitchen is heaped full of rubbish, and the hallways are almost impassable. In short, a great caravanserai, intended for a thousand guests, can hardly provide for fifty, and every available bed is said to be occupied. Now if this statement of the case were absolutely true, he might be justified in refusing to receive new comers; but in what terms should his refusal be couched? Surely he should adopt the language of apology. Now if ever he should be polite and atone for his inhospitality if he can, while showing his respect for his would-be guests and his regret at being unprepared for them. But no. This would be to admit his own fault, and that he will not do under any circumstances. The happy thought occurs to him of throwing all the blame upon the travelers. It is their fault that they cannot get in. They are all swindlers, or uneducated, or sickly, or free-thinkers, or this or that or the other thing, it matters

little what, so be it that the reproach can be lifted from his shoulders and placed somewhere else. And he sets up an examining commission in the hotel-office, and as the newly-arrived visitors advance to inscribe their names they are assailed by inspectors and forcibly overhauled physically, mentally and spiritually, and wherever he can find an excuse of any kind, he turns them out of doors, disgraced and discredited, while he hides his own responsibility for it all behind an unctuous smile. Such are our immigration laws,—a mass of hypocritical verbiage under which we attempt to conceal the failure of our free institutions. And so the dyspeptic pushes his plate away untasted, declaring that the food is unfit to eat, while it is really his digestive apparatus which is at fault.

In the light of these truths what a huge humbug the whole routine of Ellis Island is seen to be! I do not speak of the present administration of the Bureau, as I have not visited the place since its début, but until recently, at least, the immigrant was treated as a suspect. I have watched the long line of "greenhorns," ignorant of the language and fearful of the coming ordeal, advancing to the receiving officer, herded meanwhile like cattle by rough and callous attendants. I recall one young immigrant in particular who was so frightened that his hands trembled like aspen leaves, and the uniformed official in charge, who spoke English with a strong foreign accent and had evidently passed through the same mill not so very long ago, instead of calming and encouraging him, mimicked him maliciously, until I felt obliged to interfere. And to think that all this solemn form of inspection was largely a farce; that these people had it in them to do our country quite as much good as it could do to them, and that whatever of evil might result from their coming would be due rather to our imperfect civilization than to any baneful influence of theirs! Each of them brought two arms and only one mouth, and was

ready as soon as he landed not only to work but to employ; for the two things go ever together, and if this nice balance of nature was to be disturbed, it would be our monopoly and not his activity that would do it. Ellis Island is the reception-room of the nation, where, if anywhere, we should put on our company manners, but our officials seem to look upon it as a sort of police-station.

When we come to consider the character of the immigrants and the needs of the country, we find that the suggestions which are usually made in the line of restriction are precisely the most harmful ones. We are asked to discriminate against the most desirable class. If there is one thing that we have enough of in America it is reading, writing and arithmetic and average intelligence. We need no great improvement in this direction and we are amply capable of teaching those who come. Immigrant children learn quickly in our schools, and most of them, especially the Jews from Eastern Europe, and the Italians, take high positions, holding their own, as a rule, with our native-born children. Where we do fall short too often is in physique. More of us are hollow-chested, sloping-shouldered and nervous than is the case with the ordinary European, and especially with the peasant. From the purely scientific standpoint of breeding we have every interest to admit the sturdy farmhand, just as we import the Percheron horse or the Southdown sheep. Whether the man can read and write or understand the Constitution is a matter of trifling importance in comparison. His children will learn all that quickly enough. But he will not know how to vote, we are told. When you consider the fact, however, that nearly one-half of our educated Americans vote diametrically against the other half, it is hard to see how the addition of a few uneducated voters can do much harm. Whichever way the ballot of the immigrant is cast, he will have about half of the American people with

him, and they should bear the responsibility for the result, not he. Examinations in the three "Rs" let in the anemic crook and sharper and "shyster lawyer," the gambler and the pawnbroker, and all that precious parasitic fraternity which lives by its wits and gravitates to the cities, shutting out the independent, self-supporting, brawny son of the soil whom most we need. The true line of action, in case we wish to diminish the number of immigrants, is not to establish new tests, but to discourage the artificial impetus given to immigration by the steamship companies, whose agents ransack the villages of Europe and grossly mirepresent the opportunities offered by America in the quest of steerage-passengers. It is the thirst for profits, the desire to exploit and make money out of our fellowmen, the spirit of commercialism, which is the offensive thing, our fault again, and not the immigrant's. It would be easy to prevent this artificial stimulation of immigration, and the governments of Europe are beginning to interfere to that end.

But we should shut out less rather than more. The President laments the possibility of race-suicide, and yet at the same time the Immigration Restriction League wishes to prevent Europe from supplying our defect. The evil which our immigrants do to us is lost in the immense benefits which they confer. No one of our states has ever been permitted to exclude immigrants from other states. The East poured itself into Minnesota and Iowa and California without let or hindrance. No one examined the settlers' eyes, or asked for certificates of schooling, or required a full purse at the frontier; and no harm ever resulted from this wise policy of leaving nature alone. The Five Points of New York were free to populate the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific Slope, and neither region suffered. We forget the curative possibilities of environment. We might by abolishing unjust privilege and establishing industrial justice create a community

in which the criminal instinct would be as likely to atrophy as it is now to develop. I read not long ago an account of a penal settlement in French Guiana, where favorable surroundings had converted some hundreds of desperate criminals into peaceable citizens. The writer visited a couple, who had met and married each other there, each of whom had murdered his or her last spouse, and under the plastic conditions of a new country, comparatively free from monopoly of any kind, they had become pillars of respectability. One of the best and most progressive races of the world has sprung in part from the convicts of Botany Bay. We could well afford to open our arms wide to all the world if we were only sure of our own health and the wholesomeness of our atmosphere.

But let us think less of the evil which the immigrant may do to us and more of the good which we might get from him and yet fail to get. We are still a people in the making. It is the all-sufficient excuse for our defects that we are not yet the finished product, and that we do not yet know what we shall be. America is a great caldron into which the raw material from Europe is poured, and the ultimate outcome depends as legitimately upon the Italian and Roumanian immigration of today as upon that of the early Puritan and Quaker. But for some reason or other we look upon the pilgrims of the twentieth century in a very different light from those of the seventeenth. We boast of the good we have derived from the first settlers, English and Dutch. Is there nothing to be obtained in like manner from those who cross the water now? Do the thousands who come yearly from Germany and Italy bring no valuable contribution with them to our national character, that we should be in such haste to turn them all into indistinguishable Yankees? It is a fine thing to assimilate our new citizens rapidly; but there are two sides to assimilation,—the disappearance of the thing assimilated in its original form on

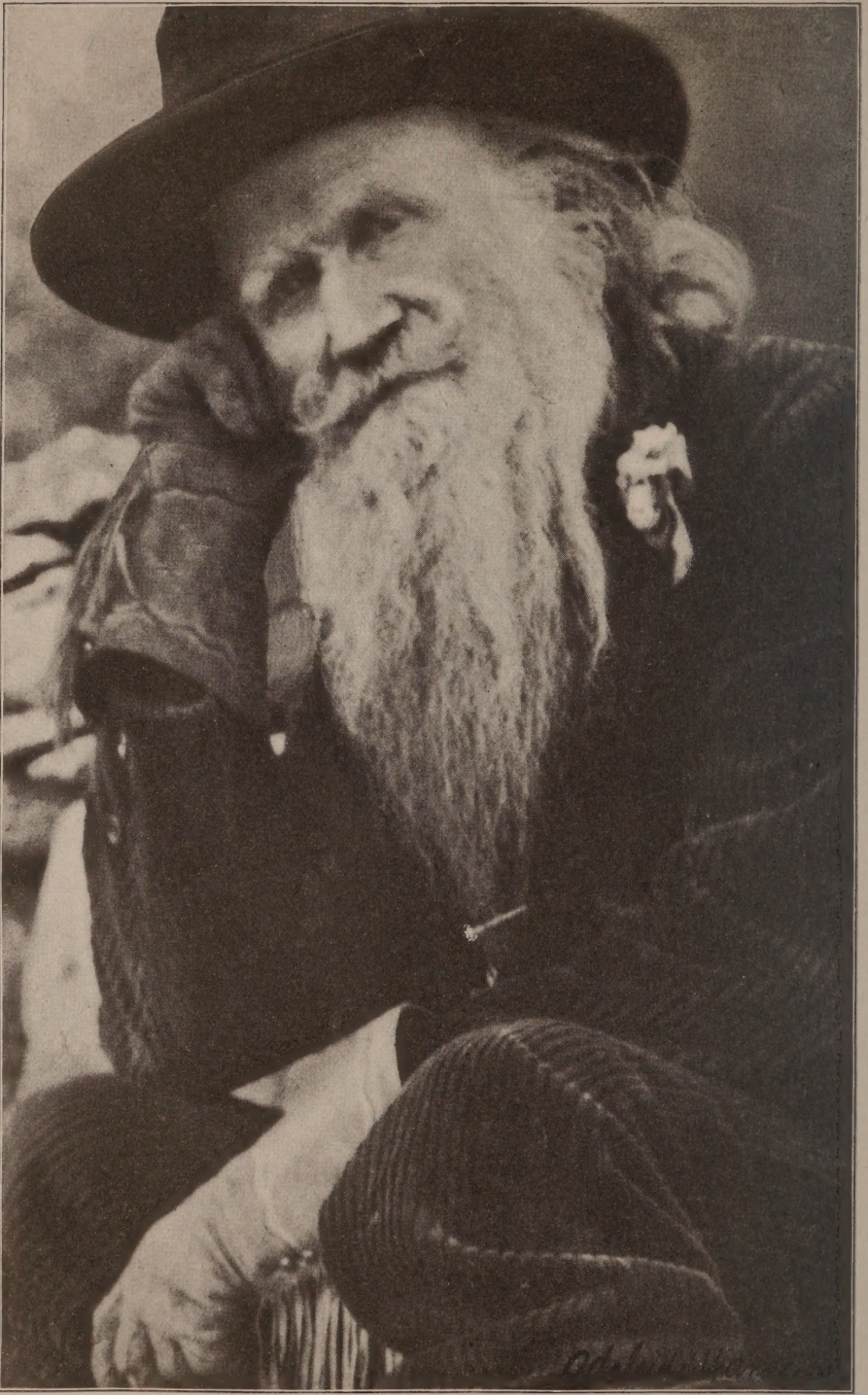


Photo. by Adelaide Hanscom, San Francisco

JOAQUIN MILLER

the one hand, and the appropriation of all that is good in it by the assimilator on the other. Are we not too prone to forget the latter half? I hold it against our German fellow-citizens that after over half a century of influence they have failed to turn us into a musical nation. Is there any reason why the children of parents who were brought up on the *Wacht am Rhein* and Luther's Hymn and who naturally sing chorals with their friends for amusement when they meet, should talk through their noses, have no ear for music, and cherish no musical ideals beyond the "coon-song"? And the Italians who are now coming with their inherited eye for beauty,—does it never enter into their heads or ours that they might in time transform our national taste and create a genuine American art and architecture? No, the one engrossing effort on both sides is to Yankify the "dago" as speedily as possible and to make him two-fold more a child of Uncle Sam than ourselves. But these wanderers are the spice for our pudding. Let us be careful how we waste the seasoning which we may never be able to produce for ourselves.

And why this craze to make all men and all things alike? It is doing its sad work all over the world, making another Liverpool of Calcutta and packing the flowing skirts of the picturesque Orientals into awkward trousers. But in America it does its worst. A dozen years and more ago a friend of mine visited Havana,—long before we had begun to Americanize the town—and he was delighted with its quaint and romantic beauty. Returning he landed in some part of Florida, territory reclaimed not so long ago from the same Spaniard, and he assured me with tears in his voice that the first town that he saw in the home country looked exactly like Hoboken. And so do they all. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, we have nothing but countless Hobokens, and we are rejoicing in the prospect of recasting in the

same mould the tropical cities of Panama, Porto Rico and the Philippines. For my part I cannot understand this enthusiasm, for I would travel many a long mile to see an American city which should not look exactly like Hoboken, and to discover an American citizen not altogether like myself.

The whole trouble lies in the too great emphasis which we lay upon the comparative value of our own virtues, to which, with a good deal of freedom of language, we have affixed the term "Anglo-Saxon." I am in some respects an Anglo-maniac, and I am proud of my English blood and speech. I like the energy and all-sufficiency of the stock, and I would not exchange my forebears for a good deal. Still I cannot in justice overlook our faults nor be blind to the fact that the good points of other races supply our deficiencies, and I have already hinted at some of them. In the great century of music, none of our blood produced a work of even the third class. We have never had a painter who could rank among the first score or two of great artists. We must go to Germany for our highest philosophy and to France for the most finished elegance of thought and manners. We know little of the joy of living. We take our holidays sadly, and laugh with mental reservations. The European comes to us with a new capacity for mirth, a genius for joviality and sociability. Are these ingredients to be despised? For a few years he may navigate our streets with his hand-organ or his plaster-casts and frequent his genial *café*, but before long he must fit himself to our Procrustean bed, and at last we find him at work in the regulation store or at rest before the rigid bar or at the taciturn dairy-lunch counter. Is it desirable that we should compass sea and land in this way to make a proselyte? Should we reduce the whole world to one dead level? And not content with stifling the originality of the immigrant, we must needs carry our missionary zeal for

uniformity to foreign lands in the hope of destroying all individuality. In Anglo-Saxonizing India and Japan we are crushing out the most wonderful of arts beyond a possibility of resurrection. We are the Goths and Vandals of the day. We are the Tartars and the Turks. And the countries which we overrun have each its own priceless heritage of art and legend which we ruthlessly stamp under foot.

I admire the Anglo-Saxon, just as I admire his feathered prototype, the English house-sparrow. He is a fine, sturdy, plain, self-satisfied bird, a good fighter, an admirable colonist, fit for all climates, with no sense of art or music, and a little too fond of rehearsing his many virtues in a hoarse chorus. But so long as he minds his own business I like him, and I do not care to quarrel with him, even when he considers himself a better bird than the blue-bird or the oriole. He has a right to his own opinions. But when he begins to try to make the bobolink adopt his song, and to drive the wrens and buntings out of their haunts, and to break their eggs and tear their nests to pieces, why, then I must cry out against his arrogance. We do not want a bird-world composed of nothing but sparrows. We will not have it, and if the sparrows themselves had any sense they would protest against it; for do not the thrushes sing for them too, and may they not enjoy the plumage of the scarlet-tanager, if they will? Let us hope that the sparrow may learn some day to appreciate the good points of other fowl, even to the point of

cherishing them and learning from them. What wasted opportunities of improvement for ourselves Ellis Island affords! We are careful to assure ourselves that each immigrant has in his pocket so much money which will find its way into the general circulation, but he bears a greater wealth in his heart, and this we disregard. If the energy which we expend upon keeping him out were devoted to the task of investing this spiritual wealth of his to the greatest advantage for all, the problem of immigration would cease to vex us, for we would all soon learn to hail his advent with gratitude.

The Immigration Restriction League is then engaged in fighting windmills,—it is “barking up the wrong tree.” And the worst evil which attends such a mistake is that it draws attention away from the right tree. Economic ills confront us which are our own fault, and so long as we cast the blame on others we are not likely to set to work seriously to reform ourselves. There is a chance that, if we humbly acknowledge our failures and undertake to seek out their causes in our own institutions and customs, we may be able to find and obviate them, but these restrictionists are deliberately drawing a herring across our trail. Let us not follow them in their error, for the true scent leads elsewhere, and the real goal is the extension to the sphere of economics of that principle of equality of opportunity which we recognize already in politics.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.



THE POET AT HOME, MAY, 1892.

JOAQUIN MILLER: A NATURE-LOVING POET OF PROGRESS.

By B. O. FLOWER.

I.

THE FAMOUS Poet of the Sierras, best known to the world as Joaquin Miller, but christened by his parents Cincinnatus Heine, is one of the most interesting and picturesque figures in the literary life of America to-day. He is a man of imagination, to whom has been given the seeing eye that discerns as only a poet may the glory of God in the golden poppy and the purpling grape, in the emerald slope of the mountain-side and the snow-robed peaks whose glistening spires point ever to the star-strewn heavens, and in the flaming sky of the sunset hour. He is a man whose mind, touched by the wand of Genius in her flight, has henceforth felt as only a poet may the mystery that enfolds

us on every side and that stimulates thoughts beyond reaches of the common mind—mysteries that haunt the corridors of the brain and lure the soul out to the farthest verge of the promontory of thought and speculation but to impart new-old truths and to sing songs of hope and trust. He is a man possessed of the mystic's insight and of the open ear of the true philosopher, who hears as only a poet may the messages of the Infinite in the multitudinous voices through which the great Mother speaks to her chosen ones. No idle sounds to him are the crooning of the sea, the solemn requiem of the storm-tossed deep; the murmuring of the wind in the somber pines; the joy songs of

spring-time, when earth wears her festal robes, when birds are mating, flowers blossoming, and the air is fragrant with perfume; the happy buzz of insect-life, singing of contentment in toil, of the joy of labor through the summer-time; and the dirge-like cadence of the autumn wind, pregnant with prophecies of winter's coming storms and the solemn hour when Nature dons her spotless shroud and falls asleep. All the songs and sounds of nature, all the notes of joy, sadness and despair, of life and death, of sunshine and gloom, are to the true poet part of the symphony of nature, freighted with food for mind and soul. And for more than a quarter of a century Joaquin Miller, with the witchery of the true bard, has been weaving on the loom of his luxuriant imagination poems revealing the glory lying all about us and its message to the children of men—songs of nature and the human, shotted with vital ethical lessons and noble philosophic truths.

II.

Joaquin Miller was born in Indiana, on November 11, 1841. When nine years of age his father, who had fallen under the psychological influence of what was known as the Oregon fever, decided to move to the new Canaan of the Pacific about which so many glowing reports had been received and to whose rich valleys already thousands of sturdy pioneers had journeyed.

Oregon had for several years been a magic word among the more daring settlers in the great valley of the Mississippi, as in 1849 California became the magic-word for gold-seekers from all quarters of the land. The latter was the new El Dorado, the former the Promised Land for the home-seeker who loved the soil. In 1805 Lewis and Clark returned from their dangerous expedition, bringing, like Caleb and Joshua of old, a wonder-story of the land upon which lavish nature had been prodigal of her bounties,—a land of marvelous promise to the home-builder. England and America each strove to set-

tle the coveted country, appreciating the fact that possession is nine points of the law. Hither hastened pioneer bands of hunters and trappers, who found the forests full of fur-bearing animals, and a fur company ready to buy all the pelts that they could obtain. In 1810 Captain Winship built the first house on the Columbia. In 1811 John Jacob Astor, of New York, established a fur-trading post at Astoria, fifteen miles from the Pacific. In 1834 the Reverends Jason and David Lee and others established a Methodist mission and later the Oregon Manual Labor School. These pioneer missionaries were followed by the Rev. Samuel Parker, Dr. Marcus Whitman, Rev. H. H. Spaulding and wife, and others. The missionaries, who wrought for the most part among the Indians, wrote back to the eastern countries glowing stories of Oregon, picturing a country blessed of nature, of inestimable wealth when once the virgin soil should come under the mastery of industry and intelligence, and peopled by Indians whom they reported to be for the most part friendly. Next came bands of sturdy pioneer settlers who in turn confirmed the representations of the missionaries, declaring that Oregon was a land of open winters and genial climate, possessing deep, rich, alluvial soil, splendid timber and noble riverways. The forests were full of game, the streams abounded in fish, and all these natural attractions were found in a country of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur, a land of lofty mountains and magnificent valleys.

Such stories wrought a psychological spell over the minds of pioneer spirits. Only the persistent declaration that wagons could not reach the Columbia river served to check or retard the tide of emigration from the East. But in 1842 and 1843 Dr. Whitman returned to the plains and journeyed to the East, refuting the stories of the impracticability of wagons crossing the mountains. He furthermore published plans and a full, detailed description of the most feasible

route to the Columbia river. On his return from the East he encountered over a thousand emigrants on the North Platte river with faces set toward Oregon. And so the stream of life set in for the new wonder-land that beckoned rugged home-seekers.

It is a peculiarity of the frontier settlers of our republic that hard on the heels of the hunters, trappers, missionaries and settlers ever came the school-masters. The strength and glory of the United States has long been found in her magnificent system of public education; and so in Oregon, wherever a few families formed a settlement, a little school-house would invariably be found rising in the wood or on the plain, and to Oregon went many highly-educated teachers of the East who fanned the flame of ambition in the minds of the sturdy boys and girls of the new land.

Such was the condition in the new territory when the Miller family, consisting of the father, mother, three sons and a daughter, set out for the Pacific slopes. Arriving at their destination, the family engaged with heart and soul in building the new home, and day by day with axe, spade and plough all who could toil wrought faithfully, save when the children were at school; for here as in Indiana the parents had made the schooling of their young a matter of the first concern, and the nights were often given to reading, for the children were striving to prepare themselves to be teachers. Hard work, when it is loving service, becomes a joy, and for a time all went well. One day, however, came disquieting rumors. A



Photo. by Blanche Cumming, San Francisco.

FEEDING THE COWS.

number of Indians among the Modocs were manifesting an ugly spirit. Indeed, there were among the leaders some red men who had long beheld with growing fear and jealousy the rapid influx of the whites, and at last their alarm and resentment had crystalized into a definite purpose. They, that is, the hostile and discontented bands, determined to entrench themselves in the almost inaccessible and impregnable mountain peaks known as Castle Rocks, from which they planned to make raids, slaughtering the settlers and inaugurating such a reign of terror as to depopulate the country. The news of the depredations struck terror to the souls of the settlers, and as the days passed terrible stories of deeds of barbarism were brought to the various settlements. Women and children had been brutally slain and homes destroyed.

At this time, June, 1855, Joaquin Miller, though little more than fourteen years of age, had a post at Soda Springs, not far from Castle Rocks. During his absence the hostile band descended upon the post and destroyed his property. It was not the laying waste of their little cabins, but the slaughter of women and children that

roused the fury of the settlers. United States troops had attempted to dislodge the hostiles, but had signally failed, and their failure made the Indians more daring in their depredations. One day two settlers returned to their homes to find their wives and babes slain and horribly mangled and their cabins in ruins. Then went up the cry for vengeance, and one Reuben P. Gibson, a daring pioneer, shouldered his musket and appealed to the settlers far and near to join him in an attempt to avenge the slaughter of the innocents and accomplish the work at which the regulars had so signally failed. Men, however, shrank from what they regarded as certain death, and only twenty-nine responded to Gibson's call. These with some friendly Indian scouts set out on the desperate venture to dislodge the hostiles, who were some hundreds in number. Among these men was the young poet who through the fierce fight that followed was in the van of the conflict by his leader's side, until he fell with arrow wounds piercing his face and neck. The battle resulted in a complete victory for the whites. For many days the poet lingered between life and death, suffering great agony. At length however, he recovered. Years later, when the leader was an old, bent man, Joaquin Miller penned his stirring lines entitled "Old Gib at Castle Rocks," of which the following stanzas are specimen verses:

"His eyes are dim, he gropes his way,
His step is doubtful, slow,
And now men pass him by to-day;
But forty years ago—
Why forty years ago I say
Old Gib was good to know.

Full forty years ago to-day
This valley lay in flame;
Up yonder pass and far away
Red ruin swept the same:
Two women, with their babes at play,
Were butchered in black shame.

"T was then with gun and flashing eye
Old Gib loomed like a pine;
'Now will you fight or will you fly?

I'll take a fight in mine.
Come, let us fight; come, let us die!'—
There came just twenty-nine.

Then cried the red chief from his height,
'Now, white man, what would you?
Behold my hundreds for the fight,
But yours so faint and few;
We are as rain, as hail at night,
But you, you are as dew.

'White man, go back; I beg go back,
I will not fight so few;
Yet if I hear one rifle crack,
Be that the doom of you!
Back! down, I say, back down your track,
Back, down! what else to do?'

'What else to do? Avenge or die!
Brave men have died before;
And you shall fight, or you shall fly.
You find no women more,
No babes to butcher now; for I
Shall storm your Castle's door!'

Then bang! whiz bang! whiz bang and
ping!
Six thousand feet below
Sweet Sacramento ceased to sing,
But wept and wept, for oh!
These arrows sting as adders sting,
And they kept stinging so.

Then one man cried: 'Brave men have
died,
And we can die as they;
But ah! my babe, my one year's bride!
And they so far away.
Brave Captain, lead us back—aside,
Must all die here to-day?'

His face, his hands, his body bled:
Yea, no man there that day—
No white man there but turned to red
In that fierce fatal fray;
But Gib with set teeth only said:
'No; we came here to stay!'

They stayed and stayed, and Modocs
stayed,
But when the night came on,
No white man there was now afraid,
The last Modoc had gone;
His ghost in Castle Rocks was laid
Till everlasting dawn."

This was the first of three expeditions which the poet joined in facing the hostile Modocs in Indian uprisings in the Sierra country; and though he is said to have fought with desperate determination when homes were imperiled and women and children were being slaughtered, at other times his heart and sympathy went out to the Indians being despoiled of their lands, and from them, save during these periods of war, he always received the kindest treatment, such as he invariably showed to them.

After the lad recovered from his wounds he entered Columbia College, the principal institution of learning in the territory, from which he graduated in 1859. When not attending college during this period he taught school. In writing of his first printed poem Mr. Miller thus refers to his *alma mater*:

"The first thing of mine in print was the valedictory class-poem, Columbia College, Eugene, Oregon, 1859. Oregon, settled by missionaries, was a great place for schools from the first. At this date, Columbia College, the germ of the University, had many students from California, and was famous as an educational center. . . . I have never since found such determined students and omnivorous readers."

After he graduated he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1861, but for

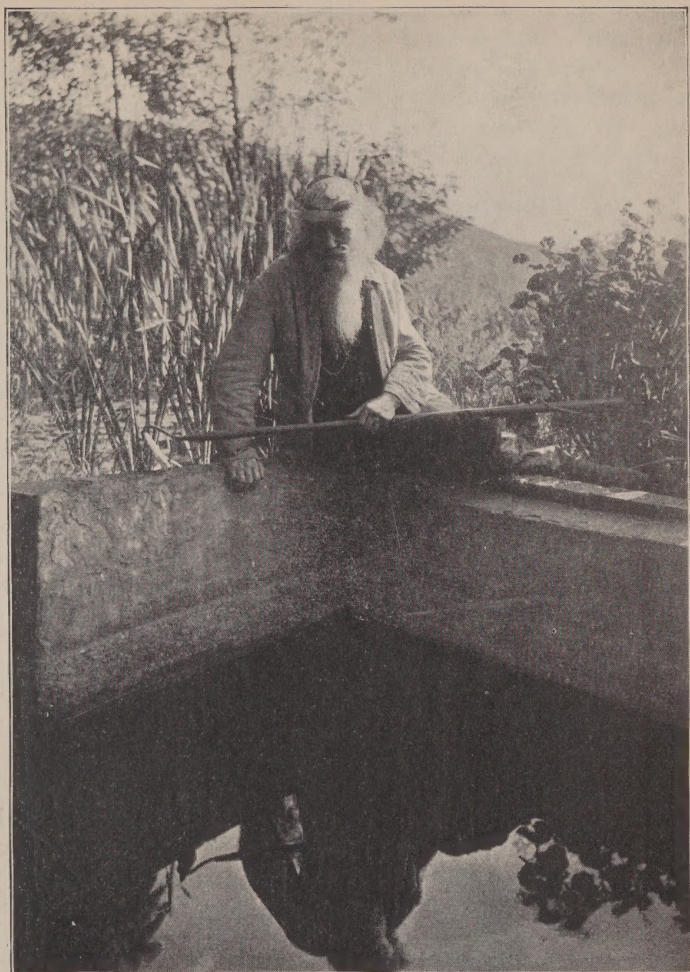


Photo. by Adelaide Hanscom, San Francisco.

"REFLECTIONS."

some time the witching spell of the gold-diggings had been enmeshing his imagination. After his admittance to the bar he set out for the gold-mines. Here a terrible calamity overtook him of which he thus speaks:

"My first act there came near costing my life, and cost me, through snow-blindness, the best use of my eyes from that time forth. The agony of snow-blindness is unutterable; the hurt irreparable. In those days men never murmured nor admitted themselves put at a disadvantage. I gave up the law for a time and laid hand to other things."

How he came to thus imperil life and permanently endanger his eye-sight has been described in the following language by an old class-mate who was also present with the poet when he returned from his daring trip, stricken with snow-blindness:

"He was then in the first flush of manhood, with buoyant spirits, untiring energy, and among a race of hardy pioneers, the bravest of the brave. He possessed more than ordinary talent, and looked forward with hope to the battle of life, expecting to reap his share of its honors and rewards. For years he was foremost in every desperate enterprise—crossing snow-capped mountains, swollen rivers, and facing hostile Indians. When snow fell fifteen feet on Florence Mountain, and hundreds were penned in camp without a word from wives, children, and loved ones at home, he said, 'Boys, I will bring your letters from Lewiston.' Afoot and alone, without a trail, he crossed the mountain-tops, the dangerous streams, the wintry desert of Camas Prairie, fighting back the hungry mountain-wolves and returned bending beneath his load of loving messages from home. One day he was found, in defence of the weak, facing the pistol or bowie-knife of the desperado; and the next day he was washing the clothes and smoothing the pillow of a sick comrade. We all loved him, but we were not men who wrote for the newspaper or magazine, and his acts of heroism and kindness were unchronicled, save in the hearts of those who knew him in those times and under those trying circumstances."*

Next we find the poet scorning the gravest dangers and engaging in an enterprise congenial to his spirit, or at least to one side of his nature. But we will let him tell his own story of this passage in his eventful life:

"In the heart of the then-unknown and unnamed Idaho and Montana, gold-dust was as wheat in harvest-time. I and another, born to the saddle, formed an ex-

press-line, and carried letters in from the Oregon river and gold-dust out,—gold-dust by the horse-load after horse-load, till we earned all the gold we wanted. Such rides! and each alone, Indians holding the plunging horses for us at relays. I had lived with, and knew, trusted, the red men, and was never betrayed. Those matchless night-rides under the stars, dashing into the Orient doors of dawn before me as the sun burst through the shining mountain-pass,—this brought my love of song to the surface. And now, having earned fortune, I traveled Mexico, South America; I had resolved as I rode to set these unwritten lands with the banner of song."

These rides by night and day called out the poet's soul and stimulated his imagination much as did the splendid scenery, the majesty and stately grandeur of the Sierras awaken the poet in the soul of that other great Western singer of democracy and progress, Edwin Markham, when he tended the cattle, a solitary youth in the valleys of the storm-stained and riven Sierras.

Ah! those long rides fraught with dangers! They were medicine to the health-broken youth. Then the great Mother took him to her breast, sometimes teaching him her lessons, sometimes soothing his impatient soul with her croonings and lullabies, sometimes touching as by magic the eye of the youth, when lo! a second vision was given to him. He saw all he had seen before—all that, and far more. He saw and understood the relation of the small to the great things, and caught glimpses of the meaning of life and the message of Nature to man; and what he saw in the outer suggested figures for impressing other thoughts. Thus the star-strewn skies and the ploughmen in the valleys suggested such imagery as the following:†

"The star-sown seas of thought are still,
As when God's plowmen scatter corn
Along the mellow grooves at morn,
In patient trust to wait His will.

* *Oregon Teacher*, February, 1897.

† *As It Was in The Beginning*, page 6.

The star-sown seas of thought are wide,
But voiceless, noiseless, deep as night:
Disturb not these, the silent seas
Are sacred unto souls allied
As golden poppies unto bees."

Never before did he so feel, so enjoy the intoxication of beauty, grandeur and sublimity as during those night-rides, when the sky was studded with diamonds, when the valleys were wrapped in slumber and guarded by age-long mountain-peaks where rose the spectral pines, silent for the most part, but anon forming whispering galleries when the errant breeze passed their way. And the glory of the morning hours,—how indelibly their splendor impressed his mind may be gathered from the following lines descriptive of a morn in Oregon:

" . . . The kindled camp
Upon the mountain brow that broke below
In steep and grassy stairway to the damp
And dewy valley, snapp'd and flamed aglow
With knots of pine. Above, the peaks of
snow,

With under-belts of sable forests, rose
And flashed in sudden sunlight. To and fro
And far below, in lines and winding rows,
The herders drove their bands, and broke the
deep repose.

I heard their shouts like sounding hunter's
horn,
The lowing herds made echoes far away;
When lo! the clouds came driving in with
morn
Toward the sea, as fleeing from the day.

A savage stood in silence at my side,
Then sudden threw aback his beaded strouds
And stretched his hand above the scene, and
cried,
'Behold! the sun bathes in a silver sea of
clouds.'

The clouds blow by, the swans take loftier
flight,
The yellow blooms burst out upon the hill,
The purple camas comes as in a night,
Tall spiked and dripping of the dews that fill
The misty valley. Sunbeams break and
spill

Their glory till the vale is full of noon.
The roses belt the streams, no bird is still.

The stars, as large as lilies,
meet the moon

And sing of summer, born
thus sudden full and
soon."

Returning from his wanderings in Mexico and Central and South America, the poet established a democratic paper. He inherited something of his Quaker father's abhorrence of war, in spite of his naturally adventurous and daring spirit, and the thought of tens of thousands of brothers, friends and companions flying at each other's throats filled him with horror. He opposed the Civil war as being inimical to the genius of democracy and the religion of Christ. Thereupon his paper was suppressed on the charge of disloyalty.



Photo. by Blanche Cumming, San Francisco.

RESTING ON HIS HOE.

He now found himself poor and broken in health. Hence he again repaired to the gold-mines, from whence he was summoned to defend the settlers against the Modocs, who were busy with their tomahawks and scalping-knives. After this he was elected Judge of Grant county, Oregon, a position which he held from 1866 to 1870.

From his college days he had published much fugitive verse, some of his little sermons in song proving very popular. The following lines from a poem of this class, entitled "Is It Worth While?" which was published about 1866, is a fair example of the waifs that went the rounds of the country press during the sixties and early seventies—real sermons in song that sung themselves into the thought-world of thousands of our people:

"Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
 Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart?—that we war to the
 knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
 God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
 When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-
 broken brother,
 Pierced to the heart; words are keener
 than steel,
 And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey,
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
 That we give him a fish instead of a serpent,
 Ere folding the hands to be and abide
 For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
 Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
 Man, and man only, makes war on his
 brother,
 And dotes in his heart on his peril and
 pain—
 Shamed by the brutes that go down on the
 plain."

Two other waifs of song of this class proved very popular. One was written

on the death of a gold-crazed New York millionaire. Two of these stanzas were as follows:

"The gold that with the sunlight lies
 In bursting heaps at dawn,
 The silver spilling from the skies
 At night to walk upon,
 The diamonds gleaming in the dew,
 He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,
 Some silver, crushed from stones;
 But the gold was red with dead men's blood,
 The silver, black with groans;
 And when he died he moaned aloud,
 'They'll make no pocket in my shroud.'"

The other poem was penned in memory of Peter Cooper. It was the exact antithesis of the "ugly truth" emphasized in the former lines. Here are three stanzas:

"Honor and glory forevermore
 To this great man gone to rest;
 Peace on the dim Plutonian shore;
 Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
 That ever drew sword in war;
 Nobler, better, than king or khan,
 Better, wiser, by far.

Aye, wisest he in this whole wide land
 Of hoarding till bent and gray;
 For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
 Is what you have given away."

III.

After his election as judge he published his first volume of poems, entitled *Specimens*, but though well received by such critics as Bret Harte, then editor of the *Overland Monthly*, the poems were too imaginative, mystical and philosophical to be appreciated by the rank and file of the people, who could not follow the poet in his daring flights of fancy.

The reading, studying and writing during the years when he served as judge resulted in the failure of his eye-sight for a

time, and with this came another breakdown in his health. He had long wished to visit England, not only because of his desire to see the homes and tombs of her bards, singers and thinkers, but also because he believed that in the Mother Country his songs of the New World would find a more cordial reception than on the Pacific coast; and feeling no longer equal to the arduous duties that had so long engaged his hand and brain, he set out for the Old World. After reaching London his poems were published and instantly called forth high praise from leading critics. The work proved a pronounced success, and suddenly the Oregon bard found himself the lion of the hour. But here again let us quote from the poet's own writings:*

"Letters—sweet, brave, good letters from the learned and the great—were so many I could not read them with my poor eyes and had to leave them to friends. They found two from the Archbishop of Dublin. I was to breakfast with him to meet Browning, Dean Stanley, Houghton, and so on. I went to an old Jew close by to hire a dress-suit, as Franklin had done for the Court of St. James. While fitting on the clothes I told him I was in haste to go to a great breakfast. He stopped, looked at me, looked me all over, and then told me I must not wear that, but he would hire me a suit of velvet. By degrees, as he fixed me up, he got at, or guessed at some facts, and when I asked to pay him he shook his head. I put some money down and he pushed it back. He said he had a son, his only family now, at Oxford, and he kept on fixing me up; cane, great tall silk hat, gloves and all. Who would have guessed the heart to be found there?

"Browning was just back from Italy, sunburnt and ruddy. 'Robert, you are browning,' smiled Lady Augusta. 'And you are Agust-a,' bowed the great poet grandly; and, by what coincidence—he,

too, was in brown velvet, and so like my own that I was a bit uneasy.

"Two of the Archbishop's beautiful daughters had been riding in the park with the Earl of Aberdeen. 'And did you gallop?' asked Browning of the younger beauty. 'I galloped, Joyce galloped, we galloped all three.' Then we all laughed at the happy and hearty retort, and Browning, beating the time and clang of galloping horses' feet on the table with his fingers, repeated the exact measure in Latin from Virgil; and the Archbishop laughingly took it up, in Latin, where he left off. I then told Browning I had an order—it was my first—for a poem from the *Oxford Magazine*, and would like to borrow the measure and spirit of his 'Good News' for a prairie-fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river. 'Why not borrow from Virgil, as I did? He is as rich as one of your gold-mines, while I am but a poor scribe.' And this was my first of inner London.

"Fast on top of this came breakfasts with Lord Houghton, lunch with Browning, a dinner with Rossetti to meet the great painters; the good old Jew garmenting me always, and always pushing back the pay."

But now, just as fame garlanded the poet and success smiled upon the wanderer, his eyes gave completely out. It happened in this wise:

"One evening Rossetti brought me Walt. Whitman, new to me, and that night I lay in bed and read it through—the last book I ever read. I could not bear any light next morning, nor very much light ever since, nor have ever since looked upon any page long without intense pain."

When he grew somewhat better he received tempting offers from great newspapers to act as correspondent. One of these he accepted, and for several years thereafter was one of the most popular of America's newspaper correspondents, while all the time he wooed the muse. In 1873 *Songs of the Sunland* was published. *The Ship in the Desert* and *Songs of Italy*

*The extracts from the writings of Mr. Miller in this article are taken for the most part from *The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller*, published in 1902 by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

followed in quick succession, and in 1881 *The Danites in the Sierras* was published. This novel and the play founded upon it were very popular. Among his other principal works may be mentioned *My Life Among the Modocs*, *Shadows of Shasta*, '49: or the *Gold-Seekers of the Sierras*, and *Memorie and Rime*. These works and his voluminous journalistic writings, together with many fugitive poems, marked the most strenuous period of Mr. Miller's life after he had boldly launched out upon his literary career.

His work is all marked by a wealth of imagination and a dash of mysticism. The latter is especially in evidence in his poetry. He sees and feels the deeper meaning of life's lessons and experiences and of nature's messages to man—meanings and messages that are only fully appreciated by those chosen sons of earth who possess the poet's soul. Now the mystic element and the deep underlying philosophical truths that lie thinly veiled by the symbolic imagery of his best poems escape the busy, restless and superficial reader of our time and land. Hence what is in fact an element of strength detracts from the author's popularity as a poet.

As the years passed the Orient beckoned the mystic poet. Palestine, the cradle of our religion, the home of the serene Prophet of peace and love, called to him with compelling power; and Egypt, land of mysteries and ancient learning, also lured him to her ruins. He had traveled far and wide, had mingled with many men in many lands, but now Palestine became his Mecca. Yielding to the fascination of the spell he journeyed thither, visiting Jerusalem; and traversing the hills and plains over which so many times the Great Nazarene had traveled, he came *en rapport* with the life of Him who spake as never man spake. Then it was that he determined to weave in verse a life of Christ, and then it was also that there came into his mind the outline of a social vision which had long haunted his imagination at intervals. From Palestine he

journeyed down into Egypt, visiting the ruins of Karnak and pausing in silent meditation before the mighty Sphinx.

His travels in the Orient served to stimulate his imagination in a marvelous degree and to awaken to new life sentiments of social justice, equity and righteousness. On returning to America he set to work upon his life of Christ. Scarcely, however, had it been completed when Sir Edwin Arnold published his great poem, *The Light of the World*, and after reading it Mr. Miller felt it to be a nobler and more comprehensive picture of the Great Nazarene. He therefore cut out more than a score of little poems that formed a part of his life of Jesus, determining to place one at the head of each chapter of his contemplated social vision, which he intended to make the crowning work of his life. The rest of this life of Christ he threw away, and turned with all the enthusiasm of his early years to the composition of his most finished romance, the prose-poem *par excellence*, *The Building of the City Beautiful*. He had read the many stories, dreams and pen-pictures of a juster and a fairer state that had come from the brain of philosopher, poet, sage and humanitarian from time to time, but they all left much to be desired. Plato's *Republic* concerned an aristocracy of intellect. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* was a marvelous work in its age, but it cannot satisfy the mind to-day. Edward Bellamy did a needed work, yet his ideal state was to the poet in many respects far from ideal. And then there was William Morris, rare and delightful soul; poet, romancer, artist, worker and social reformer, all in one. He, too, had pictured the Utopia of his thought-world, but how vague and unconvincing, how essentially medieval in its atmosphere, how out of tune with much of the best as well as the worst of our own age. No, excellent and suggestive as were all these visions, from Plato to Morris, the last word in the nature of the case had not been spoken; and so our poet began his crowning work, *The Building of the City Beautiful*.

IV.

Before its commencement, however, he had wearied of the homeless life. He yearned for a cottage he could call his own. He longed to be able to cultivate the earth, to grow his own oranges and olives, fruit and vegetables; to live the

now famous Golden Gate, years before gold was found." Of the unsurpassed view which is one of the poet's dearest possessions, Mr. Miller has written as follows:

"Here at dawn we are above the clouds! What would the world do without clouds? And at no two hours of the day, no two



Photo. by C. D. Nichols, Grants Pass, Ore.

THE POET AT HOME, 1904.

sane and simple life amid rose-gardens and with a panorama of perpetual glory before his vision. And so, as far back as in 1887, he secured a tract of land on the Oakland heights. Here he set to work planting an orange-grove and making a garden of roses. Several little unpretentious cabins jeweled his garden-spot. In one lives the poet's mother, now far into the eighties. This ideal home is where Fremont pitched his tent half a century ago, "and from which spot he named the

minutes, indeed, are the views along here alike. You see the higher streets of San Francisco above the rolling, surging sea-mist; the great cross of the Lone Mountain Cemetery lifting in grand and solemn loneliness above all things, and looking strangely tall and vast. The clouds roll above Oakland, lift, rift a little, and church-spires are pointing up and through the sea of snow that undulates, lifts, pulses, at your feet. The whole bay is a mobile floor of silver. Not a sugges-

tion of the sea! Tamalpais, with its winding track and trains above the clouds that conceal San Pablo Bay, a white light-house on the headlands below, Black Point, Sutro Heights, Fort Alcatraz, the tips and topmasts of sail, that is all,—

“Where phantom ships unchallenged pass
The gloomy guns of Alcatraz.

“Twelve o’clock, and not a cloud—not a cloud above or about the peaceful fair visage of beautiful Alameda below you. And yet do not despise the clouds, God’s garments’ hem. Truly, all that is good or great is veiled, garmented in mists, clouds, mystery. The priest has his sacred place; the house of God has its holy of holies. All things in nature have their mantled mysteries. The little seeds take life in the dark mould; all life begins in secret, silence, majestic mystery, the large solemnity of night.

“At morning, noon, or night, especially night, when the heavens and the earth are on fire—for you cannot tell where the lights leave off and the stars begin—the scene is most gorgeously magnificent.

“Deep below us lies the valley,
Steep below us lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

Oh, the sea of lights far-streaming,
When the thousand flags are furled,
And the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world.”

And so with splendors grander by far than Cyrus or Cræsus could boast, ever unfolded before his vision, and with the eye to see and the soul to value the priceless possessions,—the ever-changing, ever-matchless painting of the divine Artist-Artisan, Joaquin Miller is peacefully passing his days. Here, surrounded by nature, genial, smiling nature, are found the cottages—canvases in fact for the rarest of rose-pictures; and the earth is spangled with flowers and fragrant with perfume. Here are rocks that to the seeing eye are

rich in tints and tones unseen by duller vision. And amid his orange-trees toils with heart and brain the poet who knows the joy of labor that is free from that grinding over-work which dulls the senses, blunts the finer feelings and dries up the divine well-springs of being.

v.

The views of life, the ideals and concepts of those whose creative work has enriched our thought-world are always interesting and not unfrequently inspiring and helpful. Joaquin Miller is nothing if not a teacher. Only second to his splendid descriptions and magnificent word-pictures, often Oriental in the wealth of striking imagery, is his ethical message. As we have before observed, many of his poems are sermons in song; but nowhere is the teacher more in evidence than in his prose. Take for example, the following words which embody in a large way his faith, his creed and his message as it relates to life, condensed into a few expressive sentences:

“The truth is, there is a great deal more good in the world than it has credit for. I doubt if there is a home, never so poor, but has some little unseen altar on which is daily, almost hourly, laid some little sweet sacrifice, some little touch of pity and tenderness for the poor pale mother, the weary, worn father, the little sick baby. It is our place to give them more and more love to lay on the unseen altar, more light, more light; so that they may have more heart, hope, strength.

“The second lesson after the love of man is the love of nature. As there is no entirely bad man in his right mind on earth, so is there no entirely ugly thing in nature. I was told an Arab tradition in Jerusalem, that Jesus, passing down the valley of Jehoshaphat with his disciples, came upon the remains of a dog. They gathered their garments, and with lifted faces hurried by. But Jesus, pausing a moment, and reaching his face a little, said softly: ‘What beautiful teeth!’

"The third and undebated lesson after the goodness of man and the beauty of the world is the immortality of man. Yes, there may be those who do not live again. You may sow your field as carefully as you can, yet there are many worthless grains that will not come up, but will rot and resolve again into earth. And may it not be that this fearful disease of unbelief is a sort of crucial test? May it not be, that if you be so weak as to say you shall be blown out as a candle and so drop into everlasting darkness, that it shall be so?

"We begin the next life where we leave off in this. I see this in the little seeds that sift down from the trees, and lie under the shroud of snow in the hollow of His hand the winter through, waiting the roaring March winds to trumpet through the pines and proclaim the resurrection. I read it in every blade of grass that carpets God's footstool. Every spear is a spear to battle for this truth. Every blade of grass is a bent saber waving us forward with living evidence of immortality, for it has seen the resurrection.

"A fourth and very practical lesson is on economy. Nature wastes nothing, nothing; least of all does nature waste time. Yet Nature is never in haste, and this practical lesson broadens and broadens as we go forward. Ah me, the waste that is in this world at the hands of man! Looking away down yonder, I can count more than forty church-spires. More than forty great big churches, and not one single place, except a library or two and a station or two, where a stranger can wash his hands, or observe the simplest decencies of life, without going into some saloon. Forty great, empty churches, with soft cushions, some of them, yet not one place, outside of the jail, where a stranger without money can lay his head."

Again he observes;

"Is there such a thing as genius, inspiration? I think there is no such thing. Rather let us call it a devout and all-pervading love of the sublime, the beautiful, and the good; the never-questioning conviction that there is nothing in this world that is not beautiful or trying to be beautiful. 'And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.'

"Genius is love that is born of this truth leading ever by plain and simple ways, and true toil and care, as all nature toils and cares, as God toils and cares; that is all. I write this down for those who may come after. We shall have higher results from the plain, sweet truth."

Here is a word about art:

"The sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground. There is no art without heart. The art of all art is really to know nature—yourself. Better to know, of your own knowledge, the color, the perfume, the nature, the twining, of a single little creeping vine in the cañon, than to know all the Rocky Mountains through a book. Man reads too much and reasons too little. Great artists are not great readers, but great observers. They see with the heart. The world seems to think the artist should be constantly busy with book, brush or pen. No, his heart, like a field, must lie fallow long to bring forth greatly."

Such is Joaquin Miller, the man and the poet, whose early life was spent so largely in the valleys, in the diggings, and amid scenes of strife and turmoil, and who now dwells in serenity "on the heights."

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

CRISES IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

IV.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.Dip., LL.D.,

Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

IN DISCUSSING the last great crisis in Japanese history, in the November number of this magazine, I found it impracticable to include more than a study of the situation up to the point where force was substituted for diplomacy. I shall now supplement that study with a brief survey of the military and naval achievements and the probable effect of these when viewed from the standpoint of international politics:

As control of the sea was of supreme importance to Japan, she lost no time in securing to herself, in so far as possible, the advantages which must needs result from such control. In fact, so vital was this to Japan that her whole campaign and, indeed, her national safety, depended upon it. Even a drawn battle on sea would render the Japanese land campaign liable to interruption at any time by having its line of communications cut. Naval supremacy was therefore the first care of the Japanese; nor was this supremacy assured by reason of any overwhelming superiority of her fleet over the Russian. For whether measured by tonnage, muzzle-force of their guns, or the number and strength of their line-of-battle ships, there was no very great disparity between the two navies. Mastery of the sea would therefore have to come as a result of superior strategy and seamanship. Though the superiority of the Japanese as seamen might have been foreseen, for the class from which the Russian seamen are recruited are too dense to handle successfully as fine a grade of machinery as is found upon the first-class battle-ships, cruisers and torpedo-boats of to-day, there were few who really expected such marked superiority

upon the part of the Japanese. The disparity in seamanship and marksmanship was about as great as between the American and Spanish navies. Both these wars emphasize the fact that ships, however well-built and armed, do not make a navy. There must be a reasonably large merchant-marine, for trans-oceanic or coasting trade, as a training-school for a navy.

The Japanese admirals were not slow to avail themselves of the fact that the Russian fleet was scattered and hence might be destroyed piecemeal. They followed the Napoleonic maxim, that wisdom in war consists in striking first and in always having a stronger force than the enemy at the point of contact. In accordance with this maxim they disregarded at the outset the Vladivostock fleet and destroyed the Russian warships which were at Chemulpo, and so paralyzed the Port Arthur fleet that it was thrown upon the defensive during the period when the opposite role would have enabled it to hamper most seriously the Japanese operations preparatory to their land campaign. How extremely dangerous to the Japanese transports would have been a fleet which could have maintained the offensive in the Yellow sea was amply demonstrated later by the raids of the comparatively weak Vladivostock squadron.

So paralyzed was the Port Arthur fleet by the first blow that it stayed cooped up under the protection of the guns of Port Arthur for nearly six months. And when at last it had repaired its torpedoed battle-ships so that it had six to Japan's five, it made a dash for the purpose of joining forces with the Vladivostock



Photo. by The Friend Studio, Morgantown, W. Va.

EDWIN MAXEY, D.C.L., LL.D., M.Dip.

squadron. This maneuver brought on the first really great naval fight of the war. As a result of it Russia has samples of her navy on exhibition in several of the neutral ports of Asia. This method of escaping the legitimate consequences of a fight by skulking around in your neighbor's back yard for protection is not well calculated to increase one's self-respect or the respect of others. Especially inconsistent, and, one would suppose, humiliating, was it for Russia to demand protection from China, after having insisted all along that China was not capable of protecting property. I think we may safely say that the manly thing to do in a fight which one has forced upon another is to fight until it is unwise to fight any longer—and then surrender, even though such action be humiliating and expensive.

In the same attempt to affect a junction the Vladivostock fleet fell in with Kamimura's cruisers which sunk the "Rurik" and so damaged the "Gromoboi" and the "Rossia" that they have been in dock for repairs ever since, awaiting the arrival of the thoroughly-domesticated Baltic fleet. The sinking of the "Rurik" will always be coupled with that of the "Hitachi," because of the marked contrast in the behavior of the Russian and the Japanese commanders in the two cases. The "Hitachi" was an unarmed transport carrying over a thousand Japanese soldiers for whose rescue, after torpedoing their ship, the Russian commander showed not the slightest concern; while after the sinking of the "Rurik" Kamimura delayed until all were rescued. His brief sentence—"We offer their living for our dead"—is destined to become a classic.

In the fight with each of the Russian fleets the Japanese displayed superb strategy in compelling their adversaries to fight at long range, for while this lessened the amount of damage they could do to the Russian ships, it enabled them to escape with very slight injuries. When we remember that the Japanese must at all hazards hold control of the sea and that it might yet have to deal with the Baltic

fleet, we see the superior wisdom of this over close-range-fighting in which, though the Japanese ships could have inflicted injury more rapidly, they would have sacrificed a part of the advantage due to their superior marksmanship and would have run a chance of having been rammed or otherwise disabled. Under the tactics they have pursued, they have practically destroyed the Asiatic squadrons and have themselves a sufficient force with which to successfully meet the Baltic fleet, should it come within striking distance of them.

The achievements of the Japanese navy are among the most brilliant and momentous in the whole history of sea-fighting. They have demonstrated that the torpedo-boat is effective, when properly handled, as an offensive as well as a defensive weapon. In this respect, at least, they are entitled to credit for originality. Just how great an influence this departure will have upon the make-up of future navies and upon future naval actions remains to be seen, but that it will have some influence is certain. Nor is it less certain that the Japanese naval-power will henceforth be a factor to be reckoned with in determining the balance of power among nations.

The work of the army, like that of the navy, has been at once brilliant and conservative. The land campaign has not been of the flash-in-the-pan variety, as many had expected. On the contrary, it has followed out a well-defined plan with mathematical precision. This plan included four objectives: the occupation of Korea; the cutting of the communications between Port Arthur and Mukden, Harbin and Vladivostock; the capture of Port Arthur; and the driving of the Russian forces out of Southern Manchuria.

The occupation of Korea was of prime importance to Japan, whether we consider it from the point-of-view of offence or defence. Therefore no time was lost by Japan in securing to herself this advantage. And in order to guard against surprises she fortified it as she went, so that if compelled to assume the defensive she would have the immense advantage of

fighting behind entrenchments. In order to make sure of rapid communications, she is building a railway the entire length of the peninsula. Whether this railway will need to be used for military purposes or not, and it is to be hoped that it will not, it will certainly be an important factor in the economic development of Corea, and hence in developing the commerce of the Orient.

To the occupation of Corea Russia did not succeed in offering any very substantial resistance. The first important clash of arms came with the crossing of the Yalu by the Japanese. In this battle they out-generaled and out-fought the Russians, inflicting greater loss upon them than they themselves sustained, notwithstanding the fact that the Russians had the protection of the river, of trenches, and were fighting upon ground of their own choosing. The defeat of the Russians under these circumstances opened the eyes of the world to the fact that no race has a monopoly of fighting ability. So complete was the victory of the Japanese that the Russians were compelled to abandon Fung Wang Cheng, one of the strongest positions in Southern Manchuria. This left General Kuroki in a position to protect the flank of General Oku's army, which landed at Pitsewo for the purpose of cutting the railroad and thus isolating Port Arthur. General Oku was not long in accomplishing the task. After defeating the Russians at Nanshan Hill he left the investment of Port Arthur to General Nogi and turned northward to coöperate with the armies of Generals Nodzu and Kuroki in the general movement against the main Russian army under General Kuropatkin.

After the defeat of the Russian army under Generals Fock and Stössel at Nanshan Hill, Dalny fell into the hands of the Japanese. As this is one of the finest ports in the Orient, its possession was of inestimable value to the Japanese as a base of operations against Port Arthur. It was a most humiliating thing for the Russians to have to blow up improvements which they had made in Dalny at a

an expense of millions of dollars. But much of the government property they did not succeed in destroying, and this, to the value of about ten million dollars, fell into the hands of the Japanese. Had Russia known the use to which her administrative buildings, warehouses and harbor-works at Dalny were to be put, she would perchance have built less expensive ones.

An army under General Stackelburg was sent to the relief of Port Arthur, but it was defeated by General Oku at Telissu and barely escaped being cut off. This defeat was soon followed by the loss of Kaiping and Tachichao, which necessitated the evacuation of New Chwang. The value of New Chwang to the Japanese was very great, as it gave them a convenient place for the landing of reinforcements and supplies. Being connected by rail with the points against which the three armies were now operating under the direction of General Oyama, it greatly simplified the always-difficult commissary problem.

Soon after the taking of New Chwang, the Japanese lines began to tighten around Liao Yang, where General Kuropatkin had for months been collecting men and supplies and constructing fortifications which it was confidently believed would render the place impregnable. But the Japanese have a fashion of taking impregnable positions. While the armies of Generals Oku and Nodzu made a frontal attack, General Kuroki crossed the Taitse river above the city and by thus threatening the Russian line of communications with Mukden and Harbin forced General Kuropatkin to give up Liao Yang and retreat upon Mukden and Tie Pass. Kuropatkin turned his whole force against General Kuroki with the hope of crushing him before reinforcements could arrive, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and, thanks to the railroad and the impassable condition of the roads over which the Japanese would have to move to cut off his retreat, he escaped complete disaster. As it was, he was compelled to set fire to the supplies he had for six months been col-

lecting at Liao Yang, and in the ten-days' fighting lost about 25,000 men. The Japanese losses were, according to their official report, 17,573. This is remarkable when we consider that the Russians were fighting behind entrenchments. But, here as elsewhere, the Japanese artillery-fire was the more effective, and considerable of the Russian losses were due to flank attacks during their retreat.

After this battle, which was certainly one of the most severe of modern times, both armies spent about a month in resting, fortifying and bringing up supplies and reinforcements. Finally Kuropatkin, whether by orders from St. Petersburg or upon his own initiative, took the offensive, and, after a bombastic and somewhat puerile appeal to his men, moved southward to "make the enemy do our will" and relieve Port Arthur. But his triumphant march was soon checked, and after a loss of at least 30,000 men, he was forced to retreat across the Shakhe river. In each of these battles the forces engaged were not far short of 500,000, and the losses in the two were not less than 100,000. In each of them Kuropatkin was given an opportunity for increasing his reputation as a masterly retreat.

The campaign of the present year has been decidedly in favor of the Japanese. They have accomplished what they set out to accomplish, with the exception of taking Port Arthur; and while prophecy is not my specialty, I feel safe in predicting that before this article reaches the reader, Port Arthur will have fallen. But even should its fall be postponed for a couple of months more, it is but a question of time, for all reasonable hope of relief is gone and its food-supply so nearly exhausted that starvation will soon be an effective ally of the Japanese arms.

The financial strain of the war upon both parties is severe, but more severe upon Russia than upon Japan. Counting the immensely greater cost of transportation and loss of property on sea and land, the cost of the war has been to Russia easily three times what it has to Japan. Not only in direct cost, but in paralysis

of industries and fall in the price of her securities, Russia has suffered far more than has Japan. When this slump in prices develops into a panic, as it may at any time, Russia will be compelled to make peace. It is a remarkable fact that the commerce of Japan has increased in spite of the war; and still more remarkable that this increase is to be found in her exports as well as in her imports. Nor has the increase in her imports been confined to increased importation of war materials, although these have been responsible for considerable of the increase, but has been partly made up of raw material for manufacture of articles of use only or mainly in peace.

The war has unquestionably produced a change in the balance of power in the Orient. Viewed from the standpoint of international politics, the clash between Russia and Japan is the most momentous event in recent history. Previous to it Russian influence was the dominant influence in the far East. She had within ten years ousted England from her supremacy in that part of the globe and could not brook what she considered the parvenu pretensions of Japan. Had the contest been singly a rivalry between these two nations for prestige, the interest of the world in their struggle would not have been great. It is in the conflicting policies represented by the contestants that the war gets its larger meaning to the rest of the world. The triumph of Russia means the triumph of a policy of commercial domination of Manchuria by Russia, a policy of aggression towards China, and ultimately a war between Russia and England for supremacy in the Yangtse Valley. Victory for Japan means a victory for the "open-door" policy, the reformation of China, and the substitution of commercial for military rivalry in the Orient. Which of these policies best accords with the interests of the United States and other commercial nations, as well as with the general welfare of the Orient, requires no seer to determine.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

CHRIST AND THE WORLD TO-DAY.

BY LEON C. PRINCE,

Professor of History in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

IT IS related of Henry Ward Beecher that when he was writing his celebrated *Life of Christ* a friend calling upon him one day in his study asked him the question: "When will the *Life of Christ* be finished?" Mr. Beecher is said to have answered: "The Life of Christ will never be finished. It is a part of the life of humanity."

Jesus Christ came to stay. There is nothing in the facts of history, in the marvels of science, or in the achievements of genius, one half so wonderful as the miracle of his life, the power of his example and the persistency of his influence. A man who never wrote a line, as far as we know, save when he traced with his finger an unrecorded word upon the ground, his name has inspired the best and noblest in the literature of all subsequent time. Born and reared amid humble surroundings, without fortune or social rank, his precepts have influenced and his spirit has modified the national and international codes and practices of the civilized world. A man who never drew a sword in defensive or aggressive warfare, he has conquered the human heart where armaments and forces are powerless to enter. A man who passed from the sphere of visible usefulness nearly two thousand years ago, he is to-day the most truly alive and the most persistently active force in society. And all this without employing any one of the usual means of self-advertisement to which men are accustomed to resort for success and permanence of fame. It is not, then, too much to affirm that a man who has stamped so ineffaceably the impress of his personality on the history of his race is entitled to the most thoughtful consideration of those whose institutions and destinies he has so profoundly affected. We cannot afford to ignore or pass lightly by one who has revolutionized the life of hu-

manity. The question which perplexed and baffled Pilate on his judgment seat so many centuries ago, has become the one supreme problem for every soul,—“What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?”

It cannot be truthfully denied that a rational conception, either of the mission or the nature of Jesus, was impossible so long as Christian thought prostrated itself before the false and arrogant assumptions of Dogmatics.

Medieval theology surrounded the character of Jesus with a cloud of mythical and doctrinal confusion, the result of which was to darken spiritual perception and to repel men of virile and assertive mind. Emancipation from the tyranny of that misconception is even yet far from being complete. “Great is the mystery of godliness,” proclaimed Paul as he contemplated the one perfect life. Perhaps it is this very mystery which has led philosophers and theologians to dogmatize so bitterly in the attempt to explain it. Men not infrequently are most positive when confronted with unfamiliar facts. The late Thomas B. Reed, in a speech delivered during the Presidential campaign of 1896, said: “If you see two men engaged in especially animated conversation, with strong evidence of disagreement, you may make up your mind as to two things; first, they are discussing the silver question, and, secondly, you may be sure that neither of them knows anything about it.”

There is a true and natural as well as a spurious mystery. All life is mysterious, human life is especially so, and great men are great mysteries. Who understands the nature of that spark that flashes from the human brain and illumines a world with its radiance? Whence and what is the wondrous power that gives to literature its beauty and its meaning, that makes the spoken word inspire, that calls

a nation into being? And if we cannot easily fathom or comprehend the genius of Demosthenes, of Shakespere, of Richelieu, men who lived and wrought on the intellectual plane, how much more difficult is it to measure and understand him whose daily walk was in the spiritual realm, an altitude so far above us that it is even now, to the average man, an undiscovered region?

And yet we must account for Jesus on some rational basis. We must give a reason for the faith that is in us, or that faith and its object will alike be discredited by sensible minds. We are told by Jesus himself that the power which was his in so marked a degree may also be ours, but not until we are able to discern spiritual truth. "We shall be like him," but not until "we shall see him as he is." What, then, was he, and in what relation does he stand to the lives of men?

The evolutionary conception alone affords an adequate and satisfactory answer to this question. Even that will fail unless viewed from the theistic standpoint. Evolution, if conceived of as the mere automatic working out of blind forces undirected by a governing intelligence, is powerless to solve the moral "riddle of the universe," however plausibly it may account for physical transformations. Consistency and truth alike require that we include within its scope moral ideas and spiritual ideals no less than physical and social organisms.

The time was when men worshiped brute force. He was greatest among his fellows who was the fastest runner, the mightiest wrestler, or the most accomplished in the art of war. That sort of an ideal produced a race of bullies and a reign of terror. In course of time men outgrew that stage and passed up to a higher conception of manhood and of human greatness. They began to see that it was not enough to excel in deeds of physical prowess; that a giant body without a controlling intelligence was like a huge battering-ram with a blind man to guide it; that the soldiers and statesmen who planned battles and built kingdoms had something more than iron muscles

and big fists. Then they began to cultivate the intellectual as the great end of human attainment. This ideal produced a multitude of orators, philosophers, generals and statesmen, but it did not touch the fountain-springs of character. Nor did it add to the sum of human happiness, for the accumulation of knowledge does not bring contentment. Solomon well summarized the futility of the intellectual hope in this respect when he said: "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." And so men were not satisfied. Here and there, in different ages and among different races, arose prophets and seers who voiced the slowly-growing aspiration of the human heart for a nobler and a truer ideal of manhood; a manhood that should stand for something more than strength of body or subtlety of mind. The supreme truth began to dawn on a few gifted spirits that the great man was, after all, the good man. That conviction strengthened until in the fullness of time it took incarnate form in the man Jesus Christ, who ushered in the day of spiritual supremacy, not ignoring the physical or intellectual natures of man, but teaching and exemplifying the perfect harmony of body, mind and spirit, when guided and illumined by that Divine Light of Love which it is within the power of the spiritual nature alone to receive, to comprehend and to reflect. Jesus is the perfect revelation of God in the moral and spiritual realm as the universe is His perfect revelation in the natural and physical realm.

God has always revealed Himself in some form to man, from the very dawn of human intelligence, because man has always wanted to know God. The degree of the revelation was necessarily graduated to the scale of man's spiritual capacity. Hence we find among the great religious systems that have arisen from time to time, a conception sometimes broad and uplifting, sometimes almost degrading, but always partial and more or less distorted by the limitations of founders and followers. The ancient Egyptians worshiped the external forces

of nature. But that is not the highest form of faith since external nature is not the highest order of God's manifestation. The religion of Persia, which was the loftiest of all Pagan beliefs, hinged on the doctrine of two original, uncreated principles of good and evil, coëqual and co-eternal, engaged in perpetual struggle. But the world would soon grow weary and hopeless in watching a conflict predestined by its own conditions never to have an end.

Confucius exalted filial piety and friendship, and impressed upon his followers the negative side of the golden rule,—“Do not unto others as you would not that others should do unto you.”

But there is a vast distinction between the passive indifference that refrains from doing evil and the positive, aggressive charity which sacrifices comfort, convenience and even life itself to do a noble act, and which reaches out the helping hand to an enemy in distress. Among schools of ancient philosophy also is to be found the expression of this innate desire of man to know the true significance of the world around and within him and to adjust himself to a harmonious relation with it. We have Socrates with his insistence on the sovereignty of virtue and his doctrines of Providence and the immortality of the soul; Plato with his exalted views of life and duty; Epicurus who taught that happiness is inseparable from virtue, and Zeno and Epictetus with their rigorous moral codes and abstinence from sensuality and vice. These men were moral and intellectual giants who caught amid their gropings in the dark some glimpse of that higher, holier truth which at a later time and in a different environment was revealed in a fuller degree to the more spiritual sense of Jesus. Pagan religion, however exalted in many of its aspects, never reached that stage of experimental truth where it could grasp and unfold the workings of the Divine heart. It is at this point that Christianity proves its immense and essential superiority over all religious systems. Itself not a system, but a life to which the vitality of other religions contributed, it contains not only

all that is true in them, but the higher, broader, fuller revelation of God's nature and personality. While others truly taught that God is a Creator, a Sovereign, a Law-giver and a Judge, it is Jesus alone who tells us that in nature God is Spirit and in personality God is Love. Jesus was the climax of thousands of years of revelation. He was not *a* revelation from God, he was *the* revelation of God. The mind and heart of the Son were the mind and heart of the Father; so that when Philip said, “Show us the Father,” Jesus could truthfully answer, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” The God-principle so thoroughly permeated his personality that he reflected the divine image as the mirror reflects the human form.

Jesus was the supreme product of the evolutionary process. He is the archetype to which all men must attain, the sure prophecy of what all men shall some day be, for evolution as a divine process cannot stop short of a perfected humanity as its ultimate goal. Perfection may never be realized on the terrestrial plane of existence; but that, although desirable, is not necessary, for the life of man is not bounded by the grave. Man being made in God's image must ultimately reflect and manifest God's nature. This conclusion was affirmed by Jesus himself when he said: “Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect”; and in the exhortation of Paul to “let this mind dwell in you which was also in Christ Jesus.”

The perfection of Jesus did not consist in insensibility to temptation. He did not belong to a separate and distinct order of creation, but “was tempted in all points like as we are, *yet without sin.*” His perfection lay in the fact that he overcame. Here is to be found the reason why his life is and forever will be an unfailing source of inspiration to those who, in the words of Tennyson, are striving with straightforward, consistent endeavor to

“arise and fly

The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

No soul will ever realize its highest possibilities through the avenues of intellect or sense, but only in spirituality. "God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "God is Love," and they only can know Him who have developed in their own souls the love-nature. "For love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." It is this sublime and fundamental truth of Love as the absolute condition to men's knowledge of God, and therefore as the *sine qua non* to the fulfilment of their own divinely-appointed destiny to reflect and manifest God, that Jesus exemplified and taught.

Other preëminent historic characters have made startling claims for themselves and their mission which subsequent judgment has affirmed or denied by infallible tests. Louis XIV., with the arrogance born of undisputed power, proclaimed, "I am the State." It was the expression of transcendent egotism which humanity rebuked with bloody and terrific vengeance. But the confident declaration of Him who spake as never man spake, "I am the Light of the world," is the utterance of incontestable and supreme authority.

LEON C. PRINCE.

Carlisle, Pa.

THE ASSERTIVENESS OF SELF.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

Author of *In Nature's Realm*, *Upland and Meadow*, *Notes of the Night*, *The Birds About Us*, *Birdland Echoes*, etc.

BOOKS concerning Nature are distinctly disappointing, if, immediately after reading them we take a walk out of doors, or, remembering them, months later we go a-camping. We are all very prone to talk about Nature, but it is not a frequent occurrence that Nature talks to us, and unless she does, a book that correctly portrays her in any one or more of her moods can not be written. Whether it is Thoreau or any of the wearying list of his imitators, it is the same; the author sets forth himself and calls the picture, Nature.

Nature and man are ever at war and she never so simplifies herself as to fit the fixed lines of a printed page. She is never a prisoner, grinning through bars of printers' ink. The learned author is not so much to her as the unlearned rustic; and above all, she never is found at an author's elbow, guiding his pen.

He who most deftly strings his words so that they fall pleasantly upon the ear, and warms his sentences with so much enthusiasm that the reader feels that warmth, is accorded credit in proportion

as an accurate observer. Rubbish! Let the reader lay down the book and plunge into the fields; will he see and hear that which he reads? Not a bit of it. Will he recognize the song of the bird that the favorite author has described? It is not probable. Burroughs long ago asserted that our oven-bird said *Teacher!* The bird nowhere ever uttered a note bearing the most remote resemblance to this word; not even if we pronounced it, *Tea-churr*. This is but a sample instance of what I here contend for; that Nature's actualities and man's ideas of them are not recognizable as the same, when the two are brought together.

When after a long and wearying walk along a dusty road, we chance to come upon a bubbling spring, tired and thirsty, we stoop down to drink. We are refreshed, we realize what Nature can do for us. If, having a companion, he merely accepted our statement, would he be refreshed to the extent of realizing what Nature stands for to each individual? Surely not. It is most wise to drink when we come to a spring and

neither pass it by nor drink by proxy.

Pictures in books may satisfy the eye for the time being, but the half-tone or etching was never fixed upon paper that had the soul of Nature in it. The landscape calls for motion. Even over the eternal rocks there is the play of light and shadow. Out from every landscape cometh sound. The mountain may be mute, but harbors an echo. The broad river may not ripple so we hear, but the song of a bird on the opposite shore floats across the stream. I never saw a picture in a book that I did not think of a corpse, and if that picture was portraiture of place, how hopelessly stupid ever after, once the place had been seen. But the book and the picture, so far as they have to do with Nature must meet the needs as best they may, of those who cannot wander. The reader is bettered by the vague impression he receives, but let him not wonder, if a happy chance permits visiting the real scene. His surprise will almost reach to indignation, and he will feel as if imposed upon, Nature's actualities being so far in advance of any representation thereof, whether verbal or pictorial.

We cannot delegate to another our relationship to Nature. It must be a personal experience or nothing.

Nature indites a new page of her autobiography every day of the year, but delegates to no man the task of writing her biography. All attempts thereat are without her permission. Who, indeed, would prove equal to the task? Neither Humboldt nor Darwin told us more than what they thought; and they have been contradicted time and again since their day. Doubtless we know more than did our predecessors, just as those who shall follow us will wonder at the little that we know, and so it will be till the end of time. When the last man shall leave the earth, he will leave behind him, a mystery.

Revenons a nos moutons. Books about the out-door world. Many now and more a-coming. But are they not books about their authors? Writes Stevenson: "There is but one art—to omit! Oh, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other

knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper." How true! and yet in nearly every instance if the author omitted himself there would be little matter 'twixt title page and index.

We often hear Nature likened to a book, but not like any book that man has written. Nature, if a volume, is one written by itself, in its own language, and the highest accomplishment of the naturalist is to so translate it that it may be more intelligible to less favored brethren, and he is the most successful translator who most effectually keeps himself in the background.

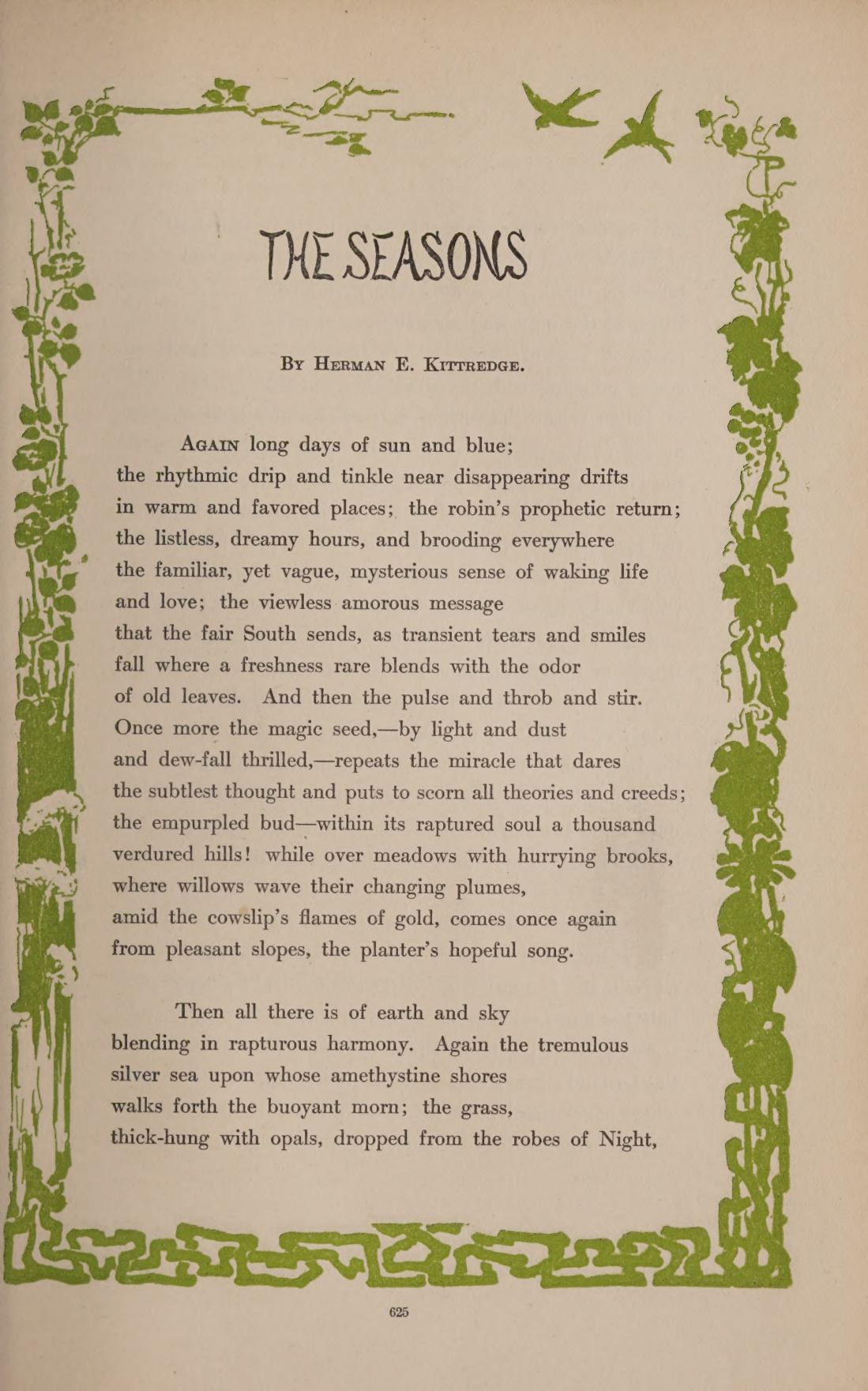
Paradoxical as it may seem, a man may be exhaustively educated yet possess little knowledge. Theoretical instruction! We climb the mountains and cross the seas and know nothing of them beyond the very apparent fact that one is solid and the other fluid; but they stand for much more and are not chips from a Creatorial workshop. But what are they? Really, did not education enlighten you? It certainly did not.

At every step in life we cross the threshold of novelty, if we know how to see, and if so, nothing is plainer than that man is too given to be distrustful of himself and this earth, his dwelling-place, and struggles to materialize an unthinkable proposition. More than we have been taught to think, this is a self-governed sphere. Once set in motion, it had "its own row to hoe" and very effectually it hoes it. Are these not something more than ear-tickling, fancy-pleasing words,—"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and *good in everything*"? Aye! *good in everything*, save in *un-natural* instruction, at our life's outset, of what this old earth, as Nature fashioned it, really stands for.

When my neighbor is the bearer of a fact, he is welcome. When he brings only himself, however disguised, I may have an important engagement and am justified, happily, in seeking to be excused.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Trenton, N. J.

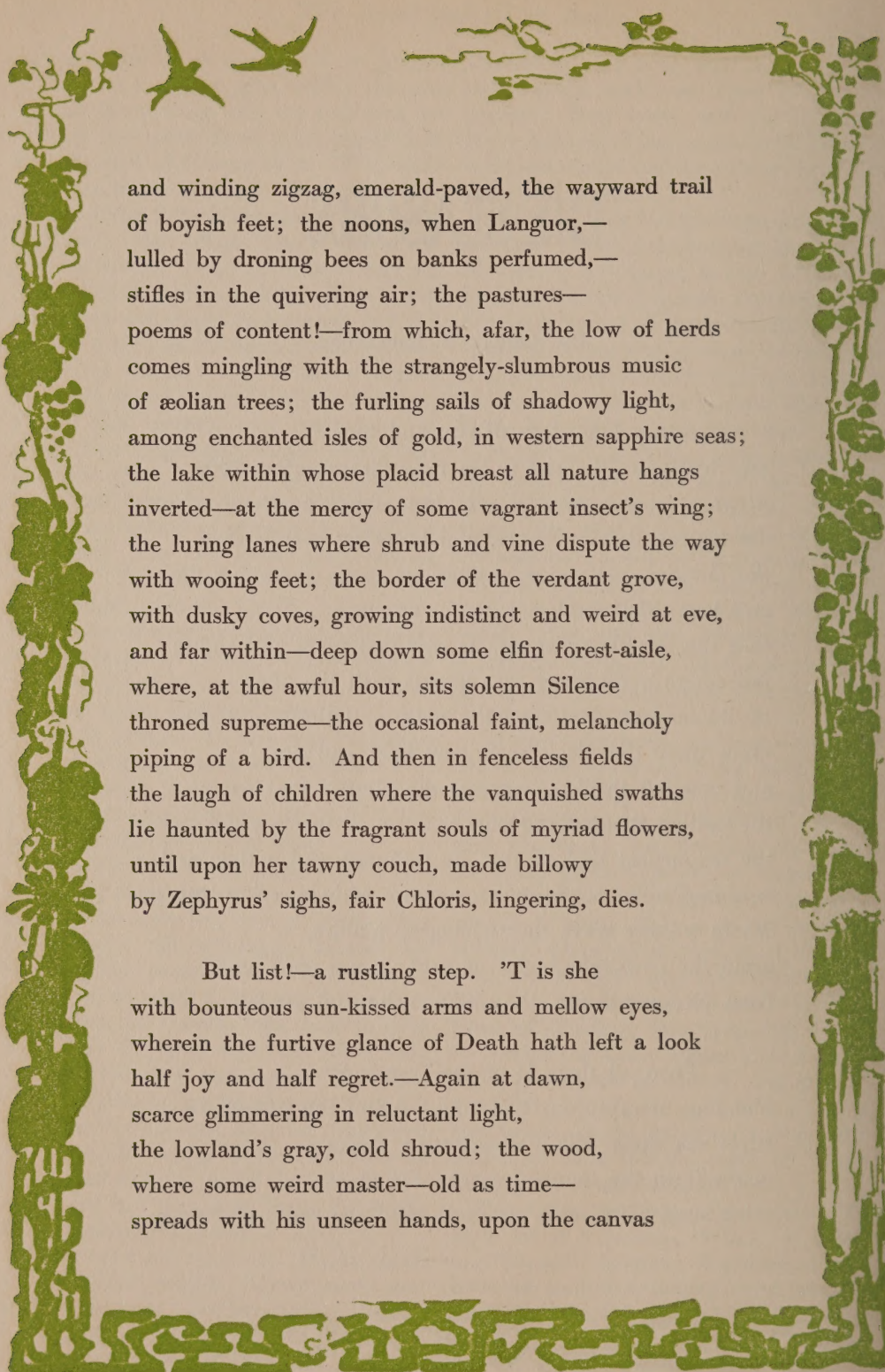


THE SEASONS

BY HERMAN E. KITTRIDGE.

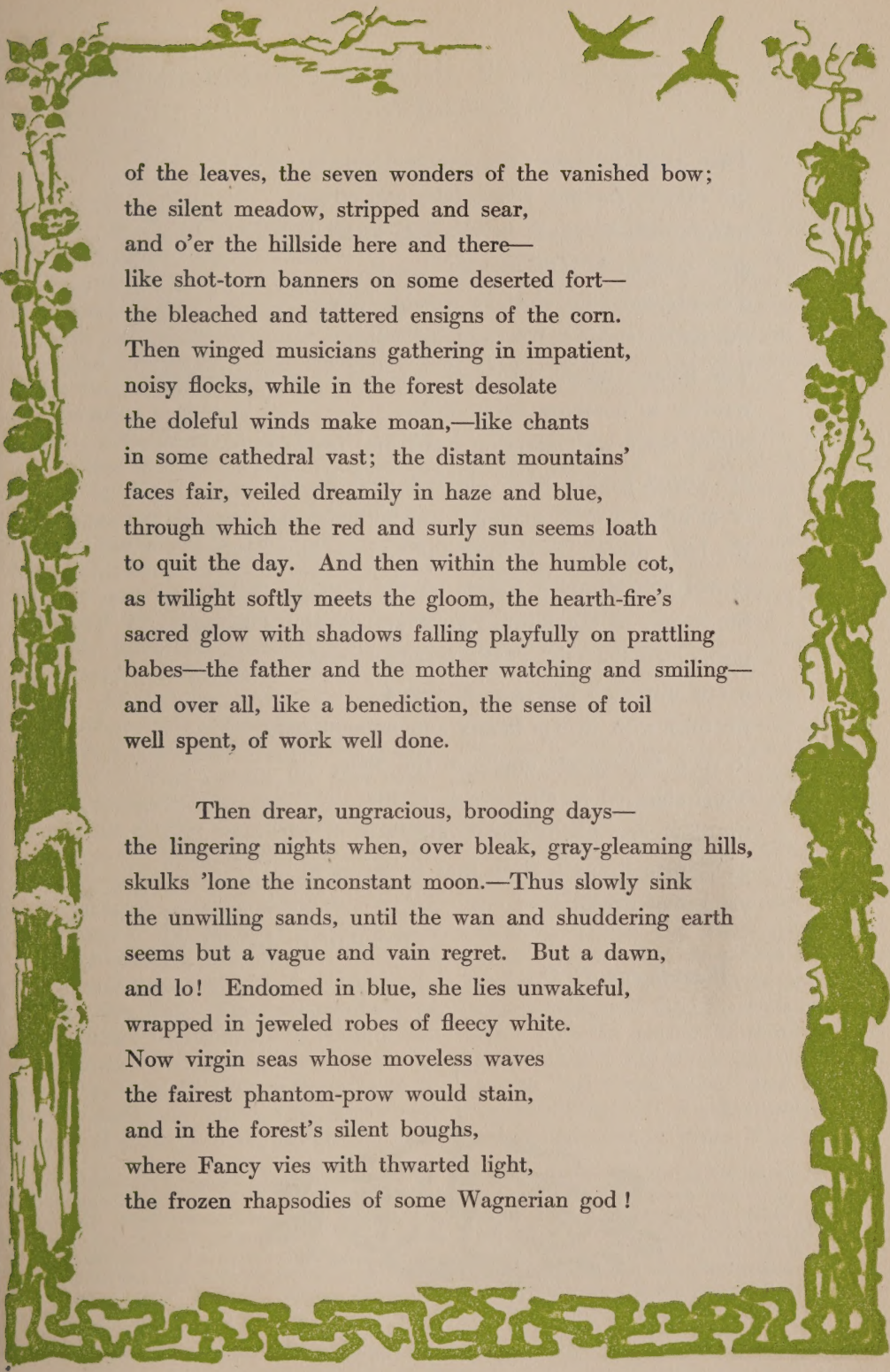
AGAIN long days of sun and blue;
the rhythmic drip and tinkle near disappearing drifts
in warm and favored places; the robin's prophetic return;
the listless, dreamy hours, and brooding everywhere
the familiar, yet vague, mysterious sense of waking life
and love; the viewless amorous message
that the fair South sends, as transient tears and smiles
fall where a freshness rare blends with the odor
of old leaves. And then the pulse and throb and stir.
Once more the magic seed,—by light and dust
and dew-fall thrilled,—repeats the miracle that dares
the subtlest thought and puts to scorn all theories and creeds;
the empurpled bud—within its raptured soul a thousand
verdured hills! while over meadows with hurrying brooks,
where willows wave their changing plumes,
amid the cowslip's flames of gold, comes once again
from pleasant slopes, the planter's hopeful song.

Then all there is of earth and sky
blending in rapturous harmony. Again the tremulous
silver sea upon whose amethystine shores
walks forth the buoyant morn; the grass,
thick-hung with opals, dropped from the robes of Night,



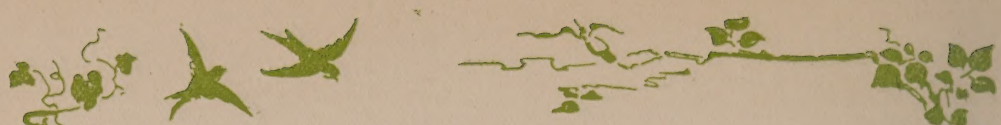
and winding zigzag, emerald-paved, the wayward trail
of boyish feet; the noons, when Languor,—
lulled by droning bees on banks perfumed,—
stifles in the quivering air; the pastures—
poems of content!—from which, afar, the low of herds
comes mingling with the strangely-slumbrous music
of æolian trees; the furling sails of shadowy light,
among enchanted isles of gold, in western sapphire seas;
the lake within whose placid breast all nature hangs
inverted—at the mercy of some vagrant insect's wing;
the luring lanes where shrub and vine dispute the way
with wooing feet; the border of the verdant grove,
with dusky coves, growing indistinct and weird at eve,
and far within—deep down some elfin forest-aisle,
where, at the awful hour, sits solemn Silence
throned supreme—the occasional faint, melancholy
piping of a bird. And then in fenceless fields
the laugh of children where the vanquished swaths
lie haunted by the fragrant souls of myriad flowers,
until upon her tawny couch, made billowy
by Zephyrus' sighs, fair Chloris, lingering, dies.

But list!—a rustling step. 'T is she
with bounteous sun-kissed arms and mellow eyes,
wherein the furtive glance of Death hath left a look
half joy and half regret.—Again at dawn,
scarce glimmering in reluctant light,
the lowland's gray, cold shroud; the wood,
where some weird master—old as time—
spreads with his unseen hands, upon the canvas



of the leaves, the seven wonders of the vanished bow;
the silent meadow, stripped and sear,
and o'er the hillside here and there—
like shot-torn banners on some deserted fort—
the bleached and tattered ensigns of the corn.
Then winged musicians gathering in impatient,
noisy flocks, while in the forest desolate
the doleful winds make moan,—like chants
in some cathedral vast; the distant mountains'
faces fair, veiled dreamily in haze and blue,
through which the red and surly sun seems loath
to quit the day. And then within the humble cot,
as twilight softly meets the gloom, the hearth-fire's
sacred glow with shadows falling playfully on prattling
babes—the father and the mother watching and smiling—
and over all, like a benediction, the sense of toil
well spent, of work well done.

Then drear, ungracious, brooding days—
the lingering nights when, over bleak, gray-gleaming hills,
skulks 'lone the inconstant moon.—Thus slowly sink
the unwilling sands, until the wan and shuddering earth
seems but a vague and vain regret. But a dawn,
and lo! Endomed in blue, she lies unwakeful,
wrapped in jeweled robes of fleecy white.
Now virgin seas whose moveless waves
the fairest phantom-prow would stain,
and in the forest's silent boughs,
where Fancy vies with thwarted light,
the frozen rhapsodies of some Wagnerian god!



Then yuletide cheer—the careless carnival of all—
the skaters reveling where lake and stream,
transformed to pearl, in waveless luster lie;
and, muffled by Old Boreas' breath,
o'er silvered hills, through echoing vales,
the merry sleigh-bells' changing notes.
The homes, where manhood, touched by generous deed,
resolves to do more nobly still—
where those with faltering heart and feeble step
are young again; while children, reft by joy
of meaning words, compare as childhood can
the fairy dowers of dreams fulfilled or, laughing,
scrawl with dimpled fingers on the frescoed panes
the names of the future's good and great.—Then
placing on the Old Year's reverend tomb
a few unfading blossoms of regret,
we turn with joyous hearts and hopeful mien
to rock the roseate cradle of the New.
Thus changed in all there is of life,
the days and nights glide softly by
as Nature sleeps a sleep that is not sleep,
yet is not death.

HERMAN E. KITTREDGE.

Washington, D. C.



THE IMPERATIVE DEMAND FOR PUBLICITY IN LIFE INSURANCE.*

BY MILLS WHITTLESEY, A.B., A.M.

MR. B. O. FLOWER, Editor THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: You will recall our conversation about the need of more publicity as to the methods and management of life-insurance companies. The *Era* begins in its November number a series of articles that promises to throw light on some dark corners of the business. It has long been my opinion that life-insurance companies are divided into two groups, one of which is composed of companies that intend the utmost faithfulness in the handling of the funds entrusted to their care for very definite and important purposes; the other and far larger group seems to fail in many important particulars to serve the interests of those who contribute the money. I have long hoped to see a fair and impartial analysis of the situation, as it affects policy-holders and the general public.

I saw in THE ARENA the announcement of the series of articles that are to appear in the *Era* for some months to come.

In many purchasable columns on editorial pages, there will doubtless appear paragraphs depreciating and trying to minimize the effect of the real and valid revelations contained in this first article and promised in succeeding numbers of the *Era*. The independence of THE ARENA warrants me in making one suggestion. Just because the fair discussion of evils in the life-insurance business will be studiously belittled by subservient editors of some journals professedly pub-

lished in the interests of sound life-insurance practices, some of us may owe a duty which we can discharge by doing what we can to assure a chance for fair play and all desirable publicity. A fair field and no favor is all that legitimate life-insurance management should need or seek to secure.

The writer of the article in the November *Era* does well to "say at the outset that there is no question of solvency, nor any dispute as to the beneficent purpose of life-insurance." The first article confirms the promise in the announcement that "The articles will be temperate, fair and impartial." I am glad that the pages of the *Era* are open "to the insurance companies themselves." I trust that the "unassailable" attitude will be abandoned by the companies concerned, because it will appear as most ridiculous posturing and strutting, if wrongs that cry out for a remedy are brought to light, as I think they will be.

How apt is the phrase, "The public has become disturbed in its too complacent confidence in the conduct of life-insurance affairs" by some companies! I have often felt that the public has a too great, and a too indiscriminate confidence in the handling of the life-insurance business. Will the author of these articles make it clear to the public that companies are not "all about alike," and that the "equitable rights" of policy-holders are as fully secured in some companies as

the great insurance companies, largely rendered possible by lack of proper publicity. The exposure of facts in regard to these insurance companies, he contended, was imperatively demanded for the protection of the people. It was in his judgment a matter of incomparably greater importance to the American people than the revelations being made by Mr. Lawson.

—B. O. FLOWER.]

* [I desire to call special attention to the above letter from Prof. Mills Whittlesey touching the important exposures of the evil features in some of the greatest present-day life-insurance companies, and in this connection I wish to say that about the first of October, when in Trenton, New Jersey, Prof. Whittlesey discussed with Mr. Brandt and myself the importance of a series of papers warning the public about certain grave abuses in the methods of some of

they are effectively denied by other companies? It is our clear duty to sustain the apparently honest effort of the management of the *Era* to turn on the light. It is more than a gracious courtesy to stand up for fair play and a full hearing, when such an issue is joined on so important a matter affecting the public welfare.

Minor points of criticism will occur to any trained student of life insurance, as he reads this first article of a series destined to promote momentous reforms in the conduct of the life-insurance business. Some decline in dividends since 1880 was inevitable; some inspection of its business is necessary in a fair guardianship of the common interests of the body of honest and decent members of life-insurance companies. But the vigor, correctness, and necessity of the main contentions of

this first article, coupled with a rare self-restraint and fairness of statement give ground for hope that a better day is dawning for life insurance.

The revelations of Lawson in "Frenzied Finance," as given in *Everybody's Magazine* for July and following months, interesting though they are, have not one-tenth the significance of the questions raised by the series of articles now beginning in the *Era* as an "exposure" of some questionable practices in the life-insurance business. These articles are evidently not the attack of any company or companies on other companies, but they touch on abuses uneasily felt and half-consciously resented for a long time by the long-suffering public.

Faithfully yours,

MILLS WHITTLESEY.

Trenton, N. J., November 3, 1904.

THE DISINHERITED.

By THOMAS MUFSON.

IT WAS a warm, mid-summer Sunday night. The ferry-boat which steamed out of its slip on the New York side of the Hudson was crowded with happy men and women returning from a day's outing. The moon beamed on the gleaming Hudson which lay peacefully communing with itself and smiling contentedly at the beauty of things which are in perfect equilibrium. It smiled at the happy people who, crowded about the prow of the boat, were talking and looking out upon the silent waters. Their voices pitched in a low key, produced a soft, restful hum in the air. Now and then the buzzing stillness was broken by the laugh of a careless woman, a laugh pure and childish which can come only from the lips of a person who dreams not that suffering exists. At times the voice of a man rose above the others and floated out upon the waters. And certainly the joke

must have been a good one if its quality were judged by the hearty laughter and slaps upon the shoulder which it elicited. An over-driven, tired horse, hitched to a heavy wagon, drowsily contemplated the people before him. His sleepy eyes seemed to throw out a question, Why were these people so happy?

Suddenly a change came. With startling abruptness the clear notes of an harmonica struck the ears of the crowd. Immediately other sounds ceased and all turned. There, seated on the raised section which separates the parts of the boat for the passengers and for trucks were three young men, so-called "bums" or "hobos," the unhappy beings who are supposed to be only bone and not spirit, only flesh and not soul. The light of the moon fell upon the three in all their wretchedness and revealed to the pleasure-seeking crowd that by-product of our

social forces, man murdered in the spirit. Strange indeed, that the onlookers did not feel the burning mark of Cain upon their foreheads.

The three young fellows were shabbily dressed. Two of them, especially, lounging somewhat apart from the third, were in tatters. Breasts, elbows and toes were exposed to view. They were bare-headed having thrown their hats upon the floor. Their faces were thus fully exposed and could be studied. They were dull faces, hard and lifeless. The eyes and muscles did not seem to be controlled by human minds but appeared more as though they worked by the power of an electric current. Yet around the corners of their mouths there had long frozen a bitter, indelible expression, an expression of the desperate dare-devil, hurling defiance and accusation into the face of society which was enjoying itself in watching a part of its own body palpitating in unconscious misery.

The third young fellow, who had begun playing the mouth-organ sat a short distance from his companions. He was pitifully dressed, although not so wretchedly ragged as the others. His face had something more of the human in it, something more of mental control, and this made it all the more terrible. Some spirit yet was left him, and this spirit flashed from his eyes in looks of fear, of shame, of unutterable misery. He seemed like one oppressed to death, who suffered under a load, who wished to shake it off but was rendered helpless by the pressure of unnatural circumstances. The mouth-organ at his lips seemed to become alive with the music which he was drawing from it. Into this vibrating instrument he was pouring his soul, his spirit, although, alas! it was the spirit invisible, hidden and cramped by that which he was powerless to remove, which was gradually changing him from man to beast.

While this young fellow was satisfying his thirst for music the other two were gratifying a material thirst. Alternately putting a black bottle to their lips, they

took exhilarating gulps of that liquid which is the pain-allaying friend of the wretched, namely whiskey. They seemed to enjoy it. Suddenly one of them, holding the half-filled bottle in his hand looked toward the player.

"Hey, Ben, stop yer blowen'; here is sumthin' that'll give you more wind."

He approached the musician, holding the bottle temptingly before his eyes.

The other drew the mouth-organ from his lips.

"Let me alone, Mugsey. I ain't hankerin' after the stuff."

"You ain't, hey? Haw! haw! Say, Aleck, Ben's turned baby; he's dyin' for milk and water."

"He is, is he?" growled the other, "'nough water down here," and he stamped his foot significantly upon the deck.

"Let's christen the baby," and Mugsey, suiting the action to the word, raised the bottle and poured some whiskey on the player's bare head.

"You blamed fool," yelled the tipsy Aleck, staggering forward and grabbing the other's arm, "do n't yer waste sech good stuff as thet. I'll finish it."

"No yer do n't," protested the other, "it's my go."

And then commenced a struggle for the possession of the bottle.

Suddenly, with a quick wrench, Mugsey pulled his arm from the other's grasp, raised the bottle to his lips, drained it to the bottom and hurled the empty flask far out into the Hudson.

"Dead men tell no tales," he growled, as the splash of the bottle striking the water reached their ears.

"Now Ben," he commanded, turning to his companion, "play us sumthin' lively, and we'll show the ladies and gents how to do the latest jig."

Ben started a merry tune and Aleck and Mugsey, though both tipsy, began to jig, skilfully keeping time to the music by scraping their feet upon the floor and slapping their hands upon their thighs.

"Bravo!"

"Faster!"

"Go it, boys!"

These cries were hurled at them from the crowd, and the dancers, encouraged by the favoring shouts, were exerting themselves to the utmost when, without the least warning, the music stopped. Ben seemed transfixed. With wide, staring eyes, pale and immovable as a statue he sat with his gaze fixed upon two persons whom he had just perceived. They were an old woman and a pretty young girl who had come forward to see the dancers. The moment the sharp eyes of the young girl caught sight of the wretched player she trembled violently and laid a hand upon her mother's arm.

"Mother," she whispered, "it's Ben!"

The old woman, almost falling with sudden weakness stepped forward.

"Ben, my boy!"

She stood thus. Her mind was back in the past. She thought of those days, years ago, when her boy worked hard but gladly doing his share to help the family in this sordid, spirit-crushing struggle for mere animal existence. How he had worked and read, and read and theorized! His ambition had been high. He had consecrated himself to a great purpose, to free the oppressed, to rend the chains of the worker, to become a greater Lincoln, and abolish a greater slavery. But he had forgotten that he was a slave himself. One day his master said to him:

"Go, I do not want you for a slave any longer. You are free—to search for another master."

"But why," he asked, "may I not continue thy slave?"

"Because," was the answer, "a slave should not be ambitious."

And he had gone and searched, but could not find. For many others were seeking, and slaves were a drug on the market. For a whole summer he sought, but to no purpose. Then winter came.

It was a terrible winter, full of gloom and horror to the unhappy slave who could not find a master. The tramp of his fellow-men on the same quest as his own rang in his ears and deafened him. At last he could bear it no longer. One day he fled and the pale face of Ben the dreamer, the martyr, was seen no more.

And here, on the quiet Hudson, he who had been lost for many years, appeared again.

The old woman's face was white. In her eyes there was the look of a mother whose dead child had come to life. She seemed to be looking not at anything in this world; her gaze was fixed upon something beyond, way past the confines of earthly things into the mysteries of another sphere.

The young fellow had risen. He stirred. He cast a glance over his own person. How ragged, how wretched, how miserable he was. A last gleam sparkled in his eyes. He turned slowly like one in a dream, and began to push his way roughly through the crowd.

A piercing scream from the young girl awakened the dull sense of the people.

"Stop him! hold him!" she screamed.

She rushed forward but it was too late. The young fellow had reached the side of the boat, clambered over the rail and leaped headlong into the river.

A half-hour later the onward-steaming ferry was as quiet as before. The moon beamed, the Hudson smiled, the people whispered. But in a corner, clasped in each other's arms were two human beings weeping for one who was lost.

A form glided forward, with arm raised and finger pointed toward the skies.

"He's better off, leddies; he's happy thar', and he war' n't here."

It was Mugsey.

THOMAS MUFSON.

New York, N. Y.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD WOMAN WITH A LOAD OF WOOD.

"Now HE is dead. Far hence he lies
In that lorn Syrian town;
And o'er his grave with pitying eyes
The Syrian stars look down."

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, of the house of Rothschilds, and one of the very richest men in all the world, was in Jerusalem. It was his last of more than a score of pilgrimages to the Holy City.

He had founded little colonies near Bethlehem and in many places round about Jerusalem. True, he was very old now; but this remarkable, man, who lived for more than a century, was still full of purpose.

His last coming had created quite a sensation among the Jews as a matter of course. The great hospital hard by, the burial ground, the synagogue,—all these were his gifts to the Jewish people, and they were not ungrateful.

As for the Christians, they were scarcely less eager to see the very rich old man. Bibles were opened, and the lines at the head of this chapter were read over and over again.

The man's great age now compelled him to leave the direction of his work almost entirely to others. Still he must know all that had been done in his long absence in London. He wanted to know just how the little colonies were getting on. Were the people from Poland content? Were the Peasant Jews from Russia united and tolerant of their less stalwart brothers? Strange how much stronger were those of the extreme North than those who had been for generations in Jerusalem and other warm lands!

There were Jews returning to Jerusalem from the banks of the Volga after an absence of a thousand years! and these were strong men. They had crept out from under the snows of Russia and come down to the city of David with hair almost yellow and eyes as blue as their sacred Syrian skies. Their expulsion from Jerusalem had surely done them good.

The Jews of all kinds and of all countries who had been established in their new homes by Sir Moses came pouring in through the various gates and passes on this day of his arrival.

And a little crowd of Christians, after reading over and over again the words of Christ to the ruler who was very rich, went down to a narrow pass leading to the dirty and dismal market in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

Peasants were crowding through the narrow pass, about which so much has been said and written, and about which really nothing, so far as the words of Christ are concerned, is understood. And a tall, dark woman stood there, looking at the crowding peasants,—a young and strangely beautiful woman, silent, serene, dignified, and commanding.

Some of the people had heavy loads on their backs; one had a lamb, one carried only a dove. They were all on their way to market. They then would go and see Sir Moses, and possibly beg some money.

How they did jostle and wrangle, and abuse and bully one another! The man with only a dove to carry would not give an inch of road or room to an old woman who was bowed almost to the ground under a load of sticks.

It was altogether a sad picture, and the serenely beautiful face of the silent woman, who stood there on the edge of the group of garrulous tourists, grew sad at the sight of it.

Time, then, taught nothing. Each

was for himself as of old. No pity, no sympathy, no sincerity! They were all mad, in haste to have done with their marketing so that they might run to where Sir Moses lodged and be the first to beg a little money.

But this tall, dark woman on the outside of the group of Christians was very patient. The dust of travel was still on her sable garments. She was seeking in vain for some gentle soul in that multitude of loud, aggressive, and half-savage Jews.

After the peasants had all crowded through and left the "Needle's Eye" to the inspection of the group of Christians, she turned with a sigh to go away.

Suddenly some one in the knot of people who held red guide-books in their hands, said emphatically and right in her face:

"That settles it for the rich man, I guess. Sir Moses ought to put his money on a camel's back and see if it could get through the Eye of the Needle, eh?"

There is an intoxication not always of the wine-glass. Men and women say things and do things in foreign places, especially when in crowds, which they would not say or do if alone and at home. Set a guard at the portals; and if you cannot keep sober, you can at least keep silent. Every one at certain times and in certain places is entitled to his own thoughts. They are his property more entirely than his own money is his. He has journeyed far to meditate here. This rare moment has cost him much. And yet he oftentimes hears only a rushing of feet over sacred ground, and a Babel of voices in solemn abbey or sublime cathedral. At such times one thanks God that man is so very insignificant that he may not be heard far.

The tall, dark lady did not reply. She preferred to pass on and seem not to hear. The better portion of the crowd of tourists were angered; but as two or three laughed their assent the man repeated his remark to the silent woman, thinking, perhaps, that she did not understand English.

This young woman—was she a Jewess?—was traveling with Sir Moses Monte-

flore, as secretary, or something of the sort. The remarkable philanthropist, as said before, was making the last of more than a score of pilgrimages to the city of David. He had spent millions on millions in his noble effort to re-people Palestine.

As you go up toward Jerusalem from the sea you pass by pleasant little settlements, new and fair and verdant as if in Idaho. Indeed, nearly all of the land of Syria seems much like the varied plains that stretch from the slopes of Idaho southward to the sea of Cortez,—cattle and sheep and horses, little fields of grain, orchards, thrift and industry, in spots, as on our plains to-day.

It was mainly to look after these, and to add to them with those of his people who were being driven out of Russia, that the old Israelite had resolved to come once more all the way from London at his advanced age.

And it was the good fortune of his coming that caused a new man of the new world and this wondrously beautiful and strong and strange woman of the old world to meet together at the Eye of the Needle. Let us not recount the details of their meeting. Strong souls meet suddenly, as rivers meet when rushing to the same great sea.

"Yes, that gate settles the fate of the rich man," added one of the crowd. The new man of the new world was indignant.

And now her great, dark eye took fire. Her brow grew dark. Her dark immensity of hair seemed to take on a faint tinge of fire about the face and at the tips. The new man of the new world did not know at this time, nor did she deign to tell any one,—for she was a woman of few words, like all really great women,—that she stood in very close relation to one of the very richest men in the world.

Again she turned to go in silence. The man, who had only half concealed his indignation at the persistence of the garrulous tourist, stepped forward, hat in hand, but said nothing. He was not of the group of people who had come, guide-books in hand, to see the so-called Eye of

the Needle. Perhaps he had seen all there was to see there long before. You can generally distinguish traveled from untraveled people by their quiet bearing.

The woman turned the third time to pass in silence; but still she persisted in glancing back.

Is it the remnant of wild beast in us still that makes all hunted or wounded human beings turn quickly about to give battle? But here was a battle in her own heart. She was bursting with indignation, yet she had trained her soul to soar above resentment. So the cloud that lowered about her glorious face blew over as the stranger stood respectfully before her. But she did not address herself to him or seem to note him at all. She was concerned only to answer the man who had so persistently referred to the fate of the rich man. Slowly and softly she said:

"Yes, I have read, and I have also heard it from the pulpit, that it was to this gate that Jesus Christ referred when he spoke of the rich man."

The tall, grand woman drew her loose mantle more closely about her throat, and lifting her eyes looked away toward the hill on which stood the camp of Titus when Jerusalem was overthrown; and without intending it, or really knowing that she did so, she looked entirely above the man before her as she went on in an earnest, far-away voice:

"Yes, men have published, and men have stood up and proclaimed, that Jesus referred to this gate when he spoke of the eye of the needle, because it was so extremely hard for a camel to pass through here. That is to say, a camel could pass through it only with great difficulty." She paused, her proud lip curled as she continued:

"How pitiful and helpless this interpretation, and yet how simple and sublime the few plain words of Jesus Christ! Let us read them!" and as if reading in the air she repeated: "'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich

man to enter into the kingdom of God.'"

She paused, still looking far away; then she said: "That is to say, it is literally easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a man to pass into heaven after death with his riches on his back. He must lay aside his wealth at the door of death, and enter the kingdom of God poor as the poorest."

She turned to go, and then again came back.

"Sir Moses Montefiore," she said gently, "is a very rich man to-day, one of the richest in the world; yet surely if any rich man enters, or ever has entered, the kingdom of God he will. No, no! To say that the divine young Jew, Jesus, shut the gates of heaven in the face of a man because he had riches on earth, would be to say that he was not Christ at all. True, he said to the rich man, a ruler who came to ask him the way, 'Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, . . . and come, follow me.' But this must have meant a literal following; for soon he took unto him the twelve and said unto them, 'Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished.'"

The crowd had melted away, all but one man. This man had bowed his head as she continued to speak. When she ceased, his chin was on his breast and his hat was still in his hand. He knew he was hearing the voice of a soul. But who could she be? She spoke English fluently, yet with an accent. She had been conversing in French with a party as he approached. There was a Catholic priest in this French party, and was she not a Jewess? A Jewess knowing more of Christ than Christians!

"All civilized peoples, whether Jews or Christians, of to-day are comparatively rich; and when this world shall be all civilized we shall all be very rich. Yet shall we not all enter the kingdom of God?"

These few last words of the dark and silent woman were said as if entirely to herself.

CHAPTER II.

"FEED MY SHEEP."

COME, let us ponder; it is fit—

Born of the poor, born to the poor—

The poor of purse, the poor of wit

Were first to find God's opening door,

Were first to climb the ladder, round by round,

That fell from heaven's door unto the ground.

God's poor came first, the very first!

God's poor were first to see, to hear,

To feel the light of heaven burst

Full on their faces far or near,

His poor were first to follow, first to fall!

What if at last His poor stand forth the first of all?

THIS is not entirely a love story. It is not a religious or irreligious story. It is the record of one, or rather two persons who believed that man is not only entitled to the pursuit of happiness but to the attainment of happiness, real and substantial, upon earth.

The woman, Miriam, was indeed a Jewess, a Jewess—and it is said with reverence—as Mary, the mother of Christ, was a Jewess.

She was from Russia, or, more properly, from Siberia, where she had spent her hard, bitter girlhood sitting by her broken and exiled father's bed. Death, his death, had liberated them both at once, and she had gone direct to London, and found employment with Sir Moses in his effort to ameliorate the condition of her people.

Her trustworthiness, her quiet wisdom in all matters intrusted to her, had soon placed her in the highest position and most influential relations with the great men of her race. But she was growing, growing rapidly, and soon she grew beyond the narrow limits of race or creed. She came to believe in all good of all religion. Forms and fashions she put aside, as the cloth that covered His face was put aside on the third day.

Miriam was a devout worshiper in the synagogue. She had knelt quite as devoutly before the Greek cross in the Kremlin, had bowed low in the mosque of Omar, and had crossed herself reverently in St. Peter's; for she loved all peoples, and she pitied all peoples in all their pitiful forms of idolatry.

Her heart was almost broken here, this first morning of her arrival at the city of David and Solomon. For here, in the very dust and ashes of the Temple, she saw the same old hates, enmities, jealousies, narrowness, and uncleanness of soul and of body; narrow and unclean as the little gate through which her people crowded.

What had two thousand years done for God's people? They had not been borne forward at all. The world, Pagan, Christian, Jew, under the old system of selfish money-getting, place and power-seeking, was still the same. The old order of things had been on trial, in all climes and under all conditions, for years and years, and what was the result? Sorrow, suicide, despair. Man stood staring on before him, even in the most civilized places under the most favorable conditions, and kept asking, "Is life worth living?"

"God in heaven!" she cried, "with all this glory of sky and earth, the sweet air, the flowers and birds, our boundless capacity for enjoyment, shall the world still be joyless? Why, every breath, even to the most wretched, should be to Him as a benediction. Yes," she continued very seriously, "this old order of things has been on trial long enough; and if we could and should restore Jerusalem to-day in all her ancient splendor, what then? Why, some new Rome would rise to encompass her. There would be born within her walls another Simon and another John, with all their burning hates and jealousies; and the streets would run with blood the same as two thousand years ago. Then why restore her? Men would stand on the Temple's porch, as in the high places of London and Paris to-day, and gravely ask, 'Is life worth living?'"

The man, with his hat in his hand and his head bowed, was again before her. He lifted his face slowly to hers.

"You were pained at what those tourists said?"

"Those tourists? I had forgotten

them. But I was greatly pained to see these poor people with their burdens, great or small, crowding in such rude competition to the market."

"'Competition is the life of trade,'" he said lightly; not that he felt that there was any truth or any good of any sort in this old saw, but he said it as all of us who have not considered the sanctity of speech will say silly things. Ah, how much wiser we should all be were we dumb as beasts, or, at least, as silent!

In a moment the flashing of her dark eyes told him he had not said quite what he should have said.

"'Competition is the life of trade!'" she began, as if to herself. "These old sayings are more than millstones about the neck of this world. Trade! what is trade? No wonder that the English gentlemen centuries ago forbade those in trade to sit at their tables or to come into the presence of their king. Not one of the million tradesmen ever grew one grain of corn, or fed so much as one little bird. They battle to the death among themselves in this competition of trade; ninety in every hundred fall on this field of competition; they sacrifice time, truth, honor, energy, life itself, in competition for the robbery of the people. This very competition makes them hard, heartless to one another. They should, in very defence of themselves, be forbidden this fatal competition, destroying their souls and their bodies together."

The man caught his breath. He raised his two hands, came up and threw both out to her heartily. She did not misunderstand. She grasped his two hands as earnestly as he extended them. The world is round, and he came into her life as a stately ship enters a harbor after circling the earth.

Who was he? It hardly matters. The future of our story and of this man is not behind us. Enough to say that he had been born near the banks of a great river in the far-away new world, nearly half a century before. And this meant that he had met and walked with poverty and peril in the wilderness.

Faint and dubious was the light that fell across the path of anyone born of his period and station there. Gentleness was not encouraged. Man grappled with man and contended from the time when he left the cradle till he reached the grave. Cabin homes under the beech and maple-trees, that ought to have been Edens, were often homes of enmity, bitterness, and continual unhappiness. Neighbor was often arrayed against neighbor. Bitter family feuds grew out of the most trivial matters, and the nearest neighbors were often the bitterest enemies. True, they would meet now and then at the little church, but would scarcely speak one to another. They would meet sometimes in the graveyard, drop tears in the grave together, as they covered up their dead, and then go away. Let the truth be told. Let romance picture no road of roses here. All men were unhappy, miserably unhappy here. Their feuds often ended in battles to the death, as in Kentucky to this day.

And was this the fault of the good God? Not so. Plenty there was, abundance after its kind, for all. Wild game, wild fruits, wild nuts, and in abundance, and to be had for the taking! and yet man oftentimes went hunting for man as for a wild beast. This wretched hatred of man toward man, this continual unhappiness, was so conspicuous on every hand that this man, even in his childhood, had noted it.

When travel came with time, and carried him far and wide and up from the cabin door to the castle hall, all the way, and at all times, and under all circumstances and all conditions, he found his fellow-men continually unhappy. The king on his throne he found as full of rivalry and contention as the pioneer in his cabin.

And he found that all history, sacred and profane, rose up and testified, from King David down, that "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

And he read that one mighty in power and opulence had cut upon a column of

granite in the four corners of his kingdom, ages ago, this fearful confession: "Eat drink, and love. The rest is not worth a fillip."

Traveling in Persia, our searcher for happy people had picked up a tradition which read thus: "Send forth, O King! search and find a happy man. Take that man's shirt and wear it, and thou, too, shalt be happy."

And the king sent forth men, and they searched, and they searched throughout the four corners of his kingdom. And in the third year, as they came down a pleasant mountain pass where water flowed by the mouth of a cave half hidden in laden vines, they saw a man playing joyously on his pipe.

"You seem happy!"

"Happy! I am happy. The sun is warm, the grapes are sweet, and God is good. Oh, yes, I am very, very happy."

"Then come, come with us. Your fortune is made, our fortunes are made! Come, rise up and go with us."

"And where shall I go, my good masters?"

"Why, go with us to the palace of the king, and the king will give you the fortune of a prince."

"And what shall I give the king in return for all this, my good masters?"

"Nothing, nothing at all except the shirt you wear."

"Ah, my good masters, I was never bothered with a shirt."

So saying, he threw aside the sheepskin that hung about his shoulders, and dropping his lips to his pipe, played pleasantly as the weary men on their weary camels rode wearily on in this hopeless search.

Yes, here was a happy man, but of what manner? He was not a man in the true sense of the word. He was more nearly a domestic and kindly beast. His negative happiness was surely not the sort of happiness to which man made in the image of God was destined.

Should a bestial king perpetuate to all posterity the outrageous declaration on his columns of granite and brass that

there is nothing better in life than to "eat, drink, and be merry"?

Even were there a grain of truth in his folly, any man with a heart in him would be made miserable all the time when sober enough to reflect how many, or rather how few, how very, very few could, under, such a condition of things, be allowed to "eat, drink, and love."

What wonder, then, that this stranger threw out his two hands to this brave and beautiful woman who stood there on the ruins of Solomon's Temple, lamenting the enmities and hates and common misery of the human race!

CHAPTER III.

"THE TIME IS FULFILLED, AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND."

UNDER THE SYRIAN STARS.

DEAR Bethlehem, the proud repose
Of conscious worthiness is thine.
Rest on. The Arab comes and goes,
But farthest Saxon holds thy shrine
More sacred in his stouter Christian hold
Than England's heaped-up iron house of gold.

Thy stony hill is heaven's stair;
Thine every stone some storied gem.
Oh, thou art fair and very fair,
Thou holy, holy Bethlehem!
Thy very dust more dear than dust of gold
Against my glorious sunset waters rolled.

And here did glean the lowly Ruth;
Here strode her grandson, fierce and fair,
Strode forth in all his kingly youth
And tore the ravening she-bear.
Here Rachel sleeps. Here David, thirsting, cried
For just one drop from yonder trickling tide.

ONE NIGHT this man and woman walked together in the Garden of Gethsemane under the Syrian stars, and she said, in the same sad, far-away voice:

"That strong man who carried the dove should have carried the old woman's wood. She should have remained at home, or, if she desired, should have been carried in a cart, sitting on her burthen and resting from the gathering of it, looking about her at the flowers and the birds, or above her at these wondrously beautiful blue skies of Syria."

"That is a great truth," he cried; "and I would joy in being a missionary in the cause of that truth; but what are we to do when every man, from the throne down, must have his own selfish way, except when forced to submit?"

He leaned his head to hear what she might say. Possibly her thought was in line with his own plan for the redemption of man from man. As they passed on under an ancient olive-tree she began slowly:

"Let us be very practical. The salvation of the world now depends on a little hard, sound sense only. It has been going around and around and around, like a little whirling, merry-go-round with helpless and heedless children, till its head has grown dizzy. We have costly churches here and costly cathedrals there, of every nation and of every name; enough to buy horses, ploughs, carriages, —all things needed for all who need them. We claim to build those temples for the people; yet the people are broken in body and in spirit. Some of them will sleep in the streets and alleys to-night, while every church and temple stands empty and bolted against God's poor. The rich must have a place where they can come and find God now and then; and so God's houses are bolted and barred, while God's poor sleep in the rain and frost before the bolted doors."

The man looked away from the Mount of Olives. He began to wonder whether the great, big world, after its cruel fashion, would be pleased to brand this woman as a nihilist, or a communist. Finally he said:

"Surely we are in the wilderness; but is there any way out?"

"There is a column of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Look back, back even beyond Exodus, back to the first cry and confession of sin from man to his Maker. 'The woman tempted me and I did eat.' And she—the serpent tempted her. And behold! when your Christ prayed he prayed this one prayer, after the prayer for bread and for forgiveness: 'Lead us not into temptation'!"

"I see, I see," he said; "it is plain indeed. You would not have the man tempted to crowd past the old woman with the load on her back in his haste to be first at the market. You would not let the poor, bent body be tempted to give the price of her load to sustain her broken body. You would not open the houses of dissipation to the poor at night, and at the same time lock the doors of God's house."

The woman's face took on a new and glorious light.

"Man is good," she began; "man is almost entirely good. Yet if he was tempted to be bad in Eden where all was so perfect and lovely, how shall we dare hope he will not fall in the terrible trials with which he is so continually beset to-day?"

"There seems to me but one thing to do: Pray the prayer and live the prayer of Jesus Christ, 'Lead us not into temptation,'" said the man earnestly, with bowed head.

"Ay, then," said the woman at his side, "then we shall see the cloud of smoke by day, after we have followed the pillar of fire in the darkness; and we can then read, and can then comprehend these other words of Jesus Christ: 'The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand.'"

"Yes, yes," he murmured to himself; and yet he feared that all this would melt and fade away, as had melted and faded out of sight so many theories and pretty sermons to which he had listened for years. It all seemed too bright and beautiful to be true. But that plan of hers to buy a cart for the old woman to ride in, on her load of wood, was not the plan of a theorist. Let many churches be sold, since they are so rarely in use, and then many old women with bent backs could have carts to ride in. Carry the idea on and on and on; and then no one could jostle any one at all. The temptation to jostle an old woman with a load of wood on her back would be removed.

"Let this idea enter all departments of life. Let it be possible for all to ride.

Let every man be a king, and there will be no contention for thrones," urged the woman, earnestly, as she saw that her listener was intensely interested. "Listen to me. God is the great emancipator of man; not Lincoln, not the Czar. God has written the emancipation proclamation of man in lightning on the walls of heaven. A message that consumed half a year a little time ago is now delivered in an hour. A single hand on an engine will give out in a day garments that cost a thousand hands a year to fashion half a century back. And so with bread, with houses, with all things. God has emancipated man, I say, but man still enthralls man."

They had slowly descended, and walked toward the city. It is all plain, this which we offer you here. The way by which we set out to lead up out of Egypt may appear to you a desert course; it may seem tortuous, may look to you like the contortions of a serpent, of the brazen serpent for the fainting people to look upon; but bear in mind we, the human race, are in the wilderness. Faith must be put to the test, and it may be forty years before we look down into the promised land. It may be that none of us shall live to enter there. But that makes the exodus none the less a religious duty. You and you and you may turn back to the flesh-pots of Egypt; the writer may perish in the wilderness and no man know his burial-place; but that shall make the truth none the less truth as the centuries roll forward.

As they stood in the serene starlight before the low white door of the little hotel, the woman reached the man her hand to say good-by and let him go his way; then she said slowly:

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand when temptation is not at hand. And this is the whole story, as briefly as it can be stated. In this search for the highway of happiness for man I did not at once decide that all men are good at heart," she said. "In the course of my hard life

I have found so many sad exceptions to this general rule that it seemed impossible to accept it. But that one piteous little sentence which is indeed the substance of the prayer of Jesus Christ,—'Lead us not into temptation,'—seemed so full of confession that the conviction gradually fastened itself upon me that all men are at least trying to be good. If the prayer had read, 'Make us strong against temptation'; if the prayer had said, 'Be with us in the hour of temptation'—but the confession, 'Lead us not into temptation, or we shall surely fall,' includes all men and all that is in man. A penny may be a temptation to one, a kingdom to another; and so 'Lead us not into temptation.' Stop and consider a moment how unequal are all men and how unequal are our human laws. Some of us are strong, so strong that ordinary things are not temptation; but a poor wretch bearing a load of sticks on her back comes by, is weary, tempted to drink, and falls. And we who are above the little thing that tempted her turn and take God's sunlight out of her eyes for days together. Better take temptation out of her way; for God made her, and she is good, whatever man may make her. Whoever she may be, she is God's, and she is sacred, wherever she may be."

Pausing a time, she lifted her face and said earnestly: "Read attentively the very first chapter of the Bible,—'and God saw that it was good.' Time after time is this repeated: 'And God saw that it was good.' 'And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.' And yet man dares say by word and deed continually that it is not good. Why, even the wild beasts are good. The fiercest lion of the desert is bravely good."

For an instant, as she ceased to speak, her lifted face had all the awful splendor of a lioness aroused.

She suddenly again gave him her hand and went hastily in at the low, white door. He stood alone, looking after her for a long time, and then went his way, a truer

man and a better man by a great deal than he had ever been before.

The stars were shining through his inmost soul; for he loved her so. Loved her! He deified her. Beautiful as was her face and form, her beauty of soul, her unselfish sincerity and devotion to the cause of humanity made her his angel, his ideal.

He had hated, or at least feared and avoided women up to the time when he met her. Now a woman was his whole world. She was his earth and his heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROWING OF A SOUL.

HEAR ye this parable. A man
Did plant a garden. Vine and tree
Alike, in course of time, began
To put forth fair and pleasantly.
The rains of heaven, the persuading sun
Came down alike on each and every one.

Yet some trees wilful grew, and some
Strong vines grew gayly in the sun,
With gaudy leaves that ever come
To naught. And yet, each flaunting one
Did flourish on triumphantly and glow
Like sunset clouds in all their moving show.

But lo! the harvest found them not.
The soul had perished from them. Mould
And muck and leaf lay there to rot,
And furnish nourishment untold
To patient tree and lowly creeping vine
That grew as grew the Husbandman's design.

Hear then this lesson; hear and heed.
I say that chaff shall perish; say
Man's soul is like unto a seed
To grow unto the Judgment Day.
It grows and grows if he will have it grow;
It perishes if he must have it so.

THIS man had seen the world,—all the civilized world, and more of the savage world also than many. For years he had traveled continually, traveled in a quiet way, keeping always among the poor and toiling. He wrote, taught, toiled with his hands, turned his hand to what he could, but all the time remained with his peers, the poor; not the low, mind you. Now and then he happened to write something that attracted the attention of the thinkers and then some

strong hands would reach out and lift him up into the great white light that beats upon thrones. But he was glad always to get down and out of it all, to get back to his peers, the poor; for there was work to do.

It had begun to appear to him as hardly fair that the man who laid the brick and mortar and made the great sewers through the mud and malaria of Paris and London and such like cities should not be able to eat meat more than twice each week without robbing his children, while the man who did no work at all, but walked about with his face held high in the sweet air should have meat and wine twice each day; ay, many kinds of meat and wine if he so desired.

He said one day to one of these men down there in a deep sewer, as he leaned over and bade him look up: "Why do not you men unite and build a city of your own? Go to America, go away out in the unsettled deserts of Arizona or Mexico, find a warm, beautiful spot, plant vines, build a city, and have peace and plenty all your own."

The man shook his head slowly, and finally said: "No; we built Paris and we are going to burn Paris, and then have peace and plenty here."

This was a few months before the Commune.

Now the burning of Paris was not so much,—not so much in comparison with the deep and terrible hate in the heart of that man. Man can easily make a city, but it takes God to make a man. And it takes even God generations upon generations, under His own laws, to build up a single manly, sweet-souled human man out of such hardened and bitter material as that.

Here is what the woman whom he met in Jerusalem wrote to him, soon after they first met as described, on the subject of city building:

"The flow of population is steadily to the great centers of the earth. This cannot be stopped or stayed. The people are pouring into the cities. The only

thing to be done is to make the cities fit for their reception. There is not to-day one farm-house in all Russia or France. A new order of things has come upon cities and villages, and the man who loves his fellow-men must now meet this new order of things like a practical man.

"The man who lives for himself only lives for a very small man.

"Man should lay the foundation stones of his city where God has laid them. Why will he not choose the beautiful mountain slopes of America, instead of the marshes of Liverpool, the mud of London, or the malaria-reeking ruins of Rome? Is it because he has not hope, heart unity, strength?

"Well, then, since these workers, these world-builders, have not these qualities, let those who love the world go forth, find sunny slopes and natural hills of health, and there, with God to help them, lay the corner-stones of the new cities under this new order of things, for these new people who so persistently and so helplessly pour into the cities.

"Man must be saved from man. Jesus Christ lived and died to save man; to save man from man, not man from God; to save man from himself by His example of patient pity and forgiveness and the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.

"Is man an antediluvian monster, that he shall for all time wallow in the mud and mire of some old seaport? Is man a beast, that he should be led along forever with blinds before his eyes for fear that he may see the light and run away?

"Let us go forth and build a city where there are roomy, sunlit, untrod mountainsides; build it on the beautiful foundation stones that God has laid with his own hand; and let us lay the moral and social foundations on the sacred and immortal precepts of the Sermon on the Mount; build in Faith and Hope and Charity, and leave the rest to Time, to God's first-born.

"No, you should not compel men to believe that Christ died to save man from

God. Let all believe as God has given us to believe, as to whether Christ died to save man from man or to save man from God. Nor should you insist that Christ is the only begotten Son of God. This has been argued by sword and pen, till every venerable city that was ever founded has been drenched in blood and tears. Only let each man try to believe in man and obey the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.

"The good God made us all very beautiful in soul and body to begin with; and very, very happy too; therefore we know that He desires us to be continually happy and continually beautiful. And if we are not continually happy and continually beautiful is it the fault of God or the fault of man?

"Indisputably it is entirely the fault of man. Let us then see that man be made less miserable. Let us look less dogmatically after God, who can well afford to pity us for our wrongs to His beautiful image. And now let us go forth with the Sermon on the Mount in hand and build the City Beautiful; and as we go forth on this mission, as good men go to far countries and lay down their lives in dark lands, let us ponder on His words for the poor and oppressed: 'Peter, feed my sheep.'"

These few quotations will show you more of the soul and character and lofty purpose of this woman than would a dozen chapters of ours.

It would be idle to record his replies to these sincere appeals for man. Like a strong swimmer, borne forward by a mountain torrent, he was entirely at her will. He asked nothing more, nothing better or higher,—only to help her help man; that was all in all to him.

How he worshiped her! And yet she ever seemed so far away. Once he dared to take her hand. She did not reprove him; she did not withdraw it, but he felt no response, such as he hoped as some reward for his daring. What did her passive serenity mean?

(To be continued.)

EDITORIALS.

FORWARD! THE CALL OF DEMOCRACY.

TIME and again since the sturdy sons of Europe settled our country, the American people have been compelled to meet dangers or evil conditions that at times seemed to threaten the integrity of the colonies and later of the nation. Yet always when the supreme crisis arose the people proved invincible and superior to the most deadly perils from without and within. Two historic examples will prove sufficient to illustrate this point.

When England determined to treat her American colonists as subject vassals, the colonies remonstrated and inaugurated a general agitation that proved in the end to be one of the most wonderful educational propaganda movements known to the colonial history of any people. Each oppressive act of England awoke again the flame of indignation and started afresh the educational agitations that ever must precede a great advance step in a people's history or the overthrow of an ancient wrong. To the careful on-looker it was apparent that the mother-country was slowly but most surely riveting the chains of oppression. Even the seeming yielding, when the exigencies of conditions compelled it, was merely the result of enforced expediency, while England in no wise receded from her unjust position; and as opportunity favored she was not slow to indicate her ultimate determination to reduce the colonies to subjection to her imperious and unjust demands. Every advance step, however, furthered the educational agitation and won new friends to the side of freedom and justice, until the great crisis arrived. Then the outlook appeared almost hopeless. A weak and apparently loosely-knit band of struggling colonies was pitted against the mistress of the seas and one of the most formidable military powers of the world. If ever a forlorn cause was led by faith-illuminated souls, it was the cause of American independence; but our fathers had laid hold on mighty principles that were fundamentally just—principles that embodied the noblest ethics in the sphere of government. They had leagued

themselves with progress and the dawn and they were invincible, though by all human calculations their cause at the outset was hopeless.

When the slavery question overshadowed all issues and filled the nation with stormy hate which intensified as the years passed; when the republic became subservient to the slave-power and the Dred Scott decision seemed to dash forever the hopes of those who clung to the belief that the day would come when emancipation should be proclaimed throughout the land, even as liberty had at an earlier date been proclaimed for the children of the white men; when everything seemed to be proceeding from bad to worse; when the dragon's teeth of hate began to bear fruit in bloody crimes; when Lovejoy was assassinated; when Sumner was brutally assailed in the United States Senate; when the fruitful plains of Kansas were drenched with fratricidal blood,—then it seemed that slavery was destined to steadily spread or that the Union must be destroyed. But when the crisis arrived, though men were too blind with hate to be wise, strong, or sane enough to act on the splendid suggestions made by that master statesman, Thomas Jefferson, in which he outlined a rational, just and wise method of emancipation without bloodshed and which would have been infinitely less costly than our Civil war,—though, we say, men had passed the point where judgment and justice were greater than blind passion and hate, yet still the nation was powerful enough to meet and rise superior to the deadly peril that threatened it from within.

To-day our republic is confronting another crisis no less momentous than the perils that have confronted it in supreme crises of the past. For fully a generation and a half there have been growing up in our midst conditions inimical to republican government—conditions that nullify the fundamental theory upon which a democracy rests. In our cities, in our states and later in our national government

there arose rings that in the hands of masterful men developed into political machines under the management or control of certain individuals who exercised an authority as absolute and autocratic as the ancient feudal barons. These men were as a rule born leaders, masters of men, and frequently possessed of more than ordinary mental powers, but as a rule they were wanting in that without which the most powerful mentality becomes a deadly menace to a free government—moral rectitude. Though gifted by nature with the genius for organization and for leadership among men, they possessed no high ideals of government such as animated the fathers of our republic. They were not hampered by moral scruples. All they needed was money. With money they could become the rulers of men, precisely as the de Medici family became the absolute masters of Florence, while the people guarded most jealously the shell or form of the republic, vainly imagining that in so doing they preserved that which had long since departed.

Now when the ruling or master-spirits in the rings, who soon came to be known as "bosses," were perfecting their political machines and casting about for the wealth that should supply the lacking element by which popular government should be subverted to government of the bosses through the machine, they encountered on every hand a comparatively new element in our commercial life,—corporations chiefly but not always formed for operating public utilities, but in all instances aiming to secure great wealth through special privileges at the hands of the municipalities, the state or the national government. Thus interests seeking to secure monopoly rights, franchises and privileges that would enable them to acquire enormous wealth through these rights and powers conferred—rights that in the nature of the case would place the producing and consuming masses at the mercy of the privileged classes, soon came in touch with the bosses. A compact was made. For large contributions to the machine, favors were secured. Here we have the genesis of the reign of graft, recent revelations of which have amazed and appalled our people. This condition could result in nothing short of (1) the wholesale corruption of government throughout all its ramifications, (2) the virtual overthrow of popular government, however carefully the shell and form might be preserved,

and (3) the creating of a ruling class sustained by and dependent on an aristocracy of wealth which was the result of privilege and monopoly rights granted by government.

Now nothing is more fatal to a republic than the spread of corruption among the people's servants. Its influence in the state is not unlike the effect of opium on man. It destroys all sense of moral proportion; it anæsthetizes the conscience; it enervates the will; it paralyzes the power of initiative. Subtly yet steadily it lowers the ideals or standards of national life until the representatives of the people come to consider themselves their irresponsible masters, free to bargain and covenant for personal gain and advantage, though in that bargaining they sacrifice the interests of the state and make it possible for unjust burdens to be placed on the people—the electorate whom they have sworn to faithfully serve. In time the moral sensibilities of these public servants become so blunted that they think it no crime to accept bribes in the form of passes and courtesies from railroads, and free conveyance of goods by express companies, though they know full well that the corporations are ever seeking concessions and privileges that place the people at their mercy and that result in the plundering of millions of dollars in excess charges from the masses, and, furthermore, that these public carriers are thwarting legislation which the interests of the state and of the people demand should be enacted, while they are securing grants from the government, such as the postal contracts made with the railways, by which the nation is shamefully plundered. When presidents, senators, congressmen and judges accept bribes in the form of courtesies it is inevitable that corruption more flagrant and sweeping in character should spread through all departments of national life, throughout state legislatures and municipal governments, and that machines and rings in league with special interests should more and more wrest the power from the people, defeating the ends of justice and public weal, tampering with the ballot-box, and corrupting the electorate. Moreover, the graft and corruption that enter into public life, the bribery, direct and indirect, that like opium on the brain of man weakens that upon which a nation to be great and just must rely, becomes a moral contagion, spreading through commercial and social life. It taints society, it paralyzes the will to be sternly just

or the power to hold fixedly to the fundamental demands of freedom, justice and righteousness.

Happily for the republic, our people are beginning to awaken to the momentous peril. The educational agitation is beginning to impress the public mind. But this work of awakening the sleeping conscience throughout the nation and arousing the moral sensibilities of the people to such a point that they will not merely see the danger and apprehend the injustice from which they are suffering, but will realize that upon each one devolves a solemn and an inescapable duty—a duty owed to manhood, to home, to the nation and to humanity, the duty of utterly overthrowing that which is destroying democracy, corrupting the nation and enriching the few at the expense of the many, demands the continuance without intermission of the educational agitation already so auspiciously begun by the magazines of America. And more than this, it calls also for the setting forth in a clear and intelligible manner of the way out of the wilderness of corruption and reaction, whereby through peaceable methods the republic can and will regain its old-time moral prestige and purity while becoming in a greater degree than ever before a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

This is the work most imperatively demanded to-day, and this is one of the great objects to which *THE ARENA* is dedicated.

From now on we propose to carry forward a relentless warfare against graft, corruption and the subversion of free government, and a vigorous battle for republican government through popular sovereignty; and we call upon all who love our republic and who have faith in free institutions to consecrate life's highest service to this great end. No nobler cause ever called for the loyal service of conscience-guided men. No sacrifice is too great to be made in order that our republic should be at once all that a true democracy should be and the greatest moral leader among the nations of earth. Our trust is too sacred for any man to hold himself quit of moral responsibility. The hour has arrived for all friends of free government to take a bold and uncompromising stand. In the splendid lines of Arlo Bates,

"Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;

Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.

America, last hope of man and truth,

Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,

Or glorious pledge that man through truth
is free.

This is thy destiny; the choice is thine

To lead all nations and outshine them all;

But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,

And none shall spare to mock thee in thy
fall."

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

IN THIS issue of *THE ARENA* we present the sworn testimony of two men who have long held trusted positions as officials in the Charlestown prison, substantially corroborating the charges of numerous discharged criminals in regard to the barbarous treatment of prisoners in the Charlestown jail. We believe that no reader of *THE ARENA* can peruse the sworn statements of ex-Officers Lawrence E. Kiely and George O. J. Harcourt, and the affidavits of Reuben Johnson and Levi Brigham, which are, as Dr. Galvin points out, merely typical of at least a dozen other sworn statements of wanton brutality, without having the conviction forced on his mind of the truth of the charges. They are simple, direct,

forceful and realistic recitals that bear all the evidences of verity; yet they are stories of such inhumanity, such barbarous brutality, that they seem almost incredible. The charges made are of so grave and heinous a character that they call in trumpet tones for an investigation. Massachusetts cannot afford to ignore these revelations. If the charges are false, the commonwealth owes it to herself to prove their falsity. If, as we firmly believe, they are true, the conscience and humane spirit of the commonwealth have a right to demand that a radical reformation be inaugurated, just as the enlightened humanitarian spirit of sixty years ago compelled the abolition of abuses in the treatment of the insane poor after Miss Dix

had turned on the light. So long as the alleged outrages in the treatment of our prisoners was unknown to the public no great blame could attach to the people; but now that these exposures have been made and an investigation has been demanded and denied, a grave duty devolves on all our people, especially on our ministers, editors and thought-moulders, but also on the humblest citizens—the duty of agitating for and demanding a full, impartial

and honest investigation. The hour has passed when people interested in the perpetuity of the "system" can be allowed to ignore such evidence as Dr. Galvin offers in substantiation of his grave charges of inhumanity. Let every conscience-guided man and woman in Massachusetts demand a full and searching investigation.

Turn on the light!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTERS.

TO DO THE work that lieth nearest us, faithfully, resolutely and untiringly; to strive to further the highest interests of humanity by conscientious efforts, ever placing the demands of the larger life or the furtherance of some principle or cause which holds the potentiality of blessing and enlightenment for the many, above all thought of self; to be loyal to duty's call and faithful to the broader ideals of advancing civilization; to so realize the truth eloquently expressed by Mazzini, that "Life is a mission," that you become a cell in the battery that lightens the intellectual firmament and vivifies the conscience-life of the age,—this it is to live nobly and to come *en rapport* with the highest and best currents of being. This it is to enter the Holiest of Holies and feel that peace of soul and joy of

being that can be realized in no other way. This it is to drink of the living fountain that ministers to the divine in man. And this lies within the reach of every man and woman great and resolute enough to place the higher above the lower, to exalt altruism above egoism, and to be faithful to the call of duty—to consecrate life to the highest. This is the heart of the message of the prophets and teachers, the apostles and torch-bearers, throughout the ages. He who lives for self dies; he who loses his life for others finds life. That is, he who sinks self for the happiness, well-being, development and advancement of other selves, finds a newer, richer and deeper life than it is possible for those who are living for self alone to even vaguely conceive.

WHEN JUSTICE BECOMES INJUSTICE.

WHEN the bandage is removed from the eyes of Justice she becomes Injustice. This fact must be burned into the consciousness of civilization. When the judge, the senator, the congressman, the alderman or other official who accepts a bribe, direct or indirect, will as surely go to the penitentiary as the poor man who commits the same offence; when the millionaire who under the mask of a corporation breaks laws and defies criminal statutes, and is able as in the case of the coal-trust, with his fellow-criminals to rob the American people of over seventeen million dollars every year in pure extortion, will go to

prison just as surely as the poor man who steals a loaf of bread for his starving family, or a bucket of coal to keep them from freezing; when also the soldier who loots homes, palaces and temples of their priceless treasures, as did the soldiers of all the Christian countries loot Peking and as they have done in almost every war, will be treated as others who purloin that which does not belong to them, then will the bandage be replaced over the eyes of the goddess and Justice will again justify her claim.

This fact is strikingly indicated in Mr. Beard's cartoon this month; but it is not the



WHEN JUSTICE BECOMES INJUSTICE.

HOLD-UP MAN.—Put up your gun, Brother, and tell me why it is that I am outlawed and prosecuted for my retail crimes, while you are honored and called a hero for doing a wholesale business in killing, robbery and arson?

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

only vital truth suggested by this picture. Mr. Beard is one of the small but growing band of thinkers who see things as they are—that is, who are able to distinguish between the artificial and the real, to differentiate between that which is fundamentally just, honorable, equitable and righteous and those things whose pretensions to justice, morality and uprightness rest on claims—some specious and others palpably artificial—that have long gone unchallenged because they are sanctioned or tolerated by conventionalism, the church and society, though primarily they were secured through force or cunning, or grew into undisputed acceptance in times when arbitrary standards, dogmatic assumptions of authority by rulers, and the theory that might makes right dominated society.

There can be no such thing as a just social

state, or a civilization that shall enjoy perennial youth, or a people that shall grow in greatness and virility as the generations pass, until society is wise enough to mete out equal and exact justice to great and small, to rich and poor; until the basic principles of justice, equity and morality or those universally recognized ethical verities are made the guiding principles of national life and economic relations in society; and finally until society is great enough and Christian enough to recognize the common brotherhood of all men as the offspring of a common Father, bound together by the law of solidarity,—a law which decrees that every wrong done reacts on the doer and every injustice wrought against the weak sooner or later poisons, enervates and undermines the nation, society or civilization that commits the wrong.

MR. JOHN MOODY'S ATTITUDE ON THE MONOPOLY ISSUE.

IN THE August ARENA we published a review of Mr. John Moody's monumental work, *The Truth About the Trusts*, making some strictures which seemed to us warranted by some passages in the work, which on the whole impressed us as being one of the most important and valuable volumes of late years. Recently we received a personal letter from the able author, setting forth most clearly his purposes in writing the book while pointing out that the apparent justification of monopoly was merely the setting forth of pleas advanced by the beneficiaries of trusts, and that these did not represent his personal views. This letter, which Mr. Moody distinctly stated was not written for publication, so clearly expressed the author's personal attitude on a subject of such importance, and was so well calculated to correct any false impression of the book which our review might have given our readers, that we have prevailed upon Mr. Moody to permit us to publish it:

"While you seem to have examined the work with a great deal of care and have published a very comprehensive notice of it, yet I do not think that you have entirely grasped my purpose in writing the book, or the attitude which the author of such a work would necessarily take towards monopolistic conditions in

general. Instead of its being an attempt to justify monopolistic conditions, my purpose in publishing this book was almost entirely to impress the country with the overpowering strength of monopoly. The great majority of books written to show the strength of monopoly lose much of their effectiveness because of the fact that they base their arguments partially on assumption and not entirely on facts. In preparing my book I depended entirely on facts as I know them, and instead of assuming an attitude of criticism towards the Trusts I simply endeavored to show, in an entirely unbiased way, what the facts are and how they are regarded from a Wall-street point-of-view. The book is really a picture of actual conditions which exist in this country, as seen from the stand-point of thinking monopolists themselves. The apparent justification of monopoly which you refer to is not a justification made by the writer, but is the justification which largely exists among monopoly beneficiaries themselves. If you will examine the book more carefully, particularly those chapters in which comments on the character and scope of monopoly are contained, you will note that I carefully state, not my own opinions, but those of the financial public in general. If I had personally assumed any definite stand either for or against monopoly in writing this

book, or had made it at all controversial in character it would have lost much of its strength as an effective presentation of facts and would be chiefly regarded as merely a polemic against, or a defense of monopoly, as the case might have been. But as the book stands it is a cold statement of facts, the existence of which none can deny.

"I think that if you will examine the book in this light you will immediately see that it is not a work which any intelligent monopolist would, for one moment, be a sponsor for. For instance, no one who wished to actually justify the existence of monopolistic features in the Copper or Steel-Trusts would handle them as I have, where I frankly show that every vicious feature of them is based on a monopoly. Furthermore I do not believe that any justifier of a protective tariff would use in his arguments the facts which will be found between pages 209 and 281, which show how largely the element of monopoly in the Trusts described in those pages depends upon tariff-benefits, and in addition to this, no one who actually wished to demonstrate that the Trusts are an essentially good and benevolent thing for the public would publish the facts given in my chapters on the Asphalt and Ship-building Trusts. Nor would any champion of monopoly ever show, as I have done between pages 373 and 428, the monopolistic strength of the public-service corporations of the country, and if you will look further into the chapters on 'The Great Railroad Groups,' with the charts which I have given, showing the concentration of railroad control throughout the country, I think that you will agree with me that I have said nothing therein which

would indicate that I believed monopoly to be a good thing.

"And then to sum up the whole situation, if you will once more read the chapters in Part VII., giving a general review of the Trust movement, I think that you will clearly divine my whole purpose in presenting this volume of facts to the public. In these last chapters I endeavored to show the great magnitude of the Trusts as they exist to-day and to indicate with certainty their chief characteristic of monopoly, and show how absolutely this monopoly-power is concentrated in the hands of a few men. Having shown this situation I have naturally pointed out how futile all current anti-Trust legislation has been, and without going into details or pushing to the front my personal views (which are not necessarily of any interest to the public), I have tried to leave the reader or student in a position where his natural deduction would be, in analyzing this situation, that the only effective action on the part of the public to eliminate the bad effects of monopoly is to abandon restrictive and artificial legislation (which is more or less proposed by all political parties to-day) and instead to repeal the restrictive laws and give competition an actual chance to operate unimpeded. Inasmuch as the evils of combination are based on monopoly it would seem, at least to me, that the way to abolish these evils is not to 'regulate' monopoly, but as far as possible to eliminate it. A large part of the monopoly element being embraced in the protective tariff and other special legislation, an effective step will be made in the right direction only when the people are ready to repeal all such legislation and give a fair opportunity for the free working of economic laws."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE ELECTION is over, and the people in no uncertain tones have declared that they will not have two Hamiltonian parties. From the hour when Wall-street and trust influences, under the promise of an enormous campaign-fund from predatory wealth and privileged interests, seduced the Democratic representatives and led them to desert a radical progressive Jeffersonian programme and place the fortunes of the party under the guardianship or guidance of those who represented corrupt influences and privileged interests; from the time the delegates of

the national convention permitted August Belmont, with the bad odor of the Cleveland secret-bond-deal clinging to his garments, and Patrick McCarren, the notorious legislative advocate and special-pleader for corporate wealth and influences as inimical to the genius of democracy as they are to the interests and rights of the people, to become the master-spirits and virtually dictate the national ticket, —from that hour, we say, the doom of the Democratic party, in so far as this election was concerned, was sealed.

The people demanded an income-tax;

predatory wealth refused it. The people demanded relief from the shameful oppressions of the trusts and railroad extortions and discriminations; Democracy's delegates replied by placing the virtual naming of the ticket in the hands of one of the great Wall-street magnates of secret-bond-deal ill-fame and one of the most odious of the Eastern 'special-pleaders for trusts and corporate interests. The people demanded that the government should be restored to the people and that the rule of the corporations through corrupt party-machines should be forever destroyed; and the delegates exalted to the position of high-priest David B. Hill, preëminent as a personification of the most odious machine-methods. Thus to the three-fold imperative demand of the millions of wealth-creators and consumers of America, the party that claimed to be preëminently the party of the common people turned a deaf ear and with unblushing effrontery bid for the support of privileged interests

and delivered the party over to the management of men who represented predatory wealth and trust-domination, saying in effect: "There shall henceforth be two Hamiltonian parties, two parties of privilege, two parties dominated by 'safe and sane' corporate wealth." The doom of the national Democratic party was sealed in the hour of its surrender. The people decided that if they must have a party of privilege and centralization, they would take the genuine Hamiltonian party and not its weak imitation. The Democratic party is essentially radical. It cannot succeed by masquerading as a party of centralization or privilege. It must be Jeffersonian and progressive in spirit or it will fail, and fail miserably. It must be dominated by the ideal of equality of rights and opportunities for all and special privileges for none, it must depend on the people and oppose the rulership of corporations and corrupt machines, or it must go down to defeat as it has this year.

GUBERNATORIAL VICTORIES.

SOME months ago we pointed out the fact that in our judgment the most momentous conflicts this year were those being waged in Missouri and Wisconsin, where Joseph W. Folk and Robert M. LaFollette stood as the impersonations of pure government, democratic ideals and the cause of justice and righteousness, against the combined influence of predatory wealth, corporate domination, the corrupt elements in their own parties and the opposition parties. The people in each of these great commonwealths were on trial. The result has vindicated the claim of Mr. Folk, that "the heart of the people is sound." In each instance the people proved more powerful than all the combined influences of the public-service corporations and other privileged interests and corrupt party-machinery. Never were battles fought in the history of commonwealths against more desperate odds than those fought by Joseph Folk and Robert LaFollette in Missouri and Wisconsin, and their victory is of inestimable importance to the cause of pure government and sound Democracy.

Colorado, though one of the states that came under the full influence of the Rooseveltian land-slide, has resented the unconstitutional usurpation of Governor Peabody and has rebuked his subserviency to corporate

wealth, and this in spite of the vast amount of wealth that was poured into the state by the corporations to maintain their mastership through military rule.

In Massachusetts one of the most striking and encouraging victories was won by William L. Douglas, who was elected to the office of governor by over thirty-five thousand votes, though the state gave President Roosevelt over eighty-six thousand majority. Governor Bates, who was defeated, had rendered himself odious on account of his vetoing bills looking toward shortening the hours of labor required of women and children in the mills and factories. He had treated labor's just demands with contempt. Moreover, he was responsible for the head of the police department of Boston, who had rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to the people through such acts as that mentioned by Dr. Galvin in his article in the November *ARENA*, wherein he pointed out that over three hundred out-of-works were taken in a single night from their lodging-houses in Boston, without warrants, and carried in patrol-wagons to the station-houses, where on the following morning all those who could not prove that they had permanent employment were either sentenced to the work-house or sent out of the city.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC.

THE RISING TIDE OF POPULAR INTEREST IN FAVOR OF PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP.

SIGNS are multiplying on every hand which indicate that at last the people are awakening to the importance and the necessity of owning and operating the public utilities. The examples of almost all other progressive nations and the signal success attending public-ownership are forcing even the slow-thinking among those who think at all, and who have no personal interest in private-ownership, to see that through abandoning the government to the rings, party-machines and corporations, our nation is becoming a camp-follower along the lines of democratic progress. New Zealand and Switzerland have far outstripped us along many lines of republican advance, while in regard to public-ownership, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Canada, Australia and other nations have distanced the United States. Moreover, at last the more independent dailies as well as intelligent people are coming to see that the two sophistical pleas so long industriously employed by the hired special-pleaders for private-ownership are worse than fallacious. It has been claimed by those influences which have been the chief sources of governmental corruption that public-ownership would foster corruption and the extension of graft. This cry has been probably made largely to divert public attention from the corruptors and debauchers of our public morals, just as the thief who stole a large roll of bills from a bank at noon-day a few years since rushed into the crowded street crying, "Stop thief!" so as to divert attention from himself. Certain it is that revelations during recent years prove that the chief well-spring of bribery and corruption of the people's servants has been found in the public-service companies operating natural monopolies, while public-ownership in New Zealand, Great Britain, Germany and other countries has been conspicuously marked by honesty and wisdom.

Secondly, the claim that the government, state or municipality could not successfully operate public utilities has been proved equally untenable by experience in other lands and

wherever in this country the experiments have been made, save where public-service companies have been able to corrupt or so influence public servants as to make them recreant to their duty, as in the case of the post-office and the railways. But here, it will be observed, the cause of the lack of business wisdom is found in the corrupting influence of the corporations that operate utilities which by right belong to the public and should, nay, must be owned and operated by the people before we can enjoy the fruits of pure, just or economical government. The following editorial from the St. Louis *Daily Chronicle* of October 19th, is a typical illustration of many recent utterances in American dailies indicative of the rising tide of public sentiment against the exploitation of the public and the corruption of the people's servants by private corporations operating natural monopolies:

"Most people who oppose public-ownership of steam and street-railroads do so because of a belief that politics would enter into the management and that inefficient men would be employed.

"Partisan influences and services, it is contended, would count for far more in the distribution of the high places than experience and efficiency would.

"By the same argument we might let out to private contract the whole business of governing. It can be argued that a syndicate would employ better lawmakers, better judges, better executive officers than the public does, with its political methods. If the argument is good in the one case, why not in the other?

"Ample experience has shown that the argument is not good in either case.

"The Chicago street-railway situation right now is in illustration. The Union Traction Company, organized, built up and conducted by the customary syndicate methods, had become so deeply involved that stockholders called upon a United States court to take the company's affairs out of the hands of the syndicate. This court, presided over by Judge Grosscup, has been running the road for a while, with the result that expenses have been reduced at the rate of \$75,000 a year and the service improved. The trained managers,

the men whose services are deemed so valuable that no government could afford to pay their price, have very conveniently been dispensed with.

"This is but one instance. There have been many others quite as satisfactory. It is customary for railroad companies, when they get in trouble, to depend upon the government to help them out. This is particularly true in case of strikes. With this phase of government operation of roads the public has become painfully familiar.

"The question that suggests itself is this: If the government can operate railroads when they are in trouble better than private syndicates can, why can't they operate them better when there is no trouble?

"Since the government is successfully operating the street-railways of the second largest city in the country, having taken charge when they were badly involved, and is giving better satisfaction to the public than the syndicate ever did, what argument is there left against the government operation being made permanent?"

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE BEING ROBBED BY THE COAL-BARONS.

THE AMERICAN people have been recently favored with another revelation of the high-handed robbery being to-day practiced against them by the law-defying coal railroads and trust, through the proceedings instituted by Mr. William Randolph Hearst. At the investigation recently held certain facts were brought out through the unwilling admissions of the witnesses for the coal companies, which are well calculated to hasten the day when an aroused and outraged public will put an end once and for all to the high-handed spoliation of the many by the lawless and privileged few. On October 27th, the New York American published the following digest of some facts brought out by the investigation and upon which Mr. Shearn, the able attorney for Mr. Hearst, dwelt at length:

"From figures submitted by the Philadelphia & Reading Company Mr. Shearn pointed out that by their own statement it was shown that the increase in the cost of mining in the collieries of that company had been but 52 cents since 1900, a period of four years, and that in that time the price of coal to the consumer had been increased \$1.00.

"From these figures Mr. Shearn lucidly

prepared the following statement, showing the profits of the Coal-Trust taken from the pockets of the buyers of anthracite coal.

"The annual output of the Coal-Trust is 60,000,000 tons. Of this 60 per cent. or 36,000,000 tons, is coal in prepared sizes. The increase on this kind of coal has been \$1.00 a ton in four years, or \$36,000,000 a year, a total in four years of \$144,000,000.



Sullivan, in New York American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

HITCHES ALL TO HIS CAR.

"No man can do business unless he does it under our direction."—*Secret Minutes of the Coal-Trust.*

"The increased cost of mining, according to the figures of the Reading Company, has been 52 cents a ton, or a total increase in mining 36,000,000 tons of \$18,720,000, or an increase in cost during the four years of \$74,880,000.

"Graphically presented, the robbery of the people by the Trust may be represented in this manner:

"Increased cost of coal to the people.....	\$144,000,000
Increased cost on mining this coal	74,880,000
Increased profits to the trust,	\$69,120,000

"This sum, \$69,120,000, Mr. Shearn declared had been taken from the coal-buying public absolutely without justification. No increase in the cost of mining, no added expenses at the mines had been responsible for this frightful increase in the tax upon the public, levied upon the consumers arbitrarily."

"No attempt was made to reply to the deductions of Mr. Shearn. The figures spoke for themselves. The coal-barons, knowing that the public lay helpless in the grasp of the monopoly the tariff-built trust had created, had forced from every man within their reach a portion of the amount which in four years had amounted to \$70,000,000.

"The danger in this condition lies in what may yet be done unless the monopolistic outreach of the Coal-Trust is checked. It has raised prices one dollar in four years. What may it not do in the years to come?"

"Another dollar added will mean an increase of \$17,280,000 a year to the Trust. Whether the Trust-masters can refrain from further robbery with such an inviting field is the question that only the future and the success of the suit of Mr. Hearst can answer.

"In Chicago the Track-Dealers' Association still exists and the members, nameless and known by their number-tags, meet and strike down with boycott and by withholding from trade all who endeavor to establish anything resembling competition. In New York agents of the coal-carrying railroads meet at luncheon in the same manner and undoubtedly employ the same means to see that competition is killed before it buds. The machinery that made possible the extortion of \$70,000,000 from the people in four years is still in existence, and there is nothing fixed or definite about the figures used except that they will never be lowered."

DARK-LANTERN METHODS OF THE COAL-TRUST EXPOSED.

PERHAPS the most amazing phase of the coal-trust revelations brought out at the recent hearing is found in the exposure of the methods employed by these commercial brigands to destroy all competition and place the purchasing public entirely at their mercy. In order that the men engaged in this iniquitous crime against the people might be saved from detection, a secret code was adopted and each member was numbered, just as the state numbers her criminals in the penitentiary. Was this



Putnam, in Boston Traveler.

UNCLE SAM.—"NOW CHOP!"

prophetic of the future, when the people, who have already slept overlong, shall have their reckoning with the despoilers of their wealth, shall place the bandage again on the eyes of Justice and see that these rich men receive precisely the same treatment as the poor? Stranger things than this have happened.

In the following, taken from an editorial leader in the *New York American* of October 27th, the dark-lantern methods of the coal-trust are brought out by liberal quotations from the minutes of their secret meetings which the government compelled them to place in evidence:

"For the first time since criminal trusts began to do business, the inside workings of a trust have been brought to view. In the Hearst suit against the Coal-Trust the transactions of the Chicago branch of the Trust have been laid bare. It is no general charge of coercion, killing competition and controlling prices. It is more—it is proof absolute, for the Trust wrote a history of its guilt in its minutes, which were produced. The minutes cover the transactions of a year.

"The Trust met to fix prices, to put independent dealers out of business and to punish an occasional free act on the part of one of its customers. One purpose over-shadowed all things—to kill competition and make the Trust an absolute master of the anthracite coal business.

"The minutes read like those of a Black-Hand society bent on killing. The members



Briggs, in New York American.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

"EVERY MAN HAD HIS NUMBER."

had numbers, and if any act criminal on its face was to be done, the minutes were put in code form.

"One criminal trust is like all other criminal trusts.

"That a meeting of the Trust members is like that of a Black-Hand society, look at this extract from the secret minutes:

"CHICAGO, May 7, 1902.—Office of Number 1. All present except 7 and 9.—*Secret minutes.*

"Do honest corporations put their representatives behind numbers? What good purpose did any man ever have in view to permit the name he bore from his father and mother to be thrown aside for a number?

"But the minutes of the Coal-Trust show that its business was against the people and the government. Read this:

"It is learned that Gilmore & Blessing, who are demoralizing prices, are buying from the Riverton Coal Company and the coal is shipped by W. Nichols & Co., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—*Secret minutes.*

"Gilmore & Blessing were not in favor with the Trust. They were on no list. The Trust had their yard watched, and by its perfect system of espionage traced its source of supply.

"That firm was selling coal cheaper than

the Trust, and the Trust marked it for its destruction.

"Because a man offers his goods at a price he sees fit he must be crushed. That is what a trust exists for. Do the American people want this sort of a rule?

"C. L. Dering will not sell any more coal to Hull & Co. if there are any more charges against that firm for cutting."—*Secret minutes.*

"If I sell you a hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise and tell you you must sell it to the consumer for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, what will you say to me? If you had no credit elsewhere and bought the stuff and then concluded after all you had a right to sell the stuff for what you pleased, and you did this, what business is it of mine? None. But the trust will ruin you if you do a thing like this.

"The Trust gives the consumer, the retailer the wholesaler, no voice in the management of his business. All must stand and deliver. Is it true that if a man sold at a reduced price that the Trust went after him? What business was it of the Trusts so long as the Trust got its money? We might doubt with you, but here is the evidence from the Trust itself:

"Crerar, Clinch & Co. have sold to Mr. Wright, 85 Astor street, and cut price. (Referred to Mr. Comstock.)

"Following dealers reported as selling at cut prices and buying their coal from Richardson."—*Secret minutes.*

"And these are merely extracts from a book of minutes, and every line is a story of oppression, extortion and czarism over a people supposed to be free."

It matters not whether we follow the astounding revelations as brought out in Mr. Hearst's suit against the Coal-Trust, Mr. Lawson's unmasking of the methods of the Standard Oil vampires in Wall street, Miss Tarbell's carefully-authenticated history of the Standard Oil Company, or the revelations made by Governor LaFollette showing how the railways and other public-service companies of Wisconsin are oppressing the people—all, all tell the same story of evasion of law or open defiance of statutes, of criminal extortion and of merciless destruction of all competitors. And wherever the investigations are extended so as to show the secret power of the trusts, railways and other corporations, by which the people are rendered helpless, it is found that their corrupting influence exerted in government is the mainspring of their strength. Through campaign-funds, through the selection of men who have long been their attorneys or whom they know they can depend upon, through defeating at the nominations or elections men who could not be bribed or browbeaten into silence, and through wholesale bribery of the people's representatives by courtesies and favors, these oppressors of the people have been able to march steadily forward, reimbursing themselves in the course of a few months by extortionate charges, for all the outlay expended in controlling legislation during the period of four years.

Men of America, how long will you supinely submit to this iniquitous irregular taxation for the corruption-funds of a few lawless over-rich men, who through the plunder of the millions are becoming so rich as to be above the law? The duty you owe to yourselves and to your families, no less than the interests of the republic, calls upon you to agitate, educate and unite in a determined campaign for the emancipation of the people from a tyranny incomparably more odious and oppressive than that which led our fathers to throw off the yoke of Great Britain.

ONE OF THE FRUITS OF IMPERIALISM.

THE RECENT trial of Lieutenant Sidney F. Burbank, at Leavenworth, Kansas, serves to



Bartholemew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

PIERPONT MORGAN MAKES RESTITUTION.

U. S. CITIZEN.—"Say, Mr. Morgan, while you're making good, where do I come in?"

throw a strong sidelight on the corrupting and debauching influence of our imperialistic policy over our soldiers. In this case the American officer sued to set aside an alleged marriage between himself and a negress named Concepcion Vasquez, who claimed to have been married to Lieutenant Burbank on January 25, 1902. Burbank held that the alleged record of the marriage solemnized before Justice Mapa was part of a plot on the part of the justice to compromise him because his detachment had killed Mapa's brother-in-law. But here are the significant facts to which we call special attention: (1) Lieutenant Burbank on the stand testified that the negress had been his mistress, but he denied that he had legally married her or introduced her as his wife. Lieutenant Young and other friends of Burbank testified that they knew Miss Vasquez simply as Burbank's mistress, and not as his wife. (2) The press dispatches stated that the case was being watched with keen interest in the army, for there were fifty or sixty officers with Filipino wives whose marriages to American girls were being held up pending a decision in the Burbank case.

If such is the record as it relates to the officers in our army of duty and destiny, whose high moral mission has been dwelt upon so eloquently by recreant clergymen who have upheld the immoral policy of benevolent assimilation pursued by our government, what must

be the record of the soldiers under them? How many hundreds of thousands of Filipino girls are to-day deserted and burdened with children by American soldiers who have come home to seek the arms of pure-minded American girls?

The above facts hint at one phase of the demoralization that is a result of our policy of criminal aggression; and yet we hear on every hand cant about our sacred mission in the Philippines, our duty to hold them in subjection that we may elevate and Christianize them.

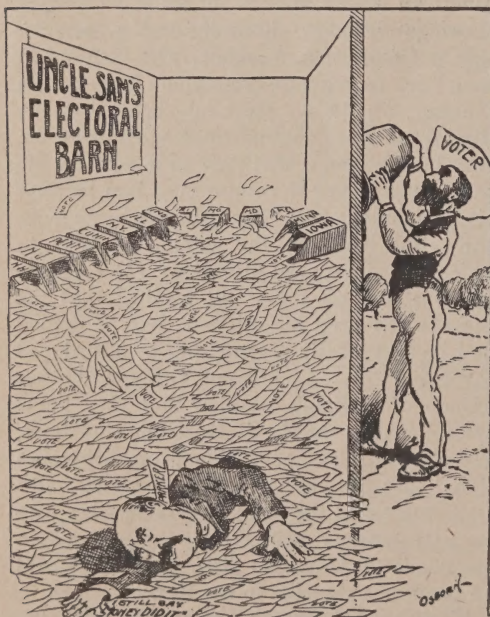
PROFESSOR FISHER'S PLEA FOR JUSTER SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

THE AWAKENING to activity of the conscience-side of life in numbers of leading thinkers who have long thrown the weight of their influence on the side of parties and interests that place money above manhood, is a striking symptom indicating that we are approaching a moral renaissance such as from time to time stirs the stagnant life of nations and civilizations and eventuates in an upward

step in social, economic and political life. Recently several strong men have bravely taken a stand for progress, some of these finding it necessary to break with party affiliations of a life-time. One of the most notable instances of this character is found in Professor William C. Fisher, who occupies the chair of Economic and Social Science in the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut. This eminent educator and authority in economic matters has publicly renounced the Republican party, because he has been forced to the conclusion that it is hopeless to look for the establishment of social or economic justice from that party. In a recent interview Professor Fisher expressed his opinions in the following words, which are worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all earnest lovers of justice:

"The present conditions of life are altogether too hard for a large part of the laboring classes. The distribution of the comforts and luxuries of life is uneven, and out of all reasonable proportion to desert, among different classes of men.

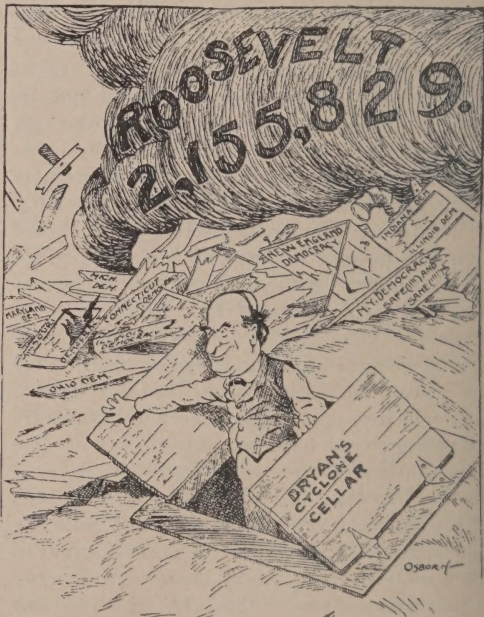
"A few specifications will suffice to make my meaning clear. Dr. Spahr has shown that



Osborn, in Philadelphia Press.

SMOTHERED!

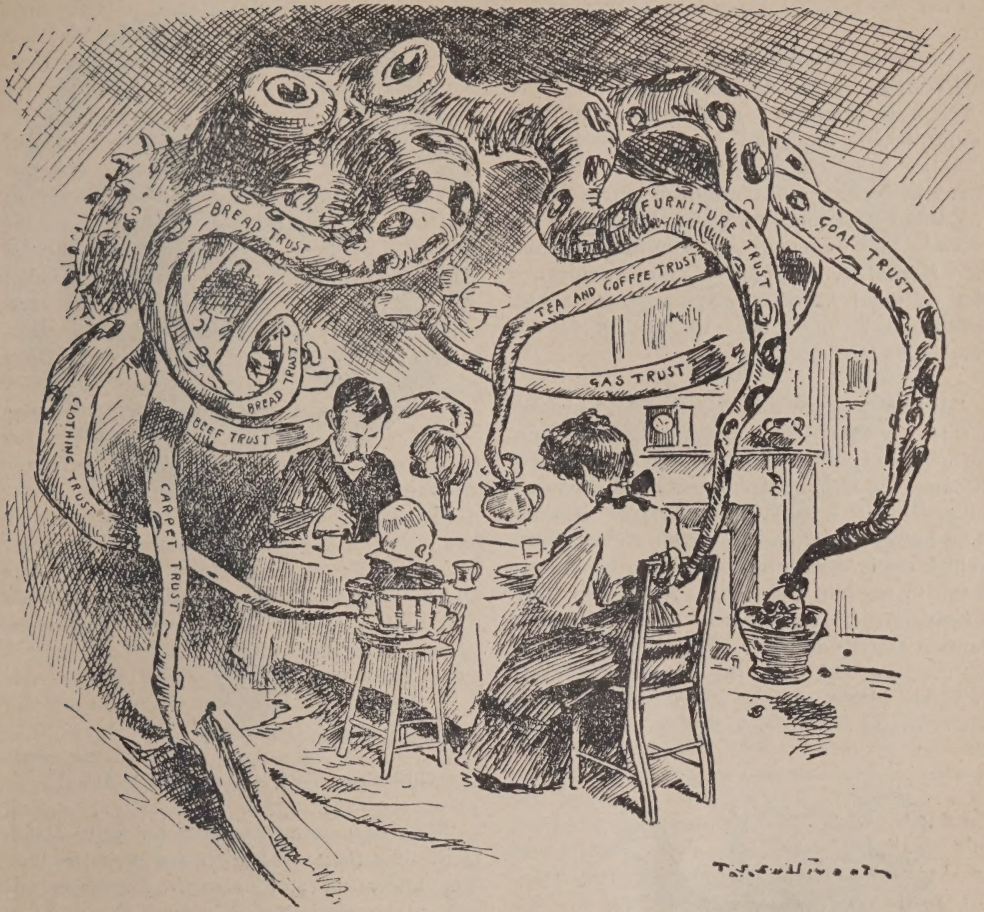
PARKER—(As the votes continue to pour in like an avalanche)—"I tell you money did it, money did it, did it —wow!"



Osborn, in Philadelphia Press.

STILL HOPEFUL.

BRYAN—(As he emerges from the cyclone-cellar and looks around at the wreck)—"Ahem! I think things need a little reorganization with me as the reorganizer."



Sullivan, in New York American.

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THE OCTOPUS

in our land of boasted equality, one per cent. of the families have more wealth than the other ninety-nine per cent., and that one-eighth have seven times as much as all the rest.

"A comprehensive study by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, based upon no less than 432,000 laborers, shows that in 1900 of the total, 65.81 per cent. were receiving less than \$10 a week, while of the minors of both sexes 71.86 per cent. were receiving less than \$6. Yet wages such as these are in return for the faithful honest use of the laborers' productive powers, during long hours of exhausting toil, under conditions often perilous to the health and safety of the workers. The hours are so long that many a working man has as a matter of sober fact, no real participation in the fruits of our much-vaunted Christian civilization, has not time to form and

enjoy friendships, can indeed scarcely know his own wife and children.

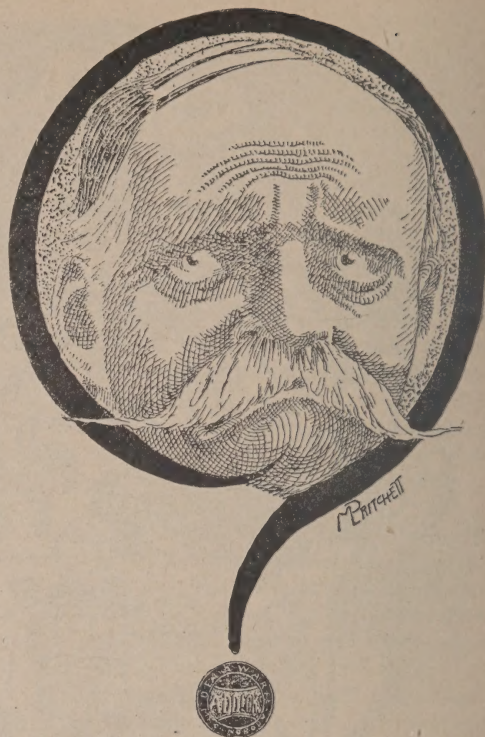
"I cannot doubt that the labor problem is the great problem of the near future in America as well as in other lands, nor that it is a problem, which far overshadows in importance all the problems of our earlier political history, the currency, imperialism, the tariff, even slavery itself."

If the republic is to live, the feudalism of wealth that has through corrupt practices secured a preponderating influence in government, must be overthrown. The people must again become the real as well as the theoretical rulers, and the public servants must be taught that they are indeed servants and not irresponsible masters.

TWO PARAMOUNT ECONOMIC QUESTIONS.

GREAT interest has been awakened among our readers by Dr. Holder's paper on "The Dragon in America" and Joaquin Miller's reply, which appeared in the August and October numbers of *THE ARENA*. Among many interesting and thoughtful letters touching these contributions which have been received, the following communication from Mr. Herbert A. Hodge, General Organizer of the National Farmers' Exchange, is so suggestive and timely that we give it to our readers:

"It seems to me that Mr. Miller is at fault on two points. The children ('daughters,' he speaks of) of laboring men are not in school because the fathers cannot meet the necessary bills. Their income is not large enough. The hiring of a domestic—even a cheap little yellow man—would not add to the income, so I fail to see how that would remedy matters. Cheapening the cost of labor in one avenue of human activity tends to cheapen labor-cost in *all* avenues. If, then, this cheapening comes through lower wages, it means inevitably lower wages for all wage-takers.



Pritchett, in Philadelphia Record.

ADDICKS.—"WHO SAID I WAS BUSTED?"



Scott, in New York Telegram.

"DE-LIGHT-ED!"

"The paramount question for us to decide is the *distribution* of what we now produce. The ability of California fruit-growers and railroad corporations to secure cheap labor, the presence of cheap, efficient domestic servants for *one-tenth* of the householders of California—or Eastern—cities, will not help us solve the question of distribution. The importation of any quantity of cheap, industrious yellow men *who labor for individuals and not for all of us* must tend to make conditions harder for all wage-earners in all parts of the country.

"A democracy needs self-reliant citizens—not servants; and self-reliant citizens can only be trained by doing things for themselves. A democracy must rest on equality and the absence of classes. To hire alien people, no matter how cheap and efficient, with the express intention of securing servants, looks like a step backward."

The two points emphasized by Mr. Hodge are fundamental facts that cannot be too impressively or insistently dwelt upon.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP AND COÖPERATION.

TRIUMPHANT RESULTS OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN PARIS.

WHILE America continues to pay millions upon millions of dollars annually into the pockets of the private corporations that operate public utilities, and receives in many cases very inadequate service in return, European municipalities are one by one taking over these immensely valuable natural monopolies and operating them for the good of all the people. One of the latest and most striking demonstrations of the wisdom and practicality of municipal-ownership of traction-companies is offered by Paris. In a recent interview M. Deville, president of the board of aldermen of Paris, gave some extremely interesting and important facts relating to the experience of the French capital under private and public ownership. He showed that for a quarter of a century Paris implored, threatened and commanded the traction-companies to give the city better service, but all to no purpose.

"Finally," he observed, "the city took things into its own hands. The result is that we have the best and at the same time the cheapest system of intramural transit in Europe, and are making money, which will be used later to rescue Paris from the clutches of incompetent and greedy private gas-companies. There is every sign that when the entire metro-



Bush, in New York World.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

politan system is completed the surface monopoly lines will be driven out of business. All this has come to pass because we took the bull by the horns and determined to restore the people to their rights. Thousands of Parisians wear happy smiles this morning on account of the new possibility of reaching the heart of the city in fifteen minutes from any point on its circumference, in clean, comfortable, well-lighted cars, in which three cents gives a seat as well as a ride for ten miles."

What Paris has done New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and every other American municipality should do, and, let us add, will do when the people are awakened to the duty they owe to their own pocket-books as well as the high duty they owe as citizens of a free commonwealth to check corruption and graft in government and promote public economy, efficient service and wisdom in the larger affairs of life. We use these expressions advisedly. The tax-payers are every year putting into the pockets of the Boston Elevated Railway Company between three and four million dollars in net earnings, and in return are subjected to a shamefully inadequate service. Under municipal-ownership the service would be incalculably improved, while the tax-payers and traveling public would be enriched by the saving of millions of dollars annually. Secondly, not only would the



Bartholemew, in Minneapolis Journal.

MAKING UP TO THE WIDOW.

citizens thus enrich themselves through public-ownership, but they would be destroying the greatest feeders and promoters of graft, corruption and political degeneration in present-day life; as almost every political scandal and sickening exposure of corruption in municipal and state affairs, from the days of the Tweed ring down to the present time, has revealed the fact that a chief, and often the chief, influence in promoting political corruption, debauchery and betrayal of public trust by the people's servants was found in the private corporations operating public utilities and that to-day have the American municipalities by the throat through their control of the political machines, party-bosses and the great daily press.

Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, Paris, and scores of other Old World cities are showing the way. How much longer will our municipalities remain camp-followers in the march of progress?

A MUNICIPAL THEATER IN MINNESOTA.

FRIENDS of the drama in America, and especially those who appreciate the enormous potential value of the theater as a factor in the education of heart and brain, will be deeply interested in the success of the new municipal theater at Red Wing, Minnesota. Under trust domination the theater has of late years more and more catered to a frivolous when not a vicious taste. The box-office receipts rather than the production at reasonable profits of noble and wholesome dramas which are literature and whose influence could not fail to

broaden and deepen the culture and lift the ideals of the audience, have been too frequently the supreme object of the theatrical managers, with the result that the public taste has been educated downward and the popular appetite has been taught to seek the frivolous and the shallow, or the unwholesomely erotic plays. The establishment of a National Art Theater, as already pointed out in *THE ARENA*, would do much toward correcting this evil. It would give our more thoughtful and earnest-minded citizens the privilege of enjoying great plays, while it would also afford an opportunity for really fine dramas—that is, plays that rank as literature and which are essentially educative in the highest sense of the term—to be adequately presented.

Another institution that if well conducted would accomplish much along this line is the municipal theater. The success and wholesome influence of such play-houses in the Old World emphasizes the practicality as well as the educational value of such institutions.

The facts connected with the Red Wing, Minnesota, theater are interesting and suggestive. The late T. B. Sheldon left funds for the theater which was to be presented to the city, to be operated by the municipality for the benefit of the community. From the donation thus made a beautiful little theater, known as the Sheldon Memorial Auditorium, has been erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars. The seating capacity is about fifteen hundred, but in order to make it comfortable only one thousand seats have been placed in the building. The house is heated by steam, lighted by gas and electricity, and what is especially interesting and commendable is the liberal spirit shown in regard to the comfort of the actors. There are fourteen handsomely-furnished dressing-rooms, all supplied with hot and cold water. The paramount purpose of the city is to make the theater a wholesome educational influence in the community. For this reason only strictly first-class attractions will be presented, while the prices will be made very moderate, as the city does not seek to make the municipal theater a money-making enterprise. We shall not be surprised if Red Wing proves to be the pioneer city in the inauguration of a movement that shall become popular and general throughout America. The stage can be made one of the most powerful educational factors in the country. It can be utilized as a positive engine for progress, so as to exalt the ideals and minister to the



Morgan, in *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—SEARCHING FOR A PARTY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

DR. BRYAN.—“The carnage was certainly fearful. I shall be lucky if I find the Party I’m looking for.”

highest cravings of the mind; and it should be the settled aim of men and women of progress in every community to aid in fostering a sentiment favorable to municipal theaters that could easily be made efficient auxiliaries to the public schools in broadening the culture, stimulating the brain and elevating the concepts of the people.

A SUCCESSFUL COÖPERATIVE MARKET.

A SUCCESSFUL experiment in coöperation among the toilers has been in progress during the past six months in Oakland, California, which is likely to lead to extension of coöperative work in marketing, much as the coöperative work among the farmers in handling grain has extended and grown until our agrarian population in Kansas, Nebraska and adjoining states is to-day realizing tens of thousands of dollars which up to the time of the establishment of their association went into the pockets of the elevator-trust. The story of the Oakland coöperative market is briefly as follows:

Last March the employing butchers of Oakland refused to grant their employees the same conditions which obtained in San Francisco. The wholesalers united with the largest butchers of the exchange in a coercive movement against the smaller dealers who were favorable to the union men, compelling them under threat of shutting off their supplies to discharge the union men. In this extremity the union butchers conceived the idea of establishing a coöperative market. Ex-Mayor J. L. Davie of Oakland, who was one of the discharged union men, took the initiative and leadership in the movement. The responses were beyond the most sanguine expectations of the coöperators, and early in June a wholesale market and one retail shop were opened.

The venture proved a signal success from the outset, and since its inauguration three additional retail markets have been opened, the wholesale plant has been enlarged, and a sausage factory established. All the discharged employees who remained loyal to the union are now employed in the coöperative markets under the conditions which were demanded but refused by the butchers' exchange. As all business is conducted on a strictly cash basis there is little danger of failure in the future, since the entire plant is paid for. A recent issue of the *Labor Clarion* states that "the directors are now considering the question of opening two more retail markets in Oakland and extending the business to San Francisco." This paper also thus explains the coöperative feature of the enterprise in which the public has a general interest:

"The Coöperative Meat Company has practically brought the consumer and the producer together, eliminating the wholesaler and jobber, and the profits of the two latter go to the former. When the company was formed it was decided that no individual should be allowed to purchase more than one share of stock, which was sold for \$10. These shareholders pay the company the retail market price for meat, and an account is kept of the meat purchased. At the end of the year the shareholder will receive a rebate of 10 per cent. on his purchases for the twelve months. Many of the stock-raisers are shareholders in the company, and they are paid for their product the price the retailer under the old system is charged by the local wholesaler. The difference between this price and that paid by the stock-buyers of the big meat firms, such as Miller & Lux and the Western Meat Company, is considerable, and this difference now goes into the pockets of the stock-raiser who is a shareholder in the Coöperative Company."

WORLD ISSUES AND EVENTS.

UNPARALLELED HEALTH RECORD OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

A PAPER of great interest and value was recently read before the Association of Military Surgeons at St. Louis, by Major Louis Seamon. The writer, who is a well-known member of the medical profession connected with our military department, recently returned

from Japan and in this address gave the association the result of his personal observations and the official records up to July first relating to the health of the Japanese soldiers. His discussion was a revelation to the medical profession and will do much toward proving to the people the fact that through sane, temperate, well-ordered living and proper observance in regard to purity in food and drink, as

well as cleanliness, disease can be reduced to a degree little appreciated heretofore. Thus, for example, Dr. Seamon reports that up to July first no disease such as typhoid fever or intestinal disorders—diseases that have caused such ravages in the armies of the Western world, had appeared. Indeed, so wonderful was the record of the Japanese army that it justified the broad statement that there was no disease present; for the whole number of soldiers dying from all kinds and forms of sickness after their leaving home was but two per cent. of those who were killed in the battles. The significance of these figures will be appreciated when we call to mind the fact that seventy per cent. of our soldiers who died during the Spanish-American war succumbed through disease.

Another most remarkable fact noted by the American physician was that of the thousand Japanese soldiers that up to July first had returned home wounded, not one died. Dr. Seamon holds that this wonderful record is chiefly due to the fact that the Japanese live so hygienically and that wise and rational precautionary measures are taken to prevent sickness. Thus, the soldiers are all thoroughly instructed in regard to the proper food to eat and the hygienic means best calculated to insure health. All water drunk is first thoroughly tested to ascertain if any disease germs are present. Each squad of soldiers carries portable baths, that the bodies of the men



Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

NERVOUS? WELL, SAY!

shall be kept clean, and soldiers are even instructed in the smallest details of health and cleanliness; as, for example, they are advised to keep their finger-nails closely pared and thoroughly cleansed.

When the war broke out a leading Japanese medical authority observed that while Russia might put two million men in the field against Japan's half million, a large per cent. of Russia's soldiers would die from disease, while there would be practically no deaths among the Japanese, save from the weapons of the enemy. The results seem to justify this prediction which at the time it was uttered appeared so extravagant. Japan has taught Western civilization one of the most practical and important lessons relating to public health that has been given man in many years.

THE RUSSIAN PERIL.

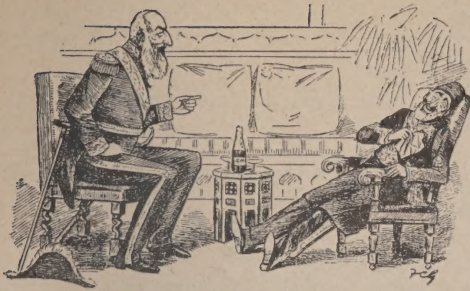
MORAL obloquy not unfrequently leads to mental irresponsibility, an irresponsibility that calls for outside interference in order to protect the lives of the innocent. The action of the Baltic fleet in firing for twenty minutes on a fleet of British fishermen and later concocting a story of the midnight attack by Japanese boats, which they seek to substantiate by the claim that their own vessels were damaged and men wounded through shots from other vessels, would seem to indicate a condition in which moral turpitude is only equaled by mental irresponsibility. We do not doubt but what some of the Russian vessels were hit and that some of her men may have been wounded or killed, for men so crazy as to mistake a peaceable fleet of fishing-craft, carrying the proper signal-lights, for Japanese torpedo-boats, or so ignorant of the signal-lights



Bartholemew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

"SEEN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

"I woke up in the dark and saw things standin' in a row, a-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!"



From the London *Westminster Gazette*.

CONGO—ARMENIA

THE SULTAN.—"Mon cher Leopold, comme ils sont droles, cest moralistes!"

(Earl Percy, in speaking during the Congo debate in the House of Commons, said that Turkey is one of the Powers giving earnest consideration to the British Note with regard to the Congo State.)

which their own vessels should carry as to mistake these craft for those of the enemy thousands of miles distant, would be likely to shoot at their own vessels. There would be nothing surprising in such action in view of Russia's faculty for blundering and the aptitude she has shown in sinking her own ships. But the fact remains that a nation so irresponsible as Russia is a peril to all other nations. Her ships are likely to sink any peaceable vessel that might come within their range. Indeed, the press dispatches state that Norwegian, German and Danish vessels were all fired upon by



Morgan, in *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

NERVELESS NICHOLAS.—"She certainly is trying to flirt with me. Oh, if I only had the nerve to speak!"

these madmen of the sea. Russia has had much to say about the yellow peril, but if Japan had been guilty of a hundredth part of the offences against morality, integrity and humanity that Russia has committed since she violated her solemn pledge given to the civilized world to evacuate Manchuria, there might be some foundation for the cry. As it is, civilization has no greater outside peril to face than the morally insane, corrupt and thoroughly barbarous government of the Czar.

APPALLING LOSS OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE SHAKHE RIVER BATTLE.

THE OFFICIAL report given out by the Czar's government of the loss sustained by the Russians in the battle around the Shakhe river, in killed, wounded and missing, is 45,000 soldiers and 800 officers. To realize the essential criminality and barbarity of unjustifiable war, such as Russia is waging, one has only to go in imagination to the thousands of homes of the Russians where the prop of the family, the hard-working father, was ruthlessly taken from his wife and babes, almost driven in many cases, as Tolstoi clearly showed in his recent utterance. That father was once a happy child, reared in love. He became a man, loved in turn, won the girl of his choice, builded his little home; children came, all depending on the father's labors, and all went well until he was suddenly ordered to the front to help hold a territory Russia had



Bushnell, in *Nashville American*.

ONLY WAITING.

Detention of a portion of the Russian Baltic Fleet at Vigo, Spain, will delay for a while their joining the Port Arthur Squadron.

Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

UNDER CONTROL.

stolen from the Chinese. He was thus torn from his wife and little ones, and to-day they are facing winter, perhaps foodless and fireless, and at best with poverty dogging their steps. And such is the story that thus far could be truthfully written of thousands of homes in Russia which have been despoiled of their staff and prop through the criminality of the government of the Czar.

THE GREAT PEACE CONGRESS.

THE GREAT Peace Congress held in Boston witnessed the assemblage of a band of as noble men and women pledged to the higher civilization as was ever gathered together in behalf of a great moral issue. The thoughts expressed and views exchanged cannot fail to add to the great ground-swell that is coming, despite many signs that to superficial thinkers point to the maintenance of the old regime of bloodshed and devastation incident to war. Every such congress further educates the intellect and arouses the conscience of the people, and makes public sentiment hostile to war; and it is to this enlightened and informed public sentiment that we must look for the abolition

of war. We believe that in spite of the appearances unfavorable to the spread of a compelling peace sentiment, the mind of the Christian world is being made fallow, and that the hour approaches when the wisdom of statesmanship and the might of public sentiment will be cast in the balance for peace.

ARBITRATION'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

ONE OF the most important recent victories for civilization was achieved when France invoked the principle of The Hague Convention to avert war between England and Russia at a moment when the arbitrament of force seemed inevitable. Had it not been for The Hague Congress, the popular education that has followed as a result of its establishment, and the precedents already established by settlements through arbitration under its general provisions, there can be no doubt but what to-day England and Russia would have been at each other's throats, with France dragged in to defend her brutal ally and with a strong probability also of Germany taking a hand in an effort to destroy the prestige of Great Britain on the high seas.

THE DRAMA.

MISS O'NEILL IN BOSTON.

A FEW months ago we ventured the prediction that in Nance O'Neill, the remarkable young tragedienne who last winter and spring achieved one of the most signal victories ever won by an actress in Boston, America had a rising tragedienne who promised to become second to no great woman artist of our time and land. Early in October Miss O'Neill returned to Boston for a one-week engagement, during which time she crowded the Tremont Theater with a highly-cultured and enthusiastic audience. Her success was in every respect most pronounced. On this occasion she produced Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, Sudermann's *Magda*, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Judith of Bethulia*. In each role she demonstrated the possession of real genius by merging her individuality into the character portrayed in a most astonishing degree. In *Hedda Gabler*, for example, it appeared that she could be nothing else, so completely did she shadow forth that terrible modern impersonation of a body without a soul,—the type of the moral maniac who naturally moves toward mental insanity, with suicide at the goal. But on the other hand, when she appeared as *Judith* there was no trace of the woman of Ibsen's brain, no trace of that Northern type that has become so startlingly common under the hot-house conditions of modern urban life; but in its place stood before us as clear and strong an impersonation of the self-hypnotized sybil of the tropic lands—the religious fanatic whose ecstasy has completely overmastered her rational processes, until she is the slave of a phantom—as could be imagined.

That Miss O'Neill's work is in the nature of the case marred by certain palpable faults, there can be no question. She is very young to play many of the parts which she enacts with such remarkable power and fidelity, and it is not to be expected that her work will at the present time be marked by the finish of those who have long been before the footlights. Again, she lacks somewhat in grace and ease in her movements, and her bow, both during the performance and before the footlights, is stiff and awkward. These faults,—indeed, all her faults—are those which time and experience, it is reasonable to believe, will overcome;

while above and beyond them rises her unquestioned genius. In Nance O'Neill we believe America possesses a tragedienne who will ere long rank with the greatest dramatic artists that the republic has produced.

As to the kind of reception that will be accorded her in New York, it is difficult to say, for the metropolis is so given over to light and frivolous productions that great serious work, unless it comes with the stamp of foreign approval, is less likely to score a success when first presented than in a center like Boston, where strong serious work that evinces real talent and merit never fails of an appreciative audience. Thus, for example, Julia Marlowe was so mercilessly attacked by the critics in New York that she long played to almost empty houses in that city, while Boston was quick to appreciate her merit. We remember several years ago seeing her play to empty benches in New York, while a short time later she came to Boston and played before crowded houses. In time the metropolis was compelled to recognize her worth. It may be so with Miss O'Neill. Boston's hearty acceptance of the actress was on account of her merit and that alone. Her phenomenal success here was due solely to her great genius.

"PARSIFAL" IN BOSTON.

THE GREAT musical event of the season in Boston was the magnificent presentation of *Parsifal* in English by Mr. H. W. Savage's grand-opera company. This noble religious music-drama was presented without the slightest abbreviation of the original text, with superb stage scenery, rich costumes, and by a remarkably intelligent and competent company of interpreters. The solemn and deeply religious spirit that the great master desired should always mark its presentation was carefully preserved. Our description of *Parsifal* as it was presented under Wagner's supervision, which appeared in THE ARENA a year ago this month, would have been equally applicable to this production, with the single exception of the costume of Gurnemanz in the last act. It would be difficult to overestimate the educational value to a community of so noble a creation as *Parsifal* so admirably presented and at comparatively low prices.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Little Book of Life After Death. From the German of Gustav Theodore Fechner. Translated by M. E. Wadsworth. With introduction by Professor William James. Cloth. Pp. 108. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THIS extraordinary work from the pen of one of Germany's many-sided philosophers of the nineteenth century contains as bold a speculative theory of the future life, promulgated by a great thinker who lays no claim to the possession of any supernatural or occult sources of information, as can be found in literature. Of the standing of the philosopher so eminent a thinker as Professor William James of Harvard, who contributes a luminous introduction says:

"Fechner's name lives in physics as that of one of the earliest and best determiners of electrical constants, also as that of the best systematic defender of the atomic theory. In psychology it is a commonplace to glorify him as the first user of experimental methods, and the first aimer at exactitude in facts. In cosmology he is known as the author of a system of evolution which, while taking great account of physical details and mechanical conceptions, makes consciousness correlative to and coëval with the whole physical world. In literature he has made his mark by certain half-humoristic, half-philosophic essays published under the name of Dr. Mises—indeed the present booklet originally appeared under that name. In esthetics he may lay claim to be the earliest systematically empirical student. In metaphysics he is not only the author of an independently-reasoned ethical system, but of a theological theory worked out in great detail. His mind, in short, was one of those multitudinously-organized cross-roads of truth, which are occupied only at rare intervals by children of men, and from which nothing is either too far or too near to be seen in due perspective.

Patient observation and daring imagination dwelt hand in hand in Fechner; and perception, reasoning, and feeling all flourished on the largest scale without interfering either with the other's function."

This work was first written in 1838, but it appeared just as the great wave of positivism was engulfing the transcendental and idealistic thought of the age, and for a time it attracted little attention. During the last quarter of a century, however, it has steadily gained in popularity and several editions have already been exhausted. The heart of Fechner's message is found in these oracular declarations from the first chapter:

"Man lives upon the earth not once, but three times. His first stage of life is a continuous sleep; the second is an alternation between sleeping and waking; the third is an eternal waking.

"In the first stage man lives alone in darkness; in the second he lives with companions, near and among others, but detached and in a light which pictures for him the exterior; in the third his life is merged with that of other souls into the higher life of the Supreme Spirit, and he discerns the reality of ultimate things.

"In the first stage the body is developed from the germ and evolves its equipment for the second; in the second the spirit unfolds from its seed-bud and realizes its powers for the third; in the third is developed the divine spark which lies in every human soul, and which, already here through perception, faith, feeling, the intuition of Genius, demonstrates the world beyond man—to the soul in the third stage as clear as day, though to us obscure.

"The passing from the first to the second stage is called birth; the transition from the second to the third is called death."

The volume is devoted to the elucidation of these thoughts. The philosopher is at all times bold, direct and confident; he is as dogmatic as a theologian, as positive as though he

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

had been upon Sinai and communed face to face with the Infinite. Yet notwithstanding this, the comparative lucidity of thought and aptness for happy illustrations render the work far more fascinating and suggestive than most volumes dealing with the problem of the future life. There is here much that is more plausible than the theories advanced in most of the alleged revelations of the to-morrow of life as found in the bibles of the world; while among purely speculative treatises on this theme Fechner's thought impresses us as being more rational than that of most philosophers who have sought to solve Job's problem without recourse to dicta that assume to come from beyond the veil.

It is impossible at the present time to discuss this book as fully as we could desire, and we must therefore content ourselves with the following brief excerpts which will illustrate the author's style and something of his thought:

"The problems of our present spiritual life, the thirst for the discovery of truth, which here seems to profit us but little, the striving of every genuine soul to accomplish things which are merely for the good of posterity, conscience, and the repentance that arouses in us an unfathomable distress for bad actions, even though they bring us no disadvantage here, rise from haunting presentiments of what all this will bring to us in that world in which the fruit of our slightest and most hidden activity becomes a part of our true self. This is the great justice of creation, that every one makes for himself the conditions of his future life.

"Man uses many means to one end; God one means to many ends.

"The plant thinks it is in its place for its own purpose, to grow, to toss in the wind, to drink in light and air, to prepare fragrance and color for its own adornment, to play with beetles and bees. It is indeed there for itself, but at the same time it is only one pore of the earth, in which light, air and water meet and mingle in processes important to the whole earthly life; it is there in order that the earth may exhale, breathe, weave for itself a green garment and provide nourishment, raiment and warmth for men and animals. Man thinks that he is in his place for himself alone, for amusement, for work, and getting his bodily and mental growth; he, too, is indeed there for himself; but his body and mind are also but a dwelling-place into which new and

higher impulses enter, mingle, and develop, and engage in all sorts of processes together, which both constitute the feeling and thinking of the man, and have their higher meaning for the third stage of life.

"I saw once a mother anxiously seeking through garden and house for her living child which she was carrying in her arms. Still more mistaken is he who seeks his dead in a remote and deserted place, when he had but to look within to find him still present. And if he does not find him wholly there, did the mother then completely possess her child even while she was carrying him in her arms?

"Woe to him who is followed by execration, cursing, and a memory full of dread. Those whom he influenced in this life will not release him in death; this belongs to the hell which is awaiting him. Every reproach that pursues him is like an arrow which, with sure aim, enters into his inmost soul.

"The longing in every man to meet again after death those who were most dear to him here, to have communication with them, renewing the old relations, will be satisfied in a more perfect degree than was ever anticipated or hoped for."

This work will prove highly interesting to many who will not find the author at all times convincing,—and, indeed, what philosopher is wholly convincing who undertakes from purely rationalistic deductions to solve the stupendous riddle of the ages? Still the effort is a noble one, and the ideals that animate the philosopher are lofty. The dream of the future life that to him is so real, so reasonable, so conclusive, is based on an order that is nothing if not moral—a life in which consequences follow causes as day the night, and wherein every noble, pure and lofty thought or deed lifts the soul and throws a golden thread into the fabric of the future life.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideals.
By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Cloth.
Pp. 336. Price, \$2.50 net. New York:
Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE AUTHOR of this work possesses most of the essentials requisite for a master in biographical writing. He is in thorough rapport with his subject and the ideals for which his

hero fought. He has evidently made as thorough a study of the subject as the material yet at the command of the public rendered possible. He is therefore admirably equipped for his work. He has saturated his mind with his subject,—so much so that he seems to be able to see things exactly as did the great statesman, or at least to see them as Disraeli would have had the masses think he saw them. He has fine control of language and a clever faculty of contrasting opposites in such a way that while he may not greatly disparage the one, he heightens the effect of the other so as to make that with which he is in sympathy appear to the superficial reader and to those unacquainted with the history of the age in which Disraeli lived, to incomparably better advantage than the opposite views or personality. A striking case of this character is found in the comparison that Mr. Sichel institutes between Disraeli and Gladstone, in which the former is made to appear the far greater statesman.

On the other hand, our author has that which in a biographer is a real vice when carried to extremes. He is nothing if not a special pleader. His whole heart is with Disraeli and he champions his views in such a manner that they appear to be at once the fruits of high ethical ideals and of a far-reaching intellectual vision. In this respect he reminds us of Froude when the latter is indulging in his special pleading for Henry VIII. It is brilliant, ingenious, and, if you are unacquainted with the facts, it may be convincing.

Another weakness is found in taking the glittering generalities and specious justifications of Disraeli for his policy as the expression of facts and as illustrations of the results that could or would follow the theories which the great Hebrew statesman sought to substitute for the rising tide of democracy that expressed itself in the splendid current of nineteenth-century liberalism under the masterly guidance of such statesmen as Gladstone, Cobden, Bright and Morley. Disraeli always assumed that his reactionary course was for the good of the people and the conservation of the dearest rights that had been obtained for them, just as time and again monarchs and tyrants have justified their acts on the ground of public policy and the weal of the people. A Charles the First of England, a Louis the Fourteenth of France, or even a Philip the Second of Spain ever assumed that what was done was for the highest good of the people; but the trouble lay in the fact that the

interested individual assumed to be the sole judge of what was best for other men, while his acts were such as frequently to be oppressive and contrary to the happiness, development and prosperity of the masses, who were assumed to be incapable of knowing what was best for them. In judging Disraeli it is not his words but the drift, the spirit, the tendency of his ideas, thoughts and acts that must be our criterion; and these were reactionary. They were ever for the bulwarking of the throne and the hereditary aristocracy. They were opposed to the spirit and genius of democracy, as Gladstone's were favorable to free institutions. The strong reactionary and imperialistic currents that have been responsible for so many crimes against freedom and humanity during the Salisbury-Balfour-Chamberlain domination were the legitimate offspring of the statesmanship of Benjamin Disraeli, just as the fact that in many respects England during the last half of the nineteenth century became more republican than America and a greater conservator of the rights of the individual was due to the incessant battle waged by the Liberal giants against whom Disraeli was pitted.

The great Hebrew statesman was one of the most brilliant intellects of the political life of the last century. He was one of the most specious special-pleaders of his age, a man who could make what in the hands of one less skilled would appear a glaring fallacy, seem for the time being to be a self-evident fact or a logical deduction. He was a wizard with words, a shrewd, far-seeing, optimistic egoist, just as his great antagonist was a mighty conscience-force that made for liberalism and democracy. The political position on most questions, especially relating to internal affairs, taken by Disraeli was not only inimical to the genius of democracy and an expanding free government, but his views were especially pernicious because they were such adroit presentations of the fallacies and sophistries of class-interests and reactionary ideals. As Gladstone represented on the whole and in his ever-developing conceptions and broadening range of vision the spirit of democratic progress and justice for all, Disraeli represented reaction, class-privileges and the mastership of the many by arbitrary authority. He distrusted the people. He declared that "the paroxysm of the French Revolution produced two hollow fictions: the rights of man and the sovereignty of the people," and he held that

all systems builded on the these concepts must fail, because "man is born to adore and to obey." These observations are characteristically Disraelian. They handle facts of history with scant regard for strict verity. They assume as facts things which are unproven, and state as truisms things that cannot be established and that the vast majority of enlightened and thoughtful people reject.

Disraeli commenced his public life as an extreme Radical, but made little progress along the highway of popularity. When he beheld the Conservative party furious beyond measure because its great leader had gone over to the Free-Traders, he saw his opportunity and improved it by one of the most bitter and brilliant philippics ever heard in the House of Commons; an attack against Sir Robert Peel that was greeted by the ultra-Conservatives with rounds of applause. From that hour the die was cast. Disraeli felt that his future would be best conserved by strict adherence to the interests of throne and aristocracy. He became the leading spirit of reaction, the prop of the nobility and throne against which the waves of democracy beat. The fundamental weakness of his position as a statesman lay not in intellectual limitations, or in any inability to penetrate into the heart of the most cunning diplomacy, but in the fact that his position was reactionary and *en rapport* with the theories of thrones and hereditary aristocracies instead of the broader, truer, nobler and juster ideals of democracy which the revolutionary epoch that he held in contempt had inaugurated, and in the fact that egoism rather than altruism dominated his life. He placed intellectual opportunism before conscience or the high demands of justice for all the people.

Those who read this volume and who would gain a just and true knowledge of the relative worth of Disraeli and Gladstone and of the ideals and policies for which they stood, should not fail to carefully peruse John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* as well as the best histories of England during the Victorian era.

The Youth of Washington. By S. Weir Mitchell. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

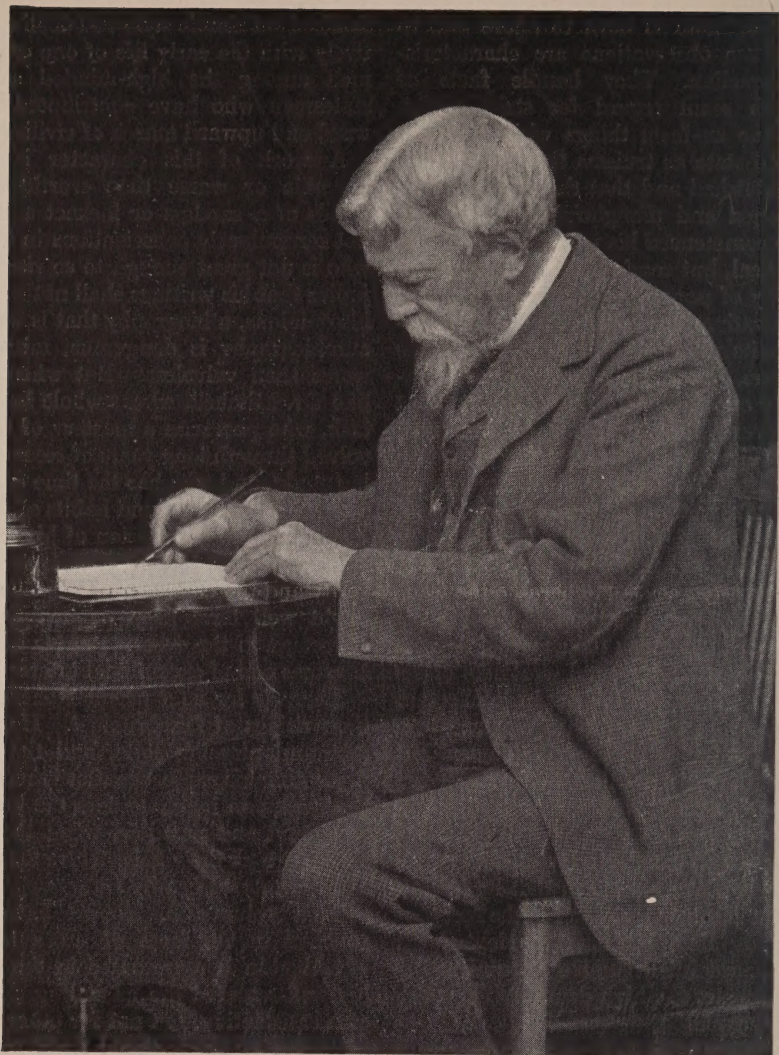
THIS is a volume that it affords us pleasure to recommend to our readers. It is a kind of literature that cannot be too widely circulated, being at once instructive, wholesome and inspiring while possessing much of the fascina-

tion of romance clothed in the charm of a finished yet simple style and dealing authoritatively with the early life of one of the noblest men among the high-minded soldiers and statesmen who have contributed to the onward and upward march of civilization.

A work of this character is potentially valuable or worse than worthless. In the hands of a careless or inexact author or one not scrupulously conscientious in his work, or who is not great enough to so rise above prejudice that his writings shall not be colored by his opinions, a biography that is written as an autobiography is dangerous, misleading and worse than valueless. But when an author like Dr. Mitchell, whose whole heart is in his task, who possesses a mastery of the facts involved through long years of research and loving study, and who has the time and ability to so enter into the life and habits of thought and the methods of expression of his subject as to produce a work that rings so true to historical verity and the character of Washington that it might well have been penned by the great statesman in the eventide of his life, the work becomes one of exceptional interest and value.

There is for us a peculiar charm about all the writings of Dr. Mitchell. He possesses a rare and pleasing style, and the method of presenting his subject-matter is such as to lure the reader on much as does the beauty of the woodland and meadow, when the flowers of spring are at their height, lure the eager child from beauty to beauty.

This volume is, as we have observed, couched in the form of an autobiography. Washington is represented in the eventide of his well-rounded life as setting down for his own satisfaction, but not for other eyes, reminiscences of his boyhood days, much as did the Emperor Marcus Aurelius set down his wonderful philosophical meditations, which were penned for no eyes save his own. The facts here given are the fruit of exhaustive study into all authentic sources of information bearing on the youth and early manhood of Washington. This gives the story the value of being faithful and authentic in matters of historical detail. Next the author, with the gift that is possessed by writers of ability who can come into intimate or sympathetic relation with other lives, has succeeded in entering so completely into *rapport* with Washington that he has been able in a remarkable degree to sink his own individuality—to lose himself as it were and for the time being to live and be the



S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of *The Youth of Washington*, *Hugh Wynne*, etc.

great patriot chief, writing of his boyhood and giving to it here and there an added interest by introducing later events which would naturally be suggested to Washington were he thus penning the story of his boyhood life after the sweep of those fateful years in which he occupied so commanding a position. Being written in the first person, the story, unlike most biographical literature, is vibrant with human life and interest. The reader is made to see the living Washington, to feel the charm and power of his personality and to thus understand his real youth in a way that

would be impossible if depicted in an ordinary biography, unless the reader possessed an exceptional imagination. The volume is refreshing in its modesty, simplicity and directness of style. It is exactly such a work as we would expect from the pen of Washington, which is to say that it is diametrically opposite to the flamboyant, pseudo-heroic, egotistical novels that have surfeited to satiety even the shallow-minded during recent years. It is as interesting as a well-written romance, as valuable as a carefully and conscientiously compiled biography, and it deals with the

boyhood of one whose life was a splendid evolution as well as a priceless possession of democracy.

William Shakespeare: Pedagogue and Poacher.

A Drama by Richard Garnett. Cloth. Pp. 112. Price, \$1.25. New York: John Lane.

THIS drama is supposed to deal with the poaching episodes that immediately preceded the exit of William Shakespeare from Stratford. In it the great dramatist, his wife and Lady Lucy are represented as being decidedly lax in their morals, while Sir Thomas Lucy is an impossible simpleton. Shakespeare is represented as a school-master who has won the love and admiration of the boys by reason of his telling wonderful stories, reading to them from books of adventure and the quaint and interesting lives of old-time heroes, and taking them on excursions into the woods and dells to snare rabbits and catch other game. Shakespeare has ere this won the heart of her who is now the young wife of Sir Thomas Lucy with his wonderful poetry, his well-woven tales of love, his romantic speech and overflowing life. That their relations have been intimate is strongly hinted, while the evident desire of the lady to have her one-time lover so compromised in other directions as to compel him to leave the shire gives additional emphasis to the tales on the wagging tongues of the gossips.

Anne Hathaway, so much older than the poet, one of many maids of various ages with whom the dramatist is represented as having been on intimate terms, fails to secure Shakespeare as she hoped to do, until her brothers, breaking in upon the lovers at an unsuspected moment, compel the young poet to take her to wife. The marriage, naturally enough, is anything but congenial, and Anne, who now assumes the role of an ultra-moral matron, is ever on the lookout for some evidences of her husband's infidelity. When at length he tells her he intends leaving for London and becoming an actor and dramatist, and that he has already described her in part in a play he has written entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*, her indignation knows no bounds.

Shortly after this Shakespeare and the boys of his school are apprehended while poaching on Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds. Next follows the trial scene, in which the poet defends his course on the ground that Sir Thomas has robbed the people of their lands and sustenance.

These charges are not calculated to mollify the irate knight, who forthwith condemns the prisoner to be lashed, imprisoned for a certain period, and then banished from the shire. Before the execution of the sentence however, the Earl of Leicester arrives with a command for Shakespeare to report at court, where the Queen desires to hear him read a certain comedy of which a maid of honor has spoken, entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. The poet leaves in triumph, while Sir Thomas is ordered by Leicester to support Anne Hathaway and Shakespeare's children during his absence from Stratford.

The play, although containing some admirable lines, does not impress us as being particularly brilliant in dialogue or otherwise attractive.

Plays. By Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Cloth. Pp. 250. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE PLAYS of Count Tolstoi, which constitute the second volume of the handsome new edition of the works of Russia's greatest moral and intellectual light, will, we think, prove the least interesting to American readers of any of his works, not only because dramas are a little-read form of literature with us, but because of the difficulty of holding in the mind the great number of personages whose names would tax a lexicographer to remember and a linguist unacquainted with the Russian language to pronounce, and the intensely modern realistic or veritistic methods of the author, which like those of Ibsen and Sudermann appeal with great force to the few, but are not attractive to the general reader who, if he must peruse a drama, desires that it shall be written in a bright, nervous manner, with plenty of action and sufficiently suggestive to keep the imagination stimulated.

The present volume consists of three plays and a folk-lore tale entitled *The Imp and the Crust*. The plays are *The Power of Darkness*, *The First Distiller*, and *Fruits of Culture*. *The Power of Darkness* and *Fruits of Culture* chiefly call for notice. *The First Distiller* is not regarded, even by the author, as of much importance. *The Power of Darkness* is unquestionably Tolstoi's greatest as it is his most gloomy dramatic creation. Of this the translators rightly observe that it "is intensely

moral, terrible in its earnestness and force, but somber almost to the last degree. Tolstoi might well have been thinking of some of its scenes, when, in *What is Art?* he declared that: 'Many things the production of which does not afford pleasure to the producer, and the sensation received from which is unpleasant, such as gloomy, heart-rendering scenes in a play, may, nevertheless, be undoubted works of art.'

Fruits of Culture represents the author in a role rarely seen, as the writer of a light work—one preëminently intended to amuse, or, to be more accurate, a drama which seeks to impress lessons and thoughts which the author holds to be true by means of a work sufficiently light to attract readers who would shun a more gloomy portrayal. Yet in *Fruits of Culture* it seems to us that Tolstoi appears to less advantage than in almost any of his works. His humor is often of the ponderous variety, and though one can feel that the play if acted with consummate art might prove highly entertaining, yet in the hands of poor players it would be execrable. There are plays in which the brilliancy, the sparkle and irresistible humor, wit and satire of the author are sufficient to atone for many lapses on the part of the actors, but this work is not of that number.

What impresses us most strongly in *Fruits of Culture* is the exhibition of the chief limitation of Count Tolstoi as a safe leader of men. The great Russian is one of the noblest prophets of any age, one of the bravest and best men who dignify and ennoble our present civilization, one of the greatest conscience-forces in this or any other age; but his work is marked by the limitations common to men who are overmastered by convictions of right and duty who become great prophets and reformers and in time, through leadership, assume to speak with oracular tongue rather than to rely on deductions based upon personal experience or that familiarity with a subject which alone justifies one in assuming a dogmatic attitude.

In *Fruits of Culture* Count Tolstoi displays his scorn of psychical phenomena that have commanded the most thoughtful consideration and that have established convictions of verity in the minds of several of the greatest scientists and psychologists of our age who have made these phenomena the subject of years of the most patient and exhaustive study. Count Tolstoi in his representation of fraud and gullibility conveys the idea that the presenta-

tion he gives represents the facts or alleged facts of present-day psychic phenomena. Now while there has unquestionably been a vast amount of fraud and deception practiced by men and women wanting in moral rectitude, there is also a vast array of facts about which there can be no reasonable question, that cannot be dismissed on the grounds of ignorance, fraud, gullibility or carelessness on the part of the investigators,—phenomena which have been produced under the most exacting conditions and observed by the finest and most thoroughly trained intellects of the age; and to even intimate that the great accumulation of psychical facts which have been sifted and the verity of which has been thoroughly established, is the result of fraud or trickery is to display a degree of ignorance that is pitiable and extremely unfortunate when it comes from so noble a thinker as Count Tolstoi.

Sir William Crookes, one of the world's most famous chemists and one of the foremost scientific men of our age, has testified to the verity of the most astounding psychical phenomena, but not until after he had spent years in exhaustive personal investigation. So also with Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, second to no physical scientist in England to-day. Camille Flammarion, the great astronomer; Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most eminent scientists of England; the late F. W. H. Myers; Professor William James of Harvard University, and scores of others equally or almost equally eminent men familiar with the modern scientific methods, have all been forced to admit the verity of a large amount of psychical phenomena, after exhaustive investigations. Yet Count Tolstoi would have us believe that these phenomena are without any valid foundation. In the nature of the case the great Russian has not had the training and experience to warrant him in his dogmatic assumptions; yet his position, instead of being tentative or that of the open-minded child of science and truth, is that of the autocratic theologian who has arrived at a conclusion from inadequate investigation fortified by prejudice and preconceived opinions, and who forthwith assumes to speak as an oracle.

We have dwelt at some length upon this point because it illustrates the one great weakness in Count Tolstoi's writings and his propaganda work,—a weakness that constantly appears when he treats certain subjects that do not appeal to him or the works of writers with whom he is not *en rapport*. It is in our judg-

ment the chief flaw in his work and a fault that greatly weakens the good he would otherwise achieve.

The volume is handsomely printed and bound. The American public owes a debt of gratitude to the Funk & Wagnalls Company for giving us the works of this master-mind, published in large, fair type and in volumes that it is a delight to possess.

The Tomb of Burns. By William Watson. Illustrated by D. Y. Cameron. Cloth. Pp. 48. Price, 50 cents net. New York: John Lane.

THIS little volume is number twenty of John Lane's series of famous poems illustrated. It is a noble tribute to one of the world's bravest poet-souls and one of the truest characterizations of Burns which we have in verse. Here are some lines which will be appreciated by all lovers of the poet of freedom:

"He came when poets had forgot
How rich and strange the human lot;
How warm the tints of Life; how hot
Are Love and Hate;
And what makes Truth divine, and what
Makes Manhood great.

No mystic torch through Time he bore,
No virgin veil from Life he tore;
His soul no bright insignia wore
Of starry birth;
He saw what all men see—no more—
In heaven and earth.

But as, when thunder crashes nigh,
All darkness opes one flaming eye,
And the world leaps against the sky,—
So fiery-clear
Did the old truths that we pass by
To him appear.

Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthy humours that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.

A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
That all pursue;
But on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new.

With shattering ire or withering mirth
He smote each worthless claim to worth.
The barren fig-tree cumbering Earth
He would not spare.
Through ancient lies of proudest birth
He drove his share."

This is a dainty little volume that should be highly appreciated by friends of the poet.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger, Ph.D. Cloth. Pp. 284. Price, \$1.10 net. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

THIS volume is a careful, painstaking, compact, yet lucid study of one of the most interesting and important subjects that claim the earnest consideration of all who would assist in the onward and upward movements of the present age. It is divided into four parts, which are devoted to the consideration of "The History and Development of Natural Law," "History of the Doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People," "The American Bills of Rights," and "The French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen."

In a scholarly yet engaging manner the author describes the many attempts through the Middle Ages to safeguard public liberty, and the relation of these movements to the great culminating act in the revolutionary epoch, foreshadowed by such writers as Locke in England, and Rousseau and the Encyclopedists in France, but which was inaugurated in America, where the first Bill of Rights was given to the world.

The chapters in part three which are concerned with the political institutions and doctrines of the American colonists and the American Revolution and the Bills of Rights, are of special interest and value to our people. We are especially gratified to find the author giving proper emphasis to the part our country played in the great revolutionary epoch from the womb of which was born modern democracy. It has been the custom of Old World authorities and writers, and especially of French writers, to minify the part of America, and especially the formulating of the great principles that became and are the guiding principles of democracy. Our author shows clearly and conclusively how great a part our people took as initiators as well as exemplars of democracy.

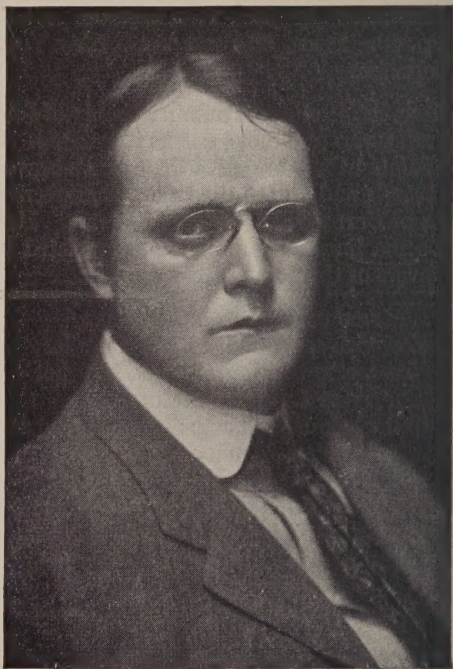
Though the reader may not always concur in the opinions of the author, no thoughtful student of government should fail to carefully peruse this volume. The facts here brought together and presented in a clear and pleasing manner are invaluable to friends of free institutions. Indeed, the volume is one of the really important works for students of social, economic and political problems.

real personalities, such as Jim Fisk, Jay Gould and President Grant are on the whole admirably presented. Grant has been, we think, somewhat idealized, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Isham had not heard from the lips of the late James A. Herne the latter's personal reminiscences of Black Friday. This popular playwright and actor was at that time stage manager for Mr. Fisk at the Grand Opera House, and in the building were the Erie

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE MANY admirers of Mr. Isham's last romance, *Under the Rose*, will hail with pleasure this new novel, *Black Friday*, a story that is incomparably superior to his former work and which, being distinctly American and dealing with one of the most exciting and dramatically tragic passages in the history of the rise of the present feudalism of corporate wealth, will hold a special interest for the American people. The hero of the romance, Richard Strong, is a masterful character who well represents the highest type of manhood among the great business-spirits who have played so large a part in the commercial development of the republic, and who, if from the start they had been held in wholesome restraint by the people's representatives, so that the public should have been the beneficiary of their genius without at the same time being the victim of their unjust spoliation, would have proved an altogether beneficent as well as masterful aid in the development of democracy, instead of becoming a real menace to free institutions. Strong is a Western man with the high ideals that one so frequently finds among the sons of the farm throughout the South and West—a man who loves the right, who scorns the base and dishonorable deeds of men like Fisk, Gould and their confederates, and who, though engrossed in business to such a degree that the romance side of his life is little in evidence, loves intensely and with the pure and deep affection that marks high-minded and essentially great natures.

The heroine, Elinor Rossiter, is neither so attractive in nature nor so typical in character as is Richard Strong. Of the other fictitious personalities or those that are composite pictures, Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter and Uncle Brewster are well drawn. So also the



FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of *Black Friday*, *Under the Rose*, etc.

offices. There were held many conferences at which Gould, Fisk and their confederates discussed the details of their diabolical plot. Grant, according to Mr. Herne, was no stranger at these conferences, but some time before the scheme was consummated, on what is known as Black Friday, the President appeared to have become alarmed and was seen no more at the offices. Mr. Herne's description of the hasty exit of Fisk and Gould at the rear of the Grand Opera House on Black Friday, and of a highly dramatic episode that occurred the night Gould slipped back into the Opera House several days later would have been valuable material for our novelist to have

woven into his story,—material that would have heightened the interest of the novel and easily formed a part of its warp and woof.

Uncle Brewster's personality will impress many readers as being very thinly veiled. On the other hand, he stands as a type, as Gould and Fisk were types of very different egoists who were touched by the insanity of gold—the madness of the world of chance.

The story opens with a picture of a once-wealthy and old-time aristocratic family, the Rossiters. The head of the house has come to the end of his resources, and his wife's money, having been invested in the bonds of a Southern state which afterwards repudiated its obligations, has likewise vanished. Their only daughter, Elinor, is cultured, vivacious and exceptionally beautiful, but highly romantic, or rather, she is living in that enchanted world of poetry and idealism that youth unaccustomed to battling with the stern realities of life is prone to enter; and while dreaming of her romantic Prince Charming she suddenly finds that she has found favor in the eyes of the great railroad-magnate, Richard Strong, and that he has asked her father's permission to call upon her with a view to making her his wife. The unromantic and business-like methods of Strong are naturally enough repugnant to the romantic maiden, and she conceives for him a violent dislike not unmixed with a wild desire to conquer this master of men and money. Moreover, the gulf of financial ruin is yawning before her father, and she sees an opportunity to save his embarrassment through a marriage alliance with Strong. These are leading factors that finally culminate in her acceptance of the railroad-magnate. But on their bridal tour the old-time repulsion comes over Elinor, and when her husband is hastily summoned to return to the Street, as Uncle Brewster and other traders have seized upon the opportunity offered by the absence of the bridegroom to hammer his stocks, a bitter altercation occurs between Elinor and Strong, and she tells him she does not love him. From thenceforward matters go from bad to worse. An old lover of the girl—a shallow spendthrift not overburdened with conscientious scruples—plays a prominent part in widening the breach between husband and wife.

At last we come to the dramatic pen-picture of Black Friday, which, though it lacks the force and power of the work of a writer of Zola's strength, is nevertheless admirably

done. On this day the wife, believing her husband to be ruined, hastens to his office, hoping for a reconciliation, but an evil fate prevents her from seeing him, and a later meeting only works ill for Elinor, who then goes with her father to Paris. Here the old man is taken ill. Before he can be moved to London the Commune takes possession of the French capital. The father, feeling his end approaching, secretly telegraphs Strong, begging him to come to Elinor. Her husband hastens to Paris, but arriving there he has no address to guide him to his wife, while the city is in an anarchal condition. This condition offers Mr. Isham an opportunity to indulge in some of the hairbreadth adventures so dear to the heart of the romantic novelist who has lingered for a time in the swash-buckling age when knighthood was in flower; and it is needless to say that he improves the opportunity to the utmost, for here the spirit so much in evidence in *Under the Rose* is again dominant. The chronicler of one of the greatest tragic passages in the history of Wall street becomes the romancer of the Dumas school, and the book takes on for a time a marked dramatic atmosphere. But the ending is as the fairy-stories of old, so the reader who cares for the story more than aught else will not quarrel with the author because some of the Parisian experiences are as improbable as the majority of climaxes in a conventional melodrama.

The story is on the whole well written. It is one of the best American novels of the season, being full of action and not wanting in dramatic strength or human interest; while owing to its dealing with Black Friday and because several well-known characters are admirably depicted, it possesses elements of reality not present in most of the stories of this school of novelists. But above and beyond all else the romance is healthy; and in saying this we are not referring to the conventional reward of virtue and punishment of vice that are found more often in the melodrama and romantic novel than in actual experience, but rather to the subtle atmosphere that permeates the treatment of a passage in our commercial life where the sordid, the commonplace and the grosser sides of life were more in evidence than that noble yet practical idealism which makes men and women stronger than fate and that ever develops character and exalts while it feeds the deeper well-springs of spiritual life.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. Cloth. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IN THIS, the latest Civil-war romance, we have the most vivid and convincing pen-picture of the political conditions North and South during the ten years that antedated the war that has yet appeared, though we think Mr. Sinclair's portrayal of President Lincoln hardly a fair presentation of the great statesman and far less sympathetic in treatment than the subject rightfully demands, and possibly he has pictured conditions in the South immediately preceding the war in somewhat more lurid hues than the facts warrant. In some particulars he has surpassed other novelists or historians, for that matter, in making us see, feel and know the conditions and the points-of-view in Mississippi and elsewhere in the South, and in Boston and to some extent in other Northern communities. In this masterly presentation of the two sections swiftly moving toward civil war, and the graphic descriptions of the various acts, North and South, East and West, that added fuel to the smouldering fire until the uncontrollable conflagration broke in fury, we have the chief element of strength in the work. As a story, considered merely as such, it is not particularly remarkable, although it is sufficiently well-constructed and realistic to hold the general reader's interest throughout. It is clever rather than powerful, though in certain descriptive passages the writer develops strength which seems to promise greater things in future work. But for those who would enter into the spirit of the period, who would see and feel the rising storm of human passion that culminated in the greatest civil-war known to modern times, this book is in our judgment incomparably superior to any romance dealing with the events of that day.

The story opens in the South. The dark clouds have already risen above the horizon. In Mississippi Yancey, the fiery and eloquent orator, is profoundly stirring the people with his gloomy prophecies of the coming struggle and is seeking to fire them with a determination to brook no opposition to the extension of slavery. The hero, Allan Montgomery, and his uncle at this juncture go North. The boy is to be educated in Boston, while his uncle personally conducts some business enterprises in which he has a heavy interest. Though on arriving in Massachusetts the boy is intensely Southern,

year by year his point-of-view changes in spite of his determination to remain loyal to the Southland and its special institution. When he enters Harvard he comes powerfully under the influence of Emerson and the conscience-force which permeated the New England of this period and gave to it a moral exaltation rarely exceeded in the history of a community. Before he is aware of the fact his point-of-view has been completely changed, and when his uncle, who has borne the rising tide of abolition sentiment as long as possible, returns South, taking Allan with him, the youth sees in the more savage phases of slavery precisely what the abolitionists saw. Hence he is already out of *rapproch* with his own people. A thrilling and tragic episode connected with the enslavement of a free negro and his escape and death afford Mr. Sinclair an opportunity for a really powerful scene and a telling illustration of the power of telepathy at the moment of death, such as has so often been witnessed throughout the ages and to the investigation of which the English Society for Psychical Research has devoted much time and painstaking labor.

When Sumner is assailed in the Senate the South, furious at his terrible arraignment of slavery, becomes ecstatic over the cruel and brutal attack. Then it is that Allan denounces his own people and in so doing ostracizes himself from family and state. Later he sets out for the North and makes Boston his home; but when he has reached maturity he returns to Mississippi to obtain his share of the property left by his father. His uncle refuses to give it to the recreant son of the South. War is about to be declared. There is nothing left for the young man, who is now a strong abolitionist, to do but to return to the North. He journeys toward Massachusetts by way of Montgomery, Charleston and Richmond, a route which enables the author to vividly portray the happenings throughout the South immediately preceding the war. At Washington he catches a glimpse of Lincoln and hears from the lips of one of the Hotspurs of the hour the President belittled for failing to do that which it was not possible for him to accomplish at that time. Next comes a vivid picture of the Baltimore riot, and still later, on the return of the hero to Washington, he is introduced to the President, who at this time was in the presence of other grave statesmen. But the picture of Lincoln is unsatisfactory. For however accurate it may be, superficially

considered, the author has failed to apprehend or at least to depict the really great and lofty soul behind the rough, homely, crude, jocular, outward seeming of the great statesman of democracy and the common life.

The Baltimore riot is pictured with impressive realism, as is also the concluding scene of the book,—the battle of Manassas. In this we are pleased to observe that Mr. Sinclair makes war appear in its true light—ghastly and essentially tragic. He paints it with that uncompromising realism that marks the actual conflicts and which, when thus truthfully presented, cannot fail to make rational beings shrink from all thought of appealing to the arbitrament of force. The volume is strenuous and crowded with historical facts presented in such a manner as to leave an indelible impress on the mind, and so given as to let the reader understand the diametrically opposite view-points from which the North and South approached the slavery issue. In many respects it is one of the most notable novels of the present year.

The Law of the Land. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 416. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

IN *The Law of the Land* Emerson Hough has attempted to satisfactorily treat the vexed and difficult race-question as found in the Black Belt of the South from the Southern view-point, while writing an exciting romance.

In regard to the negro issue it cannot be said that he has succeeded to the satisfaction of those who lay hold on the fundamental demands of justice and who think deeply on the grave problems that confront our nation. This issue is one of the most serious and portentous problems before America, and the more one studies the question and faces the perplexing phases as found in different sections and as viewed from various vantage-grounds, the more he is compelled to recognize how much more far-seeing was the vision and incomparably greater was the statesmanlike wisdom of Thomas Jefferson as shown in his discussion and propositions concerning the slavery issue than are those of other statesmen or writers of his day or of subsequent periods. It will be remembered that the sage of Monticello held that it was contrary to the genius of

democracy to hold slaves; that the high trust given to the republic demanded that the negro be free; but he also held that the white and black populations could not dwell in freedom side by side without growing demonstrations of friction, bloodshed and race-hostilities inimical to the peaceful advancement of the republic. On the other hand, he held that emancipation should be gradual and that the slaves as well as the weal of the nation and the property rights of the slave-holders should receive consideration. His plan was to have every negro child born in this land educated with a view to making him an independent, clear-thinking, self-supporting citizen, with a thorough knowledge of the genius of democratic government, supplemented by a good manual training or an education in agriculture and also in useful trades which should enable him to earn his living. When he reached maturity he was to be sent to some genial clime in Africa or elsewhere, where the slaves should be colonized. They should be supplied by the government with seeds, tools and a beast of burden, and as the negroes were gradually removed their places should be supplied by white immigrants selected from Europe and brought over by the government.

If we had been wise and great enough to have heeded Jefferson's advice, there would have been no Civil war. The cost in money alone would have been far less than the cost incurred by the terrible struggle resulting from slavery. Many of the gravest political and economic evils that confront us to-day and which sprang into vigorous life when the attention of the people was centered on the effort to save the Union, would never have gained a foothold in our land, and we should have no almost-baffling race-problem to meet at the present time. The path of justice is always the path of wisdom.

To-day the race-question is one of the great problems for us to solve. It is one of the most difficult that confronts us; but it calls for very different handling than Mr. Hough has given it. To indulge in pitiful special-pleading for law and order through the practical justification of the shot-gun method is to offer as a palliative makeshift a solution to this well-nigh-baffling problem that in the nature of the case can be no solution. The shot-gun policy, or any other method that fosters the spirit of retaliation is a fatal, short-sighted policy that cannot fail to result sooner or later in race-war. It may be said that the author does not justify

such a policy in so many words, but the whole spirit and temper of his argument do favor the domination of a spirit that cannot fail to breed undying strife. Mr. Hough presents the difficulties and dangers of the Southern white population in the Black Belt with great power and the vigorous and realistic pictures of the uprisings of the blacks and the slaughter of American citizens in these race-wars are so vividly drawn as to be exceedingly unpleasant

escapes to the pleasing climax, while over the principal characters he throws the veil of mystery that enables the hero to prove himself at once a skilful lawyer and a keen-sighted detective.

One of the chief excellencies of the story lies in the splendidly-accurate pen-pictures of the old-time Southerners, and indeed of Southern life in general, and in the vivid descriptions of scenes and episodes. Mr. Hough is a writer of more than ordinary strength, though to us he seems to yield to superficial aspects in ethical and political problems rather than to strive, as a Jefferson, for example, to reach the bed-rock of justice—the fundamental ethical verities that are the only safeguards upon which the life of a man or a nation can rest. He is a man of imagination, yet he pays too little attention to the elements of probability to be at all times convincing.



EMERSON HOUGH.

Author of *The Law of the Land*.

reading; but his role in the whole work is rather that of a special-pleader for the shot-gun contingent among the white element in Mississippi, and as such he makes a partisan picture and fails to treat the subject broadly with a view to the fundamental rights of all citizens.

As a story the novel will delight those who enjoy tales that are instinct with the spirit of the old-time romances—tales that frequently partake of the character of melodramas, that abound in improbable situations but that carry the reader who succumbs to the author's witchery along with almost breathless interest, through exciting episodes and hair-breadth

Paths of Judgment. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Cloth. Pp. 346. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

WITH AN excellent command of language and a master's skill in literary technique the author of *Paths of Judgment* has produced a capital romance of present-day life in Great Britain. The story is chiefly concerned with four characters that are in a large way typical of men and women one is constantly meeting. There is little attempt at plot or dramatic situations, yet with rare skill and a keen psychological insight the author succeeds from the opening pages in arousing the interest of the reader, which is held with increasing absorption to the end of the story.

The character of Felicia Blake, the heroine, is particularly well drawn, though scarcely less admirable, and from a psychological viewpoint quite as excellent, is the portrayal of the handsome but weak, emotional and vacillating Maurice Wynne, a man framed to capture susceptible and romantic maidens and a person not wanting in lovable characteristics. Yet his weakness, his vacillation, his inability to be brave and frank, work his undoing and untimely death,—a death, however, which opens the way for Felicia's happiness through a union with the great-hearted, strong-souled, pure-minded Geoffrey Daunt.

Another well-drawn character is that of Lady Angela, who, being passionately in love

with Wynne, relates the secrets that lead to Maurice's untimely death.

This story will appeal to a large class of intelligent and discerning novel readers who care more for good literature and a thoughtful romance whose interest is largely dependent on the felicitous portrayal of the psychology of typical every-day life than for melodramatic plots, exciting dramatic climaxes and emotional thrills.

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. Cloth. Pp. 351. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

QUITE different from the ordinary novel is this fascinating psychological study of the search of a soul for happiness. A little boy of ten years, a child of the London slums, dies in a hospital and finds himself suddenly plunged into an awful Gray World filled with moving, moaning ghosts, all searching, searching for something which forever eludes them. All the sensations of earth-life have departed and there is left only an awful colorless solitude, unbearable to those who before death have found their only pleasure on the physical plane. This loneliness and silence at length becomes so intolerable that the very force of the child's own desire serves to send him back again to earth, where he appears in the body of a middle-class Londoner's only son.

The lad grows up to youth, delicate in body, never forgetting the strange shadow-world from which he has come. At intervals he slips back again into the midst of the gray figures which peopled his other world, and these moments fill him with an awful terror. His parents look upon the lad as "queer" and strive in vain to make him like other boys of his age. As he grows older his one desire is to find something which shall safeguard him against a return to the Gray World when he again comes to the end of his earth-life. At last he realizes that within himself lies his only hope of peace; and the story concerns itself with his experiences in working out his problem, which he eventually solves, at least to his own satisfaction.

The volume forms an extremely interesting psychological study, and the author has handled her theme with much discrimination. The characters are all well drawn, and especially is this true of Elsa Levi, a fascinating married woman of middle age, for whom for a time the

hero conceives a purely spiritual attachment. The story is often humorous and abounds in epigrammatic phrases.

AMY C. RICH.

Helen Alliston. By the Author of *Elizabeth's Children*. Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

THE PLOT of this story is well-worn and commonplace, but the heroine is so lovable and all the characters so well drawn that the fault is easily overlooked. Helen Alliston, a beautiful young English girl is thrown upon her own resources and goes up to London to earn her living by her pen. Finding literary recognition slow in coming, she is obliged at length to take a position as companion in a newly-rich family, where many of her experiences are extremely unpleasant, but where she meets the man who is able to give to her life that richness and completeness which it has lacked before. The scenes between Helen and her lover, after the latter has recovered successfully from a serious operation which threatened to prove fatal, are extremely fine.

Some of the most charming touches in the volume are lent by the Derrys, a family consisting of father, mother and six small children, with whom Helen became acquainted in the days of her poverty. The six small Derrys with their quaint conceits and original sayings are certainly very charming, although they may impress some of us as being a trifle abnormal,—almost too precocious and brilliant to be real children; but they are very delightful to read about, and the author has done her work so well that it is only on second thoughts that we feel that perhaps the picture is a little over-drawn.

The story is sweet, wholesome, well written and thoroughly enjoyable.

AMY C. RICH.

Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Trixy is preëminently a propaganda novel. In it Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has contributed to the cause of the anti-vivisectionists a work as strong and compelling in its character as Mrs. Stowe contributed to the anti-

slavery crusade. To us the one point of weakness in the work lies in the depicting of all the vivisectionists with which she deals as persons who either are or who become through vivisection thoroughly brutalized and hard-hearted. Now while we believe that vivisection is essentially brutalizing in its influence, yet all who are widely acquainted with the medical profession know full well that a large number of vivisectioners are not the hard, brutal and unfeeling personages represented in this story, which assumes to deal with typical characters. Thus the weakness of the book lies in that species of exaggeration or over-statement which is the peril of writers who are tremendously moved by what they hold to be a great wrong. We confess that we are old-fashioned enough to believe that the Golden Rule should be the supreme law of life, and that the obligation it imposes does not end with man; and while we know that many, very many, of our foremost scientific physicians believe that vivisection is justified by the results obtained through this experimentation, yet on the other hand many very able and learned savants among physicians and other scientists have boldly affirmed that it is not necessary. At any rate we believe that it would be much better for humanity if we proceeded slowly and refused to sanction or tolerate the inhumane and brutalizing tortures that are being carried on in the name of science.

The story deals with a young physician who at the outset is horrified at vivisection, but who later becomes hardened to it and after gaining a prominent seat in a medical college carries forward his experiments in vivisection with pernicious activity. This doctor falls in love with a beautiful, cultured, refined and philanthropic young lady. She is also attracted by his powerful personality. Two little dogs which play a prominent part in the story come between the two, however. Miriam, the heroine, finding her lover a vivisectionist, repels his advances. He is poisoned at length while inoculating a guinea-pig, and dies the dreadful death he had condemned the little animal to suffer. The description of his closing hours constitutes probably the strongest passage in the book, especially that part where one by one the various animals—dogs, cats, doves, guinea-pigs and rabbits which have come under his knife—pass before his fevered imagination, each casting one long reproachful look before it vanishes.

A brilliant young lawyer who was instru-

mental in rescuing Trixy from the vivisectionists marries the heroine. One of the chief objects of interest in the book is the beautiful little pet dog that was saved from the knives of the doctors.

As a propaganda novel, a humanitarian reformatory protest against vivisection, this work is unequaled. In no way could the friends of anti-vivisection better create a general interest in the subject and arouse a powerful popular sentiment against this form of cruelty to animals than by widely circulating *Trixy*, because the story is of sufficient interest to hold the attention of young and old, and thus, while few persons will peruse a labored argument against vivisection, few will refuse to read this novel.



BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

Author of *The Well in the Wood*.

The Well in the Wood. By Bert Leston Taylor. Illustrated by F. Y. Cory. Cloth. Pp. 191. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHARMING indeed is this little story for children, and many older people who have kept the child-heart fresh within their breasts will enjoy traveling with Buddy through th

wonderful magic wood, and I am sure will be quite as interested as she was in finding the well with Truth at the bottom where Bunny Cotton-Tayle hoped to read the answer to the disturbing question of his existence, "Why does a rabbit wobble his nose?" Bunny and the Laziest Beaver, and the Singing Donkey, and the White Blackbird and the dear little Guinea-Pig, and many other fascinating creatures help to entertain Buddy, to say nothing of her own yellow dog, Colonel, who suddenly develops the faculty of speech and a really marvelous talent for singing. And the writer of the story has written down the music and words of some of the songs, so that the little girl or boy who reads the book may sing the songs just as Buddy heard them.

The story is made more attractive by the delightful drawings by F. Y. Cory, printed in two colors. The book will make a beautiful Christmas gift for children, especially for little girls, who are popularly supposed to be more fond of fairy-stories than are little boys, although I have known some of the latter whose appetite in this direction was seemingly insatiable.

AMY C. RICH.

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. Cloth. Pp. 410. Price, \$1.50. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

IT GOES without saying that a novel written by Anthony Hope would be well written and readable. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all his novels are worth reading. Indeed, in a life so fraught with great problems so earnestly calling for high, noble and worthy thinking, it must seem to many persons little less than a prostitution of talent to write stories that are mere sectional views of that modern frivolous Vanity Fair, society life in London, especially when the view given concerns those who are living almost wholly superficial lives. And yet to the contemplative reader such volumes as *Double Harness* are deeply suggestive. They afford a vivid and startling view of a phase of present-day society-life found in every great city—life given over to convention and to materialistic egoism.

In this story we have a series of graphic characterizations of men and women of means such as are found to-day in what is called good society. But the very life, the atmosphere even, in which they live would necessarily starve and destroy the highest and finest

promptings of the human soul. The people in the book are for the most part pitiful specimens of human life; little creatures running here and there, striving for happiness and satisfaction,—striving and rarely finding aught but unhappiness and unsatisfied longings; running here and there, yet never laying hold on any of the deeper things of life, never seeming conscious of the fact that life itself is august, that there are mighty ethical demands made upon every human soul. No, here all is self, self, self, or at best a seeking to give ephemeral pleasures to one or two like shallow natures to whom the individuals in question happen to be attached.

The story concerns many people and their many perplexities, worries, vices, shortcomings, hopes, realizations and failures. The characters are admirably drawn. The dialogue is bright and natural. In the sphere of life with which the author deals the characterizations are those of a master. The interest of those readers who care for such books will be sustained from cover to cover. There are some very strong situations. In the interview between the hero, Grantley, and his wife, at the Sailors' Rest, where she has fled with her lover, great dramatic power is developed; and there are many pleasing glimpses of life that remind one of sunshine that sifts here and there through the leaves of the forest trees onto the moss-carpeted earth while most of the expanse remains in shadow.

Jewel. By Clara Louise Burnham. Cloth. Pp. 340. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

No SECT or family should be without its own *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Clara Louise Burnham's the *Right Princess* has been filling the role for Christian Science for some time. But her new book *Jewel* is better; in fact it is excellent, bright, entertaining, and above all things reasonable. Curious, by the way, the blindness we have about a book. If a dinner is tedious, or cold or stupid, or unwholesome or tastes bad no one thinks "it will do good." We think that only of religious books or reform books, however poor.

Jewel is modeled a little on the Fauntleroy line, but the dialogue is natural, the situations clever, and it gives a presentation of the doctrine of Christian Science. It has the inevitable "tender vein of romance," with a good

deal of shrewd humor and no sickly sentimentality. Like all Christian Scientists that I have known the author seems to lack the sense of the ridiculous.

As a means of learning Christian Science without study, which is probably the only way we ever do really learn anything, the little book has a mission.

BOLTON HALL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger. Cloth. Pp. 234. Price, \$1.10 net.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. Cloth. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Presidential Problems. By Grover Cleveland. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.80 net.

The Youth of Washington. By S. Weir Mitchell. Cloth. Pp. 290. Price, \$1.50.

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. Cloth. Pp. 351. Price, \$1.50.

Paths of Judgment. By Anne Douglass Sedgwick. Cloth. Pp. 346. Price, \$1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideals. By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 335. Price, \$2.50 net.

Plays. By Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Cloth. Pp. 250. Price, \$1.50.

Your Loving Nell. By Mrs. Nelly Gore. Cloth. Pp. 231. Price, \$1.00 net.

JOHN LANE, NEW YORK.

The Spanish Conquest in America. By Sir Arthur Helps. New edition with an Introduction and Maps and Notes by M. Oppenheim. Four Volumes. Cloth.

The Christian Creed. By C. W. Leadbeater. Cloth. Pp. 172.

The Tomb of Burns. By William Watson. Cloth. Pp. 48. Price, 50 cents net.

William Shakespeare: Pedagogue and Poacher. A Drama by Richard Garnett. Cloth. Pp. 111. Price, \$1.25.

Helen Alliston. By the Author of *Elizabeth's Children.* Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50.

The Fishers. By J. Henry Harris. Cloth. Pp. 344. Price, \$1.50.

MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. Cloth. Pp. 410. Price, \$1.50.

Human Work. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Cloth. Pp. 389. Price, \$1.50.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS.

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.50.

The Well in the Wood. By Bert Leston Taylor. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 191.

The Happy Average. By Brand Whitlock. Cloth. Pp. 347. Price, \$1.50.

The Law of the Land. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 416. Price, \$1.50.

Zelda Dameron. By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50.

Folly for the Wise. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 170.

Two in a Zoo. By Curtis Dunham and Oliver Herford. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 150.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Jewel. By Clara Louise Burnham. Cloth. Pp. 340. Price, \$1.50.

Triary. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne. Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 359. Price, \$1.25.

The Little Book of Life After Death. From the German of Gustav Theodore Fechner. Translated by M. E. Wadsworth. With Introduction by Professor William James. Cloth. Pp. 108.

D. C. HEATH, BOSTON.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide. Translated by C. William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B. Cloth. Pp. 705.

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Rachel Marr. By Morely Roberts. Cloth. Pp. 467. Price, \$1.50.

The Green Diamond. By Arthur Morrison. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 304. Price, \$1.50.

At Home With the Jardines. By Lilian Bell. Cloth. Pp. 322. Price, \$1.50.

THE UNIT BOOKS, HOWARD WILFORD BELL, NEW YORK.

Life of Jesus. By Ernest Renan. Cloth. Pp. 452. Price, 68 cents net.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances M. Trollope. Cloth. Pp. 402. Price, 64 cents net.

National Documents. Cloth. Pp. 504. Price, 72 cents net.

The Study of Words. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price, 56 cents net.

SIGN OF THE LIVE OAK, BERKELEY, CAL.

Elfin Songs of Sunland. By Charles Keeler. Decorations by Louise Keeler. Cloth. Pp. 100. Price, 75 cents net.

THE BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Hagar. A Drama by Rollin J. Wells. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 125.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, BENARES AND LONDON.

The Pedigree of Man. By Annie Besant. Cloth. Pp. 151.

EASTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

Mona the Druidess. By A. K. Hopkins. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 345.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: Believing as we do that the highest interests of the republic imperatively demand the general awakening of the conscience of our people to a realization of the evil conditions prevailing and which are inimical to the genius of democracy or the enjoyment of justice by all the people, we have made arrangements to carry on an aggressive battle against those corrupt influences and sinister powers that are slowly but surely transforming a government of the people, by the people and for the people into a class-ruled nation. Without civic morality the republic must perish. Without public regard for the principles of justice and integrity, corruption, bribery, graft and moral degeneration will permeate life in all its multitudinous relations, and this great nation must go the way that Egypt, Persia, Assyria and Rome went. This campaign for a moral renaissance in public life will be opened by a series of papers of exceptional ability and interest, prepared expressly for *THE ARENA* by the eminent champion of civic morality, *RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG*, and will be entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness, or the Masters and Rulers of the 'Freemen' of Pennsylvania." It is our conviction that these papers rank among the most important contributions to the literature of social progress and political purification that have appeared in America.

Our Serial: In "The Building of the City Beautiful," which we begin in this issue of *THE ARENA* and which will run through about six numbers, our readers will find, we believe, the most finished and fascinating social romance that has been written,—a story in which noble ethics and a deep human interest are so simply yet fascinatingly presented that those who love the finest and best in literature will quickly come under the wonderful charm of this latest and greatest of *Mr. MILLER's* works. The influence of "The Building of the City Beautiful" on the mind is not unlike the effect on the physical senses one experiences when wandering in a garden of roses and lilies when nature is in her kindest mood. With this intellectual charm and delight we have the supreme excellence of the story in the noble social vision and the lofty ethics enunciated.

How New Zealand is Solving the Problem of Popular Government: In this issue we present the opening paper in our international series of contributions by foremost statesmen, economists and educators on democratic forward movements in foreign lands. It is from the pen of the distinguished statesman and author, Honorable *EDWARD TREGEAR*, Secretary of Labor for the Commonwealth of New Zealand. This distinguished statesman has been one of the leading spirits in framing the most important of the successful democratic legislation that has made New Zealand the foremost moral leader and exponent of social righteousness in the world. His paper is rich in vitally interesting facts for our people from the highest obtainable authorities. *Mr. TREGEAR* will contribute other special papers during the coming year. Our second contribution in this notable series will appear in the January number. It is from the pen of the eminent British statesman and postal authority Honorable *J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.*, of London, and deals with the British Postal Savings-Bank and the beneficent influence which they have exerted. This author will contribute another paper in this series on the *Parcels-Post of England*.

Inhuman Treatment of Our Criminals: We have called special attention in an editorial to *Dr. GALVIN's* notable exposure of shameful conditions as found in the treatment of prisoners in our Commonwealth, and we mention this paper now merely to urge every reader in Massachusetts to peruse this record of shame, verified as it is by sworn statements that bear on their face all the evidences of verity. No commonwealth or nation in the twentieth century, making pretensions to civilization, can permit her unfortunates to be subjected to such cruel, degrading and mentally destructive treatment without sinking morally and losing those things that are essential to true greatness and enduring progress.

The Psychology of the Lynching Mob: We think it is safe to say that no more thoughtful paper has appeared dealing with the psychology of the lynching mob than that which we present to our readers this month from the able pen of *DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT, LL.D.*

Dr. BABBITT is a graduate of Harvard University, where he was under the instruction in psychology of the eminent Professor WILLIAM JAMES. He is also a graduate of the University of Cincinnati in its Law Department, and of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, and holds the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Wisconsin. He is at the present time rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Brooklyn. This contribution will be followed shortly by a contribution by Professor WINTHROP D. SHELDON of Girard College on "Shall Lynching be Suppressed and How?"

Catholicism and Freemasonry: This eloquent plea for union between two camps that have hitherto been usually hostile cannot fail to interest a large proportion of our people. While there are numbers of persons who would doubtless hail with delight such a union, yet we surmise that it is far in the future, if, indeed, it ever occurs. There are unquestionably many points of agreement in the aims and ends of the two organizations. This is in like sense true of the ends and aims of the various Protestant churches, and in a certain sense of all world religions; yet the points of divergence between Freemasonry and the Catholic faith are in our judgment too great to render union probable.

A Public Servant Discharged: Last month we noticed the great victory won for real popular government and clean politics in Los Angeles, when the citizens exercised the right of recall. This month we give a full account of this momentous step on the part of an American municipality in exercising the fundamental right of a democratic government in recalling and dismissing public servants who, the electors believe, have proved false to their oath or to the trust imposed upon them. Los Angeles has led the way.

Professor Maxey's Paper: This month Professor MAXEY discusses the strategic history of the Russo-Japanese war up to the date of our going to press. This is the fourth of this author's extremely thoughtful and illuminating papers on "Crises in Japanese History." Next month we expect to publish a sketch of the life of Senator HOAR by Professor MAXEY. Last month we published the portraits of two of our contributors, Chief-Justice WALTER CLARK, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and Dr. G. W. GALVIN, of

Boston. This month we publish the portraits of three more of our regular contributors, Honorable EDWARD TREGGAR, of New Zealand, JOAQUIN MILLER, Professor EDWIN MAXEY, and that of B. O. FLOWER, our editor.

The Seasons: All nature-lovers as well as those who appreciate exquisite pen-pictures where beauty of expression and rhythmic phrasing are in perfect accord with the noble subject under consideration, will deeply appreciate the prose-poem by our valued special contributor, Dr. HERMAN E. KITTREDGE, which we publish in this issue. In an early number of THE ARENA Dr. KITTREDGE will contribute a notable essay entitled "Genius: Its Nature and Its Cause."

Mr. Crosby's Plea for Free Immigration: Mr. CROSBY possesses the happy faculty of presenting his views in a charming and attractive manner. His opinions may frequently be diametrically opposed to those of his readers, yet he will hold their attention from first to last and frequently carry conviction by his persuasion and logic. He views questions broadly and is usually fundamentally sound in his premises. His contribution which we publish this month merits careful reading. It contains much food for serious reflection.

Christ and the World To-day: The author of this paper, Professor LEON C. PRINCE, occupies the Chair of History in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Many of our readers will call to mind a contribution which appeared in THE ARENA some three years ago, from the pen of Professor PRINCE, in which he presented a strong argument for imperialism. Since then, we rejoice to say, this thoughtful author's opinions have undergone a complete change, and he is to-day back at the old moorings, with the rest of us who hold to the fundamental principles of free government as expressed in our immortal Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Abbott's Criticism: The scholarly and charming author of *In Nature's Realm* and numerous other of the best nature books that we possess, makes an admirable reply to some amazing recent statements by Mr. BURROUGHS in this number of THE ARENA. Dr. ABBOTT is not only one of our ripest scholars and a scientist of no mean standing, but he is probably as careful and conscientious a student of nature as is to be found in American to-day.

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THE ARENA

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OUR ARRANGEMENTS have been so perfected that we feel fully warranted in promising our readers that THE ARENA for 1905 will be stronger, abler, more vital and international in character than ever before.

In the nature of the case we can only hint at a few of the good things in store and mention a few early features that will be representative of what the magazine will contain from month to month. We will state, however, that we have many further improvements and pleasant surprises awaiting our readers which will greatly increase the popularity and the interest of THE ARENA for the general public. Below we mention a few special series of papers which will, we think, render THE ARENA for the ensuing year indispensable to thoughtful, progressive and earnest Americans.

I. Political, Social and Economic Discussions from Representative Leaders of Popular Government Throughout the World.

1. On the Firing-Line of Progress: A strong and unique feature of THE ARENA for next year will be a series of papers from the recognized leaders and authorities in the great Democratic forward movement of the age in foreign lands. These thinkers will discuss the social progress being made in the more progressive nations of earth. Each writer is a recognized specialist in his field of discussion.

Among the topics considered will be Direct Legislation in Switzerland; How New Zealand is Solving the Problem of Popular Government; Labor and the State in the Alpine Republic; Some Economic Innovations in New Zealand and How They Have Affected the Commonwealth; The British Parcels-Post; The Postal Savings-Banks of England; Popular Ownership of Public Utilities; Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration; International Arbitration; Municipal Ownership of Natural Monopolies in the

Foreign Representatives of Liberal Government will speak to America through "The Arena"

Great Cities of England and elsewhere; Coöperation in Great Britain; Coöperation in Switzerland; Social and Economic Advance in Italy in Recent Years; Militarism and Democracy; The Ideal of Peace in the Light of Social Progress; and Old-Age Pensions.

Among the contributors to this important series of paper are Professor CHARLES BORGEAUD, of the University of Geneva; Honorable J. HENNIKER HEATON, M. P., of London; Honorable EDWARD TREGEAR, Secretary of Labor for New Zealand; Professor MAFFEO PANTALEONI, of the University of Rome and Member of the Italian Parliament; Professor STEPHEN BAUER, of Basle, Secretary of the International Association of Labor; Professor FRANCESCO COSENTINI of the Université Nouvelle of Brussels; Dr. HANS MULLER, of Basle, head of the coöperative movement in Switzerland; J. C. GRAY, the master-spirit in the coöperative movement of Great Britain; and CHARLES BELLAMY, Superintendent of the Municipal Tram-Service of Liverpool. These names are sufficient guarantee of the authoritative character of this series of papers, which we believe will prove the most important contribution to the literature of progressive Democracy that has appeared in any magazine. They will be essentially constructive in character and will show how the most progressive peoples are successfully meeting the gravest problems of the hour. This series will be opened in the November ARENA with a complete authoritative history of Glasgow's experience in the municipal ownership of the street-car service. In the December number the Honorable EDWARD TREGEAR, Secretary of Labor for New Zealand, contributes his first paper. It is entitled "How New Zealand Is Solving the Problem of Popular Government," and is a paper of special interest and value.

An equally strong series of papers dealing with victories for Popular Government in America will appear, one of the first contributions to which will be from the pen of Honorable CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF, Secretary of the National Municipal League.

2. *Crying Evils in the Republic and Rational Remedies:*

(a) *Municipal, State and National Corruption.* In this series will appear a number of striking and startling yet authoritative exposés of corrupt and demoralizing conditions in our municipal, state and national life by leading thinkers thoroughly equipped for the work. One of the first papers will deal with the Rape of the Ballot and the Carnival of Corruption in St. Louis under the reign of Boss Butler. It will be prepared by LEE MERRYWEATHER, a prominent member of the St. Louis bar and a well-known author. In an early issue of THE ARENA will also appear the opening contribution of a series of profoundly-important papers dealing with the infamy of the Keystone State, and in which the mastery of the electorate of Pennsylvania by the insolent, arrogant and corrupt "machine" will be graphically and fearlessly told by one of Philadelphia's leading citizens and business men, Mr. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG. This series of papers—entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness, or Masters and Rulers of 'the Freeman' of Pennsylvania"—will be such that no citizen interested in the triumph of pure government or the victory of republican institutions can afford to miss one of them.

**Forty Years of Ring-Rule
in Pennsylvania.**

The evils of boss-rule and the abuse of civil-service reform provisions will also receive attention.

(b) *They That Are Under the Wheel.* Under this general heading will appear a series of papers dealing with the machinery of justice and its victims, abuses in public institutions, child-labor in the United States, and kindred subjects. The first contribution to this series appears in our November number and is entitled "Our Legal Machinery and Its Victims." It has been prepared by Dr. G. W. GALVIN, Physician-in-Chief to the Emergency Hospital, Boston, and will be followed by some startling facts exposing conditions in Massachusetts prisons and public institutions.

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and Shall Have Our
Aid in the Name of
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3. *The Message of History: Its Warnings and Inspiration.* A series of carefully-prepared contributions from eminent critical thinkers will appear under this general heading. One of the earliest discussions has been prepared by Professor FRANCESCO COSENTINI, of the Université Nouvelle, Brussels. It is entitled "The Grandeur and Decadence of Venice." Four striking papers that are as timely as they are impressive and important will deal with the four great struggles between auto-cracy and democracy in the United States. These contributions have been prepared for THE ARENA by the well-known historical and philosophical writer, E. P. POWELL, author of "Nullification and Secession in the United States," "Our Heredity from God," etc. Other papers equally important will follow.

II. Movement for a Great American Art, Literature and Drama.

Leaders in the new movement for a great American art, a noble literature and a drama that shall make for social progress and higher civilization will contribute valuable papers dealing in a practical and vital way with this important national movement. Such representative thinkers as the eminent sculptors, painters, art instructors, and dramatic and literary critics, WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, F. EDWIN ELWELL, J. J. ENNEKING, Professor JOHN WARD STIMSON, ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D., Professor ROBERT T. KERLIN, A.M., and CHARLES MALLOY, are a guarantee that this great series of papers will be indispensable to those interested in the inauguration of the movement which we believe will eventually make the United States preëminent as a leader in literature, art, culture and human development,—a movement which will be marked by the same moral and intellectual enthusiasm that gave to Greece the palm for sculpture during the Age of Pericles, to Italy the chaplet of immortality in the domain of art during the Renaissance, and to Germany during the last one hundred and fifty years the primacy in the domain of music. In this series the papers relating to dramatic progress will be opened in the January number by the first of six important papers prepared for us by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON Ph.D., which will deal with the great present-day dramatists and their work. The opening contribution is entitled “Henrik Ibsen and Social Progress.” Illustrated studies of our greatest actors and actresses and their interpretations will also be a feature of THE ARENA during 1905.

III. Moral Progress, The New Education and Vital Literature.

All permanent greatness and enduring civilization must rest on moral development. Education—true, full-orbed education—is a determining factor in true greatness, prosperity and permanency in national life. Realizing this fact, special attention will be paid to subjects dealing in a broad and rational way with religion, ethical advance and the development of the conscience-side of life. Two very important papers in this general series will appear in early issues from the pen of Professor ROBERT T. KERLIN, A.M., entitled “Main Currents of Thought in the Nineteenth Century.” Other papers awaiting publication are “The Social Message of Emerson,” by Rev. OWEN R. LOVEJOY; “Christ and Humanity,” by Professor LEON C. PRINCE, and “Why Our Young Men Do Not Go to Church, or Is the World Better Than the Church,” by Rev. PRESCOTT WHITE.

Papers appearing primarily with literary criticism and handling the master-thought of the great thinkers will be an attractive feature. Among these contributions may be mentioned several papers by CHARLES MALLOY, President of the Boston Emerson Society, on the writings of Emerson, a notable contribution by Professor J. R. MOSELEY on “The Charm of Emerson,” and a deeply-thoughtful discussion of “The Poetry of Matthew Arnold,” by H. W. PECK.

IV. Popular Features.

1. *Our Illustrations.* The frontispieces, printed on India-tint paper in deep sepia ink, which have proved such a source of pleasure to our readers, will continue to be a striking feature of THE ARENA for the ensuing year. In addition to these frontispieces there will be from month to month finely-illustrated papers, together with one full-page original drawing or cartoon by DAN. BEARD, and from four to five pages of reproductions of the best current cartoons of Europe and America. In addition to these it is our purpose to publish a series of illustrations representing the best work of our more progressive sculptors and painters, and character sketches of the leading cartoonists, similar to the sketch of Mr. BEARD which appeared in the July ARENA. These latter papers will carry a number of the finest cartoons by the subjects of the sketches.

2. *Our New Serial Story:* It is with great pleasure that we are able to announce that in our December issue we will publish the opening chapters of *The Building of the City Beautiful*, by JOAQUIN MILLER. This story has a triple charm. It is an absorbingly interesting romance, holding the imagination of the cultured reader enthralled from the opening chapters to the closing sentences. It is a prose-poem of rare beauty and excellence, pitched on a lofty moral key, mystic yet rational, highly imaginative yet

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

sweetly reasonable; while at the same time it is in our judgment the most rational of all the "social visions" from PLATO to our time,—the story of the happiness of a whole people through the reign of justice under equality of opportunities and of rights.

This romance, which was written some years ago, was the fruit of the poet's deepest thought. Five hundred copies were printed, when the publishing firm was dissolved, and after certain delays, difficulties and confusion incident to the dissolution, it was found that the plates had been destroyed. The poet bided his time and recently carefully revised and amplified the story so that now it represents the crowning effort of his mature years in prose composition, and is, we believe, destined not only to hold a permanent place in our literature as a classic of its kind, but to be recognized as the noblest and most practical and fundamentally just of all the "social visions." This story beginning with the December issue will run through six or eight consecutive issues, and it is our purpose at its conclusion to publish a second romance of equal merit, which will run during the remainder of the year.

3. *Short Stories, Biography and Travel.* We have some interesting surprises in store for our readers in strong attractive features under the above title, but prefer at present merely to hint at them and to venture the prediction that these popular features alone will be worth far more to our readers next year than the subscription price of THE ARENA.

4. *Our Paris and London Letters.* During the ensuing year THE ARENA's Special Commissioner, MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS, will furnish special papers on the progressive movements in politics, religion, literature, music and art, and interviews with and characterizations of great men and women of France and England.

5. *The Editorials and Mirror of the Present.* These departments will continue to deal with the vital issues of the day and will aim to keep the reader in touch with the most important forward movements in all parts of the world, while at the same time emphasizing the most significant facts relating to the larger life of the present.

6. *Book Studies and Reviews.* The very popular extended Book Studies and Reviews will also be continued as a special feature of the magazine.

The Future.

THE ARENA contains at the present time double the amount of reading matter it gave its readers a year ago, and the cost of its manufacture is many times greater. Still it is not yet what we propose to make it, and no pains will be spared in our efforts to improve the magazine and make it the leading progressive review of opinion in the English-speaking world, reflecting the best aspirations and ideals of twentieth-century civilization. We shall aim to give our readers a magazine richly worth five dollars while maintaining the present subscription price of \$2.50.

We are living in a great but critical time. The present demands a magazine like THE ARENA, bold, fearless, and true to the demands of the higher moral law; and we appeal to all our readers who appreciate the work this review is carrying forward and who realize how much its increased influence means to the cause of popular, just, free and pure government, to use their best efforts in interesting friends and pointing out special features from month to month.

Please remember that THE ARENA is a net magazine. No premiums or club-rates. All persons served alike.

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THE ARENA
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- Colorado Springs—2 Foltz & Hardy.
- 2 W. E. Hook View B. & S. Co.
- 2 Martin Slaughter.
- 2 Whitney & Grimwood, 20 N. Tigon st.
- 2 Albert A. Walling.
- Cripple Creek—2 W. D. Armstrong, 244 Bennett ave.
- 2 F. A. Colburn.
- Denver—2 Harry Aaron.
- 2 The Capitol News & Stationery Co.
- 2 Colorado News Co., 1444 Arapahoe st.
- 1 The Kendrick Book & Stationery Co., 17th st. near Champa.
- 2 Louthan-Jackson Stationery Co.
- 2 C. W. Paradise.
- 2 The Pratt Book Store.
- 2 H. C. Scott.
- 2 R. A. Southworth, 1459 Broadway.
- Grand Junction—2 Geo. N. Falconer, Fair Block.
- Leadville—2 Excelsior Pub. Co.
- 2 Nowland B. & S. Co.
- 2 Richey Bros.
- Pueblo—2 Otis Atterberry, 227 S Union st.
- 2 Bonney & Haines.
- 2 Foltz & Hardy Co.
- 2 S. G. Winch Co.
- Victor—2 D. L. Eddy.
- 2 J. H. Myers & Co.
- 2 E. M. Ovren.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Connecticut.

Ansonia—1 H. A. Jordan.
 Bridgeport—2 Atlantic Hotel News Stand.
 2 Beach & Co., 637 E. Washington ave.
 2 H. S. Challinger, 53 Sterling st.
 2 Hayes & Betts.
 3 Horace H. Jackson, 990 Main st.
 2 Oesan News Co., 253 Noble ave.
 2 Park City News Stand.
 2 C. F. Pettie's News Store, 140 Fairfield ave.
 2 L. D. Plum.
 2 Post Office News Store, 11 Post Office Arcade.
 Bristol—2 B. O. Barnard.
 2 F. E. Dodge.
 Cheshire—2 L. S. Williams.
 Danbury—2 H. B. Bristol.
 2 James E. Cuff, 263 Main st.
 Derby—1 Robert S. Gardner.
 Fairfield—2 G. H. Smith, Asst. P. M.
 Greenwich—2 John Dayton.
 Hartford—2 Allyn House.
 2 J. R. Barlow.
 2 Brown, Thompson & Co.
 2 Mrs. J. L. Dickerson.
 2 G. Fisher, 234 Asylum st.
 2 John H. Griswold, 347 Main st.
 2 P. J. Keleher, 534 Asylum st.
 2 Smith & McDonough.
 2 Emilie M. Sill, 89 Trumbull st.
 Meriden—2 E. T. Sills, 12 Palace Block.
 2 Aug. Schmelzler, 15 E. Main st.
 Middletown—1 J. A. Broatch.
 2 Lucius R. Hazen, 198 Main st.
 Milford—2 McLean's News Store, 18 River st.
 2 Quirk & Down, 2½ River st.
 Naugatuck—2 Henry P. McCarthy.
 2 John W. Stapleton.
 New Britain—2 Mrs. E. H. Chatfield.
 2 Geo. M. Parson.
 2 W. B. Thompson & Co.
 New Haven—1 E. P. Judd Co.
 1 The Pease-Lewis Co., 102 Church st.
 2 E. Edward Malley Co.
 2 Chas. S. McGilvray.
 2 John J. McKee.
 2 J. H. McKee, 930 Chapel st.
 2 T. F. Maher, 88 Meadow st.
 2 M. Diroft, 1132 Chapel st.
 2 Gamble-Desmond Co.
 2 E. M. Gans, 457 State st.
 2 A. L. Hammond, 37 Broadway.
 2 N. Y. & E. News Co., 105 Meadow st.
 Norwalk—2 J. M. Benedict.
 1 Wm. P. Beers.
 2 John T. Hayes, 5 Main st.
 Norwich—1 Cranston & Co., 158 Main st.
 1 Noyes & Davis, 138 Main st.
 Plainville—2 M. P. Ryder.
 Portland—2 C. E. Blodgett.
 Rockville—2 F. A. Randall.
 Shelton—2 J. E. Dockery.
 South Manchester—2 F. W. Mills.
 South Norwalk—2 H. E. Bodwell.
 Stamford—2 O. B. Morgan & Sons, 227 Atlantic st.
 2 T. Oefinger & Sons, 227 Atlantic st.
 Stratford—2 F. L. Hausen.
 Thompsonville—2 Chestnut's News Room.
 Wallingford—2 Badger DeMill Co., 10 Main st.
 Waterbury—2 Baumgartner Bros.
 2 M. Bergin & Sons.
 1 J. H. Devereaux & Co., 25 E. Main st.
 2 Geo. M. Ellis.
 Westport—2 W. Edgor Nash.

Delaware.

Delaware City—2 W. U. Reybold.
 New Castle—2 L. M. Chase News Store.
 Wilmington—1 E. S. R. Butler & Son, 420 Market st.
 2 E. Carrigan, 11th & Spruce sts.
 2 G. W. D. Darel, S. E. cor. 13th & King sts.
 2 W. W. Hawkins, 411 Madison st.
 2 C. B. Maxwell, 600 W. 4th st.
 2 Miss McKensly, 103 W. 9th st.
 2 J. F. McAvaney, 305 S. Head st.
 2 M. H. McEvilly, 107 W. 2nd st.
 2 Geo. B. Neef, N. E. cor. 4th & Adams sts.
 2 C. T. Orbare, 17 E. 4th st.
 2 M. E. Seed, 3 W. 10th st.
 2 Chas. W. Smith.
 2 C. M. Smith Printing Co.

District of Columbia.

Anacostia—2 Mushakes Stationery Store, 39 Monroe st.
 2 Mrs. Scott's News Stand, 145 Monroe st.
 Washington—2 Hamilton Adams, 622 9th st. cor. G., N. W.
 2 Chas. J. Allen, 3067 M st. N. W.
 2 Avery & Avery, 1820 14th st. N. W.
 2 Arlington Hotel News Stand.
 1 Wm. Ballantyne & Sons, 428 7th st.
 2 Becker & Olendorf, New Willard Hotel.
 2 Becker & Olendorf, 1427 Penn ave.
 2 Big Chief News Store, 515 H st. N. E.
 1 Brentano's, 1015 Penna. ave.
 2 Ed. Brinkman, 363 Pennsylvania ave., N. W.
 2 C. S. E. Brooks, Pension Office News Stand.
 2 Burnside News Store, 606 5th st.
 2 E. J. Burt, 313 7th st., S. W.
 2 Clarks Stationery Store, 1831 Pennsylvania ave., N. W.
 2 J. D. Coblentz, N. Capitol and 2nd st.
 2 Colorado Building News Stand.
 2 W. H. Cooper, 1430 N. Y. ave.
 2 W. B. Dodson, 802 12th st. N. W.
 2 Ebbitt House News Stand, Wm. H. Fagan.
 2 E. F. Eisminger, 1404 N. Y. ave., N. W.
 2 D. H. Evans, 1740 14th st., N. W.
 2 Fagan Bros., 1904 Pennsylvania ave., N. W.
 2 Fagan Bros., 2132 Pennsylvania ave., N. W.
 2 E. E. Fisher, 1703 Penna. ave.
 2 Furrows News Store, 706 H st. N. E.
 2 Wm. B. Garrison, 1404 14th st., N. W.
 2 A. J. Gompers, 52 H st.
 2 C. H. Graham, 1250 32d st.
 2 Peck Green's News Stand, 327 Pennsylvania ave., S. E.
 2 A. W. Groff, 1855 7th st., N. W.
 2 Hayden Bros., 924 8th st., S. E.
 2 Hammett's News Stand, 156 Pennsylvania ave., S. E.
 2 S. Hirsh, 503 11th st., N. W.
 2 R. B. Hodge, 1212 Pennsylvania ave., N. W.
 2 W. B. Holtzclaw, 1705 Penna. ave.
 2 L. Holtz, 1910 Pennsylvania ave. N. W.
 2 O. H. Hoover, 700 9th st., N. W.
 2 C. F. Jackson, 609 7th st., N. W.
 2 M. E. James, 1738 14th st., N. W.
 2 Mrs. Adams Keys, 1808 Seventh st., N. W.
 2 Robert King, 2153 Pennsylvania ave., N. W.
 2 G. H. Koenig, 305 7th st., N. W.
 2 C. F. Little, 3118 14th st., N. W.
 2 F. P. Lippincott, 335 Pennsylvania ave., S. E.
 2 C. V. Markward, 1322 14th st., N. W.
 2 Samuel J. McMichael, 810 14th st., N. W.
 2 J. E. Mathers, 436 7th st. N. W.
 2 W. E. McNulty, 1500 14th st., N. W.
 2 M. McPhee, 221 Penna. ave., S. E.
 2 Miller's News Store, 527 8th st., S. E.
 2 E. M. Monroe, 1936 14th st., N. W.
 2 Wm. H. Morrison, 1423 F. st., N. W.
 2 Mt. Vernon Cigar & News-stand, 930 9th st., N. W.
 2 Mt. Vernon R. W. Station News Stand.
 2 H. A. Meyers, 2913 M st. N. W.
 2 W. H. Osborn, 200 7th st., S. W.
 2 J. M. Padgett, 609 Pennsylvania ave. S. E.
 2 L. E. Paxson, 3114 14th st., N. W.
 2 J. Pettigau, 609 7th st., S. W.
 2 W. T. Polen, 401 8th st. N. E.
 2 Popular Price Book Store, 227 Penna. ave., N. W.
 2 Chas. W. Power, 1826 14th st. N. W.
 1 C. C. Pursell, 418 9th st., N. W.
 2 B. F. Queen, National Hotel.
 2 B. F. Queen, St. James Hotel.
 2 C. L. Quile, 807 7th st. N. W.
 2 Hotel Raleigh News Stand.
 2 J. W. Reed, 400 9th st., N. W.
 2 Riggs House News Stand.
 2 Rubenstein News Store, 714 K st. N. W.
 2 Sheers News Store 1537 32d st. N. W.
 2 Shoreham Hotel News Stand.
 2 L. J. Silverman & Co., 719 7th st., N. W.
 2 L. J. Silverman & Co., 10th & E. sts., N. W.
 2 James Smith, 1618 7th st., N. W.
 2 F. J. Stearns, 1112 H. st., N. E.
 2 Wm. Stephens, 1501 32d st. N. W.
 2 Chas. P. Swett & Co., 913 F st., N. W.
 2 James Sweeney, Jr., 625 7th st. N. W.
 2 Swayze, Bailey & Co., 619 7th st.
 2 W. S. Tappan, 602 9th st. N. W.
 2 Washington News Co.
 1 Woodward & Lothrop, 1007 F. st.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Florida.

Jacksonville—2 H. & W. B. Drew Co.
2 O. T. Jones, 419 W. Bay st.

Georgia.

Atlanta—1 Buehl Book Co., 69 Whitehall st.
2 The Columbian Book Co., 81-83 Whitehall st.
2 Dolbridge & Rice Co.
2 Lester Book & Stationery Co.
2 J. M. Miller Co.
2 Southern Book Exchange, 4 Peachtree st.
Augusta—2 Dunbar-Williams Paper Co.
2 Richards & Shaver.
Columbus—2 Thos. Choffler.
2 S. H. Johnston.
2 J. W. Pease's Sons.
Macon—2 J. W. Burke Co.
2 Holt Art Stationery Co.
Savannah—2 E. M. Connor.
2 Wm. Estill.
2 W. N. Nichols.
2 S. H. Oppenheim.

Illinois.

Bloomington—2 Read & White, 210 N. Center.
2 Mrs. R. Shields, 116 N. Center st.
2 H. C. Wagner, 402 Main st.
2 Read & White, 310 N. Center st.
Champaign—1 D. H. Lloyd & Son.
Chicago—1 American Baptist Pub. Society, 177 Wabash ave.
2 S. Baldwin, 109 Quincy st.
1 P. B. Fitzpatrick, 154 22nd st.
2 Koelling & Klappenbach, 100 Randolph st.
1 A. C. McClurg & Co., 215 Wabash ave.
2 Purdy Publishing Co., 78-84 Madison st.
2 Western News Co., 204-206 Madison st.
Danville—2 Illinois Printing Co.
2 Charles M. Smith.
2 A. G. Woodbury.
Decatur—2 J. H. Bevans, 122 N. Merchant st.
2 Geo. R. Bacon & Co., 302 N. Main st.
2 Chodat's Book Store, 143 E. Main st.
2 J. W. Carey, 147 N. Water st.
2 Haines & Elisick, 120 E. Prairie.
Evanston—2 C. L. Hertel.
Freeport—2 Brown & Dollmeyer.
3 Pattison & Kryder.
Galesburg—2 O. T. Johnson Department Store.
2 Stromberg & Tenny.
Moline—2 Carlson Bros., 424 15th st.
Normal—2 McKnight & McKnight.
Peoria—2 Paul Daenicke, 527 S. Adams st.
2 Benj. S. Green & Co., 500 Main st.
2 Jacquin & Co., 321 Main st.
2 Richardson Book & Stationery Co., 105 S. Adams st.
2 Schipper & Block, 178 S. Adams st.
1 D. H. Tripp & Son, 206 Main st.
Quincy—2 Pliney Janes.
2 Geo. H. Lyford & Co.
2 Albert Waldin.
Rock Island—2 Crampton & Co.
2 Geo. H. Kingsbury.
Rockford—2 C. G. Smith & Son.
2 B. R. Waldo.
2 H. H. Waldo.
Springfield—2 Coe Brothers.
2 Ed. F. Hartman, 219 S. 5th st.
1 Frank Simmons.
Watseka—1 Matthew H. Peters.

Indiana.

Anderson—2 Anderson News Co.
Crawfordsville—2 Brower Bros.
1 Chas. E. Lacey, 123 E. Main st.
Elkhart—2 H. A. Knevels.
2 R. Turnock.
2 F. S. Timmins.
Evansville—2 Geupel Bros., 413 Main st.
1 Smith & Butterfield, 202-204 Main st.
Fort Wayne—2 Lehman Book & News Co.
2 Louis Jocquel.
2 Semon & Bro., 714 Calhoun st.
2 Wayne Subscription Agency, Oswald Stahn.

Indiana—Continued.

Indianapolis—2 Richard L. Hicks, 128 N. Alabama st.
2 Indianapolis Book & Stationery Co., 121 S. Meriden st.
2 Maria Iske, 613 S. New Jersey st.
2 Frank Kellar, 325 Mass ave.
2 Albert D. Moore, 243 Mass ave.
2 Chas. Pingpank, 4 Pembroke Arcade.
2 George W. Russell, 5602 E. Washington st.
2 Scofield-Pierson Co., 146 N. Penn st.
2 Silent Evangel Society, 522 Mass ave.
2 Archias Winters, 144 Virginia ave.
Lafayette—2 Jaques-Mueller Co.
2 Francis Johnson.
2 Kimmel & Herbert.
La Porte—2 How Bros., 710 Main st.
Logansport—2 Charles W. Graves, 317-319 4th st.
2 Wilson, Humphrey & Co.
Muncie—2 D. P. Campbell & Co., 418 S. Walnut st.
2 F. B. Mickey.
2 Chas. A. Schick.
2 H. A. Shumack, 224 S. Walnut st.
2 Marion Stewart, 114 E. Main st.
Peru—1 Pliny M. Crume, 20 S. Broadway.
Richmond—2 W. H. Bartel, Jr., 925 Main st.
2 C. T. Moormann, 520 Main st.
2 Ellwood Morris & Co., 720 Main st.
2 Nicholson & Bro., 729 Main st.
South Bend—2 Herr & Herr.
1 H. S. Miller, 124 S. Michigan ave.
2 E. B. Rupel.
Terre Haute—2 Button & Craft.
2 E. L. Godecke, 426 Main st.

Iowa.

Burlington—1 Mauro & Wilson.
2 B. Sutter.
Cedar Rapids—2 J. W. Albright.
2 F. A. Hall.
1 George A. Mullin Co.
2 The Record Printing Co., 321-323 Second ave.
Council Bluffs—1 D. W. Bushnell.
2 L. C. Brackett, 555 Broadway.
Davenport—2 Jas. C. Duncan.
1 Thomas Thompson.
2 E. M. White.
Des Moines—1 Baker-Trisler Co., 420 Walnut st.
2 Shissler-Chase Co., 510 Walnut st.
2 Younker Bros., 7th & Walnut sts.
Dubuque—1 Harger & Blish, cor. Main and 9th sts.
Grinnell—2 C. E. Alley.
2 J. G. Johnson & Co.
2 Paul G. McConnell & Co.
Independence—2 H. W. Oliver, 221 Main st.
Iowa City—2 Lee & Haswat.
2 University Book Store, Cerny & Louis.
2 J. J. Lee, 117 Washington st.
2 C. L. Wieneke.
Keokuk—2 The Keokuk Book Co., 623 Main st.
1 Samuel C. Westcott.
Marshalltown—2 Simmons' Book Store.
Mount Ayr—1 W. S. Berkey & Son.
Mount Vernon—1 W. G. Power.
Muscatine—1 F. A. Neidig, 119 E. 2d st.
Sioux City—2 Jackson Chase Co.
2 W. I. Martin Co., 713 Fifth st.
2 Perkins Bros. Co.
2 J. M. Pinckney Co., 409 4th st.
2 Sioux City Stationery Co.

Kansas.

Atchison—2 W. L. Johnson.
1 Mrs. I. P. Stephens, 727 Commercial st.
Council Grove—2 Post Office Book Store, Leslie H. Smith.
Emporia—2 Miss Ellen Plumb.
Eureka—2 H. A. Longwell.
Fort Scott—1 John F. Cottrell.
Garden City—2 W. Harvey, Post-office News-stand.
Hutchinson—2 The Hutchinson Book & Art Co.
Iola—3 Evans Bros.
Kansas City—2 John D. Horton & Co.
2 W. T. Maunder & Co., 632-634 Minn. st.
Lawrence—2 Rowlands & Stevenson.
2 University Book Store, L. M. Gibb, Prop.
Leavenworth—2 C. M. Chance & Co., 414 Delaware st.
2 Ketcheson Printing Co.
2 S. H. Kiser.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Kansas—Continued.

Manhattan—2 Spillman & Co.
 2 Guy Varney.
 Newton—2 S. T. Danner, P. O. Book store.
 Salina—1 L. A. Will.
 Topeka—2 Hall Stationery Co.
 2 M. L. Zercher Book & Stationery Co.
 Wichita—1 Goldsmith Book & Stationery Co.
 2 Rock Island Book Exchange.
 1 C. A. Tanner & Co., 122 N. Main st.

Kentucky.

Covington—2 C. Mendenhall, 704 Madison ave.
 2 Jas. F. Thompson.
 Frankfort—1 Guy Barrett.
 Louisville—2 Baptist Book Concern, 642 4th ave.
 2 Bradley & Gilbert, 426 3rd st.
 2 F. T. Diehl, 310 W. Market st.
 2 Fred A. Dougherty, 516 W. Market st.
 2 Chas. T. Dearing, 356 4th ave.
 2 John P. Morton & Co., 440-446 W. Main st.
 2 The Chas. A. Rogers Book Co., 434 W. Jefferson st.

Louisiana.

New Orleans—2 Samuel Allmont, 139 Carondelet st.
 2 Jas. Buckley & Co., 329 Carondelet st.
 2 Chas. W. Carson, 742 Union st.
 2 Thos. F. Gessner, 611 Canal st.
 1 F. F. Hansell & Bro., 714-716 Canal st.
 2 New Orleans News Co.
 2 O'Donnell Brothers, 720 Paride st.
 2 O. A. Pierce, 926 Canal st.
 2 B. P. Sullivan, 233 Barrone st.

Maine.

Auburn—2 O. G. Beal, 55 Court st.
 2 S. A. Pollard.
 Augusta—1 J. F. Pierce.
 2 Geo. W. Quimby.
 Bangor—1 E. F. Dillingham, 13 Hammond st.
 2 Charles Hight.
 2 J. D. Olynn.
 2 West Side News Co.
 Bath—2 Mayers & Reed.
 2 John G. Shaw.
 Biddeford—2 Miss Florence Crawley.
 2 L. A. Dearborn.
 2 C. S. Scammon, 127 Main st.
 Brunswick—2 Fred P. Shaw.
 2 Byron Stevens.
 2 J. E. Davis.
 Eastport—1 C. H. Cummings.
 Kennebunk—2 Otis News Store.
 Lewiston—2 Chandler & Winship, 100 Lisbon st.
 2 I. H. Estes, 80 Lisbon st.
 2 White & Westall.
 Portland—2 Mrs. J. H. Allen, 381½ Congress st.
 2 C. T. Barber, 412 Congress st.
 2 Chisholm Bros., 283 St. John st.
 2 E. P. Clark, 646 Congress st.
 2 B. L. Donnell, 135 Congress st.
 2 Exchange St. News Stand Co., 2 Exchange st.
 2 Fessenden News Co., 534 Congress st.
 2 Lafayette Hotel News Stand.
 2 J. C. Leighton, 247 Congress st.
 2 I. A. Libby, 570 Congress st.
 2 J. W. Peterson, 177 Middle st.
 2 J. W. Peterson, 469 Congress st.
 2 William W. Roberts Company, 233 Middle st.
 2 J. E. Warren, 929 Congress st.
 Rockland—1 A. J. Huston, 386 Main st.
 Saco—2 H. B. Kendrick & Co.
 2 L. M. Staebler.
 2 W. L. Streeter.
 Waterville—2 W. Berry & Co.
 2 H. L. Kelley.

Maryland.

Annapolis—2 G. W. Jones.
 Baltimore—2 Baltimore News Co.
 2 Basts News Store, 350 Gay st.
 2 Belvedere Hotel, Charles and Chase sts.
 2 Blohms News Store, 415 N. Calvert st.
 2 Canoles News Store, 237 Broadway.
 2 George Crowley, Charles and Saratoga sts.

Maryland—Continued.

Baltimore—2 George Crowley, North and Lexington sts.
 2 Wm. M. Cullimore, 200 W. Lexington st.
 2 George Curtis, Maryland Telephone Building.
 2 Cushing & Co., Hanover st.
 2 George Duncan, Saratoga and St. Paul sts.
 1 The Eichelberger Book Co., 308 N. Charles st.
 2 Engles News Stand, Baltimore and Eutaw sts.
 2 R. Fridel, 1052 Penn. ave.
 2 Goldberg Bros., Fayette and Eutaw sts.
 2 W. E. C. Harrison & Sons, 750 W. Baltimore st.
 2 Hartman's News Store, 2100 Fredericks ave.
 2 D. H. Henderson, 300 W. Madison st.
 2 I. P. Herpel, 301 E. Fayette st.
 2 Holliday's News Store, 605 N. Eutaw st.
 2 Mrs. Holliday, 519 N. Eutaw st.
 2 Miss Joy, 427 Broadway.
 2 A. Kaufman, 320 Camden st.
 2 W. D. Lafeuere, 949 Penn. ave.
 2 Lankan's News Store, Madison ave. and Biddle sts.
 3 Lyett Stationers, 311 N. Charles st.
 2 Mahers News Store, Cor. Greenmount and Biddle sts.
 2 McGraws News Store, 353 Calvert st.
 2 Medical & Standard Book Co., 3 W. Saratoga st.
 2 Ralph Michelson, St. James Hotel.
 2 Wm. Munro, 826 Baltimore st.
 2 Murrays News Store, Cor. Eutaw and Biddle sts.
 2 Nunn & Co., 227 N. Howard st.
 2 Ostendorfer News Store, 220 Park Ave.
 2 Ottenheimer's News Store, 533 W. Baltimore st.
 2 Paytons News Store, 1510 Hartford ave.
 2 Perlich's News Store, 237 Broadway.
 2 Plitts News Stand, 1225 W. Baltimore st.
 2 Reaneys News Store, 900 N. Broadway.
 2 Rennert Hotel, Saratoga and Liberty sts.
 2 J. H. Robinson, 626 Eutaw st.
 2 Roths News Store, Monument and Chester sts.
 2 Ruaves News Store, Cor. Fremont and Harlem ave.
 2 Sam's News and Cigar Store, 232 Calvert st.
 2 Shaffers News and Cigar Store, Cor. Alice Ann and Wolfe sts.
 2 Smiths Book Store, 805 N. Howard sts.
 2 Spouslers News Stand, Cor. Mount and Fredericks sts.
 2 Stafford Hotel, Charles and Madison sts.
 2 Stokes News Store, Cor. Broadway and Gray sts.
 2 M. K. Taylor, 1503 Penn. ave.
 2 Trinite & Son, 718 N. Eutaw st.
 2 Voights News Store, Cor. Fremont and Mulberry sts.
 2 Wehangers News Store, 124 S. Eutaw st.
 2 Mrs. Wilson, 906 W. Baltimore st.
 2 W. A. Winter, Lexington and Gay sts.
 2 W. A. Winter, 1416 N. Charles st.
 Cumberland—1 Jno. A. Fulton & Co.
 Hagerstown—2 R. M. Hays & Bro.
 2 Jones & Smith.
 2 H. E. Stover.

Massachusetts.

Adams—2 A. J. Hurd.
 2 F. L. Snow.
 Alston—2 P. E. Dukeshire, 391 Cambridge st.
 2 Paine's Drug Store, 254 Brighton ave.
 Amesbury—2 W. E. Howes.
 Amherst—2 E. R. Clark & Co.
 2 J. A. Rawson.
 Arlington—2 Arlington News Co.
 Attleboro—2 S. P. Clark & Co.
 Auburndale—2 W. F. Hadlock.
 Barnstable—1 Miss Annie B. Hinckley.
 Boston—2 Adams House News Stand.
 2 Bellevue Hotel News Stand, Beacon st.
 2 C. A. Bonelli, 270 Massachusetts ave.
 1 Albert Brandt, Boston office of THE ARENA, rooms 31 and 32, 5 Park square.
 2 H. H. Carter & Co., 8 Somerset st.
 2 I. N. Chappell, 26 Court st.
 2 W. B. Clarke Co., 26-28 Tremont st.
 1 Congregational Sunday-school & Pub. Soc., 14 Beacon.
 2 Copley Square Hotel News Stand.
 2 C. H. Covell, 319 Tremont st.
 2 A. J. Cowan News Stand, Ames Building.
 2 Wm. W. Davis, 25 Poplar st., Roslindale.
 3 DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., 361 Washington st.
 2 Mrs. Fessender, 1575 Washington st.
 2 John F. Fitzgerald, 1419 A Tremont st.
 2 Forest Hills Station, 3708 Washington st.
 2 G. A. Harvey, 475 Columbus ave.

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"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Massachusetts—Continued.

Boston—2 Frank F. Henderson, 44 Bowdoin st.
 2 Herrick News Stand, Boylston st.
 2 E. M. Hudson, 629 Tremont st.
 2 J. Jacobson, 257 Tremont st.
 2 Jordan Marsh & Co., Book Department.
 2 W. H. Keep, 284 Columbus ave.
 2 Hotel Lexington News Stand.
 2 Arthur J. Mayo, 131 State st.
 2 New England News Co., 14-20 Franklin st.
 2 Hotel Nottingham News Stand.
 2 C. A. Oelis, 1781 Washington st.
 1 Old Corner Book Store, 27-29 Bromfield st.
 2 Old South Building News Stand, 264 Washington st.
 2 Oxford Hotel News Stand.
 2 Parker House News Stand.
 2 J. H. Powers, 14 Bowdoin st.
 2 F. L. Pratt, 575 Columbus ave.
 2 Castle Sq. Hotel News Stand, Chas. Ross.
 2 Smith & McCance, 38 Bromfield st.
 2 Hotel Somerset News Stand.
 2 T. J. Southwell, 66 Huntington ave.
 2 Hotel Thorndyke News Stand.
 2 Tremont Building News Stand.
 2 E. C. Wales, 86 Massachusetts ave.
 2 Wallace & Co., 1307 Washington st.
 2 R. H. White & Co.
 2 W. W. Winegar, Brigham's Hotel, 642 Washington st.
 2 G. A. Woodroffe, 144 Massachusetts ave.
 2 John Woodruff, 469 Tremont st.
 2 Young's Hotel News Stand.
 2 All Subway News Stands.
Brighton—2 Eben F. Perry, 338 Washington st.
Brockton—2 Holmes, the Newsman, Main & Pleasant, cor.
 2 W. B. Mason.
 2 Matthews Bros.
 2 Maguire Bros.
 2 E. M. Thompson.
Brookline—2 Paine the Stationer, 239 Washington st.
Cambridge—1 Amee Brothers.
 2 Fred Buenke, 553 Massachusetts ave.
 2 Thomas Charak, 502 Massachusetts ave.
 1 Harvard Cooperative Society.
 2 E. F. Hunt & Co.
 2 Chas. W. Sever.
 2 Sever & Co., 1354 Massachusetts ave.
 2 Chas. H. Thurston.
Cambridgeport—2 A. B. Parker, 1396 Cambridge st.
Charlestown—2 F. M. Reed, 21 Main st.
Chelsea—2 B. E. Anderson, 76 Washington ave.
 2 Fred B. Emerson, 383 Broadway.
 2 Gould Sisters, 132 Pearl st.
 2 N. T. McCarty, 116 Broadway.
 2 J. & R. C. Percival, 5 Bellingham st.
 2 O. E. Underhill, 196 Broadway.
Concord—2 J. W. Craig.
 2 H. L. Whitcomb.
Dedham—2 Dedham News Agency.
Dorchester—2 E. M. Brown, 75 Stoughton st.
 2 C. Cazes, 1509 Dorchester ave.
 2 D. H. Hunt, 1459 Dorchester ave.
 2 F. P. McNeil, 1274 Dorchester ave.
 2 J. H. Murphy, 1114 Dorchester st.
 2 N. W. Prescott, 1438 Dorchester st.
East Boston—2 Hugh W. Conner, 232 Meridian st.
 2 J. E. Hamlin, 232 Meridian st.
 2 W. H. B. Kibby, 36 Central square.
 2 Richard McDonald, 80 Meridian st.
 2 J. F. Murphy, 131 Lexington st.
Everett—2 C. M. Duren, 447 Broadway.
Fall River—2 City News Co.
 2 James H. Fernley, 326 S. Main st.
Fitchburg—2 A. W. Durgin.
 2 H. T. Estabrook, 256 Main st.
 2 H. E. Remington & Co., 356 Main st.
 2 Geo. W. Wright.
Fitchburg—2 J. E. Thompson.
Florence—2 J. W. Bird.
Gloucester—2 W. S. Burnham.
 Proctor Bros. Co., 108 Main st.
Greenfield—2 Greenfield News Co.
Haverhill—2 Harry Ayer, 45 Washington st.
 2 Essex News Co., 134 Merrimac st.
 2 Wm. E. How, 27 Washington square.
 2 W. O. Tuck.
Holyoke—2 Fitzgerald & Co.
Hudson—2 E. F. Worcester, 23 Main st.
Hyannis—1 A. G. Guyer.
Jamaica Plain—2 H. F. Brooks, 702 Centre st.
Lawrence—2 Central News Co.
 2 Franklin House News Stand, 45 Broadway.

Massachusetts—Continued.

Lawrence—2 E. Kellett, 587 Essex st.
 2 B. L. Weeks, 509 Essex st.
Lexington—2 Herbert V. Smith.
Lowell—2 S. A. Garson, 8 Central st.
 2 M. J. Hale, N. Station News Stand.
 2 H. E. Harris, 10 Appleton st.
 2 T. H. Lawler.
 2 Geo. C. Prince & Co., 108 Merrimac st.
 2 Tilton & Co.
Lynn—2 M. E. Austin, 70 Market st.
 2 R. S. Bauer, 31 Central square.
 2 J. J. Costello, 13 Central square.
 2 T. J. Dumas, 68 Market square.
 2 Mendlow Bros.
Malden—2 J. H. Farnham, 405 Main st.
 2 R. W. Ford & Co., 192 Pleasant st.
Marlboro—1 Charles S. Thomson.
Maynard—2 B. J. Coughlin, 22 Nason st.
 2 J. H. Dickerman, 73 Main st.
Medford—2 Mrs. Momson, Tufts square.
Merrimac—2 Goodwin & Co.
Milford—2 F. Tompkins.
Milton—2 A. L. Holden.
Natick—2 Fairbanks & Son, 16 Main st.
Neponset—2 F. H. Crocker, 4 Walnut st.
New Bedford—2 George L. Briggs, 161 Purchase st.
 2 E. P. Berthiaume, 877 S. Water st.
 2 F. S. Brightman Co., 127 Union st.
 1 H. S. Hutchinson & Co., 198-202 Union st.
 2 Robert W. Taber, 28 Pleasant st.
 2 A. F. Wilde, 836 Purchase st.
Newburyport—2 Fowles News Co., 17 State st.
 2 G. H. Pearson, 35 State st.
New Dorchester—2 A. D. F. Noia, 2270 Dorchester ave.
Newton—2 G. F. Briggs' cigar store, 273 Center st.
Newton Lower Falls—2 Kenney Bros.
North Adams—2 D. A. Anderson.
 2 F. G. Fountain.
 2 P. H. Gunning, 115 Main st.
 2 F. E. Gurney.
 1 Estate of F. L. Tilton, 87 Main st.
Northampton—2 Edw. H. Bannister.
 2 Joseph Marsh.
 2 F. W. Roberts.
North Attleborough—2 A. R. Block, 170 Washington st.
 2 G. K. Webster.
Northbridge—2 Drug Store News Stand.
Norwood—2 A. J. Gay's News Stand.
 2 King's News Stand.
Pittsfield—3 Geo. Blatchford.
 2 E. E. Cleveland.
 2 Kennedy & McInnes News Co.
 2 Wm. Nugent.
Plymouth—1 A. S. Burbank, The Pilgrim Book Store.
Quincy—2 C. F. Carlson, Depot News Stand.
 2 L. A. Chapin, 1395 Hancock st.
Randolph—2 Wm. Crossley.
Roxbury—2 E. G. Babcock, 479 Dudley st.
 2 Wm. Burnett, 179 Dudley st.
 2 A. H. Copley Drug Co., 554 Columbia st.
 2 A. H. Copley Drug Co., 316 Bowdoin st.
 2 A. H. Copley Drug Co., 784 Dudley st.
 2 A. F. Field & Co., 233 Dudley st.
 2 W. H. Glazier, 191 Roxbury st.
 2 Eben Hallett, 117 Dudley st.
 2 Lord Bros., 505 Dudley st.
 2 N. E. Mathewson, 69 Dudley st.
 2 T. C. Smith, 670 Dudley st.
 2 T. A. Wallace, 3 Blue Hill ave.
 2 L. Wolpe, 352 Warren st.
Salem—2 Almy, Bigelow & Washburn.
 2 L. B. Moody, 131 Washington st.
 2 W. P. Radford & Co., 159 Washington st.
Saxtonville—2 F. W. Goodwin, Drug Store.
Somerville—2 The Grover Store, 50 Union square.
South Framingham—2 J. F. Eber, 22 Concord st.
South Wellfleet—2 A. W. Rideout.
Springfield—1 Henry R. Johnson, 313 Main st.
 2 Springfield News Co.
Stoughton—2 Wilkens' Drug Store, Washington st.
Taunton—2 Edgar C. Leavitt, 69 Main st.
Uxbridge—2 H. E. Gunn.
Waltham—2 E. S. Ball, 609 Main st.
Wellesley—2 H. L. Flag, News Dealer.
Wenham Depot—2 H. E. Andrews.
Westfield—2 S. S. Conner.
 2 W. J. Smith, 50 Elm st.
West Lynn—2 H. C. Breed, 33 Market square.
West Newton—2 Chas. H. Stacy.
West Somerville—2 Libby's News Stand, 6 Holland st.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Massachusetts—Continued.

Winchester—2 A. W. Rooney, 181 Main st.
Woburn—2 Moore & Parker, 375 Main st.
Worcester—2 W. H. Bowlin, 164 Front st.
2 D. H. Boyden, 978 Main st.
2 L. H. Browning, 568 Main st.
2 P. R. Culbert, 334 Main st.
3 Davis & Banister, 389 Main st.
2 John T. Kelly, 603 Main st.
2 Perkins & Butler.
2 H. W. Van Hoovar & Co., 7 Main st.
2 Worcester B. & A. Station.

Michigan.

Adrian—1 G. Roscoe Swift, 10-12 Maumee st., E.
Alpena—2 Adam Ludewig, Prop., Adam's Book Store.
Ann Arbor—2 Sheehan & Co., 280 S. State st.
2 George Wahr.
Battle Creek—City Book Store.
1 E. C. Fisher & Co., 12 W. Main st.
2 Smith & Bewiter, 6 E. Main st.
2 Chas. M. Wiseman, 62 W. Main st.
Bay City—2 Henry Crotty.
2 C. & J. Gregory Co.
2 W. D. Richardson.
Benton Harbor—2 The Bird Drug Co.
Detroit—2 J. B. Abbard, 87 Woodward ave.
2 The Ambos Co., 35 Lafayette ave.
2 Cadillac Hotel.
2 Detroit News Co.
2 W. E. Dobson, 89 Shelby st.
2 C. J. Holton, 145 Woodward ave.
1 Macauley Bros., 172 Woodward ave.
2 Russell House, Walter B. Jackson.
1 John V. Sheehan & Co., 160 Woodward ave.
2 G. F. Schwuck, 110 Gratiot st.
2 H. J. Van Baalen, 242 and 277 Woodward ave.
East Jordan—2 Steffes News Depot.
Flint—1 M. E. Carlton, 510 Saginaw st.
2 S. B. Clark & Co.
Grand Rapids—2 Will M. Hine.
2 H. Leonard & Sons.
2 W. Millard Palmer Co., 20-22 Monroe st.
Jackson—2 C. S. Brown Book Store.
2 O. E. Pettit, 110-112 S. Mechanic st.
Kalamazoo—1 Beecher & Kymr, 120 S. Burdick st.
2 Miss Lizzie J. Caryl, 104 S. Burdick st.
Lansing—2 Crotty Bros.
2 A. M. Emery.
Marquette—2 Bigelow & Company.
Port Huron—2 K. H. Hubbard, 508 Water st.
2 Patterson & MacTaggart.
Saginaw—2 F. J. Kelsey, 216 Genesee ave.
2 Swinton, Reynolds & Cooper Co.
Wayne—2 Owen Raymo.
Ypsilanti—1 Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co., 118 Congress st.

Minnesota.

Cannon Falls—2 Scofield Brothers.
Duluth—2 Albertson Stationery & Book Co., 330 W. Superior st.
2 Chamberlain & Taylor.
2 Lundberg & Stone.
Minneapolis—2 Cushman & Plummer, 24 Washington st.
2 Wm. Donaldson & Co.
1 Nathaniel McCarthy, 622 Nicolet ave.
2 Powers Mercantile Co.
2 Edwin R. Williams.
2 S. M. Williams.
Moorhead—1 B. F. Mackall, 510 Front st.
St. Cloud—1 E. W. Atwood & Co., 517 St. Germain st.
St. Paul—2 W. H. Elsinger & Co., 95 E. 7th st.
2 Minnesota News Co., 19 W. 3d st.
2 Schlick & Field Co.
2 Schuneman & Evans.
1 St. Paul Book & Stationery Co., 5th & St. Peter sts.
2 Henry E. Wedelstaedt Co., 91 E. 6th st.

Mississippi.

Jackson—2 Eyrich & Co.
Vicksburg—2 Clarke & Co.

Missouri.

Chillicothe—1 Wm. McIlwath, 613 Locust st.
Hannibal—2 Hannibal Book & Stationery Co.
2 S. G. Kent.
Kansas City—1 Bryant & Douglas Book & Sta. Co., 1002 Walnut
2 Emery, Bird, Thayer Dry Goods Co.
2 The B. Glick Book Store, 612 Main st.
2 Geo. B. Peck Dry Goods Co.

Missouri—Continued.

Kansas City—2 South West News Co., 410 E. 9th st.
Springfield—1 Browne Bros., N. W. cor. Square.
St. Joseph—2 Brill Book & Stationery Co.
2 Ed. R. Brandow, Jr.
1 W. H. Schroeder, 112-114 S. 8th st.
St. Louis—2 Barr Dry Goods Co.
2 W. S. Bell & Son, 818 Olive st.
2 E. T. Jett B. & N. Co., 806 Olive st.
1 Philip Roeder, 616 Locust st.
1 St. Louis News Co., 1008 Locust st.
Springfield—2 Fairbanks & O'Day.
2 J. A. Stephens.

Montana.

Anaconda—2 J. M. Godard.
2 Robert Grieg.
2 M. D. Logan.
Bozeman—2 J. Bozinski & Co.
Butte—2 B. E. Calkins.
1 John G. Evans.
2 Montana Book Co.
2 Passmore Paper Co.
2 D. W. Tilton.
Great Falls—2 W. F. Burgy & Co.
Helena—2 Miss Libbie Blanchard.
2 A. P. Curtin Book & Stationery Co., 17 & 19, West, Sixth ave., opposite Montana Club.

Nebraska.

Beatrice—2 O. W. Beckwith.
2 W. H. Hoffstot.
Lincoln—2 H. W. Brown, 127 S. 11th st.
2 Coöperative Book Co.
2 Harley Drug Co.
2 Herpolsheimer & Co.
2 P. O. Mahoney.
2 Harry Porter, 125 S. 12th st.
2 University Book Store.
Omaha—2 Bilz & Kieser.
2 Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnum st.
2 Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam st.
2 Moyer Stationery Co., 220 S. 16th st.
2 Omaha News Co.

New Hampshire.

Concord—2 Edson C. Eastman.
2 E. L. Glick.
2 W. C. Gibson.
2 F. P. Mace.
1 Charles F. Nichols.
Dover—2 C. E. Brewster Co.
2 Cavanaugh Bros.
2 Fred H. Foss.
Exeter—J. H. Batchelder.
Hampton—2 Ernest G. Cole.
Hanover—1 E. P. Storrs.
Keene—2 Robert K. Aikman.
2 W. H. Spalter & Co.
2 G. H. Tilden & Co.
Lancaster—1 Geo. H. Colby & Co., 22 Main st.
Manchester—1 W. P. Goodman.
2 Lloyd T. Mead.
2 E. A. Stratton.
Nashua—2 W. H. Lovejoy.
2 Nashua Stationery Co.
1 Smith's Book Store.
Portsmouth—2 Frank Marston.
2 Moses Bros.
2 C. E. Tilton, 14 Market st.
Winchester—1 W. H. Guernsey.

New Jersey.

Atlantic City—2 Chas. Harris, 1024 Atlantic ave.
2 R. T. Chapman, 1831 Atlantic ave.
Bordentown—2 Edward Clift.
2 Molley & Fitzgerald.
Bridgeton—2 Howard W. Fithian.
2 Chas. F. Dare.
Burlington—2 J. F. Clime, 319 High st.
2 Jas. Shaw, 352 High st.
Camden—2 Frait's News Store, 904 Broadway.
2 W. W. Hibbs, 1146 Broadway.
2 McCudde Bros., 204 Federal st.
2 John Morland, 535 Market st.
2 W. T. Shaeffer, 433 Broadway.
2 A. H. Sullivan, 35 Haddon ave.
2 Richard Twelves, 408 Market st.
Dover—2 C. H. Bennett, Sussex st.
2 M. C. Havens, Sussex st.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

New Jersey—Continued.

Dover—2 A. M. McFall, Blackwell st.
Dunellen—2 Drug Store News Stand.
Elizabeth—3 Farnham Morrison, 314 West Jersey st.
Flemington—2 E. Vosseller.
Harrison—2 P. J. Goodman.
Hoboken—2 Henry Eisenhauer, 1204 Washington st.
 2 John Kirker, 9th and Garden sts.
 2 Max Machel, 512 Washington st.
 2 Reed Bros., 203 Washington st.
 3 W. A. Schell, 916 Washington st.
 2 Adolph Stolte, 509 Willow st.
 2 J. A. Sischke, 93 River st.
Jersey City—2 L. P. Hensen, 93 Montgomery st.
 2 Geo. Johnson, Jr., 613 Newark ave.
 2 Fabian Logan, 545 Ocean ave.
 2 F. H. Stiles, 144 Monticello ave.
 2 George Uhl, 153 Monticello ave.
Montclair—1 Edward Madison.
Morristown—2 H. G. Emmell.
 2 M. P. Norris, 13 South st.
 1 J. E. Runyon, 30 Park Place.
Newark—2 Campbell & Co., 169 Plane st.
 2 Columbia Theater News Stand, Washington st.
 2 Chas. Fass, 427 Broad st.
 2 W. Fisch, 127 Mulberry st.
 2 Gross Bros., 139 Mulberry st.
 2 Adolph G. Hock, 297 Orange st.
 2 J. Kenny, 240 Plane st.
 2 J. Knowles, 427 Washington st.
 2 McVickers, 208 Bank st.
 2 Metsky Bros., 175 Halsey st.
 2 A. Moller, 119 Springfield ave.
 1 P. F. Mulligan, 927 Broad st.
 2 J. W. Nelson, 269 Mulberry st.
 2 Newark News Co.
 2 F. W. Noble, 68 Orange st.
 2 J. Schlikemann, Bellvue & 4th ave.
 2 Chas. Scroth, 104 New st.
 2 Stationery Store, 391½ Broad st.
 2 J. Skinner, 131 S. Orange ave.
 2 M. Weiss, 219 Mulberry st.
New Brunswick—1 W. R. Reed.
 2 Seiffert Bros.
 2 Charles Tamm, 376 George st.
 2 Frank Zahn.
Passaic—2 Alex. T. Borig.
 2 Wm. Malcolm & Son.
Paterson—2 E. J. Douglass.
 2 Robt. Gaugler, 78 Ellison st.
 2 Wm. Gordon.
 2 Inglis Stationery Co.
 3 J. Hosey Osborn, 107 Broadway.
 2 Passaic County News Co.
 2 Tynan's Book Stationery and Music Store, 254 Main st.
 2 Jos. Williamson.
Pennington—1 Wm. L. Berrien.
Perth Amboy—2 Pat. White & Son.
 2 J. Kaletsh.
Phillipsburg—2 F. B. Arndt.
 Geo. L. Yeisley.
Plainfield—2 Mulford Estil, 111 Park ave.
 2 Edw. A. Laing, 149 W. Front st.
Princeton—2 James R. Drake.
 2 Richard Rowland.
 2 E. J. Van Martor.
Rahway—2 Wm. J. Bodwell.
 2 H. L. Moore, 36 Cherry st.
 2 Jas. H. Terrill.
Somerville—2 W. G. Tunison.
Trenton—2 James G. Anderson, Broad & Stanton sts.
 2 Fred. W. Bennett, 1006 S. Clinton ave.
 1 Albert Brandt, Trenton office of THE ARENA, Broad and Front sts.
 2 J. H. Brodbeck, Clinton and Yard aves.
 2 P. T. Bruthers, 6 Perry st.
 2 Clinton Street Depot, Grant Castner, Manager.
 1 S. P. Dunham & Co.
 1 K. W. Garside, 2 S. Broad.
 1 Mrs. I. L. Gervin, 105 E. Front st.
 2 Frank W. Hankinson, 232 S. Broad st.
 2 Fred Jauss, Jr., 839 S. Clinton ave.
 2 Ketterer's News-stand, 308 E. State st.
 1 S. E. Kaufman, Broad and Lafayette sts.
 2 Harvey Lightcap, 412 S. Clinton ave.
 2 John McCollough, cor. Spring and Willow sts.
 1 John McGarry, 624 Perry st.
 1 John McGarry, Cor. Hanover & Broad sts.
 2 E. Simmons, 319 S. Broad st.
 2 Stoll Blank Book & Stationery Co., 32 E. State st.
 1 C. L. Traver, 108 S. Broad st.

New Mexico.

Albuquerque—1 Samuel E. Newcomer.

New York.

Albany—2 Albany News Co.
 1 A. H. Clapp, 32 Maiden Lane.
 1 Abram DeBlaey.
Amsterdam—2 D. J. Crotty.
 2 Carl, Degnan & Carl.
 2 Philip J. Henzel, 22 S. Pearl St.
 2 E. F. Newkirk.
 2 Tuckor Bros.
Auburn—2 Irving S. Colwell, 97 Genesee st.
 2 Wm. R. Keyes.
 2 Wm. H. Zepp Estate, 119 Genesee st.
Binghamton—2 Geo. S. Perry & Co., 66 Court st.
Brooklyn—2 B. Albert, L Station, Nostrand ave. & Fulton st.
 2 H. Atwood, Washington and Concord sts.
 2 Bagley Bros., 11 Gates ave.
 2 Geo. Baier, 67 Lafayette ave.
 2 Wm. Warren Brackett, 223 7th ave.
 2 L. H. Bornscheuer, 223 DeKalb ave.
 2 A. M. Boynton, 1128 Bedford ave.
 2 Morris B. Cantor, 93 7th ave.
 2 Lawrence Caporale, 182 DeKalb ave.
 2 Jos. Carman, 303 Myrtle ave.
 2 Nat. Cohen, 673 Fulton st.
 2 Cook & Roberts, 244 Fulton st.
 2 Tony Echard, 731 Fulton st.
 2 R. Eisenstein, 203 5th ave.
 2 A. Elliott, 274 5th ave.
 1 A. F. Farnell & Son, 46 Court st.
 2 B. Fellman, 478 Myrtle ave.
 2 B. Friedland, 1098 Flatbush ave.
 2 H. Friedman, 359 7th ave.
 2 J. Frumkin, 355 Nostrand ave.
 2 J. Furstenberg, 206 Court st.
 2 John A. Gavagan, Hall of Record News Stand.
 2 Jos. Gresser, 300 7th ave.
 2 F. Hagadorn, 1145 Fulton st.
 2 J. M. Hagerty, 394 Court st.
 2 O. Hart & Son, 332 7th ave.
 2 S. Jaffe, 1063 Bedford ave.
 2 Wm. Kennedy, 508 5th ave.
 1 Geo. Kleinteich, 397 Bedford ave.
 2 Chris. H. Lachner, 216 Court st.
 2 August Laeger, 741 Fulton st.
 2 M. J. Leahy, 84 Flatbush.
 2 M. Leventhal, 176 7th ave.
 2 Long Island Railroad Station, Flatbush ave.
 2 V. Maresco, 180 DeKalb ave.
 2 Marlis Bros., 1115 Fulton st.
 2 Marlis Bros., Franklin and Fulton sts.
 2 J. C. McBarron, Court sq. and Fulton st.
 2 J. Mermelstein, 1045 Bedford ave.
 2 Meyerson Bros., 289 5th ave.
 2 Mrs. M. W. Murdock, 1143 Bedford ave.
 2 J. J. Murphy, 345 DeKalb ave.
 2 News Stand, 463 7th ave.
 2 Arthur O'Brien, cor. Fulton and High sts.
 2 M. Olikor, 425 5th ave.
 2 J. E. Orr, 1 Myrtle ave.
 2 Geo. E. Parker, 1351 Fulton st.
 2 Frederick Pfaff, 395 Myrtle ave.
 2 M. Pines, 664 5th ave.
 2 S. Prussin, 107 7th ave.
 2 A. E. Pyne, Municipal Building News Stand.
 2 Benj. Rabinowitz, 311 Court st.
 2 B. Rachman, S. E. cor. Fulton and Concord sts.
 2 Geo. H. Rhodes, 466 7th ave.
 2 James Rigby, 7 Liberty st.
 2 M. Rosenberg, 458 Myrtle ave.
 2 I. Ruditz, 77 7th ave.
 2 Mrs. L. Ruger, 464 5th ave.
 2 D. Schlichter, 89 5th ave.
 2 H. P. Schultz, 188 Fulton st.
 2 E. Siebert, 426 A 7th ave.
 2 J. M. Slutzkin, 253 5th ave.
 2 C. Stonberg, Myrtle and Washington aves.
 2 D. Sunberg, 713 Fulton st.
 1 T. B. Ventres, 597 Fulton st.
 2 L. Weinstein, 134 5th ave.
 2 Jos. Weintraub, 111 Flatbush.
 2 Edwin E. Willcox, 412 7th ave.
 2 Geo. W. Wynne Co., 1162 Fulton st.
Buffalo—2 Buffalo News Co.
 2 Ernest Besser's Sons.
 2 Henry B. Brown Co.
 2 F. E. Comstock.
 1 H. H. Otis & Sons, 650 Main st.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

New York—Continued.

Buffalo—2 R. F. Sherman.
 1 The Otto Ulbrich Co., 386 Main st.
 Canandaigua—2 A. DeGruff.
 2 W. H. Foster.
 Cazenovia—1 Wm. Watkins.
 Clifton Springs—1 H. S. Bundy.
 Cohoes—2 Jos. Stevens.
 Corning—2 Frank L. Clute.
 Cortland—1 McKinney & Doubleday.
 Dunkirk—2 C. K. Abell & Son.
 2 Mrs. A. Kalb.
 2 F. K. Lyon.
 Elmira—1 Hosmer S. Billings, 112 Baldwin st.
 2 L. T. Holmes, 10 Carroll st.
 2 N. J. Thompson Co., State & Market sts.
 Fulton—1 F. W. Lasher.
 Geneva—2 Louis Klopfer, 75 Seneca st., Masonic Temple.
 2 Byron W. Scott.
 2 Seibel & Mulcahy.
 Gloversville—H. C. Alvord.
 2 Cowles & Casler.
 Hamilton—1 James B. Grant.
 Hudson—2 S. A. & M. J. Boucher.
 2 James McAree.
 2 H. C. Taylor.
 Ithaca—1 Wm. H. Ziesenis, 532 Warren st.
 2 R. C. Osborn & Co.
 2 Taylor & Carpenter.
 Jamaica—2 Long Island News Co.
 Jamestown—2 Brooks News Co., 8 East Third st.
 2 Frank B. Clark, 300 Main st.
 2 James G. Smith, 13 W. 2nd st.
 Kingston—2 Bruyn Payer Co.
 1 Forsyth & Davis, 307 Wall st.
 2 Alfred J. Kiersted.
 2 A. J. Murphy.
 2 Wm. M. O'Rielly.
 2 T. W. Wadsworth.
 2 Arthur E. Winter.
 2 E. Winter.
 Little Falls—2 Bryon E. Chapman.
 2 J. R. Newell.
 Lockport—2 Carl & Carl.
 2 Wm. H. O'Keefe.
 Malone—1 Thomas T. Buttrick.
 Middletown—1 Hanford & Horton, 6 North st.
 2 Chas. A. Ketcham, 11 North st.
 2 S. W. Millsbaugh & Co.
 Mount Vernon—2 Charles A. Carpenter, 22 Mt. Vernon ave.
 2 C. A. Cowins, 60 S. 4th ave.
 2 F. Decker, 8 S. 4th st.
 2 C. Diener, 14 1st st.
 2 Genung & McArdle.
 2 F. H. Jewett, 9 W. 3d st.
 2 Thos. E. Skinner & Co.
 New York City—2 American News Co., 39-41 Chambers st.
 2 J. Abrashkav, 583 10th ave.
 2 C. G. Anderson, 516 3rd ave.
 2 Astor House News Stand.
 3 Baker & Taylor Co., 33 E. 17th st.
 2 Bama Bros., 1962 Amsterdam ave.
 2 Samuel Barnett, 412 E. 86th st.
 2 Joseph Berndt, 540 8th ave.
 2 S. R. Bluman, 152 3rd ave.
 2 Joseph Brennan, cor Chambers and W. Broadway.
 1 Brentano's, Union Square.
 2 J. Bergman, 350 Columbus ave.
 2 Morris Between, 268 8th ave.
 2 Angelo Cassio, St. Paul Building News Stand.
 2 Louis Cohen, City Hall Park.
 2 Thos. A. Collins, 946 Amsterdam ave.
 2 Coons Co., 928 3rd ave.
 2 Geo. L. Cowert, 2428 8th ave.
 2 Renwick W. Crothers, 264 4th ave.
 2 Edward Cullen, 2029 Broadway.
 2 J. J. Daly, The Book Shop, 427 4th ave.
 2 George H. Davies, 390 Amsterdam ave.
 2 W. Irving Davis, 162 W. 125th st.
 2 Dobrer Bros., 2058 7th ave.
 2 W. L. Downs, 1037 3rd ave.
 2 E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 W. 23rd st.
 2 A. Etzel, 2603 Broadway.
 2 Julius Finkelstein, 251 E. 125th st.
 2 Flashner Bros., 287 7th ave.
 2 Mrs. F. A. Flynn, 43 E. 59th st.
 2 Fulton News Co., 212 Broadway.
 2 A. Gollanger, 2272 7th ave.
 1 F. E. Grant, 23 W. 42d st.
 2 Sam Harris, 154 Nassau st.
 2 Wm. Beverly Harrison, 65 E. 59th st.

New York—Continued.

New York City—2 Louis Hass, Mail st., City Hall Park.
 2 Elmer E. Higbie, 2166 8th ave.
 2 A. Hutchinson, 20 Columbus ave.
 2 C. R. Jones, 23 Duane st.
 2 Joy Line Steamers, Pier 35, East River.
 2 W. H. Knight, 250 8th ave.
 2 S. Kohn, 643 3rd ave.
 2 S. Koch, 909 6th ave.
 2 S. Langelben, 765 3rd ave.
 2 J. L. Lawler, 860 6th ave.
 2 M. Levitz, 904 8th ave.
 2 M. Lipkin, 881 6th ave.
 2 Lucas Bros., 2286 3rd ave.
 2 Fred. A. Loase, 143 8th st.
 2 Madison & Baskins, 687 Columbus ave.
 1 Henry Malkan, 1 William st.
 2 Morris Mandelstein, 3234 Second st.
 2 John Manning, City Hall Park Newsdealer.
 3 S. F. McLean & Co., 430 6th ave.
 2 Geo. F. Moore, 405 Amsterdam ave.
 2 A. S. Mealy, 950 6th ave.
 2 Geo. Menick, City Hall Park.
 2 Mrs. Mollasi, Broadway and Park Place News Stand.
 2 N. Nusbaum, 329 3rd ave.
 2 J. J. O'Brien, 122 W. 23rd st.
 2 E. T. Ochs, 2197 8th ave.
 2 Wm. F. Parr, 29 W. 125th st.
 2 F. Pracht, 625 10th ave.
 1 Charles S. Pratt, 161 6th ave.
 2 L. S. Pratt, 243 Columbus ave.
 3 G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27-29 W. 23d st.
 2 C. A. Petersen, 206 3rd ave.
 2 J. Roth, 1498 3rd ave.
 2 John Sandblom, 530 3rd ave.
 3 Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153 5th ave.
 2 Otto Schmidt, 944 3rd ave.
 2 L. Schum, 216 3rd ave.
 1 Siegel-Cooper Co., 6th ave., 18th & 19th sts.
 2 Joseph Silk, 147 6th ave.
 1 J. Simon, 2711 Broadway.
 2 G. E. Stechert, 9 E. 16th st.
 2 The Book Shop, 427 Fourth ave.
 1 John Wanamaker.
 2 Ward & Drummond Co., 27 E. 22nd st.
 1 A. Wasserman, 29 Clinton st.
 2 H. A. Weingarten, 450 3rd ave.
 2 West End Sta. Co., 608 Columbus ave.
 2 S. Yohalens, 507 Amsterdam ave.
 2 J. Zwebel, 464 2nd ave.
 2 Third Avenue Elevated Stations—
 South Ferry.
 Hanover sq.
 Fulton st.
 City Hall, East.
 City Hall, West.
 City Hall and Bridge.
 Chatbam sq.
 Grand st.
 Houston st.
 9th st. up.
 34th st. up.
 34th st. down.
 42d st. down.
 59th st. down.
 106th st. down.
 125th st. down.
 129th st. down.
 138th st. down.
 149th st. down.
 156th st. down.
 161st st. down.
 166th st. down.
 177th st. down.
 2 Sixth Avenue Elevated Stations—
 South Ferry.
 Battery Place.
 Rector st.
 Cortland st.
 Park Place.
 Chambers st.
 Franklin st.
 Grand st.
 Bleecker st.
 8th st. up.
 14th st. up.
 14th st. down.
 18th st. up.
 18th st. down.
 23d st. up.
 23d st. down.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

New York—Continued.

New York City—Sixth Avenue Elevated Stations—Cont.

28th st. up.
28th st. down.
33d st. up.
33d st. down.
42d st. up.
42d st. down.
50th st. up.
50th st. down.
58th st. up.
116th st. up.
125th st. up.

2 Ninth Avenue Elevated Stations—

Rector st.
Cortland st.
Warren st.
Franklin st.
59th st. down.
66th st. down.
72d st. down.
81st st. down.
93d st. down.
104th st. down.
110th st. down.
116th st. down.
125th st. down.
130th st. down.
135th st. down.
140th st. down.
145th st. down.
155th st. down.

Newburgh—2 Geo. W. Green.

2 J. H. Horton.
2 Thomas M. Pope, 9 Water st.
2 Nathan S. Smith, 76 Water st.

New Rochelle—2 I. Bercow.

2 J. R. Connor.
2 T. J. Chapman.

Niagara Falls—2 George S. Cowper, 39 Falls st.

2 Niagara Falls News Co.

Nyack—1 W. W. Hinton.

Ogdensburg—2 Newell Smith & Co.

Olean—2 F. H. Oakleaf, 127 Union st.

Oneonta—2 Henry Saunders, 190 Main st.

Patchogue—3 H. S. Conklin.

Port Chester—2 Breneblum Bros.

2 F. E. Wilcox, 107 West Chester ave.

Poughkeepsie—1 J. P. Ambler Company, 254 Main st. & 5

Market.

2 H. S. Acker.
1 Flagler & Co., 292 Main st.

Rochester—2 Rochester News Co.

1 Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., 21-23 State st.

2 Vorberg Bros., 126 State st.

Rome—2 C. O. Zimmerman Co.

Saratoga—2 B. Brunner, 376 Broadway.

2 G. F. Blackmer & Son.

2 H. Doney.

2 C. P. Penfield.

Saratoga—2 Putman & Freeman.

Schenectady—2 William J. Gleason.

2 Robson & Ade.

Syracuse—1 Bailey & Sackett, University Block.

2 W. H. H. Chamberlain.

2 W. Y. Foote Co., University Block.

2 Geo. A. Mosher.

2 Clarence E. Wolcott, Vanderbilt square.

2 The E. G. Wyckoff Co., 209 E. Genesee st.

2 Zenner Bros.

Troy—2 Arthur M. Allen, 508 Fulton st.

2 T. U. Davidson, 266 River st.

2 Northern News Co.

2 P. J. Shea.

1 Wm. H. Young, 8-9 1st st.

Utica—2 A. J. Purvis.

3 W. T. Smith Co., 145 Genesee st.

Waterloo—2 J. L. Fahly.

West Troy—2 C. T. Moore Co.

Warsaw—3 Wilson & Parker.

Watertown—1 W. H. Halladay.

1 John Sterling.

White Plains—2 L. A. Owen.

Yonkers—2 C. B. Ash, Warburton ave.

2 Geo. W. Bruce.

1 Wm. Palmer East.

North Carolina.

Asheville—1 H. Taylor Rogers.
Charlotte—2 Stone & Barringer.

North Carolina—Continued.

Charlotte—2 R. C. Ross.

2 John M. Scott & Co.

Greensboro—2 Mrs. M. E. Howard.

2 Smithdeal Music Co.

2 Wharton Bros.

Raleigh—2 Raleigh Stationery Co.

2 Southern Book Exchange.

2 Williams & Co.

Winston—2 Justice & Browder.

North Dakota.

Bismark—2 R. D. Hoskins.

2 C. H. Phillips.

Devil's Lake—2 T. A. Haslam.

2 S. C. Jones.

2 Roble & Co.

Fargo—2 Mrs. C. E. Green.

2 K. S. Knudsen, 710 Front st.

2 Mrs. Flora Morris.

Grand Forks—2 R. B. Griffith.

2 Thos. Lude.

McHenry—2 H. F. Heiples, News Store.

Ohio.

Akron—2 Dague Bros. & Co.

2 Long & Taylor.

2 M. O'Neill & Co.

2 Robinson Book Store.

Ashtabula—2 A. B. Cook & Co.

2 Hunt & Co.

2 R. W. Knowlton.

Bellaire—2 Bellaire News Agency.

2 W. D. Jones.

Cincinnati—2 Cincinnati News Co.

1 Davis L. James, 127 W. 7th st.

2 Pounsford Stationery Co., 131 E. 4th st.

2 Reinhart & Momberg (Prop's Healy's), 525 Wal-

nut st.

2 The Armstrong News & Stationery Company, 419

Main st.

2 Max Weil & Co., 412 Vine st.

Cleveland—1 The Burrows Bros. Co., 183 Euclid ave.

2 Cleveland News Co., 292 St. Clair st.

2 Geppert & Crummell, 170 Euclid ave.

2 Geppert's Book Store, 138 Superior st.

2 Hexter's News Depot, 338 Superior st.

2 Rodgers & Co., 1265 Euclid ave.

2 Thomas & Mattell, 692 Woodland ave.

1 The Vinson & Korner Co., 150 Euclid ave.

Columbus—2 Beck Berginer Co.

2 Beck & Orr.

1 S. F. Harriman, 11 S. High st.

2 McClelland & Co.

2 E. H. Sell & Co.

2 A. H. Smythe, 43 S. High st.

2 L. S. Wells, 665 N. High st.

Dayton—2 Dayton News Co., 28 E. 5th st.

2 W. W. Kile & Co., 21 & 23 W. 5th st.

2 Sullivan & Eyer, 33 E. 5th st.

3 United Brethren Publishing House, cor. 4th & Main st.

2 William C. Mayer, 19 S. Main.

Elyria—2 J. C. Bins.

2 Eldred & Co.

Findlay—3 John C. Firmin, 319 S. Main st.

Gallipolis—1 Sherwood A. Moore Co., 324 2d ave.

Greenville—1 Chas. P. Gibson, 521 Broadway.

Hamilton—2 Wm. C. Miller.

2 J. C. Schwartz.

McConnellsville—2 John S. Adair.

Marietta—1 Marietta Book Store.

Middletown—2 Mitchell Bros.

2 Johnson & Co.

Milan—2 J. W. Stoakes.

Newark—2 Allison & Co.

Oberlin—2 A. G. Comings.

1 E. J. Goodrich.

Painsville—2 M. H. Culby.

2 Grey & Chesney.

Sandusky—H. C. Huntington & Co.

Springfield—2 Beale & Mumper, 26 E. High st.

2 H. S. Limbocker, Arcade.

2 Pierce & Co., 13 S. Fountain ave.

2 W. H. Wood & Co., 8 E. Main st.

Steubenville—2 Caldwell & Son.

2 Irwin & Robinsin.

Tiffin—1 Will H. Good, 97 S. Washington st.

Toledo—1 Brown, Eager & Hull Co., 409 Summit st.

2 Franklin Printing & Engraving Co.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Ohio—Continued.

Youngstown—2 C. H. Kranter.
2 McNally Bros.
2 W. Well & Hiney.
Xenia—2 R. C. West.
Zanesville—2 Edmiston-Horney Co.
2 M. V. B. Kennedy.
2 Harry W. Ross.

Oklahoma.

Guthrie—1 F. B. Lillie & Co.

Oregon.

Ashland—2 Marks Drug Store.
2 McNair Bros.
Astoria—1 Jno. N. Griffin, 502-504 Commercial st.
Baker City—1 Carl Adler.
Eugene—1 E. Schwarzschild.
Oregon City—1 Huntley Bros.
Portland—1 J. K. Gill Co., 133 3rd st.
2 Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
2 Meier & Frank Co.
1 W. E. Jones, 291 Alder st.
2 W. A. Schmale, 229 First st.
2 J. W. Singletary, 131 Grand ave.
Salem—2 The W. H. Burghardt Co., 263 Commercial st.
2 Patton Bros.

Pennsylvania.

Allentown—2 C. H. Smid, 808 Hamilton st.
2 J. A. Shafer, 33 N. 7th st.
2 Clarence H. Stiles, 529 Hamilton st.
Altoona—2 Wm. F. Gable & Co.
2 S. Kramer, 1502 11th ave.
2 T. L. McCartusy, 1111 11th ave.
2 Sheffer & Werner, 1109 11th ave.
Apollo—1 Frank T. Wray.
Bethlehem—2 Barron & Cruickshank, Main & Broad sts.
2 Moravian Publishing Concern.
Bloomsburg—1 S. R. Bidleman.
Bradford—2 Brennan & Davis.
2 W. L. Field.
Canton—2 W. W. Whitman.
Carlisle—2 John A. Means.
2 James H. Richards.
Chambersburg—2 Theo. Lightcap & Co.
2 H. Yeager.
Chester—2 C. J. Blizzard, 2015 W. 3rd st.
2 Harry Graves, 607 W. 3rd st.
2 William Hulle, 2130 W. Third st.
2 J. W. McMaster, 303 Hay st.
2 A. D. Pierce, 7th and Welsh sts.
2 A. D. Pierce, 6th & Edgemont sts.
2 Spencer Stationery Store, 528 Market st.
Columbia—2 Geo. H. & Allen Richards.
Conemaugh—2 John B. Cooney.
Easton—2 B. F. Beatty.
2 Chas. J. Montague.
2 E. D. Vogel.
Erie—2 A. C. Derry & Co., 1522 Peach st.
2 William J. Sell, 701 State st.
2 John H. Walker, 731 State st.
Franklin—2 Bensinger, Smith & Co.
Hanover—2 J. W. Fischer & Co., Fountain Square.
2 H. Long & Son.
2 F. G. & W. L. McKinney.
Harrisburg—1 Central Book Store, 329 Market st.
1 S. W. Fleming.
2 A. G. Lehman, 1204 N. 3rd st.
2 Meth. Book Store, 20 N. Second st.
2 T. F. Scheffer, 21 S. Market st.
2 Wm. S. Tunis, 6 N. 3rd st.
Hollidaysburg—2 G. M. Smith.
Huntingdon—2 J. A. Nash.
Johnstown—2 W. A. Horan, 546 Main st.
2 Johnstown Book Store, Ltd.
2 Kaylor's Book Store, 338 Washington st.
2 Joseph Ruth, 128 Clinton st.
2 W. B. Waters & Bro., 217 Franklin st.
Kittanning—1 Furnee & Kennerdell.
Lancaster—2 C. H. Barr, 31 Penn sq.
2 Albert M. Deichler, 20-22 E. Chestnut st.
2 G. L. Fon Dersmith, 46 E. King st.
2 L. B. Herr, 51-53 N. Queen st.
2 Chas. Ream, 104 N. Queen st.
Lebanon—2 J. A. DeHuff.
2 Halbach & Mach.
2 D. P. Witmyer.
2 H. C. Wentz.
Mauch Chunk—1 E. F. Luckenbach, 61 Broadway.
2 Mauch Chunk News Co.

Pennsylvania—Continued.

McKeesport—2 John S. O'Conner, 321 W. 5th ave.
Meadville—2 H. D. Hall & Co.
2 George Schwartzman.
Morrisville—2 H. Roberts.
2 Thos. W. McGarry, Smith st.
Norristown—2 W. H. Earnshaw.
1 Thomas Sames.
2 F. D. Sower.
Oil City—2 J. H. Farrell.
2 Murdock & Veach.
North East—1 H. Ellen.
Philadelphia—3 American Baptist Pub. Society, 1420 Chestnut st.
2 Central News Co.
3 Campion & Co., 1305 Walnut st.
2 John Cooper, 4604 Frankford ave.
3 H. W. Fisher & Co., 127 S. 15th st.
2 Friends Book Ass'n, 1500 Race st.
2 Julius Kuhlman, 117 N. 13th st.
3 Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, 1018 Arch st.
3 Perkinpine & Higgins, 914 Arch st.
2 R. Pilkington, 4456 Frankford ave.
1 Strawbridge & Clothier.
1 John Wanamaker.
2 Warwick's News Depot & Stationery Shop, 262 S. 11th.
2 A. F. James, Hotel Walton News Stand.
2 Mr. Ryan, Real Estate Trust Bldg.
2 Mr. Ryan, Bellevue Stratford Hotel News Stand.
2 E. Shaeffer, 1418 Chestnut st.
2 Louis Weiner, 1435 Chestnut st.
2 A. Cantole Bros., 1436 S. Penn Square.
2 S. Beckett, S. E. Cor. 5th and Market sts.
2 Gimbel Bros. Book Stand, 815 Chestnut st.
2 W. C. Fontaine, Continental Hotel News Stand.
2 N. Rosensweet, S. E. Cor. 10th and Market sts.
2 H. B. Edwards, 2 Market st.
2 J. H. Fondman.
2 Mr. Swift, Drexel Bldg. News Stand.
2 Mr. Swift, Phila. Bourse News Stand.
2 Mr. Swift, Commonwealth Bldg. News Stand.
2 Mr. Swift, Bullitt Bldg. News Stand.
2 J. J. Gutthief, N. E. Cor. Arch and 3rd sts.
2 L. G. Rau, Cor. 7th and Chestnut sts.
2 Joe Mayo, Stephen Girard Bldg.
2 A. F. James, Betts Bldg. Cigar and News Stand.
2 Windsor Hotel News Stand.
2 E. C. Rahme, 36 N. Broad st.
2 L. Kraft, N. W. Cor. 11th and Market sts.
2 J. H. Clark, N. E. Cor. 6th and Market sts.
2 C. Greenburg, N. W. Cor. 3rd and Market sts.
2 E. Dickerson, 47 S. 17th st.
2 Audferrhusan's News Stand, 3rd and Walnut sts.
2 M. Goodis, S. W. Cor. 8th and Walnut sts.
2 E. Goldberg, Newsdealer, 9th and Walnut sts.
2 J. Waranoff, N. W. Cor. 7th and Walnut sts.
2 John Keeup, 1 Market st.
2 P. F. Brown, News Stand, N. W. Cor. 8th and Pine sts.
2 T. Holroyd, N. W. Cor. 15th and Race sts.
2 John Rau, N. W. Cor. 8th and Vine sts.
2 Chas. A. Jeremias, 413 Vine st.
2 H. Cumiskey, 272 N. 4th st.
2 George Epstein, N. W. Cor. 9th and Arch sts.
2 S. Hahn, S. W. Cor. 10th and Arch sts.
2 E. A. Gwynne, 539 N. 33d st.
2 Joseph Good, 4034 Westminster ave.
2 Joseph Miller, News Stand, 4th and Arch st.
2 F. Crawford, N. E. Cor. 6th and Arch st.
2 Lee Tetlow, 7th and Arch st.
2 Arthur's News Store, 808 Spring Garden st.
2 J. H. Freedman's News Stand, 101 S. Front st.
2 P. Bisel, 262 S. 9th st.
2 M. Katon, 410 S. 20th st.
2 W. M. Kroninger, 10 S. 19th st.
2 H. V. Mount, S. E. Cor. 17th and Pine sts.
2 W. G. Williams, N. E. Cor. 12th and Ridge sts.
2 Wm. Goodis, S. E. Cor. 12th and Chestnut sts.
2 M. J. Kearney, S. W. Cor. 12th and Chestnut sts.
2 T. Burke, 530 S. 8th st.
2 Jaus & Blach News Stand, Broad and Erie st.
2 J. J. Smith, 1325 N. 17th st.
2 W. B. Fruit, 717 N. Broad st.
2 W. S. Jordan, 1238 N. 15th st.
2 A. Geismar, 633 N. Broad st.
2 J. H. Haslett, 304 N. 20th st.
2 Chas. Wyrch, 469 N. 3rd st.
2 R. C. Fleining, 601 N. 5th st.
2 J. Fyda, 448 N. 8th st.
2 C. Souders, S. W. Cor. Poplar and N. 20 sts.
2 E. Lubar, 1900 W. Girard ave.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Pennsylvania—Continued.

Philadelphia—2 Mrs. M. A. Fleming, 1901 N. 21st st.
 2 J. W. Knipe, 2469 Bovier st.
 2 J. W. Merges, 1915 W. York st.
 2 W. Wallace, Cor. 15th and Cumberland sts.
 2 S. C. Darragh, 1544 W. York st.
 2 W. H. Kreckler, 2267 N. 16th st.
 2 W. A. Risley, 2300 N. 17th st.
 2 Mrs. H. A. Chant, 1642 Susquehanna ave.
 2 W. L. Kinley, 1709 Columbia ave.
 2 W. Flint, 1903 Columbia ave.
 2 A. F. Strause, 1304 Girard ave.
 2 Wilson's Cigar Store, 1131 W. Girard ave.
 2 A. B. Smith, Cor. Park ave. and Cambria st.
 2 A. Casper, 1449 Indiana ave.
 2 F. Klausner, 3617 Germantown ave.
 2 W. W. Nonnamaker, 3535 Germantown ave.
 2 R. H. Bedford & Co., 3416 Germantown ave.
 2 S. Zecker, 2912 Germantown ave.
 2 F. W. Eger, 2860 N. 11th st.
 2 H. Gosener, 2561 N. 11th st.
 2 H. Owers, 2501 N. 11th st.
 2 W. R. Shaw, 902 W. Susquehanna ave.
 2 Chas Roth, 901 W. Susquehanna ave.
 2 James Hardiman, 1343 W. Susquehanna ave.
 2 J. Gabriel, Cor. Marvine and Columbia aves.
 2 M. M. Getz, Broad st. and Columbia ave.
 2 J. Hang, 1812 Oxford st.
 2 J. Perrell, Cor. Franklin & Oxford st.
 2 C. J. Pollock, Cor. 8th and Jefferson st.
 2 H. H. Fischer, 1114 Masters st.
 2 E. H. Klosterman, 1227 N. 13th st.
 2 C. Dreher, 812 Girard ave.
 2 John Moore & Son, Cor 3d st. and Girard ave.
 2 H. Rittweiger, 437 Lehigh ave.
 2 Mrs. Haug, 717 W. Clearfield st.
 2 Eugene C. Lang, 3067 Percy st.
 2 Thos. Edmundson, 3000 N. 4th st.
 2 Mann's News & Cigar Store, 2865 Howard st.
 2 A. W. Beckman, 2559 N. Front st.
 2 F. McMahon, 2528 N. Front st.
 2 P. Y. Smith, 410 W. Cumberland st.
 2 Dillon's, 434 W. York st.
 2 Mrs. D. Scott, 3847 Germantown ave.
 2 Thos. Joy, 4361 Germantown ave.
 2 Staton Bros., 5402 Germantown ave.
 2 R. Feehan, 122 E. Chelten st.
 2 H. T. Hayhurst, 6117 Germantown ave.
 2 M. J. Hayden, Cor. Ridge ave. and Poplar st.
 2 G. L. Hickman, 2123 Ridge ave.
 2 R. Preston, Cor. 20th and Oxford sts.
 2 F. B. Covert, 2508 Ridge ave.
 2 J. Ballen, 2845 Ridge ave.
 2 J. F. Swisher, 27th st. and Columbia ave.
 2 J. S. Taggart, 2553 Kensington ave.
 2 J. Steinmetz, 3345 Frankford ave.
 2 Thomas McQue, 2566 Frankford ave.
 2 Chas. Welker, 2328 Frankford ave.
 2 C. P. Earley, 2352 Frankford ave.
 2 W. H. Batty, 230 E. Girard ave.
 2 J. P. Prindable, 1611 N. 2d st.
 2 T. H. Jones, 3910 Market st.
 2 H. E. Coryell, 3940 Market st.
 2 E. P. Buckley, 3958 Market st.
 2 C. W. Galloway, 4073 Market st.
 2 Dumford's, 41st and Boring sts.
 2 J. E. Groves, 4201 Lancaster ave.
 2 Reitze's News Store, 4242 Lancaster ave.
 2 G. F. Doersh, 52d st. and Lancaster ave.
 2 W. M. Hill's Drug Store, 52d st. and Girard ave.
 2 J. A. Kelly, 5215 Haverford ave.
 2 I. M. Mendorf, 2038 S. 4th st.
 2 J. Stevens, 5th and McKean sts.
 2 J. W. Underwood, 13th and Tasker sts.
 2 Fischer's News Store, 1526 Mefflin st.
 2 H. Berkley, 1525 Tasker st.
 2 Howard B. Thomas, 17th and Moore sts.
 2 Wm. Herstein, 21st and Morris st.
 2 F. V. Cook, 5205 Market st.
 2 H. P. Sand, 52d and Market sts.
 2 H. F. Voshage, 4906 Baltimore ave.
 2 J. F. Howard, 4602 Woodland ave.
 2 F. W. Egel, 47th st. and Baltimore ave.
 2 D. Beashtms, 3701 Spruce st.
 2 F. H. Thompson, 3245 Market st.
 2 Chas. G. Burg, 3843 Lancaster ave.
 2 Chas. H. Cummings & Bro., 3950 Lancaster ave.
 2 Fred A. F. Moore, 4085 Lancaster ave.
 2 D. Steward, 627 Gray's Ferry.
 2 W. A. Rumsey, 4034 Westminster ave.
 2 R. J. Young, 41st and Poplar sts.

Pennsylvania—Continued.

Philadelphia—2 A. P. Kemble, 3735 Lancaster ave.
 2 J. C. McNamee, 4030 Girard ave.
 Phoenixville—2 Horace D. Keeley.
 2 Michael O'Neill.
 Pittsburg—1 R. S. Davis & Co., 346 5th ave.
 2 Jacob Henricl, 6126 Penn ave.
 2 Kurtz, Langbein & Swartz, 439 Wood st.
 2 Pittsburg News Co.
 2 Jos. Steding & Co., 538 Smithfield st.
 1 United Presbyterian Board of Publication, 209 9th st.
 1 J. R. Weldin & Co., 429-431 Wood st.
 Pittston—2 C. R. Andrews.
 Reading—2 Jas. H. Miller, 825 Penn st.
 Ridgeway—2 A. B. Reed.
 Royersford—2 R. H. Keeler.
 Scranton—2 M. Norton, 308 Lackawanna st.
 2 R. E. Pendergast, 307 N. Washington st.
 2 Reisman Bros., 405 Spruce st.
 Somerset—2 Chas H. Fisher.
 Sunbury—2 C. F. Melick.
 Tamaqua—1 David Bensigner, 72 W. Broad st.
 Titusville—2 Cohn & Oaklake.
 Ulster—2 Porter & Co.
 Warren—2 A. A. Davis & Co.
 2 A. J. Fouch & Co.
 2 F. R. Scott.
 Waynesboro—2 T. B. Smith.
 Wilkesbarre—1 John C. Madden, 59 Public Square.
 2 J. M. Montgomery, 44 E. Market st.
 2 Puckey & Bro., 54 S. Main st.
 2 H. G. Shupp, 36 W. Market st.
 Williamsport—2 John M. Dean & Co.
 2 A. R. Hinckley & Co., 209 W. Fourth st.
 2 Scholl Bros.
 2 Geo. Wolf.
 2 John Wilhelm.
 1 W. C. Siess.
 York—1 H. C. Barnhart, 49 W. Market st.
 2 B. H. Lau.

Philippine Islands.

Manila—1 E. C. McCullough & Co., corner Plaza Goiti and Santa Cruz Bridge.

Rhode Island.

Newport—1 Geo. H. Carr, Daily News Building.
 1 W. P. Clarke.
 3 Simon Hart, 202 Thames st.
 2 M. T. Leary's News Stand, 168 Broadway.
 2 W. E. Muirford's News Stand.
 Pawtucket—2 C. E. Luther, News Stand, S. Main st.
 2 Gregory News Co., 20 High st.
 Providence—3 Callender, McAnslan & Troupe Co.
 2 Carpenter's News Stand, 492 Westminster st.
 2 A. F. Davis, 181 Weybasset st.
 1 Gregory's Book Store, 116 Union st.
 2 Joy Line Steamers, S. Water st. Pier, near Point st. Bridge.
 2 E. L. Meyers, 695 Westminster st.
 1 Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster st.
 1 Rhode Island News Co.
 Westerly—2 A. N. Nash.
 1 O. Stillman, 8 High st.
 Woonsocket—2 John Cherry, 141 S. Main st.
 2 J. F. Flynn, 282 Main st.
 2 F. M. Lally, 80 Main st.
 2 W. S. Preston, 188 Main st.

South Carolina.

Charleston—2 Bruce Bros., 556 King st.
 2 G. Dixon, 200 King st.
 2 Isaac Hammond, 10 Broad st.
 1 Clifford L. Legerton, 263 King st.
 2 A. W. Riecke, 311 King st.

South Dakota.

Rapid City—1 J. J. McNamara, Main st. between 6th and 7th.
 Sioux Falls—1 W. D. Simons, 123 S. Phillips ave.

Tennessee.

Chattanooga—2 F. F. Andrews, 117 W. 5th st.
 2 D. B. Henderson & Co.
 2 D. B. Loveman Co.
 2 T. H. Payne & Co.
 Knoxville—2 Doll & Co.
 2 Ogden Bros. & Co.
 2 Ramage & Co.

THE ARENA ADVERTISER

"WHERE CAN I GET THE ARENA?"—Continued.

Tennessee—Continued.

- Memphis—2 Hersog Stationery Co.
2 Isaacs Book Store.
2 R. M. Mansford Stationery Co.
3 A. R. Taylor & Co., 318 Main st.
Nashville—3 Hunter & Welburn.
2 Hutchinson Bros., Cedar, near Cherry st.
2 Methodist Publishing House.
2 J. M. Mills, Cherry and Union sts.
2 A. Setliff & Co.
2 J. M. Stewart, Church, near High.
2 Tulane News Stand, Church and Spruce st.
2 Zebert Bros., Church and Vine sts.

Texas.

- Austin—2 Capitol City Book Co.
2 Meyer & Keller.
2 Tobin's Book Store, 606 Congress ave.
Bellevue—2 Sowell & Melton.
El Paso—2 Dellquest & Co.
2 W. A. Irvin & Co.
2 The International Book & Stationery Co., 107 El Pasost.
Fort Worth—2 T. J. Boaz.
Galveston—2 Ferd. Daffnerer.
2 Gust. Feist Co.
2 Ferdinand Ohlendorf, 2015 Market st.
2 J. R. Newrath.
Houston—2 Bottler Bros., 410 Main st.
2 J. J. Pasteriza Printing Co.
2 T. Pillot, 409 Main st.
2 Purdy Bros.
San Antonio—2 Thos. B. Johnson.
1 Nic. Tengge.
Waco—2 Hill Bros., cor. 4th and Austin sts.

Utah.

- Ogden—2 Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons Co.
2 W. G. Kind, 114 25th st.
2 J. H. Spargo.
Provo—1 Provo Book & Stationery Co.
Salt Lake City—Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons Co.
1 A. R. Derge & Co.
2 Margetts Bros.
2 Pembroke Stationery Co.
2 C. R. Savage.
2 Salt Lake News Co., 71 W. 2nd South st.

Vermont.

- Bellows Falls—2 F. C. Winnewisser.
Burlington—2 T. F. Aheran.
2 Charles H. Bessey.
2 Free Press Association.
Montpelier—3 Chas. F. Buswell, 39 Main st.
2 E. T. Seguin.
Rutland—2 Geo. E. Chalmers.
3 The Tuttle Co., 11-13 Center st.

Virginia.

- Charlottesville—1 A. C. Brechin & Son, 200 E. Main st.
Danville—2 Boatwright Bros. Co.
Lynchburg—2 J. P. Bell Company.
2 Gregory Bros.
2 D. B. Payne.
2 Scott & Noble.
Norfolk—2 J. V. Alfriend & Co.
2 Wesley W. Hosier.
2 Nusbaum Book & News Co.
2 Vickery & Co.
Petersburg—2 T. S. Beckwith & Co.
2 The Corner Book Store.
Portsmouth—1 Anderson & Thompson.
2 W. L. Crump & Co.
Richmond—2 Bell Book & Stationery Co., 914 Main st.
2 A. Hartung.
2 Hunter & Co., 629 E. Broad st.
2 R. G. Meyer.
Roanoke—2 Caldwell-Sites Co.
Staunton—2 Caldwell-Sites Co., 7 Masonic Temple.

Washington.

- Olympia—2 M. O'Connor, 508 Main.
2 Van Epps & Churchill.
Port Townsend—2 M. French & Co.
Seattle—2 Denny Coryell Co.
2 Lowman & Hanford, 616 1st ave.
3 J. M. Lyon & Co., 207 Pike St.
2 O. P. Mooney, Arcade Building, 1315 Second ave.
2 Puget Sound News Co.
2 G. R. Rheinlander.
2 Seattle Stationery & Printing Co.

Washington—Continued.

- Spokane—1 John W. Graham & Co.
2 Gray, Ewing & Co.
2 Shaw & Borden Co.
Tacoma—2 Central News Co.
2 W. W. McKee.
2 Vaughan & Morrill Co.
2 Visell & Ekberg.
1 Wheeler Bros., 939 Tacoma ave.

West Virginia.

- Huntington—3 Joseph R. Gallick, 938 Third ave.
Parkersburg—2 H. P. Moss Book-store Co., 705-707 Market st.
Wheeling—2 Albert Dittmar.
2 J. Elmer Freese, 1516 Market st.
2 C. H. Quimby.
1 Frank Stanton.

Wisconsin.

- Baraboo—2 A. G. Buckley.
Eau Claire—3 Eau Claire Book & Stationery Co.
2 Meades & Cathcart.
2 J. H. Tift Co.
Janesville—2 Green & Nickleson
2 King & Shelby.
2 J. Sutherland & Sons.
La Crosse—2 La Crosse News Co.
2 James McCord.
2 Schurtz & Wiltz.
2 Chas. L. Weis, 509 Main st.
Madison—1 G. J. & M. V. Brown, 412 State st.
2 Corner Book Store.
2 Menge's Pharmacy, Park st.
2 Moseley's Book Store.
2 Wisconsin Pharmacy.
Milwaukee—1 G. E. Brumder, Book Dept., Germania Bldg.
2 C. A. Barghart.
2 Des Forges & Co.
2 Thos. S. Gray Co.
2 Wisconsin News Co., 379 E. Water st.
Oshkosh—2 G. F. Eastman.
2 Robert Hellard.
1 J. M. Hurn, 159 Main st.
2 Clemens Kaudy.
2 M. A. Ryckman.
Racine—2 John Kranz & Son.
2 Mrs. S. H. White.
Superior—2 Russell Bros., 1130 Tower ave.
West Superior—2 J. F. Chamberlain & Co.

Wyoming.

- Cheyenne—2 Cheyenne News Co.
2 Ernest B. Logan.
2 Palace Pharmacy Drug Co.

Foreign.

- Australia—Adelaide, S. Aust.—2 George Robertson & Co., 63 Grenfell st.
Brisbane, Queensland—2 George Robertson & Co.
Melbourne, Vict.—1 George Robertson & Co., 384 Little Collins st.
Perth, W. Aust.—2 J. W. Barnard.
Sydney, N. S. W.—2 George Robertson & Co.
Canada, Montreal—2 Montreal News Co.
Toronto—2 Toronto News Co., 40 Yonge st.
England, London, W. C.—2 B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square.
London, E. C.—2 Wm. Dawson & Sons, Ltd., Bream's Buildings.
London—2 Gay & Bird, 22 Bedford st., Strand.
Newcastle-on-Tyne—2 W. E. Franklin, 42 Mosley st.
France, Paris—2 Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera.
2 Lucien Bodin, Libraire, 5, Rue Christine.
India, Mysore—2 The Graduate Trading Association.
Bombay—2 Thacker & Co.
2 Gopal Narain & Co.
Madras—2 Higginnibakam & Co.
1 V. Kalyanarama Iyer & Co., 189, Esplanade.
Calcutta—2 Thacker, Spink & Co.
2 Bose, Banerji & Co., 40, Sukea's street, Hovirison Road.
Mexico, Mexico City—1 American Book & Ptg. Co., 1st San Francisco st., No. 12.
New Zealand, Dunedin—2 J. Braithwaite.
Scotland, Edinburgh—2 Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes st.
Aberdeen—2 W. & W. Lindsay, 30 Market st.
Straits Settlements, Singapore—2 Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.
2 J. Little & Co., Ltd.

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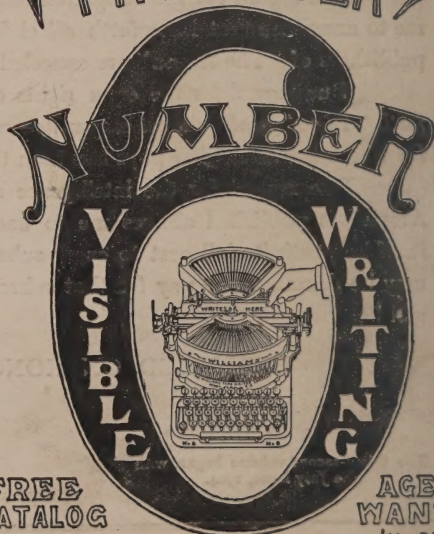
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